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THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD N. C. NOV. 5, 1921, NO. 1

What To Do With Bad Books.

David Hume was a believer in the Scriptures until he ransacked the works of infidels to prepare for a debate in which he was to take part. When Voltaire was only five years of age he committed to memory an infidel poem, from the influence of which he never recovered. An eminent public man said, when he was young a companion put a bad book into his hands. For years after he reached manhood he did not get rid of the influence of that book. When Captain Burton, the noted scientist and traveler, died he left a book in manuscript which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He often told her so. He said "This will make you rich and affluent after I am gone." After his death one publisher told the widow he could make for her at least $100,000 by printing the book. But she felt that the publication of the book, though written with purely scientific design, would work immeasurable damage to public morals. With the two large volumes which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire, and, taking the manuscript apart sheet by sheet, put it into the fire until the last line was consumed. There are not many these days who would sacrifice $100,000 for conscience.---Practical Commentary.

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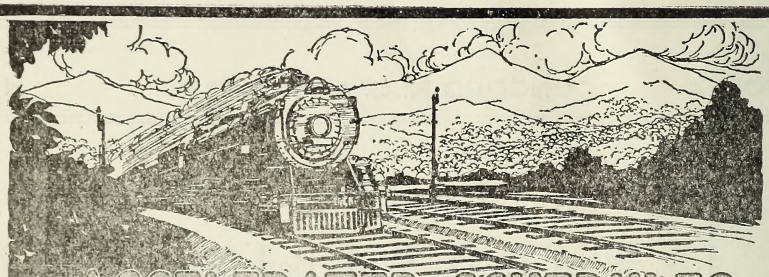

ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
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Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA.		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Terminal Station (Cent. Time) ar		5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) lv	10.55AM	5.30PM	2.10PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C. lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C. lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	6.27PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C. lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	High Point, N. C. lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C. lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C. lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C. lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	DANVILLE, VA. lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Norfolk, Va. lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	Richmond, Va. lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA. lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C. lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys. lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
				ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE DAUGHTERS.

It would be hard to locate an order composed of more consecrated women, full of kindly service, than attaches to The King's Daughters. They are coming to hold their annual convention in our Auditorium on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. They are guests of the Stonewall Circle, of Concord, one of the most active and efficient members of the state organization.

Ever Since this institution came into existence---in fact, since it first appeared on paper---this organization has been deeply interested in its development. We have been a beneficiary of its sympathy, goodness and generons contributions. Many of them have expressed the desire of spending a night or two in the institution, so the officials of the institution requested the local circle to entertain the annual convention at the institution.

The meetings will be held in the Auditorium and the Chapel. The women will live in one of the new cottages, just completed and furnished. They will get a first-hand knowledge of how things are conducted, and see what goes on day after day, the year round.

THE UPLIFT, for the school, declares that the presence of these godly women, engaged in an unselfish service for mankind, without taking note of their own interests, is a proud event in the life of the institution---we all feel flattered. And all we ask is that each delegate make herself

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thoroughly at home, and, should something be wanting, just make it known to one of the tagged Concord Daughters, who in turn will invoke the help of the management of the institution.

The public at large is most cordially invited to attend any or all of the sessions and the exercises incident to this convention.

Welcome, thrice welcome to everybody!

* * * * * *

JUST LOOK.

Making reference to the forthcoming meeting of the North Carolina Historical Society, the Raleigh News & Observer closes the article as follows:

"Dr. D. H. Hill (the President) brings to his position, as president, the experience of years of teaching, writing, and administration in the state institutions. He is now engaged in writing the history of North Carolina in the Civil War."

We cannot think of Dr. Hill, the scholar, the historian, and a son of a distinguished general in the "War Between the States," lending his talents and great ability to writing a history of the "Civil War." Bosh!

* * * * * *

FORKED PEACH LIMB PUT ONE OVER DR. COBB.

Some years ago we had a well punched to the depth of over nine hundred feet, hoping to secure a sufficient flow of water for all the purposes of the Jackson Training School for years to come. Had our population remained stationary at a number then prevailing, the water supply would have been sufficient.

When that well was planned an old well-digger, who never heard of geology and hasn't the faintest idea whether it's something to eat or wear, did not select that spot but another one. His forked peach limb refused to perform at that spot, but the management not having any great amount af faith in the little limb's geological knowledge selected another spot because it offered shade while digging and a good place to erect a tank. To get a flow of ten gallons per minute, it was necessary to go a depth of 940 feet through solid rock from within four feet of the top.

More water was necessary. Dr. Collier Cobb, of the University, one of the best geologists in the entire land, went over the proposition and finally gave us a dark story, saying that there was no water under or in this formation of rock and whatever little there was would be reached inside of two hundred feet. Our population grew so rapidly that more water became an imperative necessity. The well-borer was started at the point that the forked

peach limb selected years ago. At two hundred feet, all was practically dry; but somebody had some faith, and the punching went on. At 225 foot depth, the rock became seamy and softer; at 250 feet considerable water was reached, and at 287 feet the flow amounts to fifteen and one-half gallons per minute during a pumping period of ten or more hours.

Some people have no faith in the signs of the moon; there are others bold enough to poke fun at the forked peach limb, but that little instrument seldom tells a story and can see into a solid rock just about as far as most folks can.

* * * * * *

PARDONING BOARD AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By the very force of circumstances these two terms are thought of in the same connection---they are associated when we come to think of the legal taking of life in this state.

It makes no difference if Governor Morrison was strong enough to withstand the importunities, the influence and brutal onslought made upon him in behalf of the life of Harris, the experience nevertheless put him out of commission temporarily in such a way that he missed splendid social engagements, was kept out of office for a time and was made to suffer unnecessarily. That's not what a great state wants with a Governor---he is needed for more constructive work and leadership.

A pardoning Board would remove all these ugly features, and, with no reflection upon any Governor now, heretofore or hereafter, its actions would carry more satisfaction to the general public and be more readily accepted as the right course, because the combined judgment and wisdom of three or five men passed on the matter rather than one.

It appears to us that the time has not yet come in this state, whatever the fine reasons may be advanced in its behalf, for the abolition of capital punishment. There are many people, and we sympathize with them in that view, who would rather be electrocuted than imprisoned for life away from friends, from liberty and the glories of nature and the world; but there are others, whose very nature and condition see nothing so awful in imprisonment, and nothing short of a legal killing impresses them with the majesty of the law. It will be a sad and frightful day in the state for a large part of our population were capital punishment abolished; and removing this restraining influence from the vicious, mob law would get into the saddle and reign supreme. Jeopardizing the safety and peace of our women and setting up a pandemonium of mob law, would be the logical result, at this stage of

our advancement, of the abolition of capital punishisment

But a Pardoning Board would be a distinct advancement.

* * * * * *

MR. CLARK'S CHALLENGE.

"War of Rebellion?" or "War of Secession?" or "Civil War?" or "The War Between the States?" These questions should confront all Southerners who desire to keep history straight, who want to make their words square with their beliefs, and wish to do no violence to the memory of the good names and honor of those who fought for us the battles of the 60s.

The closest reading of Mr. Clark's analytical and engaging article is invited. What he says, and the authority he has for saying what he does, looks like an indictment against many of us. If not an indictment, it is a clear-cut challenge.

In spite of a disposition to think no evil of another, it is hard to accept the statement of any one, who will endorse or countenance the use of any history that openly lies about the South, taking advantage of the youth in forcing them to study same, as worth the paper it is written on. It is easy to render a lame excuse such as "the author has the true historical spirit," or "his treatment of other historical features is so clever and scholarly," or "oh, I can explain to the children &c, &c." It has been suggested that the ignoring of the demand for and the justice of, as practiced by some, a proper treatment of the South's part in the struggle of the 60s, is to curry favor with some educational power or leader of the North---as it were, a catering to and qualifying for some flattering recognition or even a pension. When smoked out and about to lose, these authors sometime agree to make a change under the pretense that they found their information not well-founded. An author that is put into such an attitude in order to save his book, is unworthy of belief and confidence in the accuracy of any other statement he might make in his work.

You can't get away from the abiding belief that there is something radically wrong with any board composed of North Carolinians who will force upon the children the use of a book that lies about this section. And any teacher that persists in the use of such a book, when he becomes advised, is either legally hobbled or lacks courage to acknowledge his error and to right a wrong.

Honest history, truthful history, has been written, giving no offense to either section, and the powers that select any other invite criticism if not suspicion. To do so is either incompetency or something worse.

General Julian S. Carr has been elected Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans—an admirable selection, that we have wondered had not long ago been made. The gray line is thinning rapidly, the old fellows anwering the last call. It is comforting to know that Gen. Carr as the leader, the Reunions will be kept up as long as four of the old fellows are able to assemble. Why, Gen. Carr, Baldy Boyden, Shake Harris and Dick Hunter could make a powerful interesting Reunion by their lone selves.

* * * * * *

THE UPLIFT urges upon all its subscribers and readers not to overlook the address of Mrs. Morris Liebert published in this issue. The public at large does not fully understand and, therefore, fully appreciate the important work which The King's Daughters, forgetful of themselves, were organized to do and are doing. Reading that article alone will prove not only interesting, but will make one feel better after having read it. It tells of the high calling of a noble order.

* * * * * *

And Miss Nell Battle Lewis, the brilliant Society Editor of the Raleigh News & Observer, speaks of it as the "Civil War."

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

An old man on the point of death summoned his sons around him to give them some parting advice. He ordered his servants to bring in a faggot of sticks, and said to his eldest son: "BREAK IT." The son strained and strained, but with all his efforts was unable to break the Bundle. The other sons also tried, but none of them was successful. "Untie the faggots" said the father, "and each of you take a stick." When they had done so, he called out to them; "Now break," and each stick was easily broken. "You see my meaning," said their father.

"UNION GIVES STRENGTH."

Our Neighbors.

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand;
Faith, hope, and courage together are gone;
Reach him a helping hand.
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon-fire bright;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold—
Send him some aid today;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands, kind and st.ong;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Who are our neighbors? Look up and behold,
Pressing on every hand,
Little ones, lonely ones, sad ones, and old,
Everywhere see them stand.
He is our neighbor whom we can befriend;
He to whom comfort or aid we can lend;
Or he whose footsteps we may cause to wend
Toward the heavenly land.

Dear one, be busy, for time flieth fast;
Soon it will all be gone;
Soon will our season of service be past;
Soon will our day be done.
Somebody near you needs now a kind word;
Some one needs help such as you can afford;
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,
There may be a soul to be won.

"War Of Rebellion?" "War Of Secession?"

By R. R. Clark.

It is noted in the last issue of The Uplift that objection is filed to the term "Civil War" in referring to the great conflict of the 60s. The practice is thoughtless, of course, as well as improper. As The Uplift suggest, few people who use the words "Civil War" have taken the pains to look up their meaning. The term has been accepted without question because it has been custom to so designate a particular war, and Southerners who use it because it is more convenient than the approved "War Between the States" do not realize that it is a milder name for "War of Rebellion," supposed to be objectionable to Southerners generally, for civil war is defined as a war of rebellion.

But do North Carolinians really object to the word "rebellion" in this connection? Do we really object to having it said that we rebelled against the authority of the United States government in 1861? "Of course we do. How dare you insinuate we do not?" shout the orthodox. But hold on, brethern beloved and sisters dear. Hear me before I am driven into outer darkness for asking a question that some of you may consider insulting.

If North Carolina voters hold the word rebellion objectionable and untrue as applied to the war of the 60s, they utterly failed to manifest their disapproval about eleven years ago, when they had the opportunity. It was in 1910, if memory serves, when ten constitutional amendments were submitted to the voters of the State. One of these amendments was designed to strike from our State contitution the word rebellion as applied to the War Between the States (how many people know that word is so used in our State constitution?) The amendment was voted down. Some of the Confederate veterans said they didn't want it changed, that they gloried in being called rebels. They were not concerned of course with the truth of history. It may be said, and with truth, that some of the other amendments voted on at the same time, notably one with reference to taxation, were so unpopular that the rebellion amendment lost through being in unpopular company. But the amendments could have been voted on singly and there was nothing to prevent the voter selecting those he favored and voting against those he did not approve. As a newspaper editor at the time I labored for the adoption of all the amendments with some diligence and I was amazed to find so little interest among even Confederates and Confederate sympathizers for the obliteration of that objectionable word in the State constitution which misrepresents the truth of history, as any unbiased student of history knows, no matter where he comes from. And so, when objection is made to the use of "Civil War" or "War of Rebellion," in referring to the "War Between the States," just remember that North Carolina voters, at the ballot box have given their approval to such use. But this is one in which we may decline to accept the dictum of the voters on the ground that they didn't really know what

they were about—not an uncommon failing of ballot box expressions.

And that isn't all. The worst is to come.

They are teaching in North Carolina high schools right now a so-called history formally adopted by the high school commission, which not only does injustice to the history of the South in general, but which specifically says that "It is impossible for the student of history today to feel otherwise than that the cause for which the South fought the war of 1861-65 was an unworthy cause." The same book, referring to secession, says that "Until a revolt is successful it is rebellion against constituted authorities and the authors of it and the participants in it are, in the eyes of the law, traitors."

And so North Carolina children are being taught not only that the cause for which the South fought was unworthy, but that those participating in that war were rebels and traitors. As a sample of the information or lack of knowledge, or the deliberate misrepresentation of the author of this so-called history, he says in the book that "Lee handed his sword to Grant at Appomattox." Any writer of history who doesn't know that no such thing occurred at Appomattox or anywhere, is unworthy of belief.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are protesting against the use of this book, but what is the protest worth? Absolutely nothing so far. Some educators boldly defend the book and all continue its use in the schools. At one place where protest was made the superintendent said the books had been bought and the pupils couldn't afford to discard them and loose the price. The logic of this is that if you buy medicine and find you have poison by mistake, you must use the poison to get the benefit of the money spent. It was also explained that the teacher of history explained to the pupils the "other side." That is also fine. Put a book in the hands of the pupils that teaches him that his forbears fought for an unworthy cause and were traitors and rebels, and then explain to him that some of our folks don't agree to that. Great, isn't it?

Some of us are simple enough to contend that if the book misrepresents our history, it should not be taught at all; should be discarded regardless of expense. For no matter what explanation is made, the mere fact that the book is taught is calculated to make its impress on th student. And for the life of me I can't understand the idea that organized societies of Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of the Confedracy, Children of the Confedracy; that holds memorial meetings and builds monuments to perpetuate the memory of the men who fought for the South in the 60s, and the cause for which they fought, and then permit Southern children to be taught in Southern schools that the cause was unworthy and that those who fought for it were rebels and traitors. Can we expect the children to have any respect for us? If the Daughters are really in desperate earnest about their objection to the history, they can make short work of it. Whenever it appears in a home where it is not wanted put it in the fire, and then ask the educators who adopted it what they

are going to do about it. Far be it from me to encourage insurrection or rebellion, even in modified form, but I deny the authority of any teacher to teach the children what is not true, or to force them to use books which they know misrepresent history.

And let it be said here that I am not an extremist about Southern history or the Confederacy. I want history written neither from the Southern nor the Northern standpoint but from the standpoint of truth only. And the truth of the book under discussion is challenged.

Coming back to the beginning, the proper thing, if we allow this book to be taught, is to say "War of the Rebellion." That's what we are teaching our children the war of the 60s was; and if it was discreditable, rebellion, an act of treason to engage in it, we should abandon all our organizations and quit building monuments to "The Heroes of the Confederacy." We should stand for truth as we have believed it and taught it, or admit that we were mistaken and abandon our position.

In the matter of names I am giving it as my private opinion, publicly expressed, that Charles Francis Adams, who did so much to free history from bias and prejudice and misrepresentation of the South, was entirely right when he contended that the proper name for the war of the 60s is "War of Secession." Secession—whether the States had the right to secede from the Union—was the issue, and it was settled by the arbitrament of of the sword. Slavery was only an incident. The agitation of fanatical abolitionists on the one hand and fanatical Southern slaveholders on the other, helped to precipitate the conflict. But the real question at issue, about which there had been division from th beginning, was that of secession. Some of the States distinctly reserved the right to secede when they entered the Union; and that right was generally understood as reserved when the union was formed. But when they undertook to put it in practice, the opposition was strong enough to prevent it.

The child who has the inestimable good fortune to be taught the elements of music has been given the key to a world of spiritual and intelectual delight that he might otherwise never suspect existed, let alone enter. It would be folly to suggest that musical education alone is capable of developing mental and moral potentialities to the fullest possible degree; but it is equally foolish to hope to attain the highest intellectual and spiritual development without even a rudimentary acquaintance with the art of music. Some knowledge of music is part of the equipment that every child has a right to receive from an enlightened community.—Greensboro News.

Transformed.

I saw a drop of water
Upon the sidewalk lie;
It was all dark and muddy,
Unnoticed was passed by.
It lay amid the rubbish,
Polluted and disdained,
Yet something there important,
In sand and mud remained.

..Just then the dark clouds parted,
The golden line appeared,
The sun shone forth in splendor,
And kissed the drop revered.
Warmed by the shining sunbeam,
And brightened by the light,
The drop became more holy,
And passed from dark to light.

Then, clasped in sun's embrace,
The drop was lifted high,
And carried off to glory,
Transformed from mud and mire.
Far up on yonder mountain,
Free from all filth and clay,
The drop in all its whiteness,
A flake of snow now lay.

So lies in life's rough highway,
Many a trampled soul,
Neglected and despised,
Outside the Shepherd's fold;
But Jesus, as the sunbeam,
Stoops down and carried high
The soul from sin to glory,
Free from each tear and sigh.

It Takes But Little.

Takes but little to make us smile or sad,
Takes but little to make us weep or glad,
It may be but a look, a word or smile or nod,
But when it is all o'er we are sad or glad.

GIVE IT IN LIFE

If you've a rose to give
Give it in life;
If kindness you would share
Give it in life;
For when loved ones are dead
'Tis then too late to give,
So of the good you'd give,
Give it in life.

Nearby Opportunities.

Dr. L. M. Zimmerman.

Near by where you live, there is someone who needs your attention. Yes, your services are wanted there, and that, too, without unnecessary delay. Perhaps you do not know the name of the individual---most likely you do not, for the probability is that you have not been looking that way. You may have been zealous in your desire to do for others, but you forgot that there was someone "just around the corner" who needs attention. There is much work to be done all around you, if you will only take the trouble to look for it.

In the by-street near your own home, up that small alley, yea, perhaps just across the street from where you live, there are those who neither believe in God nor serve Him. And yet, is not only too true that you have not made any personal effort to acquaint them with the God you love.

Near by where many live in affluence, there are little children who are without a Bible, are not in the Sunday School for want of shoes and proper clothing, and there are fathers and mothers who are outside of the Church because no one has been specially concerned about them. A kind hearted Dorcas, a loving Samaritan, a King's Daughter, a consecrated child of God, can all find opportunity for doing good, both for the body and for the soul, if they will only go forth in search of work within almost calling distance of their homes. A few words of sympathy, a tender smile of brotherly or sisterly recognition, a warm clasp of the hand, may save a life from shame and a soul from death. Those who perform such acts of kindness are doing angel service on earth. They consider not their own convenience, for, like their Lord and Master, they are busy going about doing good. Their time, talents and lives are devoted to the things which count for something noble in life. And when they are called away to their heavenly home, they will still live in the lives and affections of others, for their works shall follow them, Although dead, they yet speak, and multitudes rise up and call them blessed.

If we wish to appear kind in the eyes of our neighbors, letu's firstsay kind things, speak kindly, then act accordingly. No kind word is wholly lost. If it falls upon deaf ears today, it will be heard by those same ears tomorrow, or next week, or perhaps next year. It is never lost entirely, though we may think it is.---Epworth Herald.

Having Fun With A Thousand Dollars

Last Christmas, John D. Rockefeller sent Mr. Conwell a check for one thousand dollars. And this is what he did with it: "When I opened the envelope and found it, I said to myself: 'Here's a thousand dollars that I hadn't expected at all. How can I have the most fun with it?" Well, I went over to the dean of Temple University and asked him for the names of six boys who had been forced to drop out for lack of money; I gave a hundred to each, and they were able to finish the year. Then I thought of a poor, old widow out on the edge of the city, who had been sick and was not able to pay even the pitiful little rent for her tiny cottage. So I rode out there and paid her rent for two years in advance---$200 a year---and took the receipt and gave it to her as a Christmas gift. Talk about satisfaction! Why I sang all the way back home. You asked me whether money can help to make old age happy, and I tell you with all my heart that it can---provided you don't hold on to it for your children to quarrel about after you are dead, or covet and scheme for even before you are dead! What a fool a man is to leave a great fortune to his children. Of the 4,403 nillionaires whose lives I have studied, 3,708 began life without a dollar. Some statistics compiled years ago in Massachusetts show that not one rich man's son out of 11 ever dies rich. The money you hoard impoverishes you, but the money you give away--- it blesses old age like the cool shade of a tree."---Russell H. Conwell, in the American Magazine.

The Greatest Work.

He built a house, time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
He ruled a city, but his name is not
On any tablet graven---or where rust
Can gather from disuse---or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the state dishonor might have brought,
And reared him to the Christian's hope and trust.
The boy, to manhood grew, became a light
To many souls and preached for human need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument.

A CONVENTION ADDRESS.

By Mrs. Morris Liebert, General Convention, St. Louis, Mo.

(FACTS ABOUT THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.)

Madam President and Fellow Workers:

In God's word we read: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, we know not the sound thereof whence it came." This is true of the wonderful Order in whose interest we are gathered together from the North, South, East and West. I call it a wonderful Order because our King has blessed it in such a rich measur. Let us for a few moments consider the Inception of this great Order

The real Founders of the Order were Mrs. Bottome, Mrs. Dickenson, Mrs. Irving. These three women often talked of the need of a sisterhood of service. These noble women felt the need of giving women and young people something to do aside from worldly pleasure. Mrs. Bottome saw the need of this in the church. Mrs. Dickenson in her work as philanthropist and lecturer and Mrs. Irving saw it in her large school for girls.

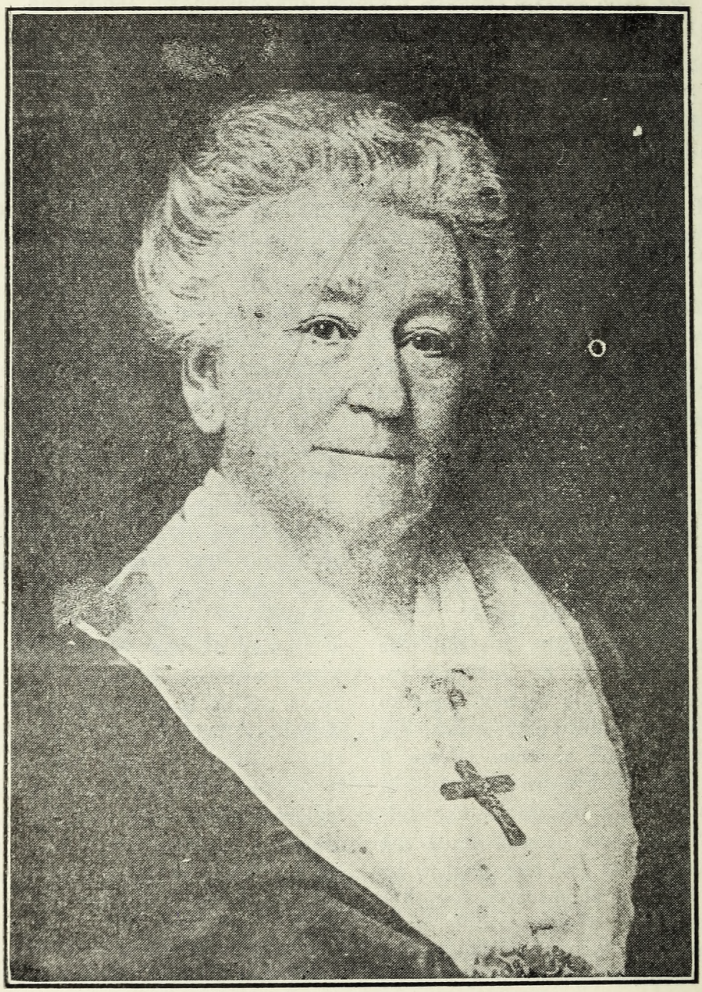
On Jan. 13, 1886 Mrs. Bottome, the wife of the Rev. F. B. Bottome, invited several friends to her home to discuss the advisability of organizing this sisterhood of service. From a paper by Mrs. Dickenson published in Harper's Bazaar we quote the following: "After consideration of the good to be gained and the good to be done by binding themselves together by a triple cord whose strands were faith, hope, and love, they decided to organize themselves into an Order or Sisterhood of service, hoping by this closer union to increase their usefulness many fold." The names of the members of that first Circle were Mrs. Bottome, Mrs. Dickenson, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. F. Payson, Mrs. C. de Peyster Feld, Mrs. J. F. Ruggles, and the Misses Hammersley, Schenck and Libby. Mrs. Bottome was chosen President, Mrs. Dickenson, Secretary and Miss Hammersley Treasurer.

Of the various names proposed for this Order the one suggested by Mrs. Irving was most favorably received. It was the name Mrs. Irving had been in the habit of giving her graduating students. The new society was therefore called the Order of the King's Daughters. They chose for its badge a ribbon of the royal color to be worn with or without the Maltese cross. This badge goes back to the Knights Hospitalers of the 11th century. Since to look upward is to trust, to look forward is to hope, to look outward is to feel the woes of others; forgetting our own and to lend a hand is only love in action: the members chose for their motto:

"Look up and not down
Look forward and not back
Look out and not in
Lend a hand."

This motto was used in many ages and revived by the Lend a Hand Society.

The watchword chosen was "In His Name" which also goes back to the



MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME

The Founder and Organizer of the King's Daughters, which has enjoyed great growth and has become an international force for good and service.

middle ages and was used by the Waldensions. Our Order was a pioneer in Christian unity, it brought members of different denominations together. That first Circle was formed of Methodist, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Quakers. It was from the beginning as its name and motto indicates a Christian but never a denominational or Sectarian Sisterhood. A union of Christian effort, a marshalling of all Christian forces for the purposes of human betterment. It welcomed all those who were willing work for humanity in the name of Christ.

Mrs. Dickenson writes: "The whole underlying principle, object and reason for the existence of our Order lie in the fact that its leaders believed it possible to rescue such beautiful things as love, comfort and helpfulness from their burial places in works and books and put them into actual practice in every day life. They realized how largely every existence is made up of little things and they began a sort of crusade to capture life's little things and make them agents for good: They said: "Everything however small that makes a human happier is proper work for the Daughters of The King." Friends they wished it to be a silent Sisterhood of service but the Lord willed otherwise. Although everything was done to restrain growth, that growth increased with amazing rapidity. At the end of the first year that little group had grown to twenty-thousand members and from churches, schools and homes eager voices said make me a place in this wonderful chain whose links are faith, hope and love.

At the end of the first year that first group of women became our Central Council. As it was constantly appealed to for information it was thought wise to have an advisory board for the entire membership. That same year five new members were added to the Central Council. The General work of the Order was divided among committees. It was also decided to have headquarters and that they be in New York City. By this time the correspondence had become enormous. The employment of clerical help became necessary, but this was not provided until the work became overwhelming and the mail averaged from one thousand fifteen hundred letters a week. To be able to employ clerical help the international fee of ten cents per member was asked.

At the beginning of the second year the constitution was adopted which stated that the chief object of the Society was the development of the spiritual life. This came first. There is danger nowadays of placing the second clause in our constitution first not so with the Founders of this Order, they insisted upon placing the spiritual before service. The second object was the promotion of Christian activities. Thus you see while they placed the spirit before service, they insisted upon service as the outgrowth of the Spirit, making Christ the corner stone of our Order and the foundation co-operation and concentration of effort. In the second year it was found expedient to have some medium of communication among its members and the Silver Cross Magazine was established and found then as now a very storehouse of treasure —a great success. This Order sup-

MRS MARGARET CARLISLE DUNLOP BURGWYN.

Raleigh, N. C.

Twenty years, the presiding officer of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters, The position, formerly known as State Secretary, is now State President.

plid a great need, there were hundreds of women who were desirious of doing something but there seemed no particular opening for them, for instance they were prevented from teaching Sunday School by home duties. This Order opened a way for all such, gave opportunity to the individual to be of service in all classes of life, making each one conscious that she was needed. It has brought about the co-operation of the men and women in civic, philanthropic and religious work. It has proven the power of co-operation and concentration of effort. It has taught women to think together to work together, and made them more loyal to their own denominations. No one can be a member of this Order and not become a better church member. The influence of the Order, the Circle life, the banding together "In His Name" makes us better Christians. The inception of this Order was a golden opportunity for women to pull together in a cause greater even than that of patriotism, namely, the cause of the King of Kings. Our Order is really a pioneer in this great Inter-Church World Movement, long before the churches thought of this noble work our Order was doing on a small scale what this Great Movement hopes to accomplish: Worldwide Evangelism. It has strengthened the faith of thousands, has taught people to witness for the Master. Think of the hundreds of women who have through the influence of the Order been taught to pray beside the bedside of the sick and unfortunates. Think of the hundreds of praying mothers who form a part of this Order today, mothers who never thought of praying for wisdom and guidance in bringing up their children. Think of the hundreds of women who no longer fear to say a good word for Jesus. It has taught people to forget self and live for others. It has elevated character and purified desire. Ah me who can estimate the value; the power; the good of this Order; not you; not I; but our King can and He will bless all that is truly being done in His Name. Our Order has given and is giving the world on a small scale, (let us make it large scale) the crying need of the day. Trained leadership in Christian service.

Now why did our King bless in such a rich measure the efforts of those women who organized the first Circle. Was it because they were more talented than we are? Were they richer in this world's goods than you or I and therefore more powerful. Ah no! Mrs. Bottome was the wife of a Methodistminister, Mrs. Dickenson was a Journalist, Mrs. Irving was at the head of a girls School. They were busy people, not wealthy or powerful; but they were women who had great faith and hope and love in their hearts. They were women filled with the spirit of prayer. Women who as disciples of Christ knew, when he gave them a commission, such as He did, when He planted the idea of this Order in their hearts that He would give them power to fulfill that commission. When we contrast conditions at the time of the inception of the Order in 1886 and conditions today we can realize the magnitude of the undertaking of these first nine women. Then women's sphere was the home and her ability in all lines of activities had not been tried or proven

MRS. RICHARD WILLIAMS.

Greenville, N. C.

She is the Recording Secretary of the State Branch, a position she has filled most acceptably for years.

as it has today. At the end of five years this Order stood second in the ranks of women's organization. The Women's Christian Temperance Union standing first. Let us ask ourselves where do we stand today? How have we kept the faith, have we proven worthy of the blessings the King has showered upon our Order? At the first convention held in New York hundreds of people were obliged to go away, there was not even standing room. Those conventions were addressed by Central Council members only. The Inception of our Order sounded a note of hope and if we would be true to the ideals of our Order we must quicken our pace. Like those vast armies of the allies whose united effort won the war, so must we Daughters of every denomination today unite in one supreme effort to spread the work of the Order, thus conquering the world for Christ.

Oh that there might come to us through this convention a new inspiration, a new zeal, a new love for this great work our King has given us to do. Let us make Elisha's wish our own and pray as we never prayed before for a double portion of the Holy Spirit. Then shall the Old Testament promise: "Ye shall be a blessing, fear not, let you hands be strong" be fulfilled in our behalf as it was in behalf of the Founders of our Order, for our King's hand has not been shortened.

Yes: "Let us arise and be doing, for God is with us."

MRS. BOTTOME VISITS STATE.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, whose picture appears in this issue, was the founder and life-time president of the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons. At the annual convention of the North Carolina Branch of the order, held at Rockingham, N. C., in 1904, Mrs. Bottome was the guest of honor.

At this convention, during one of her "heart to heart" talks Mrs. Bottome was asked what suggested to her the organization of the Order. Replying she said that she had never given in public the history of the order's beginning but would yield to the solicitation of her North Carolina sisters. It was a wonderful story, which wss followed with the deepest interest. "Like the silent harp of Tara's walls, the music of her voice is hushed, but the soul of that music—the deed of love which she recounted—lives on, and has inspired many followers through these years. It runs thus:

Returning home from a sea voyage she observed a young man on the vessel, whose manner and bearing made a most favorable impression upon her, and she conceived for him the liking which an agreeable fellow traveler awakens. As they neared New York a violent storm was encountered, and the passengers retired to their staterooms, and did not see one another for some time. When they again assembled, and moved about the vessel, Mrs. Bottome looked for the young man who had previously attracted her. Not seeing him, she asked one of the sailors where he was. Pointing upward, he answered "he is up there." She followed with her eyes the direction of his finger, and saw a small boat lashed to the mast of the ship. She realized at once that the body of the young friend was in the

MISS MARGIE McEACHERN

The Trearurer of the State Branch, having been unanimously elected at the annual Convention at Chapel Hill in 1920. Miss McEachern is also treasurer of the Stonewall Circle.

boat. Even after the lapse of many years, Mrs. Bottome's face and voice were full of emotion, as she told the King's Daughters that she asked for an explanation of his death, and was informed that he was taken very sick and died during the storm. She inquired whether a clergyman or a woman was with him. No, replied the sailor, only the men who nursed him.

Mrs. Bottome deplored the fact that she had not been summoned, as she might have soothed and comforted him; but she reflected that there was no outward, visible sign to indicate her desire to help those in need. A sister of charity, with the suggestion of her costume, would perhaps been called to him and "I am resolved," said she "to go to New York and established, as I have long wished to do, a society for loving service, with a badge so simple, that it will be within the means of all who wish to wear it." The Silver Maltese Cross, with the beautiful inscription, "I. H. N.", was hereafter to be the outward mark of The King's Daughters and to proclaim her creed.

After reaching her home, Mrs. Bottome sought the mother and the sweetheart of the young man, and told them of her distress, and it might be consoling too them to learn, that, through the gateway of his death, would come the fulfilment of a long cherished wish with her, the organization of an Order for service to man.

The sequel to this account, the story of the meeting of ten women at the home of Mrs. Margaret Bottame, on January 13, 1886, and organizing themselves into a sisterhood for service, has been told and retold. The approaching convention of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters and Sons, to be held on November 8th, and 9th in the Auditorium of the Stonewall Jackson Training School and the guests of the local Circle, brings afresh the ennobling purpose that moved the founder and originator, Mrs. Bottome.

WHAT THE KING'S DAUGHTERS HAVE DONE FOR US.

In many ways and especially in a material way the Jackson Training School has been a beneficiary of the goodness and activity of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters.

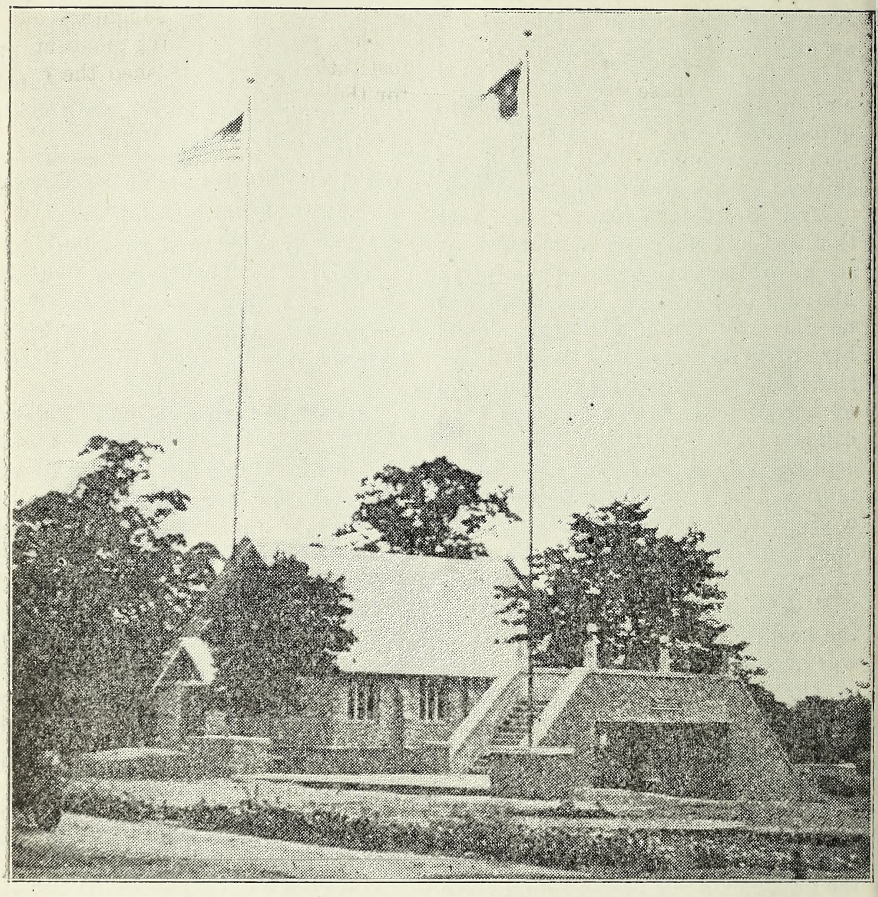
In 1908, at their meeting in Raleigh, they freely and voluntarily undertook the business of building one of our cottages. In conjunction with the U. D. C.'s and ourselves they made possible the first building on the grounds.

In 1913, they assumed the responsibility of financing the erection of the beautiful stone chapel. In a few years they paid for the handsome structure, which were it built in these times would cost no less than thirty thousand dollars.

Later on they purchased handsome pews with which the chapel is furnished.

Within the past month they have caused to be placed in all the windows very handsome art glass, a number of them being memorial windows.

At their meeting, held at Chapel Hill in 1920, they made plans for the Memorial Bridge, which spans the National Highway, connecting the main campus with the chapel grounds —both a thing of beauty and a necessity. This is a memorial to the



CHAPEL AND MEMORIAL BRIDGE

Erected out of Rowan granite and native stone. The Chapel is completely furnished. Recently art glass has been placed in the windows, a number of them being memorial windows. The Bridge is a memorial to the North Carolina soldiers of the World War, and was built this year.

North Carolina soldiers in the World War. The entire cost of the Bridge is a matter in the hands of The King's Daughters.

And, from the temper of the service manifested by these good women, we doubt if the end is anywhere near. Great organization—happy beneficiary!

WHAT THE STONEWALL CIRCLE HAS DONE FOR US.

Like all other circles of the King's Daughters, the Stonewall Circle, of Concord, has been busy for years—since 1910—in going about doing good, visiting and contributing to the sick and the unfortunates, rendering a service to suffering humanity, wherever a call come, regardless of age or color. Their's has been a record of great accomplishment.

Every year they have seen that the boys of the institution have had one real feast of ice cream and cake; and at every Christmas, they have liberally contributed to the joy of Christmas at the institution.

A member of the local circle of King's Daughters, through an amature performance purchased the first 2-horse wagon the school had; she in conjunction with a local book club furnished entirely the first cottage—the one the King's Daughters built.

They secured the first piano at the institution; they furnished the organ for the Chapel.

Their largest gift, and one which has added no little to the pleasure of the whole institution, is the set of band instruments, of the best make, costing twelve hundred dollars. Great friends, these women of the Stonewall Circle of Concord.

WHAT THE JUNIOR CIRCLE HAS DONE.

The little girls and the young misses, who compose the Junior Circle of The King's Daughters, of Concord, have in addition to numerous deeds of service to others proved kind friends to the Jackson Training School.

They have caused "treats" to the boys on various occasions; they furnished the beautiful round art window in the gable of the Chapel.

Their greatest gift, besides their love and interest in us, was the donation to the school of a modern, standard set of encyclopoedias.

Great little girls these be—and an appreciative beneficiary!

"Need lies at the root of all progress. No one climbs until he sees a reason for climbing, and improvements only follow dissatisfaction with present conditions. The hunger of a desire or the push of necessity lie back of every forward step."

OUR BAND.

This twelve-hundred dollar set of Conn band instruments is a gift of the Stonewall Circle of The King's Daughters, of Concord. This splendid gift fills a necessity, and adds to the pleasure and profit of living here.

If You Were

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it, you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticise your neighbor long,
Because he's busy being wrong.

There's Place In Life For the Anecdote.

Major Charles H. Smith, who made a wide reputation writing under the name of "Bill Arp," in his day carried more sunshine and homely philosophy to a wide circle of readers throughout the South than perhaps any of his contemporary writers. Here's an anecdote, or a pleasantry, that shows his sparkling good cheer and resignation:

"In the summer of 1863," said the late Fitz Hugh Lee, "Bill Arp---we called him Major Charles H. Smith then---was in the Richmond Hospital. The hospital was crowded with sick and dying soldiers and the Richmond ladies visited it daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and did all they could to cheer and comfort the suffering. On one occasion a pretty miss of sixteen was distributing flowers and speaking gentle words of encouragement to those around her, when she overheard a soldier exclaim: "Oh, my Lord.' It was Bill Arp. Stepping to his bedside to rebuke him for his profanity, she remarked: 'Didn't I hear you call upon the name of the Lord? I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for you?' Looking up in her bright, sweet face, Bill replied: 'I don't know but you could do something for me if I wasn't married.' 'Well,' said she, 'what is it?' Raising his eyes to hers and extending his hand, he said, 'As you are a daughter of the Lord, if I wasn't married, I'd get you to ask him if he wouldn't make me his son-in-law.' "

What If It Were Your Boy?

(Selected)

A number of boys were caught in a storm while out rowing. As they were making for the shore, the boat capsized, and one of the boys was drowned. Upon recovery of the body, it was brought to shore, and the boys did everything in their power to resuscitate him. Failing in their efforts, one of the boys ran off to a nearby cottage. Children were playing in the house as the father sat reading a paper. "Mister," ventured the boy, "one of our boys was drowned during the storm. We recovered his body but can't bring him back to life."

"What have you done?" asked the man.

After telling how they had rubbed the boy and rolled him over, and how they had done all they knew, the man remarked coldly, "Well, that's about all you can do." "But," urged the boy, "won't you come

down and help us try to save him?"

Rising slowly from his easy chair, he laid aside the paper and accompanied the boy to the place where the unconscious boy lay. The others were all bending down over the little fellow, doing what they could, but in vain. Stepping beside them, and edging his way to the limp body, the man knelt down and turned the boy over to see his face.

The man gave one shriek. "My God, it is my boy!" he exclaimed as he took hold in earnest, using his strength to revive the lad crying all the while, "Help me boys! Help me to save my boy!"

It makes all the difference in the world whose boy it is that is drowned. What if it were your boy? Perhaps at this very moment your boy is missing from your home, and may be among associates who are almost as dangerous as death itself. Why, therefore, sit indifferently and be unconcerned? Why not know where your boy is? Know who are his associates? Know where he spends his evenings? Know at what hour he comes home at night? Know what are his habits?

If you neglect your duty as a parent, you may some day deeply regret the oversight. Someday, another boy will be among those whose lifeless bodies will be dragged from the deep waters, not simply of the sea, but from the deep waters of sin and death. Some day you will perhaps stand beside such an unfortunate one. WHAT IF IT WERE YOUR BOY?

Our Motto.

"Look up and not down!" Do you mind how the tree-top
Rejoices in sunshine denied to its root?
And hear how the lark, gazing skyward, is flooding
All earth with its song, while the ground bird is mute?

"Look out and not in!" See the sap rushing outward
In leaf, bud, and blossom. All winter it lay
Imprisoned, while earth wore a white desolation,
Now nature is glad with the beauty of May

"Look forward, not back!" 'Tis the chant of creatioon,
The chime of the seasons as onward they roll;
'Tis the pulse of the world, 'tis the hope of the ages,
This voice of the Lord in the depths of the soul.

"Lend a hand!" Like the sun that turns night into morning,
The moon that guides storm-driven sailors to land.
Ah! life were worth living with this for its watchword,
"Look up, out, and forward, and each lend a hand!"

Tuberculosis Among Indians.

The Indian population in North Carolina is woefully small as compared with a few score years ago, when the Indian stalked through the virgin forest, monarch of all he surveyed. The large majority of our Indian population is confined to one county, that of Robeson. where a few less than 9,000 Red men of the Croatan tribe are engaged in gainful occupation, principally farming. Less than 3,000 will be found in all other counties of the State, Swain and Jackson being the only counties with any appreciable number.

The belief has been prevalent for years that a great number of our dusky friends "bite the dust" every year from tuberculosis. That this is not true as regards North Carolina is evident from the report recently issued by the Bureau of Vital Satistics. With a population of 11,824 Indians, only 12 died during 1920 from tuberculosis. This gives a death rate of 101.4 per hundred thousand, which is practically the same as the death rate among the white population only two years ago.

In Robeson county there were 100 deaths from all causes among the Indians. Six of the number died from tuberculosis. There are many counties in North Carolina with an equal number of deaths, where we find the percentage of deaths from tuberculosis among the white population larger.

The real menace of tuberculosis in North Carolina is not from the Indian, but the negro. With a colored population of 763,407, we have more deaths from tuberculosis among the negroes than we do among the whites, regardless of the fact that the white population is 2 ¼ times larger than the colored. By comparing the death rate for negroes, which is 188.1, with the rate of 81.2 for the whites, some idea of the destructive effect of tuberculosis on the colored man will be seen.

The North Carolina Tuberculosis Association proposes to use a portion of the receipts from the sale of Tuberculosis Christmas Seals to employ a clinic physician for work among the negroes, to the end that the cases may be found early, treatment provided for as many as possible and that every case discovered may be so instructed and regulated that he will not cummunicate the disease to others, either white or colored.

Some one remarks that the disheartened person who fancies he has done everything he can do, has simply stopped thinking. He is only looking at his troubles and not for a way out of them.---Exchange.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Frank Cotton, of Badin, an old student at the J. T. S., came back to see his friends at the Institution, Sunday.

Many acquaintances of Mr. G. H. Lawrence will be pleased to hear of his recovery. Mr. Lawrence was confined to bed for several days, and unable to take nourishment. He is now able to be up and attending to his business at the office.

Rev. T. W. Smith, of Concord, preached an excellent sermon at the Auditorium Sunday. and chose for his text: "That in all things Christ might have the preeminence." The boys always appreciate Mr. Smith's coming, and we hope he will come again soon.

These brisk, cold mornings as we go out to our work and see the saucy turkeys gobbling strutting over the campus, remind us that Thanksgiving is not far off. We are going to have all the turkey meat we need this year for both our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

Louis Cummins, who wanted to show his gratitude toward Mr. Crook's, for what he had taught him his short stay at the school, donated a nice Bible to his room. His gift, we hope, will he beneficial to everybody in Mr. Crook's room; and for thanking him, we cant find fit words to express our thanks.

Peanuts! All manners of peanuts! They are being gathered, washed and the best ones are being stored away for holiday luxuries. The ones that would be likely to damage, if stored away, are being distributed among the boys. It is very amusing to see one hundred and seventy boys standing in a bunch eating, and some playing Jack-in-the-bush.

Wednesday being a gloomy day, only one visitor visited the school. Mrs. M. H. Freeland, of North Wilkesboro, who has donated several gifts to the school and recently several hundred pounds of cabbage, came to see the progress of the school, and of her son, since her last visit. She found that several buildings had been added to the school, and that her son had increased morally, mentally and physically.

The boys are cleaning up around the school, so it will be neater when The King's Daughters meet here next Tuesday. The Board of Trustees will also meet too. The King's Daughters have donated several important gifts to the school, The Band, Chapel, King's Daughters Cottage and several other gifts that has improved the school are the gifts of these good women. If it wasn't for The King's Daughters this school wouldu't be near as large as it is now.

Mr. A. R. Johnson, for several years the director of our woodworking shop, died on the 26th at his home in Randolph County. Mr. Johnson was an artist in his line; an agreeable, high-class and Christian gentleman. His life was a busy one, devoted to the purpose of living a spotless life and leaving the world better by having lived in it. His death brought sorrow to the officers and many of the boys, who esteemed him most highly. Mr. Johnson was in his 85th year.

Several of the cottages have been

painted. They are now working on the third and fourth cottages. The cottages are all of the same style, but some are old and others new. Supt. Boger is having the old ones painted, so all of them will have the same appearance. They are being painted over in white, giving a decidedly brighter appearance to them. "Almost like new" expresses it more nearly when comparing the after-effects with the old.

Louis Cummins, of Wilmington, received an honorable parole last week. Louis was a likeable boy and was always willing and ready to do the task assigned to him. In his school work he was especially quick and rarely failed in his studies. He cast his lot among the farmers and was assigned to duty on the farm under Mr. J. Lee White. He proved equal to the occasion, and now Mr. White has lost another good farmer. He was a pleasant boy and was heartily liked by all at the school. It is hoped by all that he will make as good in his work out in the world as he did here in the Training School. Louis will be missed by his numerous friends, both among the officers and boys. We wish him nothing but good luck and much sucess in his future life.

HONOR ROLL.

Month ending October 31st, 1921.

There appears below something that will make the fathers and mothers of the boys whose names appear feel good. The honor roll is kept and published every month. The Class "A" are those whose conduct has been such that their names are worthy to be enrolled. The Class "B" are those who have made just one slip during the month.

"A"

Louis Cummings Jack O'neil, Alvin Cook, Tom Moore, Edgar Holland, Raymond Scott, Jake willard, Homer Singleton, Ernest Jordan, Homer Covington, Claude Pate, Jerome Bruton, Lockwood Picket, Robert Pool, Ralph Freeland, Marion Butler, Bernard Winner, Jarvis Quinn, Swift Davis Esq, Arvel Absher, Hoyle Faulkner, Alfie Williams, Charles Mayo, Ira Smathers, Henry Faucett, Fred Blue, Phillip Jackson, James Honeycutt, Edward Cleaver.

"B"

Sam Taylor Claude Coley, Betram Hart, James Shipp, Fred Parrish, James Watts, Walter Shepard, David Underwood, Charles Blackman, Murry Evans, Clyde Willard, Roy Baker, Woodard Edmunson, Arthur Montgomery, Johnnie Wright, Charles Beach Robie moore, Aster Adams, William Morris, James Autry, Dick Hackett Johnson, Edgar Warren, Ben Poteet, Ed Patton Marshal Williams, Sidney Cook, Chester Sheppard, Moses Fasnacht, Paul Kimmery, Jack Frazier, Joseph Kennon.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD N. C. NOV. 12, 1921, NO. 2

The Spirit of Forgiveness.

A beautiful illustration of the spirit of forgiveness is brought to light by President Charles F. Thwing, in a reference to McKinley:

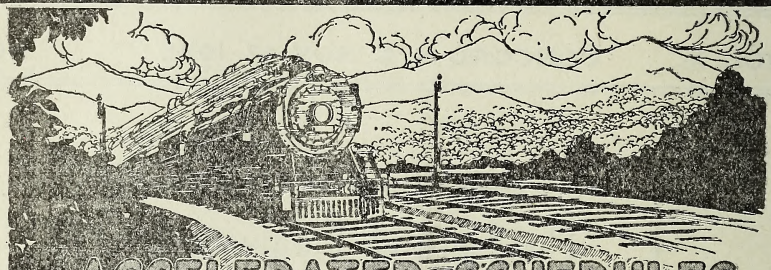
Alger, his Secretary of War, was on an occasion abused in a nepspaper article by the governor of a territory. The governor had been appointed by McKinley. Alger demanded that he be summarily dismissed.

The president looking over the article with Alger, said, "I am in doubt whether he has you or me in mind, Mr Alger. I am the commander of the American forces. I will examine the evidence with care. If I find that he has you in mind I will immediately dismiss him." "But," said Mr. Alger, "suppose that you conclude he has you in mind, what will you do?" The president said, "I will forgive him."

The incident belongs to a cabinet meeting. It has never, I think, been made public. One who was present says that the remark of the president brought the meeting to its conclusion. The hearts of members were too deeply stirred to go on. Forgiveness is indeed a part of magnanimity.—The Pilgrim Teacher.

PUBLISHEDBY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon	.....	lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar	.....	5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
.....	9.00AM	.....	4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	.....
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

KING'S DAUGHTERS CONVENTION.

Going to press before the conclusion of the deliberations of the Annual Convention of the North Carolina Branch of the International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons, we defer to the next issue of THE UPLIFT a full account of the meeting.

The presence of the representive women from the various sections of the State, as the guests jointly of the local circle and the Jackson Training School, the meetings being held in our auditorium and the delegates housed in one of the new cottages, has been a complete joy to all connected with the institution, especially to the boys. In fact, it is manifest that the boys would rejoice to have the King's Daughters remain even for a month.

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PERPETUATING THE AUTHORSHIP.

Dr. James E. Brooks, who recently died, was the author of the first organized effort to combating the ravages of tuberculosis. It was he, who brought to the attention of the General Assembly, in 1907, the need of making a place for the treatment of the tubercular affected.

It was he, who selected the ideal spot for the location of the Sanatorium and it was he, who was the first superintendent of that important work which the State was led to undertake. Dr. Brooks broke the ice, and it was he, who became the shock absorber of all the criticisms, comments, and of the remarks of the Doubting Thomases. All these folks and these ugly things

never fazed him. He knew he was right; he had a vision and a heart and to the state he rendered in life a service, which entitles him to be forever remembered.

They had erected a hall at the Sanatorium, which they baptized the Brooks Hall, but this was destroyed by fire. Recently, however, appreciative friends and others gathered at that splendind institution and unveiled a memorial tablet to the memory of this advanced thinker and heoric worker. That's fine.

No people or state can rise higher or be better than their capacity and disposition to remember with love and appreciation the heroic and self-sacrificing deeds of those, who wrought that a common, needed service might be made available for the unfortunate among them. Like the inventor, who seldom participates in the profits of his invention, the founders and builders of great causes are often forgotten and new-comers often passively permit the glory to form a halo around their own heads instead of the real authors. But Dr. McBrayer, the present superintendent of the Sanatorium, is not that kind. His remarks, well conceived and historically correct, when unveiling the tablet, gave to Dr. James E. Brooks his proper place in the history of the making of the Sanatorium.

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WHAT A GROOM IS.

Miss Lewis, the brilliant Society Editor of the Raleigh News & Observer, who finished her education in a Northern College and who persists in calling it "the Civil War," has made a very interesting suggestion to her correspondents as follows:

"For the benefit of correspondents who write up weddings, the S. E. offers these two definitions from the dictionary:

"Groom: A person who cares for horses in the stable."

"Bridegroom: A man newly married or about to be married."

They useually speak in complimentary terms of the contracting parties---the bride "is a most attractive and talented member of high social circles;" why shouldn't the bridegroom get his complimentary notice. Suppose he's an artist in grooming "horses in a stable," would it be accurate to say "the groom became the fortunate bridegroom," or "the fortunate and lucky bridegroom is a groom of wide acquaintance and splendid business reputation," Bound to have it right.

That corner, which the News & Observer has seen fit to call "Incidentally," is one of the brightest and most entertaining newspaper stunts of the period. There are some people, who seldom read North Coarolina papers,

who might catch the habit of reading were they to follow for a period fascinating "Incidentally."

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CHARLOTTE DRAWS A PRIZE.

More and more the public is coming into an appreciative knowledge of the valuable services rendered by the average County All-Time Nurse. It has been tried out so effectively in certain counties, that everybody now sees the good results. Coming out from Tarboro is an account of the accomplishments of a Nurse in Edgecomb county, which carries with it a joy to all humanitarians. The Nurse, in leaving Edgecomb for Mecklenburg, is succeeded by another, which indicates that those people down East are unwilling for the good work to stop. This is what is credited to Miss Ross' activity for the period she served in that county:

"Charlotte is shortly to make a gain by a loss to Tarboro. Miss Clara Ross, who for the past several years has served Edgecomb county well as Red Cross nurse, left here Thursday for her home in West Virginia, whence she will go to Charlotte to take up similar duties at that place. Miss Ross will prove a great asset to the community to which she will go, and she leaves behind, in Edgecomb county, monuments more lasting than words of praise.

Infant morality in Edgecomb has decreased fifty per cent during the past five years, and this has been brought about largely through her labors. Through her efforts also tuberculosis has shown a great decline during the past several years and her record at this time shows a number of arrested cases, those who are on their way to recovery.

Miss Ross will be succeeded here by Miss Lucy Massey, who will arrive on November 15.

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HELPING THE HELPLESS.

The Association of Orphanages has sent out its appeal for a remembrance of the several orphanages on Thanksgiving Day. It is contemplated and hoped that each person, in his recognition of the virtue of this day and his participation in its privileges, will donate to some one of the orphanages, church, state or fraternal, an amount equal to one day's income. This is the minimum, the maximum may be as large as the giver desires.

This scheme heretofore has proved profitable. The cause is a worthy one, and the care of an orphan is a subject that appeals to the heart of any and all normal persons. There is no dictation as to which orphanage your contribution goes, but each person is expected to contribute to the

institution of his own church, or to that of his fraternal order. By the way, being on the outside of the association, never having been invited to join or brought into recognition by the committee of publicity in its public announcement, makes of the Jackson Training School quite an orphan itself; and we make bold to say that this institution in every sense of the word is an Orphanage. Many of our boys are orphans, without father or mother, "just dropped stitches of a vanished hand."

If any person, man or woman, or child, desires to remember this institution, in an expression of gratitude for all the blessings received during the past year, in the form of a day's income or in a larger amount, we beg to give assurances that it will be gratefully received and used for the service and the benefit of children, whose very condition cries aloud for the love and interest of the whole state.

But let everyone remember the orphans, wherever they be, on Thanksgiving Day. That's a service that will carry its own blessings and---rebound.

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TUMULTY AND WILSON.

The country at large must be deeply interested in the story, which Tumulty, late private secretary of Ex-president Wilson, is writing about his chief. The story seems so frank and honest, that where it clears up what has always appeared the angular side of Mr. Wilson, on certain occasions, carries conviction with it. Except for an exception or two Mr. Wilson will go down in history as the greatest executive of all times---his was a terrific task. At the present rate, Mr. Tumulty's frank revelation will undoubtedly remove all the kinks which gave the public at times a wrong impression of Mr. Willson. Lovers of truth and admirers of great men will feel indebted to Mr. Tumulty for his superb treatment of inside facts.

* * * * * *

A SUGGESTION.

Exercising the pleasures and privileges of the Thanksgiving spirit one could donate to this institution either of the following sums: $1,000, $3,000, $5,000, $10,000 or $25,000. We have very important and needed additions to the plant of the Jackson Training School which could be provided by these several funds. In the light of the record made here in restoring to society worthy and useful young men, we feel warranted in

declaring that either and all these sums donated by people, whom heaven has blessed, would prove superb investments.

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The much heralded H. G. Wells, who has come to this country to report the Conference for the Reduction of Armament, in his first article plays the part of the worst pessimist of the age. It is readable stuff, but it paints a picture that gives one a shiver.

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

One day a countryman going to the nest of his Goose found there an egg all yellow and glittering. When he took it up it was found as heavy as lead and he was going to throw it away, because he thought a trick had been played upon him. But he took it home on second thoughts, and soon found to his delight that it was an egg of pure gold. Every morning the same thing occurred, and he soon became rich by selling his eggs. As he grew rich he grew greedy; and thinking to get at once all the gold the goose could give, he killed it and opened it only to find,---nothing.

"GREED OFT O'ERREACHES ITSELF."

A Thanksgiving Party

It was a neat, comfortable kitchen, though wholly lacking in ornament. The floor was as white as soap, sand and willing hands could make it, and was well matched by the angular wooden chairs, which had almost become ghastly from repeated scrubbing.

The brass knobs on the dresser and even the pendulum of the loud, ticking old clock, shone like burnished gold, reflecting the beams of firelight which brightened the dusky room. The tea-kettle sang merrily, and Aunt Easter passed to and from preparing the evening meal and watching for the return of her husband from the wood-lot

A little girl stood by the western window, trying to read by the fast-fading light. Her delicate face, long, shinning curls, and dainty apparel formed a bright contrast to the plain room. "What are you looking for in the almanac, my child? You'll injure your eyes."

"I'm trying to find when Thanksgiving is, but I can't see any longer."

"You'll be more apt to find it in the last paper, Lucy; but I can tell you it is a week from next Thursday."

"O goody! so soon? We'll have one of those big turkeys, and a jolly time, won't we?"

"I'm afraid not, dear; what put that into your little head?"

"Why, auntie, you told me when I first came that those turkeys were for Thanksgiving. I've thought of it ever since."

"Oh yes, I did tell you so Lucy, but I meant that we raised them to sell for Thanksgiving. We have not kept the day since we were first married; your uncle doesn't care for such things. I missed it sadly at first, for we always kept the holidays when I was a girl at home; but I've got used to it now, after all these years."

"I don't think that I could, ventured the child, looking solemnly through the twilight at the turkeys, comfortably settled for the night on the bare limbs of the apple-tree.

"Well, don't shed any tears yet, Lucy; if you can get Uncle Jerry to consent, I'll do my part. Better not speak of it till after supper," she added in a whisper, as she heard her husband's foot-steps at the door.

So, with what patience she could command, Lucy waited till the supper was cleared away, and they were gathered around the crackling wood-fire---Aunt Esther with her knitting and Uncle Jerry with his paper.

Lucy was his only sister's child. She was spending several months with him, while her parents traveled in the South, hoping to benefit her mother's health. Two brothers and one sister were at college, and were to spend their Christmas holidays at the farm-house. This was the first time Lucy had been so long from home, and occasionally she suffered from homesickness; and now, with the fear that the loved holiday was to be slighted, an attack of that dread malady was certainly imminent. She felt her courage ebbing away, and hopelessly sat very still, looking straight into the fire, till all

the curling, writing flames melted into one broad sheet of bright mustiness, and then---there were two big tears on her rosy cheeks.

Uncle Jerry, who underneath his hard exterior, had a really kind heart, was watching her over his paper, and saw the tears, the sly, quick brush of two little white hands, and a brave effort to keep back a sob which struggled to escape. "Homesick," he thought; "and no wonder with two dull old folks like us,"and for a moment he wanted to take her in his arms and soothe her as her own father would; but he had so long repressed all tender ways that he could not manifest his sympathy. But something must be done. Rising abruptly, he took a pan from the dresser and started for the cellar, saying, "Esther, hold the light for me; I want some of them fall apples; they won't keep long." By the time a share of the fruit had disappeared, Lucy had regained her good spirits, and, with new conrage, exclaimed: "Uncle Jerry can't we have Thanksgiving this year?"

"Nonsense, child. What would it amount to?"

"Why, we'd have a jolly time. We always did at home."

"Yes' a big dinner one day, and the doctor the next.

"It never made me sick---never in the world."

"But what's the good, anyhow?"

"Mamma thinks it's good, and she's always right. Just last year papa thought we'd better not have a dinner, for mamma was not strong, and we were so disappointed---I was, anyway---and mamma put her arm round me, and said: 'We'll all help and do the best we can, for we mustn't miss keeping a holiday. When my boys and girls have left home, and gone out in the world, I want them to have the remembrance of a happy childhood and a pleasant home to help them over the hard places they will find. It will make them better men and women, I'm sure; so order the turkey, papa." I remember it all, Uncle Jerry, 'cause I thought mamma was going to cry, her voice trembled so, and I believe I should have cried myself if she hadn't said 'turkey' "

"She never had many good times to remember," said uncle Jerry, thinking of their hard, orphaned life. "Perhaps that is why she wanted her children to be always happy," suggested Aunt Esther. "Yes, she said so once," continued Lucy, picking apple-seeds out of a core, "and I think, Uncle Jerry, if you had some little boys and girls you'd feel different about it. But I'm your little girl this year; won't you do it for me? "She was almost frightened as she looked up and met his stern, white face. "It is your bed-time now, Lucy," interrupted her aunt. "We will think it over till morning." And Lucy was glad to retire to the adjoining room, wondering what she "could have said to make Uncle Jerry look so--- so dreadful."

An hour later Jerry Winters broke the silence, which was already becoming oppressive. "I suppose we must do something, or the child will be homesick."

"Yes," answered his wife.

"Don't see how I can stop choppin' a day with that contract on my hands, and Jake and Steve both begged off for Thanksgiving. I wish there were no such days. I suppose nothing less than a turkey will satis-

fy that child?" "No; but we can well afford it. Who is going to have our money when we are gone? We may as well make the child happy and have a good time once in our lives."

"She might be happy anyhow. It seems a waste to me, I mus tconfess.

"Well, Jerry, we never wasted very much that way; and it strikes me that if we had more holidays, and had made the old farm-house more congenial to a young, lively spirit, we whould have had our son with us in our old age."

"Esther!"

"I know we havn't mentioned him for years, Jeremiah; but, for all that, neither of us has lived a day without thinking of him."

"Will, I did my duty by him, if ever a father did by his child."

"We did what we thought was for his best good; but I fear we made some mistakes." "He was wild as a young colt; nothing could tame him." The father spoke impatiently and scowled hard, lest his face might show the love and longing in his heart.

"He was full of life, and fiery too, and instead of guiding him gently in traces which could not gall, we bound him, as it were, so tightly that he broke the fetters and disappeared. We wanted him to be old and steady, and his young spirit could not be subdued. I see it all now. There were no companions for him, no 'jolly times,' as Lucy said, and nothing about the old farm worth staying for." No answer but a smothered groan.

"There, Jerry, I ain't blaming you more than I do myself. We were wrong, and the boy was wrong, too. If we only knew where to find him, we might make it alright before we die. I'll warrant he has longed to return, but pride and fear have kept him back. He can't know how we long for him, for he never knew how much we loved him; we never told him."

"O Esther!"

"Well, father, I won't say any more. All these thoughts have been crowded down in my heart so long that I had to speak, and I think it'll do us good after all. She drew nearer and laid her head on his shoulder, while tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks, and thus they sat far into the night.

The next day, among the families of the neighboring farm-house, there was but one topic of conversation: The invitation to spend Thanksgiving with Jeremiah Winters.

The eventful day came at last. Lucy with a dozen boys and girls, made the rafters ring with their glad shouts. Down-stairs the best room was filled with the hum of eldery voices recounting "old times" while in the sitting-room the young people were eating apples and counting the seeds, with much jest and laughter, sly glances and blushes. In the kitchen a longtable was loaded with the good things, while Aunt Esther, with plenty of help, was completing the preparations for dinner.

Uncle Jerry excitedly went from room to room, trying to appear as if this sort of thing was of common occurrence in his house. For the first time in her life, his wife had asserted her right to entertain her friends, and now he felt glad that she had persevered. He was surprised to find what pleasant neighbors he had.

It was night and the merry-making was at its height. The walls echoed

with laughter and song, and from every window lights gleamed far out into the darkness. From the village depot, five miles away, a traveler was walking over the lonely road as if eager to join the joyous party; but when at length he came in sight of the many lights, he stopped in amazement. Nearer and nearer he came, till through the unshaded windows he saw the friendly scene within. With a glad smile on his face he turned away, and, standing in the deep shadow of a pine, he watched long and patiently.

At last, after a host of thanks and pleasant "farewells," all was still and only three sat in the deserted rooms.

A hush fell over them, and they looked thoughtfully into the flickering fire. Lucy, climbing on her uncle's knee, thanked him so prettily for the day's pleasure that he bent and kissed her. Then, holding out his hand to his wife, he said: "The little lady has thanked me, but we both ought to thank you. It has been a pleasant day to me."

This was a great deal for this man to say, and they were silent again, but each one happy through making others glad.

Then the door opened, and a stranger entered. He was tall and heavily bearded, but a mother's eye will know her own, and, with a cry that expressed the yearning of years, "My boy!" she was folded in his strong embrace, while about them both were clapsed the father's trembling arms. No one knew how long they sat together---the long separated family once more united. Lucy, with wide-open eyes, enjoyed to the utmost this crowning excitement, much pleased with the tall cousin of whom she had never heard.

"O John, why did you stay away so long?" ventured the mother.

"I came back once, five years ago, and saw you and father through the window; but knowing that I deserved no welcome, I feared to enter. To-night I should have entered at all events, but when I saw you with your friends about you, and later, sitting here with clasped hands, I felt sure of a welcome---sure that you had forgiven the past, and felt pity for your wayward son. Now I mean to cancel the suffering of the past by making the future happy.

"Now, uncle Jerry, I told you so; Thanksgiving can amount to a great deal sometimes," and the merry laugh which follwed was not less hearty because it broke through tears of joy. AND THE WELCOME OF OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, WHEN WE REACH HOME, WILL BE OF A SIMILAR CHARACTER, BUT FAR MORE HEARTY AND JOYOUS.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.

Preachers and Their Salaries.

By R. R. Clark.

I've a mind to say a word in behalf of the preachers; but at the outset I confess to the fear that some of the clergy may think I am "fernent" them rather that for them. I am constrained to believe, however, that the great majority will approve what I am going to suggest; and that is that the preachers be paid a living wage---salaries sufficient to support them in decency and comfort---instead of keeping them on half, one-third or two-thirds pay and pretending to make up the difference by donations, by concessions that make them semi-objects of charity; a position that embarrasses, if it dose not degrade, the ministry and that is galling to a self-respecting, independent man. In short, pay the laborers their hire and then require them to pay their own way.

This proposition is neither new nor original; and I am glad to say that there is evident an increasing disposition to give the ministers of the gospel more adequate support But the old practice, which I hope to see pass, still adheres. "Pounding" the preacher, donation parties, gifts of food and clothes to the parson and his family, are all well enough as an expression of affection and appreciation. But the objection I am raising is that too often these gifts are counted as part payment of salary. Members of the congregation not infrequently make small contributions of things they can easily spare, of goods that are not ready sale, or of something that cost them little, and then gauge their subscriptions to the pastor's salary accordingly. Some of them even count their measly gifts(?) as their share of the preacher's support, and subscibe nothing to his salary, and the preacher is embarrassed with an inadequate salary and a lack of real cash to meet the needs of himself and family.

Out of this practice has grown the more reprehensible custom of demanding that the public---not the members of the pastor's congregation only but the general public---grant the preacher certain concession; sell him goods for less than the regular price; grant him reduced fares on the railroads, etc. In recent years the effort has been made more than once to put through the North Carolina Legislature a law authorizing the railroads to give free transportation to ministers. This failed, as it deserved to fail. Virtually it meant to require the roads to haul the preachers free, whether they wanted to or not.

The other day it was proposed in the United States Senate to exempt preachers' salaries from the income tax. The average North Carolina preacher has no interest in that, for few of them, outside the strong churches in the towns, receive salaries that reach the income tax class.

I am opposing the paying of the preacher with gifts---or rather, pretending to give him something and then charging him for it---because it is very unfair and unjust to the

preacher. It lowers his dignity, cheapens him and impairs his usefulness. And I am opposing the concession plan because it is open to the same criticism not only but is wrong in principle. If the preacher's flock want to give him something and really give it to him, that is not a matter for criticism; it is commendable. But when the Church people demand that their pastors be given special conscessions by certain interests---such as the public service corporations---and the general public; that supplies be sold to them at a special price, that the public service corporations give them a special rate or serve them free, and that they be exempted from taxes in certain cases, then they in effect make a forced levy on the general public for the support of their pastors. In other words, they either through this custom force concessions that are neither willingly nor cheerfully granted, but are yielded as a matter of policy; or the levy is made by law, as is proposed in the matter of free transportation on the railroads and in the proposed exemption from income taxes. In effect and in principle this amounts to levying a tax on the public for the support of the clergy. If it were badly proposed to levy a straight tax on the people for Church purposes the proposition would be promptly repudiated; and some of the stongest opposition would come from Churchmen who violently oppose any connection between Church and State. And yet this levy is made indirectly, in the manner suggested, and is approved and applauded. Certainly that is so in the matter of tax exemptions, for every tax exemption for a special class means a gift from the public treasury of the people's money.

We are all disposed to let these thing pass because all right-minded people realize the great value of the services of the preachers to mankind generally; not only in spiritual matters but in other ways their value to society in general and to civilization cannot be estimated. I am aware that what I am saying may be misconstrued. But I would have the preachers removed from the class of quasi-beggars, from dependence on concessions often unwillingly granted, and place them on a plane of independence that would enable them to do their work unfettered, free from embarrassment and the subservience that often must follow the granting of special favors. I am sure that in addition to relieving the clergy of these embarrassments their usefulness would be greatly improved. And I would expose and put out of business the skinflints and the tightwads and hypocrites who pretend to pay their preachers with gifts and then try to run assessments on the general public, by forcing concessions to make up their deficiencies---the part they are too mean and stingy to pay. These are they who, when a raise in the preacher's salary is proposed, cry out, "Look what he gets free." And some very good people who thoughtlessly demand public concessions to help pay their preachers what it is the special duty and obligation of each preacher's parishioners to pay, lie awake nights worrying lest the Catholics seize the government and force us all to pay tribute to the Catholic Church.

One of the worst features of the practice mentioned is that not a few preachers have been educated up to

it, have been forced into it as a matter of self-presrvation, untill they come to look upon it as their due, as something coming to them, and they demand it and are aggrieved if the concession is not granted. If those who do that knew how the practice is looked upon, how the preacher who makes these demands cheapens himself, I am persuaded they would abandon it.

Some years after the close of the War Between the States, the question of educating her children was perplexing a North Carolina mother, whose main support had been swept away by unfortunate business affairs. No money for tuition, afraid of debt, she decided to teach her children herself, but the necessary epuipment was not at hand. Awaking one morning, a solution suddenly came to her. She sprang from the bed and cried. "Eureka, Eureka, I have it; I'll paint the fire-board black and use it for the necessary black-board exercise." She did; the daughters were educated and took high position in society. Nothing can surpass a godly woman, a true mother---to them there are no insurmountable obstacles.

The King's Daughters.

(Words by Miss Ida Blume; Tune: Bonnie Blue Flag.)

Oh, yes, we are The King's Daughters,
"And glory in the name and boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame."
We're ready in the golden NOW
To do a helpful deed;
We never let the chance go by
To meet another's need.

CHORUS:

Giving! Giving!
Render the gift complete---
Our thoughts, our words, our deeds we lay
At Thy own royal feet.

Oh, yes, we are The King's Daughters,
Our emblem the SILVER CROSS;
As we are faring adown the way

We do not count it loss---
The act of pure self-sacrifice,
Loving deeds at the King's behest,
For he who's life is filled with love
Is he who lives the best.

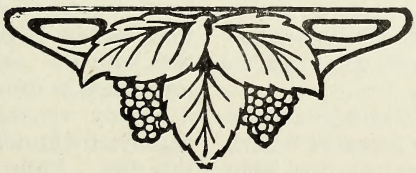
CHORUS:

By our gifts of loving sympathy
And food for the suffering poor,
We prove our love for our fellow-men,
And the stranger at the door.
Something to aid another's need---
Unselfish, good and true---
To show our love for all mankind
While we our way pursue.

CHORUS:

We ever seek to lighten hearts,
Disheartened by their load,
To link in closer bonds of love
All human brotherhood.
Oh, vaster love! Sweet charity!
Hold our pow'rs in thy control!
Render our offering complete,
The will of our King unfold.

CHORUS:



There's Place In Life For The Anecdote

ANDREW JACKSON was the seventh president of the United States. He was a lawyer; so was Waightstill Avery. The means of traveling in their days was largely by horse-back, and carrying saddle-bags. In an issue of The Youth's Companion, some years ago, was an interesting story of Andrew Jackson, then just twenty-one years of age, and Waightstill Avery, then Attorney General of North Carolina.

It was Jackson's habit to carry in his saddle-bags a copy of "Bacon's Abridgement" and to make frequent appeals to it in his cases. This precious book was always done up in coarse brown paper, such as grocers used before the neat paper bags of the present day were invented. The unwrapping of this much-prized volume before a court was a very solemn function, as performed by Jackson.

Avery, uncommonly fond of a joke, procured a piece of bacon, just the size of the book, and while Jackson was addressing the court, slipped the volume out from its wrapping and substituted the bacon. While still addressing the court, Jackson raised the flaps of his saddle-bags, drew out the brown package, carefully untied the string, unfolded the paper with the decorous gravity of a priest handling the holy things of the altar, and then, without looking at what he held up in his hand, he exclaimed triumphantly:

"We will see now what Bacon says."

The court, bar, jury and spectators were convulsed with laughter before Jackson saw the trick that had been played on him. Of course he was furious. He snatched a pen, and on the blank leaf of a law-book wrote a preemptory challenge which he delivered then and there. He asked for no apology---nothing but blood would do. He commanded Avery to select a friend and arrange for a meeting at once. Avery made no answer to this preemptory demand, thinking that his peppery antagonist would laugh rather than fight, as he grew cooler. But he did not know the young man. Jackson grew hotter instead of cooler. Next morning he sent this note:

August 12, 1788.

"Sir: When a man's feelings and character are injured, he ought to seek a speedy redress. You received a few lines from me yesterday, and undoubtedly you understood me. My character you have injured; and further you have insulted me in the presence of the court and a large audience. I therefore call upon you as a genteman to give me the satisfaction for the same and I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately with out equivocation, and I hope you can do without dinner until the business is done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he injures another to make a speedy reparation. Therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day. From your obt. st.,

Andrew Jackson."

"P. S.: This evening after the court adjourns."

The challenge was accepted; and in the dusk of the summer evening

the duel came off in the presence of the same crowd that had laughed in the court room. When the word was given, Jackson fired, his ball flicking Avery's ear, scratching it slightly. Now was Avery's chance to change the later history of his country, but his Puritan blood asserted itself. He fired in the air, then advanced and offered Jackson his hand, which he accepted.

The first view of a duty is often the clearest view we get. We see it before indolence and selfishness have befogged the vision and before cowardice has had time to count the lions in the way.---Exchange.

Why George Gets There

Three brothers left the farm to work in the city and all got jobs in the same company, starting out at the same pay.

Six years later one was receiving $100 a month, a second $200 and the third $500.

Their father, hearing of these salaries, dedided to visit his son's employer to find out why they were paid on what seemed to be such an unfair basis.

"I will let them explain for themselves," said the boss, as he pressed a button under his desk.

Jim, the lowest paid man of the three, answered.

"I understand that the Oceanic has just docked," said the employer. "Please go down there and get an inventory of her cargo."

Three minutes later Jim was back in the office.

"She carries a cargo of 2,000 seal skins," reported Jim. "I got the information from the first mate over the telephone."

"Thank you, Jim," said the boss. "That will be all."

He pressed the button again and Frank the $200 man, reported.

"Frank. I wish you would go down to the dock and get an inventory of the Oceanic's cargo."

An hour later Frank came back with a list showing that the Oceanic not only carried 2,000 seal skins, but that she also had 500 beaver and 1,100 mink pelts.

The employer pressed the button a third time and George, the $500 man, walked into the office.

He was given the same instructions his brothers had received.

George did not return for three hours and the office had closed for the day, but his father and the boss were waiting for him.

"The Oceanic carries 2,000 seal skins," he began. "They are offered at $5 each, so I took a two-day option on them, and I have wired a prospect, offering them to him at $7. I expect to have his order tomorrow. I also found 500 beaver, which I sold over the telephone at a profit of $700.

The mink pelts are of poor quality, so I did'nt try to do anything with them.

"That's fine, George," said the boss.

Then when he had gone the employer turned to the father.

"You probably noticed," he said, "that:

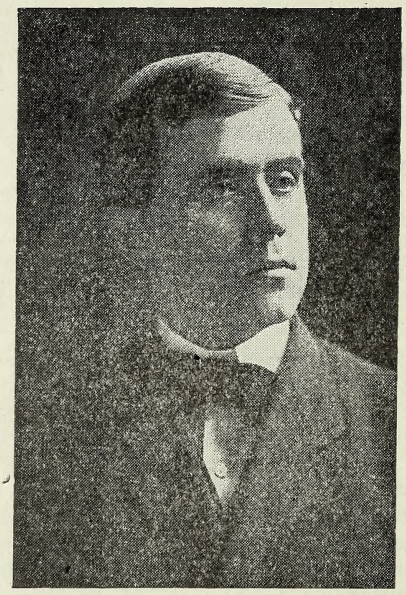
"Jim dosen't do as he is told;

"Frank does as he's told, and

"George does without being told."

---From the W. S. Tyler Company Employes' Magazine.

Mr. Preston Visits Us.



Hon. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte, who made the annual address to the Convention of The King's Daughters, in the auditorium on the evening of the 8th. Mr. Preston made a forceful and clear presentation of "The Progress of Humanities," as concerns activities in North Carolina.

Accompaying Mr. Preston that evening was his wife, Mrs. Preston, a delightfully charming woman. Mrs. Preston is the grand-daughter of that noble Southerner, Stonewall Jackson, whose memory remains for ever fresh with generation after generation. Mr. and Mrs. Preston walked over the entire grounds, investigated everything---we turned the keys over to them---and they came in and declared "the whole thing is marvelous."

An Alphabet of American Advice.

AVOID debt as you would the devil.---Henry Ward Beecher.

BE as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice.---William Loyd Garrison.

CORRECT errors when shown to be errors, an adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.---Abraham Lincoln.

DON'T forget that the cheerful loser is a sort of a winner.---William H. Taft.

ERE fancy you consult, consult your purse.---Benjamin Franklin.

FATUITY is apt to be reason-proof.---Theodore Roosevelt.

GENIUS is one per cent inspiration and ninety nine per cent perspiration.---Thomas A. Edison.

HE serves his party best who serves his country best.---Rutherford B. Hayes.

IN the faces of men and women I see God.---Walt Whitman.

JOYOUSNESS is far from the least of the duties of a good citizen; it's one of the first duties of a helpful man.---George William Curtis.

KNOWLEDGE, like, religion must be "experienced" in order to be known.---E. P. Whipple.

LEARN to say No; it is more useful than Latin.---C. H. Spurgeon.

MUCH must be toil who serves immortal gods.---H. W. Longfellow.

NOT failure but low aim is crime.---James Russell Lowell.

ONLY those have business to go into politics who don't go into politics as a business.---Joseph Hodges Choate.

PUT your trust in God---and keep your powder dry.---Col. Clacker.

QUALITY in work is much and quality is more, but for most you must add qualtiy to quanity.---Marshall Field.

RESPONSIBILITY educates---Wendell Phillips.

SIN has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.---Wendell Homes.

THIS world belongs to the energetic.---Ralph Waldo Emerson.

UNLIKE the poet, the successful man is not born.---John Wanamaker.

VANITY is a sure quicksand of reason.---Washington Irving.

WHEN a man assumes public trust he should consider himself as public property.---Thomas Jefferson.

XENOPHON'S finding a lining of success and fame in a cloud of black defeat is a lesson to all men for all time.---Charles Dudley Warner.

YOU k'n hide de fire, but wa't you gwine to wid de smoke?---Joel Chandler Harris.

Zeal should never debar mercy.---William Croswell Doane.

The Turkeys And The Boll Weevil

(Josephus Daniels in News & Observer)

Somewhere in Arkansas, Oct. 28.---The presence of the boll weevil in some of the counties of North Carolina makes the extermination of that enemy of cotton a matter of prime importance to our State. That pest began his or her ravages in the far South and has left destruction in its wake.

Last Spring, when in Mississippi, I was told that the report was true that the farmers of a certain township had erected a monument to the boll weevil. For many years the farmers had raised nothing but cotton, buying all their meat and bread. Of course, when the boll weevil made the production of cotton impossible, the farmers, who had been deaf to advice to raise hog and hominy, were per force driven into raising other crops. And at the end of three years they took stock and found that they were more prosperous than when they devoted themselves to an all cotton crop. Hence the monument.

But the world needs the cotton which can be raised nowhere in the world but in the South. Because in the old days it was largely produced by slave labor, there has been an unwillingness to pay a price sufficient to give the same scale of profits which other agriculturalists have received for their crops. The only time the Southern farmers have been adequately compensated was either in war periods or when by reduction of acreage or bad seasons, or both, the crop was short. As a rule the cotton farmers receive more money for a short crop than for a large crop. The Farmers' Convention was wise to urge the farmers not to plant a large acreage in 1922 than they planted in 1921. If they will stick to that, and raise their own bread and butter (that means milk cows on every farm) they will receive good prices for next year's cotton, and then we will be truly on a basis of prosperity in the South.

But I started out to write about the boll weevil, the deadly foe of cotton. We cannot join with those Misssissippi farmers who seemed to welcome his coming, though if farmers will stick to all cotton, they would be better off to be compelled to plant other crops. Farmers have learned better, or many of them have. The peoples of the earth cannot be clothed if the farmers do not grow cotton. Therefore, everybody must be concerned about getting the best of the boll weevil.

Coming out of Memphis this morning a gentleman told me that the latest way to fight the boll weevil had been tried by a farmer living near Cadoo river. His name is Reuben Butler---the kind of "Rube" the world needs. He is the only cotton farmer in that whole section who has this year made almost a full crop of cotton. The boll weevil ate up most of the crop of his neighbors.

How did this "Rube" circumvent the boll weevil? The answer to that interests all who grow cotton or live in a cotton country. He raised a large flock of turkeys and gav

them free range in the cotton fields. They didn't trouble the cotton at all, but they developed an appetite for the boll weevil which had two good results: (1) It gave Mr. Reuben plenty of fat turkeys to eat and sell which cost him little to raise; (2) it saved most of his cotton crop.

Geese have been utilized to chop cotton and keep the grass out of it. And now if turkeys will destroy the boll weevil Southern farmers will do well to turn their attention to raising geese and turkeys. It would do more than help farmers. Town folks might get their Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys at lower prices.

The kind of elastic currency most people want is the kind that will stretch from one payday to the next.---New York American.

Why Men Lift Their Hats

Like many other---among them the practice of shaking hands and drinking toasts--the lifting of the hat has as a form of salutation goes back to the days when knighthood was in flower and men seldom appeared in public except in full armor.

The phrase, "Safty First," was unknown then, but its principle was well understood.

Almost every knight had enmies who lurked in the shadows, waiting for an opportunity to catch him off his guard, and armor was the only recognized form of life insurance.

When in the presence of his friends, however, the knight would remove his helmet, and bare his head, thus signifying his belief that he was safe. The helmet would be placed upon the table or under his arm, ready to be instantly clapped into place at the first hint of danger.

The wearing of armor passed away with the invention of gunpowder, but the practice of raising the hat---the successor to the helmet---remained. At first it was retained as a mark of respect to either sex, just as men now remove their hats in the presence of royalty or when the flag (the symbol of authority and love of our country) is passing by. Gradually, however, its use was reserved as a salutation from men to their friends of the opposite sex thus again returning to the days of chivalry.---Ex.

An optimist is a man who think the grocers are going to reduce prices because of their sympathy for the public.---New York American

AMERICAN FOLK–TALES.

By JULIA W. WOLFE

Why is it so many American writers have overlooked our folk-tales? Now and then a writer has sketched a little in verse and prose a legend which has immortalized a few of our myths. But aside from Salem Witchcraft, when we would identify superstition with any spot of universal interest, we look to the Russians, Scandinavians, Germans, or perhaps anywhere except at home when of a truth our Hudson Valley, our Great Lakes, the Deleware and Susquehanna Rivers' banks are fairly lined with these tales of fact and fancy.

It is Hawthorne that carries us up Mount Monroe in quest of the Great Carbuncle, and recalls the rigor of the Puritan Governor who hacked down the May Pole of Merry Mount. While Washington Irving introduces us to an ancestor of the Van Winkles—the hapless "Rip." But most creepy and uncanny of all comes Ichabod Crane, with the galloping Hessian trail.

Longfellow sings the sad story of Evangeline, Bellefontaine, and Gabriel Lajeunesse, and also tells us how John Alden wooed for another and won for himself a bride. Tales of the Wayside Inn brings us to Portsmouth with Martha Hilton, and Marblehead with Agnes Surriage.

These are the most familiar of American folk-lore because our geniuses have so fascinatingly repeated them.

No race save the Romans has more superstition than the American Indian, and safe to say, no people left behind them so varied in quantity of stories in which we find the foundations of so many legends of more recent origin—one of the prettiest and best-known is "Hiawatha." According to the Indians, the world began when the snake bit off the two lumps of pipe stone, and these, receiving life from the Great Spirit, walked from the Minnsota Garden of Eden—the Red Man's Adam and Eve.

"Thundering water," as Niagara Falls was termed, asked for two victims a year. In 1670, or thereabout, the last sacrifice was made when the daughter of the chief of the Onondagas was launched in a white canoe bedecked with lilies. As she went over the falls her father jumped into his canoe and followed her to death. After this his spirit was converted into the ruler of the Cataract and hers to the Maid of the Mist.

The old French legend of the first jacqueminot rose undoubtedly had its origin in the Delaware Indian's story of the girl driven distracted by the death of her lover, who stabbed herself, and where each drop of blood fell there sprang up the scarlet blossom commonly known as Indian plume.

Our pond lily's white and yellow is symbolic of the purity and love of an Indian maid who, true to her convictions, drowned herself rather than yield to Sun, a young warrior whom she loved but who was bethroned to another. The tribe mourned her loss deeply, and one day there appeared on the pond a group of lillies, which opened as the sun came and closed at night when the sun had gone. After that the tribe worshipped the lily-form

that the girl's spirit took.

The popular New Jersey mosquito claims for an ancestor the monster insect that ate a tribe of Indians at a single meal. It was, however, eventually killed, and wherever its blood spattered there came to life the smaller mosquito, which mingles pain with the pleasures of a summer twilight.

These and many other tales have been brought down through the ages. But while they are simply amusement for us, we must not forget how real these tragedies seem to the Indian, whose gospel was the simpliest solution of the mysterious—and, after all, religion and scientific investigation have taught us no more of heaven than imagination pictured to our savage brothers of the "happy hunting grounds."

For one reason or another, most New England tales follow the shore. Beginning with Maine, it is said at Harpwell the fisher-folk are often startled by the appearance to the one Coleridge describes. His phantom vessels glides in and out of the harbor in the course of an evening, bringing up in its wake always death and appearance of the death ship, similiar in disaster.

We must not overlook the ingenious Lewistown hermit who trapped the fifty Indians, causing all to be drowned.

Deer Island was once in possession of one Swunksus, who challenged an intruder to mortal combat. Unfortunately for him, he forgot the engagement and, having imbibed too freely, was killed in his sleep. And to this day summer visitors to the island claim they can hear him snore.

Mount Katahdin secretely married a beautiful Indian girl; by her had a son who later was chief of one of the most poworful tribes. According to some traditions, Hiawatha left his marks, among others, at Bar Harbor, where he flung to the ground a moose, whose bones may still be seen there. Mount Kineo was a moose of gigantic size, and he turned into an elevation of land. On the Isle of Shoals can be seen dimly at night a pirate's wife who was left to guard a treasure.

Gallows Hill, in Salem, was the scene of all kind of torture for witchcraft, sorcery and anything condemned as "black art," and is to this day infested with roaming "spirits." There was "Old Meg," who lived in Gloucester until she died from a shot fired five hundred miles away. The story runs thus: "Two Gloucester soldiers in the siege of Louisburg were troubled by a crow hovering around their heads. And finally they decided it could be no other than the spirit of Meg the witch. So, cutting some silver buttons from their coats, they fired them and killed the crow. It later appeared that old Meg had died at that identical hour, and in the autopsy the self-same buttons were taken from her flesh."

On a bit of an island off Swamscott shore (Egg Rock) were supposed to grow forget-me-nots of such power that nothing could seperate lovers who possessed any of them. Once upon a time a boy started in a dory to gather some for his sweetheart, but a sudden storm arose as he was returning and he was washed ashore at the feet of his love with forgt-me-

nots clasped tightly in his hand.

In Boston Harbor is all there is left of a twelve acre island where pirates were hanged. Early in the eighteenth century a captain named Nix was murdered and his mate accused and convicted of the deed. As he went to the scaffold he called on God to prove his innocnce by allowing the island to sink and the water cover it. And in the course of events just that thing happened. Now only a short black pyramid stands on the spot to mark the spot of Nix's mate.

In 1834 a skeleton with armor of Phoenician origin was exhumed at Fall River. This was supposed to have been the locality where Captain Kidd buried his treasures. Longfellow has the viking come to life and tells his own story. A captain cruising with his daughter, Judith, is overtaken by a terrible storm. He has lost his course, but the girl sees land. In the fury of the gale she does not hear her father continually asking her where? But finally he makes her hear "Judith! Judith! point!", which she does just in time to save them from the reefs which sailors have ever sinc called Point Judith.

On the Potomac River are three rocks so similar in appearance that they have been named the three sisters, and those who live near the shore declare "the sisters" always moan the night bfore drowning or sea disaster. At Natural Bridge, Virginia, flows the lost river where all who have ever drank must return sooner or later.

The White Mountain range is full of tradition. The Pilot range gets its name from a dog owned by the guide Williard, who lost his way and was led by Pilot, the dog safely to his own camp. Skinner's Cave was the haunt of the smuggler, and some of the goods are supposed to be hidden there yet. Until recently, near Alton, Ill., a curious relief by Indians, representing a monster called the man-eater, could be seen on the bluffs. This was supposed by natives to be a representation of a creature existing in the age when all animals flew, swam and crawled.

A pretty story is told of the origin of the white fish. A family was carried across a swollen stream by a crane, who cautioned them not to touch his head, but curiosity got the better of the mother, whom the crane tossed off as a punishment, and the scattered brains on the rocks below took the form of the delicate white fish. Many descendents bear the crane as their token to this day.

Among other legends in Detroit comes to us one about Marie Liebault, a non-beliver, who was convinced and converted through a wager with a pious woman who appeared to her after death holding a white, phosphorescent light in her hand. Then there is the tale of the will-o'-the-wisp that led the young girl to the marsh where she found and released her lover, who was caught in the reeds and mire.

The natives of New Mexico believed that when Montezuma left the earth he planted a tree, saying that when that fell he should return to earth, and for years they kept watch until finally it fell, and, gathering on the house tops, they loooked eastward, only to see the coming of the white man.

Soon after the first rails were laid

in Colorado an old ingneer named Edwards had a harrowing experience. As he was flying along, he heard a whistle behind, and, turning a curve, he saw another engine on the same track drawing nearer and nearer. He pulled the throttle wide open and lunged ahead, trusting fate to get him to the switch before the rear engine should overtake him, and just as he reached the side track the other engine, snowy white, with a funny-faced creature peering wildly out and gesticulating frantacially, went flying past. It isn't told what came next, but presume if the railroad company had not built a station at just that point the phantom "flyer" might still be the terror of the Western engineer.

When Spain controlled the Southwest, a regiment of soldiers were west, a regiment of soldiers were sent from Santa Fe to carry a chest of gold for the soldiers in St. Augustine, and the entire regiment disappeared somewhere on the route as completely as though they had been swept away by supernatural power. Did they sink in the quicksands? Were they annihilated by Indians? Not a trace of a single soldier has ever been found to tell the tale, and a stream bears the name of River of Lost Souls.

Finally, returning to domestic affairs, the "baker's dozen" (which is surely a myth in these days) originated with oneVan something, an Albany baker, who suffered under a witch's curse until he consented to call thirteen a dozen.

These are just a few of the tales handed down to us, all shrouded in mystery. And as we emerge from the labyrinth of the romatic world is it no a relief to feel that no banshee can charm away your souls?

What's Coming

The fellow who fails to look ahead soon finds himself behind. If there ever was a time when we needed to see into the future, that day is now. These are troublous times, and much hard work and misfortunes will be eliminated by correctly forseeing events. If the coming years hold promise and hope for civilization, it is especially desirable to forcast that fact, for it is true that the things which we most foretell soonest come to pass. Calamity frequently follows dire forebodings, while optimism is the forerunnar of prosperity. If the majority of the people of two nations say and believe that a war between the two countries is inevitable, let no one doubt the conflict will one day occur.

Too many peopla fail to appreciate in full the consequences of ideal talk. Too many writers present conclusions without first giving careful consideration to the facts. Orignal thinking would be greatly stimulated if the press to-day gave more problems and fewer answers. The readers of a nation would be better off if they were asked more often

merely to analyze concrete statements pro and con, and then draw their conclusions from the data presented.

One good way to get a wrong slant on a problem is to look at it only through the other fellow's eyes. Another way to get a false impression is to get so close to a thing you can't see its true proportions. That's why people who keep their eyes glued to a stock ticker in Wall Street seldom make money.

If we would intelligently forecast the coming advances of civilization, it is essential that our past rate of progress be clear in our minds. It was only about a century ago that a worthy citizen of Pennsylvania accidentally discovered that a certain black rock which we now call anthracite could be burned in a grate as a substitute for wood. It was but a little before this that James Watt, the Scottish engineer, invented the condensing steam engine. It was only sixty-six years ago that Henry Bessemer perfected his process which revolutionized the steel industry by making it easily possible to eliminate the carbon and silicon from pig iron. Morse constructed the first practical worknig telegraph in 1832. Most of the inventors who contributed important ideas to the development of the telephone are still alive, and millions of people can rememder when the first telephone came into use. Up until 1855 American homes procured their light from a sperm oil. Not even gas for lighting was introduced until 1875, and it was only about twenty years ago that electricity and gas mantles actually overcome the supremacy of the kerosene lamp.---Selected.

Laddies.

Show me the boy who never threw
A stone at someone's cat,
Or never hurled a snowball swift
At someones high silk hat---
Who never ran away from school,
To seek the swimming hole,
Or slyly from a neighbor's yard
Green apples never stole---

Show me the boy who never broke
A pane of window glass,
Who never disobeyed the sign
That says: "keep off the grass."
Who never did a thousand things,
That grieve us sore to tell,
And I'll show you a little boy
Who must be far from well.

Edgar A. Guest.

The Black Man's Burden.

A woman correspondent of the New York World writes to that paper a letter purpoting to explain "why northerners do not feel cordially toward the south and its people." Despite its extaordinary ferocity, this letter would not beworth attention did it not contain a paragraph typifying perfectly one of the handicaps under which the real friends of the negroes labor. That paragraph follows:

Whenever I am in the south and am forced to live in the midst of the Jim Crow system; when I have to ride in street cars whose negro occupants are huddled in the back seats marked with a large sign "Colored," when I sit in one of the public parks listening to a band concert and know that no negro citizen' however cultured and music-loving; may share this privivilege with me, when I go into a public library and realize that no negro, even though he may be the author of books on its shelves, is permitted to enter in when I hear the ignorant or malicious slander of negoes which forms so large a part of southern conversation, I feel deeply depressed and humiliated that the self-styled "superior" race to which I belong should be characterized by such childishness, such littleness, such cruelty and vulgariay.

Examine that paragraph carefullv, for it is worth attention. Without doubt this woman is perfectly sincere in her belief that the negro is opressed in the south, and we have no reason to assume that she would hesitate to make considerable sacrifice in order to help him. People sincere in thier beliefs and willing to sacrifice for them need only one thing more to become a power the world---a right direction. But consider this woman's direction--- consider the things she would alter in order to help the negro foward as a race.

She would abolish the Jim Crow law.

There is a passing reference in her letter to inequalities before the law and economic burdens, but it is only a passing reference. Those things do not really interest her. The great oppression under which she conceives that the negro suffers, and the outrageous crime of the south, lie in the fact that it is not polite to him! According to this philosophy, let the south call him "Mister" and the bulk of his troubles would vanish like the morning mist.

It is such idiotic sentimentality as this that is perpetually undoing the work of reasonable southerners who are striving to secure a square deal for the negro in matters that are of real moment. For this woman is not alone. There is a whole school of negro leaders who are infected with the same disease. Let them be called "Mister" and mingle on terms of social equality with the whites, and what happenes to the bulk of the negro population interest them not at all. Negro workmen may be barred from the labor unions, as they are in the north; they may be driven off jobs on account of their color, as they frequently are in the north; they may be the victims of pro-

grams, and their homes sacked and burned by mobs, as has been happening with greater and greater frequency in the north; but their position neverless is, in the opinion of these leaders, better than it is in the south, where they are not received socially, but where no obstacle prevents them from earning an honest living.

And the mouthings of this school bring under suspician every suggestion of a betterment of the negro's condition in the south. The average southerner can see the justice of the plea for better schools for the negro, for equality before the law for the negro and the white man, for the removal of such economic handicaps as exist. But he knows that the rigorous separation of the races socially is not a measure of oppressions, but a necessary police regulation to prevent incessant clashes; and when a leader attacks that the southerner jumps immediately to the natural and usually correct conclusion that that particular leader is an idiot, and that nothing that he says is worth listening to.

It would be the less regrettable if these social equality advocates would stick to social equality and let the really just complaints of the negro alone. Then people who know what they are doing would have a free hand. But the social equality maniacs invariably work in a passing reference or two to thing that really matter, and thus succeed in smearing the taint of social equality over every movement in the negro's behalf.

However, the negro, the World's correspondent's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, is no better than anybody else. He, like all other men, white, yellow and red, may survive his encounters with his enemies unassisted, but must pray earnestly to God to be delivered from his fool friends.---Greeesboro News.

Dr. Crafts says he's going to put the Sun in Sunday. Now if the Doc will put the pay in payday and the mon in Monday.---Brooklyn Eagle.

Industry 5,000 Years Old.

About 4,983 years ago a fourteen-year old Chinese empress named Si-Ling Chi observed a little worm busily spinning fibre on the leaves of a white mulberry tree.

After she had watched this fascinating process untii her curiosity was satisfied, she began to exercise her ingenuity by trying to gather up and reel the fibre.

Soon she made a demonstration to the ladies of her court and interested them in this new and absorbing amusement. Together the Empress and her court ladies busied themselves with the task of weaving this fibre into fabrics and embroidering with it.

The results delighted them.

So far the Emperor looked upon

this absorbing hobby of his little consort with tolerant amusement. To him and to the wise men of his court it was only a pretty game for foolish women. But one day he was startled out of his indifference when Si Ling Chi presented him with a beautiful ceremonial garment made from the worm's fibre. A garment of such a dazzling sheen had never before been seen at the court of China, and from then on it became the fashion for all members of the court to wear clothes made of this wonderfull new fabric.

In this way the wearing of silk became the fashion throughout all China.

The culture of silk became a national industry. China grew rich thorough the export of silken fabrics to India, Persia, Arabia and other parts of Asia. So valuable was this industry to China that it perserved the secret of silk culture with jealous care, and death was the penalty decreed for anybody found taking or sending out of China the silkworm, its eggs or the seed of the white mulbeary tree. And centuries neighboring countires sought vainly to obtain from China the secret of silk.

But about 350 B. C however there came into China a Prince of India who won the love of a Chinese Princess, in order that she might enjoy her familiar occupation in her new home, carried with her some silkworm eggs and seeds of the white mulberry tree. She smuggled them through by concealing them in her sandal.. Not long afterward she disappearded mysteriously from her husband's palase and was never heard of again, but the secret she brought with her remained in India, and soon the courts af the Rajahs were alive wite vari-colored silken costumes.---Ex.

"Is Professional Baseball Sport?" asks a headline in The Literary Digest. Yes, when the home team wins. In Portland it's agony.---Weston (Ore.) Leader.

Loss From Carelessness

In the town of Chester, not far from Philadelphia, recently there was a tragic accident which resulted in the untimely death of more than twenty-five persons. A bridge across a stream had grown weak with age. It had not been observed carefully and kept in first-class repair. Several years ago there had been a break in an important part of the bridge, but this was patched, temporarily. No regard was given futher to the weakened spot in the bridge. As long as it carried the people under ordinary circumstances, what was the use in spending money on the old bridge? This seems to have been the thought, at least the practice, of those who had the bridge in charge. A child had fallen into the water, and while a man was trying desperately to rescue him, a crowd of people rushed on the old bridge to watch the rescue. Then the crash came. The old bridge gave away at the weakened place where years before it had been repaired. Scores of people were

thrown into the deep waters. Heroic work was done to save them, but there was sad loss of life. It was a loss by somebody's carelessness. "It is good enough;" "That will do;" "It does the work." Expressions like these are too frequently heard. They tend to carelessness for which somebody must suffer. We must watch the weak places, lest an emergency, a crisis, an extra strain, come, and harm cannot be averted. Better take time, and spend some money and effort to strengthen the machinery before the break comes. Better tone up the physical health before the disease strikes. Better "take time to be holy; speak oft with the Lord," before the temptation catches unawares. Loss by carelessness is inexcusable, and may be unpardonable.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Mr. D. H. Pitts, of Concord, formerly an officer at the school, made a short visit here last week.

The following boys received visits from home folks Wednesday: Joe Papa, William Chalk, Eugene Apple, Doyle Jackson and Murray Evans.

Thomas Oglesby, of New Bern, is the latest arrival at the school. He was assigned to 4th Cottage, and so far hasn't shown in any way dissatisfaction.

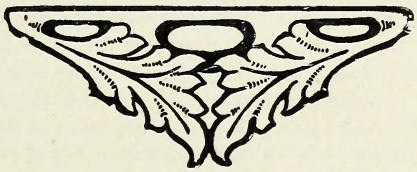
The officials and boys of the Training school are proud to hear such good news about a boy that was paroled from this Instituton some time in August. He is a fine, manly and noble boy. The news we have heard is that he is not wasting a moment of his time, studying hard and is one of the finest boys at that school.

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, is our regular preacher every first Sunday of the month. Since he began preaching to us on the first Sunday, he hasn't missed a Sunday---that is first Sunday. The boys are all in good spirits the day he is to come, because he makes his sermons so interesting. He preached an excellent sermon at the Anditorium Sunday, and chose for his Text: "Beware of Bad Company." He also announced that on his next trip he would bring some of his singers.

Friday and Saturday found a visitor at the school in the person of Mr. Ben Dixon McNeill. Mr. McNeill makes the boys happy when he comes, because he always wears a smile. The boys count him as a "capital" sport, because he is such a jolly fellow. He is very much interested in the work that is going on here, and is trying with all his power to help improve this school. Mr. McNeill is a Reporter for the Raleigh News & Observer, and very often he writes articles about the school that touches the hearts of all North Carolinians. He has caused many good people of North Carolina to give donations to the boys by his writings. The boys are always glad to see Mr. McNeill, and he is welcome to the school any time he can come.

People of Concord are always coming out and entertaining the boys. Here is just one of the instances: Mr. Martin Verburg, of the Concord

"Y," brought out two reels of pictures to let the boys have a little amusement. His pictures certainly had an influence on some of the boys, and several of them have already said that they were going to be a Y. M. C. A. worker. After the pictures were over, the boys had their turn to entertain the visitors. The opening of our exercises was the singing of America. Several kinds of dances were on the programme. Just to let you all see the different kinds of dances the boys can do at the school, I will name a few of them: Frog Dance, Chinese Dance, Clog Dance and several others. Several boys went around gathering arrowheads for Mr. Verburg. We were sorry that we didn't have but just a few perfect ones, but Mr. Verburg was so overjoyed with his new treasure, he didn't care whether they were perfect or not. In closing for the night, Mr. Verburg made a speech to the boys. It was very appropriate, and I think it had some influence on the boys. The kindness he has shown to the school can never be repaid. We appreciated his visit very much and we hope he can come out sometime and talk to us.



State Library

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

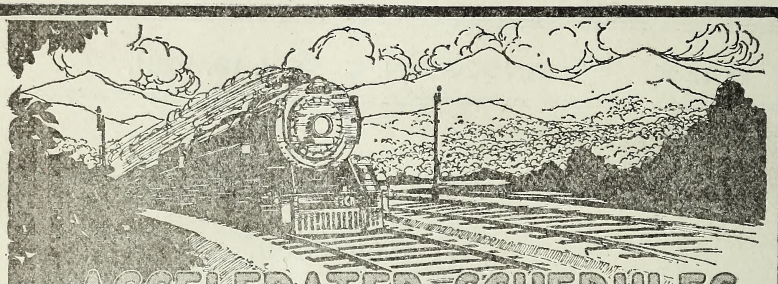
VOL. X CONCORD N. C. NOV. 19, 1921, NO. 3

A Reflection.

"With harrowing memories of more than ten million men who laid down their lives in the awful holocaust from which we have just emerged; of countless homes bearing burdens of anguish and suffering; of the desolation and pestilence that have sprung from the war, and still ravage whole peoples; and most of all, of the aftermath of bitterness, suspicion and hate, which prevade all lands; let us insist far more vigorously than ever before, that war is an unmitigated curse to humanity, and a denial of the Christian gospel. Let us declare plainly that in every war the Son of Man is put to shame anew, and that every battle-field is a Calvary on which Christ is Crucified afresh.

Let us not shrink from proclaiming unequivocally that war is not a necessity; that the pacific settlement of every international question is possible; that a warless world can really be achieved. Let our witness be unmistakable that force is not the final arbiter among the nations, but that justice, reason and good-will can control the life of nations, as well as the life of individual men. To continue to point to the mailed fist as our ultimate reliance, and to carry on a program of mutual distrust and fear, is to undermine the very foundation of our Christian faith,"

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon	.....	lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar	.....	5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
.....	9.00AM	.....	4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	.....
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.15AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old---
Lord of our far-flung battle line---
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion o'er palm and pine---
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget---lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies---
The Captains and the Kings depart---
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget---lest we forget!

Kipling.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

You must give if you expect to receive---give happiness, friendship, love, joy, and you will find them floating back to you. Sometimes you will give more that you receive. We all do that in some of our relations, but it as true a pleasure often to give without return as life can afford us. We

must not make bargains with the heart, as we would with the butcher for his meat. Our business is to give---what we can get to give. The return we have nothing to do with. It will all come in due time---in this world or another.-----Samuel Bowles.

* * * * * *

WILKES AND WRIGHT.

The Uplift has received the Annual Report of the Public Schools of Wilkes county. It is a pamphlet of fifty-two pages, telling the story of all school activities in the county during the year ending July, 1921.

No such a report would have occasion to appear in a county other than one directed by a real, live school man. Though Wilkes county is geographically nearly twice as large as Cabarrus, mountainous and offering many difficulties not experienced in many other counties, this man C. C. Wright, the superintendent for years, has made of it one of the most advanced educationally in the State. With vision, indominatable energy and marked ability, he has gone about his problems heroically with the proud result that he pushes his work rather than let the work push him.

When the time for the opening of the schools arrives, he's ready. He begins to plan for the next before present schools close. He has his teachers in line; he keeps in touch with them---he knows them and they know him.

Mr. Wright's Board backs him up in all his enterprising and progressive efforts. Under the head of "Standard of Excellence" he publishes in his annual report the 47 schools that met the conditions; the honor-roll for teachers carries the names of 49 teachers (white) and 7 (colored); publishes the names of thirty-three children in the county that made a continuous seven years' perfect attendance; and three, who made perfect attendance for eleven years; he also publishes the names of those children during the past year that made a perfect attendance record---the number is inspiring; there appear 239 names representing those in the public schools that did not miss a word in the spelling lessons of the entire school.

In 1900 the per cent of illiteracy was 13---to-day it is just one per cent. This tells in part the great work Prof. Wright has accomplished with a hard educational problem, under most adverse conditions. It is an object lesson for those who are waiting for something to happen.

* * * * * *

TRUSTEES MEET.

The semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Train-

ing School was held in Directors' Room, in the school building, at 2:30 on the afternoon of the 8th. There was in attendence Mesdames Burgwyn, Bickett, Coble, Cooper and Miss Shaw, and Messrs Coltrane, Blair, Wharton, Cone, and Cook. Superintendent Boger attending the meeting by invitation.

The biennial election of officers of the Board took place, resulting in the unanimous re-election of the old officers as following: Mr. J. P. Cook, chairman; Mrs. W. H. S. Burgywn, Vice-chairman; Mr. J. J. Blair, secretray; and Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Treasurer. The Executive Committee is composed, by the constitution, of the chairman, treasurer and the superintendent.

The Board expressed its pleasure over the development of the plant since its last meeting in May. The new Latham Pavilion came in for marked and complimentary appreciation. The Memorial Bridge and the new art glass in the windows of the chapel were much admired. All these are additions, by friends, entailing no cost whatever to the treasury of the Board.

Superintendent Boger made his report and a few recommendations, among them the employment of a nurse. The absence of sickness made the request rather peculiar, but when an exhibit of how many toes became stumped, fingers scratched, boils developing and other little things that happen to growing boys, the services of some one is needed nearly every day. There is, after all, more in prevention than in cure; and since our enrollment is nearing two hundred and will soon go beyond, it seemed wise to authorize the taking on of some one who can fill the place of a nurse.

The Board found occasion to commend the management, expressing its pleasure of the prosperous condition and appearance of the whole plant. Adjournment was taken to the second Tuesday in May, 1922, the regular time for meeting.

******

EDITOR ASHCRAFT'S LAST WORDS.

Mr. B. Clegg Ashcraft, the editor of the Monroe Enquirer for twenty-eight years, died on the 10th, after several weeks' illness. Several years ago he suffered a severe attack of the flue, during which illness his heart became involved.

Mr. Ashcraft was a man of high integrity; he had positive views about things, and fearlessly and forcibly stood by them; he was a loyal friend and wielded a wide influence, personally and through his paper. He was the

first student to enter the A. & M. College, when its doors were first thrown open.

From his own paper, The Enquirer, in whose conduct he had the loyal association of his brother, we quote his last words:

"If this be death tell the people I meet it unafraid."

"Duty! The greatest word in the English language,"

"We have worked together for many years. We have always tried to do our duty."

* * * * * *

PLUMMER STEWART.

Plummer Stewart, Esq., of Charlotte, is a lawyer. He is a mixer and a believer in causes that affect the great common, or so-called middle class. He does not despise the rich---in fact he is very fond of them and loves to represent them professionally---but his heart prompts him to serve the average folks in their struggles for education and material progress.

For quite a period he served as the chairman of the Board of School Commissioners of Charlotte. In the language of the street, he made good. But at the last election, it became necessary to retire him to make room for a lady member. But Stewart did not remain out of the educational harness very long. Recently they drafted him to fill a vacancy on the County Board of Education, making him chairman. To that position he brings a broad experience, faithfulness and wisdom.

Goose Creek township of Union county has been put on the map by producing such men as Stewart, McCall, Cy Long and others who have been heard of in no small way in the Queen City.

* * * * * *

The two buildings, which have been under construction for the past eight weeks, and which are to house our bakery, laundry, ice plant, cold storage equipment and a general supply storage, are nearing completion. These buildings are fire-proof. The machinery will be installed at an early day, and instead of buying much bread we will make it ourselves and train many boys in the business of baking. And it will be a happy change from the open at the spring to the laundry. And the Rockingham Cottage which contractor Query is building, is taking on fine form. It will be under roof before real winter sets in.

* * * * * *

We are beholden to Mr. H. V. Rose, county Superintedent of Welfare of

Johnson county, writing from Smithfield:"I regard THE UPLIFT as one of the very best papers that come into my hands. After reading each issue, put it on file to hand to the teachers of the county or others who would appreciate it. It is worthy of a great success and a wide circulation." The great majority of the county welfare workers are now subscribers to our paper, and if what Mr. Rose and others say, it is not clear why all of these important workers should not find it worth-while in their work. Ours is a kindred work and spirit.

* * * * * *

Under date of November 10th, Hon. Heriot Clarkson, one of the leading members of the Charlotte bar, and a conspicuously active and valuable force in state affairs, writes: "Please find enclosed check for ten dollars. Send me THE UPLIFT for the coming year. You can send the other copies to any friends you desire. It is a great pleasure to know of the great work the school is doing. Kind regards, &c, &c." It will be our pleasure to comply with this order. Next.

* * * * * *

A prominent Albemarle lady, refusing to accept THE UPLIFT at its advertised subscripton price, which is two dollars, sends her check for five dollars. These things and these acts seem to make the Linotype produce finer music; and Master Faucette, our institutional reporter, who is also one of the printer boys, comments "it is very cheap at five."

* * * * * *

The number of automobile licenses, including permits for Fords, has passed 131,000. Secretary of State Grimes has already made the order for the license tags for the year 1921---1922. The tags cost the state seven and one-eighth cents apiece. 177,000 have been ordered.

* * * * * *

Governor Morrison has called an extra session of the General Assembly to meet on December 6th. The chief business occasioning this meeting are the municipial acts and the cause of education---both badly balled up.

* * * * * *

The Deaf Carolinian, a strictly institutional paper issued by The School for The North Carolina Deaf, has adopted the weekly appearance rather than twice-a-month. Throughout its columns it breathes life and hope.

"So near, yet so far," was completely realized last week by Hon. W. N. Everett, of Rockingham. Mr. Everett had been invited to deliver an address upon the occasion of the presentation of the Memorial Bridge. He started in his car through the country, but got swamped in a Cabarrus County detour road causing him a delay of such length within three miles of the Jackson Training School that he missed the appointment. There was keen regret on the part of The King's Daughters and the School that they were deprived of the presence of this elegent gentleman and prominent leader in North Carolina affairs.

THE MISER AND HIS GOLD.

Once upon a time there was a Miser who used to hide his gold at the foot of a tree in his garden; but every week he used to go and dig it up and gloat over his gains. A robber, who had noticed this, went and dug up the gold and decamped with it. When the Miser next came to gloat over his treasures, he found nothing but the empty hole. He tore his hair, and raised such an outcry that all of the neighbors came around him, and he told them how he used to come and visit his gold. "Did you ever take any of it out?" asked one of them.

"Nay," said he, "I only came to look at it."

Then come again and look at the hole," said a neighbor; it wiil do you just as much good."

"WEALTH UNUSED MIGHT AS WELL NOT EXIST."

There's Place In Life For the Anecdote.

FITZ HUGH LEE: A certain Confederate colonel was making a political speech in a Virginia court house. "Talk about my war record," he said, "why, my war record is a part of the State's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last Confederate flag through this very town."

"Yes," replied Fitz Hugh Lee, "for I was here at the time." "Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully exclaimed the colonel. "It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow beings. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the State's history, for the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last Confederate flag through this town."

"That's a fact," said Fitz Hugh. "I saw him do it. He carried the Confederate flag through this town, but Kilpatrick and Ellsworth were after him, and he carried it so blame fast you couldn't have told whether it was a Confederate flag or a smallpox warning."

THOMAS H BENTON: He was charged with great egotism. When his work, "Thirty Years in the United States Senate, was ready for press, the publishers sent a messenger to ascertain how many copies he desired. He answered: "Sir, they can ascertain from the last census how many persons there are in the United States who can read, sir."

A short time after Calhoun's death, a friend said to Benton, "I suppose, Colonel, you won't persue Calhoun beyond the grave?" to which he replied:

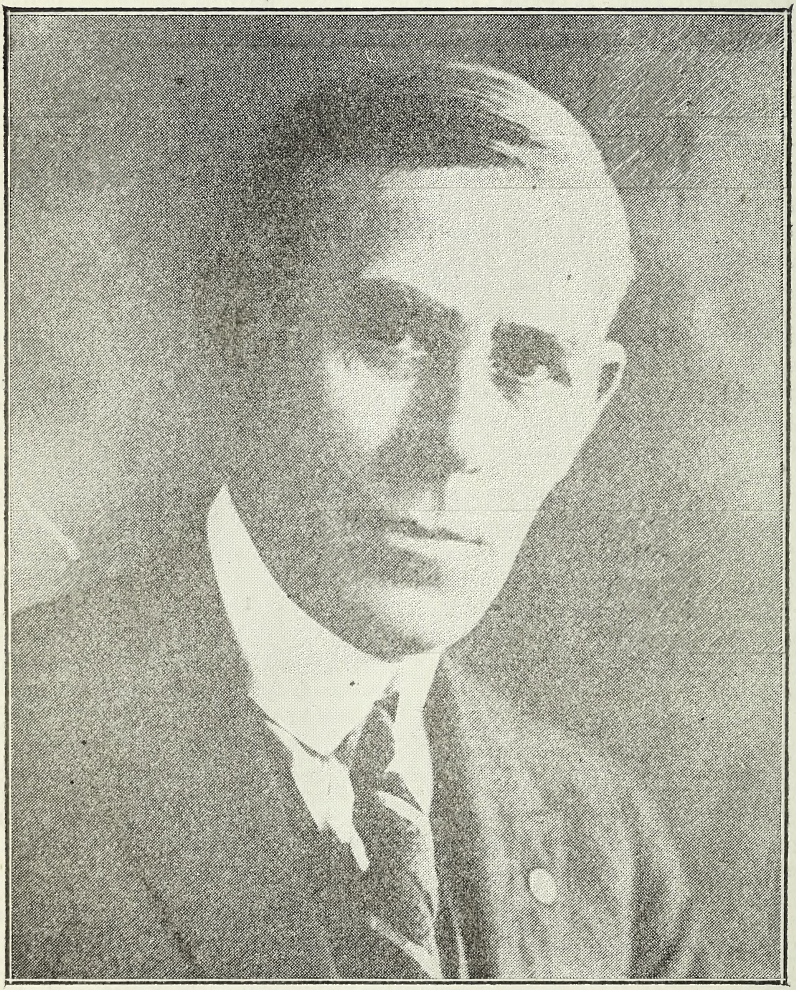
"No, sir. When God Almighty lays his hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir."

A Formor Citizen Dead.

Older residents of Concord will recall Mr. Ruply Schæffer, son of Rev. Dr. G. F. Schæffer, formerly president of North Carolina College and also of the Seminary, at Mt. Pleasant. Young Mr. Schæffer was in business in Concord for a period, and removing from here later to Johnstown. Pennsylvania. While there he was a victim of the flood, which destroyed so much praperty and so many lives. Young Schæffer was caught in the flood, and suffered from several days exposure before being rescued.

Later on, seeking a restoration of his health, he went to Colarado. His life may have been prolonged by the move, but finally he fell a victim of the frightful desease. Only one of this prominent and cultured family remain, this being Mr. Samuel S. Schaeffer, a resident of Geongia, who left Concord a mere boy-but the fact that he had a son across the seas, fighting for his country, reminds us how rapidly time travels.

Lies often bring on apoplexy, according to Dr. H. S. Langford, noted English psychologist, who explains that exhaustive tests show that the blood pressure rises when a person tells an untruth. He says this peculiarity is more marked among women than men, and it accounts for their habit of blushing when cornered in a fib.



MR. JOSEPH H. SEPARK,
Gastonia, N. C.

Joseph H. Separk.

Industrialist, Churchman, Financier.

(By C. W. Hunt.)

The idea of former editor R. R. Clark, in his story in THE UPLIFT of a man he calls "Greatheart," appeals to me in that we can do good to the living instead of memorializing the dead. Throwing flowers (of good words) at the living that they may know what people think of them, in what estimation they are held. It is not given for all men to become great, but opportunity knocks at least once at every man's door, and at many doors many times; and on our ability to recognize opportunity and take hold hangs the matter of success or failure in life's work. Often the decision made in a day spells destiny. But if I were asked what will help men most in knowing opportunity I would say education, preparation for a life work. Note the part education played in the almost incredible advance made by Joseph H. Separk, of Gastonia.

Born May 21st 1871, of a good parentage, in the city of Raleigh, and grew up in that place as a real boy. Not the pampered house-plant, but a real boy. We will not say he was ever a "rag-a-muffin;" he was not that. Perhaps "street urchin" is a better name in that he was "on to" most things boys find; from reaching an apple, growing too near the side walk, to organizing a secret society for the initiation of other boys into the realm of wisdom (?) His father was Jos. H. Separk, his mother Mary Ingram Separk, both of whom must have left an imprint. He had seven years in Raleigh city schools, then three years as clerk in a dry goods store. From there he went under the tutorage of Morson & Denson in their academy, and was prepared for college, entering Trinity at old Trinity in Randolph, where he spent his freshman year. Just at this time that wonderful educator Dr. John Franklin Crowell was successful in his fight to move Trinity to Durham, and this young man spent the next two years there. At the end of the junior year he went to Albemarle as Headmaster of Albemarle Academy, but returned to Trinity and graduated with an A. B. degree in June 1896. This made it possible for him to be trained under both the Crowell and the Kilgo regimes, and he came on the scene of action with such men as Revs. Plato T. Durham, Thos A. Smoot, J. A. Baldwin and others, who have become known. Both these great educators turned out men, real men from Trinity, and there are only three: Pegram, Cranford and Flowers now in the faculty that were in it when this young man was graduated.

About one month before commencement, 1896, he was elected Headmaster of Burlington Academy, Burlington, N. C., by Trustees of Trinity College, Burlington Academy then being one of the affiliated schools of Trinity college. The next year he became assistant Superintendent Charlotte Military Institute, Charlotte, N. C. Went to Gastonia in June 1898

as principal of Oakland High School. Conducted this school until the close of the scholastic year June 1901, thus making three years. Entered business, going into the office of Loray Mills October 1901, remaining with the Loray Mills until the spring of 1903. In the spring of 1903 there was organized by the late George A. Gray, and others, Gray Manufacturing Company, Separk being one of the incorporators; on the organization was elected secretary of the corporation. On May 23, 1900, married Miss May Gray, eldest daughter of the late George A. Gray. On the death of George A. Gray, in 1912 he became secretary and treasurer of Gray Manufacturing Company, which position he now holds with this corporation. In 1915, with associates, orgaized Parkdale Mills, Inc., becoming secretary and treasurer; in 1918 organized Arrow Mills, Inc,, becoming secretary and treasurer; in 1918, with associates, purchased controlling interest in Arlington Cotton Mills, and became secretary and treasurer. In the spring of 1918 became secretary and treasurer of Flint Manufacturing Company.

In 1918 organized the Myrtle Mills, Inc., becoming secretary and treasurer. In 1908 there was organized in Gaston County, the Gaston County Textile Manufacturing Association. On its organization was elected secretary and treasurer, which office he now holds. Going to Gastonia in I898 there were twenty-two hundred (2200) people. This population has now grown to nearly 20,000. During this period he served four (4) years as member of City School Board; following this, four (4) years as member of City Council. Was one of the incorporators of the Gastonia Commercial Club, serving as President one year, and Director three years. Was one of the incorporators of the Gastonia Chamber of commerce, serving as Director four years and President one year. At present, President of Gastonia Rotary Club, Trustee Trinity College and director in the following corporations:

Gray Manufacturing Company; Parkdale Mills, Inc.; Arrow Mills, Inc; Flint Manufacturing Coumpany; Arlington Cotton Mills; Myrtle Mills, Inc.; Arkray Mills, Inc.; First NationalBank; Piedmont & Northern Railway Lines; Gaston Club, Inc.; Gastonia Country Club; Gastonia Golf Club; and member of the Board of Governors of the American Cotton Manufacturers Assocation.

For the past fifteen years he has been a stewart Main Steet Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Gastonia, during which time he served five years as Chairman of Board; and superintendent of Sunday School M. E. Church, South, for the past fifteen years.

There are seven (7) mills in the group of mills known as the Gray-Separk chain of mills and have perhaps a larger production of fine combed yarns than any other group of mills in the South. This is interesting for another reason, namely, that they are in Gastonia, North Carolina.

If there is another man, fifty years of age that has as much fastened on to him in the space of 20 years the writer does not recall that man. And in spite of it all he still has time to play. While what follows was in no way responsible for the rise of Joseph H. Separk, it is a co-incident

that we were at Burlington together, he lived at my house when in Charlotte, and it was on my front porch that he received the "bid" to Gastonia that took him there against my judgment; but it was that very day that "opportunity knocked at Joe Separks door" and he answered the call: answered the call prepared by education and training: a substantial education. And back, away back of it all was the free street training, under parental care; the coming in contact with life as it was that made him practical from the start. None of the "greenness" of the college graduate ever enveloped Joe Separk.

The trouble about a skeleton in a closet is that it does not have enough sense to stay there.---Charleston Gazette.

"Next Time, By Gunner, You Stick To Yo' Text."

BY R. R. CLARK

Should one applaud in a church house? Clap hands, stamp feet, is something in the proceedings meets approval? More strictly speaking, if a service or a meeting other than the regular church service, and not strictly a religious service, is in progress in the meeting house and there is something particularly pleasing and appealing, is it permissible to manifest approval by a demonstration?

I am asking the question, not answering. My understanding is that applauding even the preacher's sermons, when he makes a hit, is not uncommon in some sections of the country; but applause of any character, any demonstration other than of a strictly religious nature, or what is supposed to be that, is so uncommon in a church building in this territory that it is a matter for comment.

I attended an Armistice Day servict in a church. It was not a strictly religious service. Aside from one prayer and the National Hymn, which I believe is in most of the Church Hymnals, the features would not be called strictly religious. The service was in the church probably for convenience. It was beautiful, appropriate, impressive, touching; and so far as I could judge there was absolutely nothing in it that made it in any respect improper for a church. But after some of the numbers on the programme there was applause—hand-clapping.

The applause—and that feature only—set me to thinking about applauding in church buildings, the propriety and the possibilities. I may be far behind, but I can recall but three occasions when I heard applauding at any sort of gathering in a church building. Many years ago a class of orphans from the Oxford orphanage came to town. A church was the only suitable auditorium and they gave their concert in the church building. After the first number

there was a ripple of applause. Instantly the pastor was on his feet, and he said quietly that applause would not be expected. At the close of the second number the applause was more distinct. The pastor repeated his statement, with dignity and composure but in a manner that could not be misunderstood; and there was no more applause.

My second experience was only a few years ago. I dropped in at a church, as a spectator, during a disturbance about the acceptance or rejection of the pastor's resignation. There was a good deal of feeling (usually there is more hell in a church row than in any other place outside the real place,) but the preacher's crowd was so overwhelmingly in the majority that the opposition didn't black the board; and when the vote was announced there was vigorous hand-clapping. This was new to me, and it didn't impress me then and doesn't yet, as a proper exhibition of Christian spirit in that particular case, or one calculated to promote brotherly love. But it was none of my business and it is mentioned now only as pertaining to the subject under consideration.

Of these three instances mentioned, which constitute my experience with applause in church buildings, only one —voting on the pastor's resignation —could be strictly classed as a church meeting. The others were separate affairs but such as, in my opinion, were entirely proper in church buildings. Let me say here that I am not of those who think it sin for any use to be made of a church building except for regular services or for meetings in behalf of some branch of church work. There are many objects not distinctly religious in character which the church should and does encourage, for the promotion of which meetings could, I think, be held in church buildings with all propriety. But that is always a matter for individual congregations to decide.

My Armistice Day experience set me to wondering whether meetings other than of a strictly religious character would not be held in church buildings more frequently hereafter; and if the applause at such meetings should become a custom as is probable, would it not gradually become a practice to applaud on occasions at regular church services? If there is a concert or an entertainment of some sort in the church house and we applaud the musicians, the readers and the speakers, as we will by and by if we are not doing it now; and then at Sunday morning service there is a vocal number that is particularly pleasing or the organist does particularly fine work, why not give them a "hand?" And if the preacher's sermon is particularly good, why not cheer him a bit? It might put more heart into him and encourage him to greater effort.

Hold your fire, please. I'm not suggesting that this be done. I'm simply asking, in view of the trend, if it isn't likely to become custom. We can all see that it could be overdone and lead to embarrassment at times. But so could other things, for that matter. If it became a custom to applaud the preacher, for instance, when he was lambasting "Old Jones", we might be permitted to register disapproval if he got on subjects that we might prefer, for personal and pri-

vate reasons, be not mentioned.

In the old and sinful days, when the use of strong water was the rule rather than the exception, it is related that a certain citizen of this county (Iredell) was usually comfortably full. On one occasion he attended church services and the preacher, knowing his habits and surmising that he probably had a quart under his shirt right then, proceeded to say very embarrassing things about those who looked upon the wine when it was red, and all drunkards were promised their part in that place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. The embarrassing part was that everybody present knew whom the preacher was talking at, and nobody knew it better than the old man himself, for he was by no means so full that he didn't know what was going on and what it was about. At last the preacher's fire got too hot for him, and rising to his feet to get away the old man shot back at the preacher, "Next time, by gunner, you stick to yo' text."

Maybe if it becomes the custom to applaud the preacher we may also take the privilege of inviting him to stick to his text if he manifested a disposition to talk about things we don't care to hear.

Speaking of applauses in church, one denomination that I wot of used to have a regular system of cheering on the preachers but they didn't call it applause. If a sentence in a sermon, a prayer or an exhortation appealed, anybody was priviledged to break in with "Amen," "God grant it." Sometimes in periods of religious excitement the "Amens" were many and loud and there was hand-clapping, too. But that has passed. Not long ago an old-time Methodist was telling me that he hadn't heard an "Amen" during a service in so long that he thought he would try it out on his preacher, a young man. And so, when the preacher made a point he thought he should be applauded, he shouted "Amen". The breaking in so startled the preacher that he almost lost the thread of his discourse and the modern congregation elevated its eyebrows. Altogether the old-timer's applause was so coolly received that he subsided and kept his "Amens" to himself after that.

Apparently Japan's chief grievance is that Western nations will not let it wrest peacefully.---Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

O. Max Gardner's Eloquent Tribute.

On the 10th impressive ceremonies in the laying of the corner-stone of the tower, which is being erected at the A. & E. College, Raleigh, N. C., were held. The speaker was ex-Lieutenant Gov. O. Max Gardner. His address, a tribute to the soldiers furnished in the great War by this college, was enthusiastically received. It was in part:

"We are met here today to honor the men who fought an honorable war and gained an enduring peace. No people can have a great future who forget a great past. For many years we have been wont to thank God for fields that have ripened, for the song of the harvest which has swept across the continent like an antiponal corus, state answering to state from sea to sea. In our ease we have been prone to thank God for the prosperities of vine and meadow, for shop and ship, and for the things which make life soft and comfortable, rather than for those divine happenings which make life difficult and great. With the utmost effort have we perceived that we are specially and divinely fortunate, not when our conditions are easy, but when they evoke the best that is in us, when they provoke us to noblen ss and sting us into strength. This year and the last our fields have failed us in their prodigal response to a world's demand; but our harvest of manhood has become white in the unseen fields where all that is noblest in a people's life goes to flower and fruit.

"The best monuments in mens lives are often the hardest and most perilous; but when the bugle calls across the fields, the deadly line of fire that must be crossed is forgotten in the responses to the duty which beckons from the height above. Happy are them to whom life brings, not ease and physical comfort, but great chances of heroism, sacrifice and service. The great ages have never been comfortable ages; they have demanded too much and given too much. The comfortable ages are those which neither urge a man to leave his fireside, nor offer him great rewards if he does; so the great ages are those which will not let a man rest for the multitudes of chances of work and perils which they offer him. The men whom we today honor lived in an age when the whole world was in travail, and one who truly knows how to be thankful would burst into a song of praise for the chance of these boys and their immortal prototype, Francis Drake, to die sword in hand, facing their foes half a world from home; for Sidney's opportunity to pass on the cup to another dying more rapidly because he had less to assuage his thirst; for Livingston's noble homecoming, borne in sorrow and silence out of the heart of the dark continent on the shoulders of men who could not measure his greatness, but who recovered his spirit.

"We who remained at home feel something of that insufficiency in measuring the spirit of our own heroes. But today we look briefly back and thank God that in a great crisis the children whom this state and this college nurtured in peace and prosper-

ity suddenly showed the stuff of heroes. They were not afraid to dare and die. Whenever and wherever duty called them, they answered with their lives. Let us all thank God that this State still breeds and this college still teaches men who make life great by service and sacrifice, that time and work and pleasure and wealth have not sapped the source of our inward strength; that our men still know how to dare all and do all in that hour when manhood alone counts and achieves.

Let this shaft rise and point toward the Great God whose will our soldiers did and in finding whom they found themselves. Let it look to the stars which in their courses fought against the last of the Siseras. And let it bless the dead whose dying made life beautiful and great.

"Think of it—North Carolina furnished to the army and navy of the nation around fifty thousand white men, and of these fifty thouosand, State College contributed more than two thousand; that is to say, out of every twenty-five men who offered their lives for North Carolina, every twenty-fifth was a product of this college. This magnificant record of patrotic service shall forever stand, and shall forever thrill us with a perpetual pride for those noble sons of this college who held aloft the honored traditions of their native State, and added a new luster to its crown of glory. The most glorious pages of this institution's history will bear the names of those great-souled heroes who laid their lives, rich with promises, and bright with hope, upon the altar of civilization."

Methodist salaries have been reduced but the ministers have not set a date for a strike vote.---Omaha Herald.

THE CHARTER OAK.

Five of the American colonies—Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, and Virginia—were settled under charter grants made direct to the colonist by the king of England. These charters set forth the rights and liberties of the colonists, and so were worth a great deal to them. Without their charters they might be treated unfairly by the English king across the seas.

In the year 1686 the king appointed Sir Edmund Andros governor-general of all the New England colonies. The new governor-general soon demanded their charters. The people of Connecticut refused. A copy of their charter was made in June, 1687, but the original document was carefully guarded and kept under lock and key at Hartford.

Since he was unable otherwise to secure that which he demanded, Andros finally decided to go in person to Hartford and take the charter in defiance of the people's wishes.

A session of the Colonial Assembly was being held at the time in the meeting house. Andros, with a company

of soldiers at his back, appeared before them and commanded them to deliver the charter into his hands. For some time the representatives of the colony discussed the matter with him. The meeting was purposely prolonged until twilight, or as people then said "early candle light." Candles were then lighted, and the charter was brought out. It was placed on a table in the center of the room. There Andros saw it for the first and last time.

As the governor put out his hand to sieze the precious document, all the candles in the meeting-house were suddenly "snuffed out." Outside many people were waiting. They began to shout loudly, and several entered the room where the meeting was being held. Among them was Capt. Joseph Wadsworth, a brave and clever man. In the darkness and confusion he picked up the charter unseen, carried it away, and hid it in the hollow trunk of an old oak in the out-skirts of the town.

In the meeting house the candles were presently lighted again, and all looked about him. There was no charter to be seen. He demanded that it be given up to him at once. But no one there could, or would, tell of its hiding place. The angry governor was finally obliged to leave without it.

Long before this, the same oak had been the Peace Tree of the Suckiaug Indians. The acorns were the sacred totem, and under this tree they held their councils. At the foot of the tree their war hatchets were buried. Under its branches they smoked the pipe of peace.

This giant of the forest was fully twenty-five feet in circumference. At the time of the charter incident the hollow in its great trunk was large enough to hold a child. From the summer of 1687 to the spring of 1689 it safely kept the charter of Connecticut. Eight years later the opening closed completely. The Charter Oak lived on from year to year, a sturdy relic of the past, until, on the night of August twenty-second, 1856, there came a great storm, during which the old tree was blown to the ground.

The magazine writer who says a dog fills an empty space in a man's life must have been referring to a hot dog.---Greenville Piedmont.

A Leader That Earns His Salary And Praises

There is ample excuse for the publication of "Progress in Education in Wilkes County" in the pamphlet, which Mr. C. C. Wright, the county superintendent for over twenty years of said county, has issued for the information and benefit of his people and which, by virtue of the progress it shows, is an inspiration for greater effort. All other counties that can show a record of progress for twenty years, or ten years or even three years, would find the issuing of an annual, printed exhibit of great in-

fluence in educational matters.

Mr. Wright earns his salary of $2,500,00 and the whole county applauds him as a faithful and efficient servant. Here is a comparison between years of 1900 and 1921:

	1900	1921
Rural Libraries	0	150
Supplementary Libraries	0	280
Second Original Libraries	0	32
Local Tax Schools	0	35
Value of School Property	$6580	$213441
Frame School Houses	64	148
Log School Houses	34	1
Districts with no House	33	0
Painted School Houses	1	95
Houses with Bells	8	121
Houses with Desks	14	143
Teachers Employed	130	300
Schools with Assistant Teachers	3	104
Schools Teaching High School Subjects	4	58
Schools with Three or More Teachers	0	30
Monthly Salary of White Teachers	$20	$70
Teachers with Normal Training	6	61
Illiteracy	13 per cent	1
Enrollment	6233	10181
Attendance	2312	6880
School Census	10054	11397
Members of Teachers Association	30	314
Graduation Class, County Commencem't	0	205
Raised by Local Taxation	0	$14261
Enrollment in Daily Attendance (per cent)	37	68
Certificates of Merit Awarded	0	698
Perfect Spellers for Term	0	239
Debates	0	278
Entertainments	0	192
Spelling Matches	0	1247
Per cent of School Census Enrolled	62	89
Per cent of Census in Average Attendance	23	60
Library Certificates Awarded	0	47
Medals for 7 Years Perfect Attendance	0	35

Teachers on Honor Roll 57
Districts Attaining Standard of Excellence 47
Parents' Meetings 185
Medals for 11 Years Perfect Attendance 3
Number of Homes with Telephones 972
Number of Homes Taking Daily Newspaper 363
Number of Homes Taking Agricultural Papers 1045
Number of Homes Taking Religious Papers 473
Number of Homes Taking County Paper 2062
Number of Homes with Running Water 86
Number of Homes with Lights 219
Number of Homes Screened form Flies 887
Number of Families that Raise Own meat and Bread 2581
Number of owning Automobiles 368
Whole Number of Families in County 5334
Population 32000
Church Members 8327
Number of Churches 144
Number of Sunday Schools 117
Number of Miles of Improved Roads 295
Number of Districts where Parents Visit School 96
Number of Districts where Committee Visit School 99
Number of Families Engaged in Farming 4961
Number of Families Engaged in Other Vocations 373

The World Neglects the Country Children

(Community Progress)

The following instances of neglected country schools and country children are taken from a personal letter to the writer and doubtless could have been multiplied by the author a hundred times. No mention is made as to the locality from which these examples are taken but it is safe to assume that they could be duplicated in almost any state in the Union. Certainly many similar situations exist througout the South and not a few of them are to be found in North Carolina. According to the statistics gathered by the Federal draft boards, North Carolina's population is more poorly nourished than that of any other state. The best way out of the cellar of malnutriton is for the state to feed its people from a home-made food supply and the only hope for that is to first produce a good crop

of farmers. That will never be done so long as such conditions as these exist.

"The G------family has five children of school age. The parents own 200 acres of good land, a comfortable home and stock. Not one of the children enrolled this year and have gone very little before that, though they lived only three-quarter of a mile from the school house. The mother was absolutely indifferent, saying: 'My husband don't believe in school and the teacher don't learn 'em nothing' nowhow. No not a soul cum near. Guess nobody cared.' Both parents are illiterate."

"In one county seven schools have not been in session for seven years and others for two years, because of lack of funds, but that county voted $70,000 for a soldiers' memorial."

"The teachers of one school said that they had been able to do nothing about school attendance because the attendance officer didn't believe in compulsory education."

"Many schools are a decided menace to children's health. In all the schools visited in 17 counties, only two had toilets which could be classed as sanitary. Indifference to the first rules of cleanliness is general."

"The school epuipment would make a city teacher's heart ache. In 52 school there were no maps, globes, charts, no special equipment for hand work or for primary work, no good pictures."

"Considerably less than one-third of all the teachers had had the equivalent of a high school course. The trained teachers 'do not get off the hard roads.' One teacher said he 'attended two terms, or eight months, of free school in Ole Virginie over 20 years ago.' He had never taught before and was getting $125.00 per month."

"Only half a dozen schools had even a semblence of playground equipment---provision for a wholesome recreation is seldom considered a function of the rural school."

"Even now I have told you nothing about the child labor there. The rural child lobor problem cannot be approached directly. It must be solved through better schools, better attendance laws---and an awakened consciousness of the needs of children among farmers themselves."

Reinterment After A Period Of 104 Years.

Rev. S. T. Hallman, D. D., formerly pastor of St. James' Church, of Concord, and was the pastor during the erection of the present building, is now living in Spartanburg, S. C. Dr. Hallman, a veteran of the War Between the States, as well as a veteran in the Christian ministry, furnishes to the Spartanburg Hearld an account of the reburial of Rev. Frederick J. Wallern, after his remains had been in the original grave for 104 years.

Dr. Hallman in his early ministry was the pastor of the church, which was served by Wallern in the early days. The body was reported in excellent condition. But here is Dr.

Hallman's statement, which appeared in the Spartanburg Hearld:

As far back as 1750 there were a few German Lutheran churches in this state, among which was the old St. John's Lutheran Church in Newberry County. The land on which the building stood was held under a grant from George III, King of England.

"These immigrants who had come here to escape the religious persecutions of the old country found it very difficult to get a pastor from their Fatherland. There was then in the community of St. John's Church a German school teacher by the name of Frederich Joseph Wallern---a learned man, but not then an ordained preacher. This the writer was told by the very old people of the section when, years ago, he was pastor there.

"The people, in their hunger for preached word, and for the sacraments of the Church, naturally turned to their scholarly teacher and plead with him to fill that sacred office. He finally consented, and became pastor of that church. History has not recorded the duration of his pastoral labors, but he died in 1816, and had begun his services there some time in 1787. He was buried in a wooded section near his home. There his body reposed for one hundred and four years, a suitable inscribed stone markings his place of rest.

"Then the pastor of St. Paul's Church nearby (the Rev. S. P. Koon) and officers and friends, decided to remove his remains to the church cemetery, where his grave would be carefully kept. When his body was taken up the skeleton of the man was there in its entirety, the teeth showing the dental work of long ago, and the arm ligaments so firm that a physician who was present could not pull the fore-arm from the elbow; nor were the bones decayed. Parts of the lining of the walnut coffin remained, with the tacks which were used.

"A strange fact remains to be told: The root of a tree had made its way down on one side of his coffin bed, passed around his feet, and up on the other side, and then twining about his head, as though intended to hold the precious remains together."

Presentation And Acceptance of Memorial Bridge.

On the 9th, leaving the Chapel where the King's Daughters witnessed the dedication of the memorial windows, the services being conducted by Rev. G. A. Martin, of Concord, and Dr. W. A. Barber, of Raleigh, the assembly passed on the bridge. There the presentation and acceptance of this gift, a memorial to the N. C. Soldiers of the World War, took place.

The following is Mrs. Cooper's presentation speech:

Friends, the King's Daughters and Sons, Boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School: It is a great privilege to be here on this occasion and to have the honor of presenting this beautiful Bridge. It is a gift of love

from the N. C. Branch of the King's Daughters and Sons, a memorial to our own North Carolina men who gave their lives for their country and humanity's sake. The first two who were to lay down their lives from North Carolina were from this school: Daniel Poplin and George Holden, killed in action.

Is it not wonderful to know that two of your companions who walked and talked with you were willing to go to foreign fields to fight and there gave up their young and strong lives for you and me? Whenever we cross this Bridge let us remember them, feeling they have passed over the Bridge of human desires and aspirations on the highway of life and entered, we trust and believe, into the beautiful fields of paradise. Do you boys know who first suggested to the King's Daughters taking up this grand Stonewall Jackson School and who by her efforts and prayers made it possible? Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn President of the N. C. Branch of The King's Daughters and sons. She has worked and prayed over it for many years. The King's Daughters built the first cottage then the Margaret Burgwyn Chapel and this Bridge, which links the two. The first condition of human goodness is something to love, the second, somefhing to reverence, so dear boys, love each other and your teachers, reverence God and His house.

In presenting this Bridge from the King's Daughters and Sons to Mr. Cook for the Stonewall Jackson Training School, let me add a word of praise and gratitude to Mr. Cook, Mr. Coltrane, Mr. Boger and their associates for the grand and unselfish works they have done and are doing making useful men for the good of the State and the world.

God's blessings will surely rest upon them for He says, "In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Mr. J. P. Cook, chairman of the Board, in accepting the Memorial Bridge said in part:

"As an official of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, it is my proud privilege and honor to acknowledge this most splendid gift and to express our gratitude for the beautiful and sincere words with which you, Mrs. Cooper, representing The King's Daughters, find it agreeable and appropriate to employ.

In this act, the like of which have occurred throughout the ages, since that awful event in the world's history but which gave to a dying world reasons for hope, is established again the truth and accuracy of that declaration' "Woman first at the Cross, last at the grave." Well do I recall the serious time when our Board was commanded to go out somewhere in the Commonwealth and establish the very first activity on the part of the state in taking care of the by-products amongst its citizenship, to give a helping hand to unfortunate childhood, troubled, deseased, abandoned---and to do this with a credit of just ten thousand dollars and that spread out through a period of two years.

The lamented Walter Thompson, our first superintendent, whose untimely death we mourn this very day, and I counseled and planned. Growing out of this conference he was sent to meet with the North Carolina Branch of The King's

Daughters, then (1908) in annual session in the city of Releigh, to throw ourselves at your feet, begging aid. Generously and unhesitatingly you guaranteed one cottage---yonder it stands in the glory of the great good it has already accomplished, with years and years of hope ahead. Did that manifest expression of interest and love wane through the years? How could it?

Once a man deeply interested stood watching a woman, unmindful of his presence, who was putting into existance a picture from somewhere out of her beautiful soul and making it visible upon delicate china. By and by the picture developed. Spoke the man: I have noticed your intense interest; I have watched your great care and grace in manipulation of the brush in the proper paints and I note the time you have contributed to the creation of that beautiful painting but. my dear lady, I can take a finger and with one careless, indiffernt stroke blot out all that you have spent hours in bringing into life." "Ah, yes," replied the artist, "that is true but another process follows---it will BE BURNED IN."

The King's Daughters did not mistake enthusiasm for a deed, nor did they permit one act to become the full measure of their endeavor---their interest and love for the cause was "BURNED IN," and no careless or ruthless hand can mar the lasting expression of their deeds or stay its purpose in well doing. Look yonder---the beautiful chapel, which Editor Harris calls the "the beautiful chapel on the rock"--that's your gift to our plant. This is not all. This structure, the subject of our present meeting—this Memorial Bridge---connecting our main campus with the chapel grounds, across this National Highway, speaks eloquently not only of your devotion to a cause, but in loving remembrance of the heroism of the brave soldiers North Carolina furnished to the United States in its contest in the World War for democracy, and among them were twenty-eight Training School boys, two of whom made the supreme sacrifice.

Beautiful, strong and serviceable, this Memorial Bridge is. It stands out the connecting link between the three great forces that enter into the making of manhood and high character---the home, you built; patriotism, respecting the State flag and old glory flung daily to the breeze, leading in safety and security these boys to the highest act of man, a devout recognition and worship of the Great Builder in yon chapel. Home, patriotism and worship of the Master---these be they which produce manhood and good citizenship.

Thirteen years ago these grounds were an old worn-out cotton farm. A dilapidated farm-house and an old barn covered all the conveniences. On that rock yonder, as a legend has it since the days of the Indian, was until recently the big foot-print of the devil, and over yonder where the Latham Pavilion is coming into its beautiful shape is said to have been another foot-print of his satanic majesty---he was making long strides, headed northward (Rev. Dr. Barber, of Raleigh, interjected "may he never return") and these eyesores forever obliterated, this magnificent plant for a glorious and responsible duty has come into existence. Right well it is discharging its obligations

to the unfortunate and bringing hope into lives otherwise hopeless. It is all the outcome of a vision, of strenuous effort, and of love, in which your organization, Mrs. Cooper, played no mean part.

Speaking for our Board, I beg you to make known to your noble order our great appreciation of your generosity and the assurances of our deep and abiding respect for the ennobling purposes and aims of your fine body, which faithfully labors at all times IN HIS NAME."

DR. BARBER'S DEDICATORY PRAYER.

O Eternal God, whose goodness reacheth unto the world's end, we reverently place here this memorial of thine abundant kindness to us as a nation and people. Thou didst give us victory over those who threatened the very foundations of our Christian civilization.

Accept and bless this bridge as a memorial of the valor and patriotism of our soldiers and fellow-citizens---those who made the supreme sacrifice and those who are still with us in the flesh.

We pray that it may also be a memorial of abiding peace in our own land and throughout the world. And may it be a constant reminder to all the earthly pilgrims who shall pass over it, of the narrow stream that separates us from the loved ones gone before.

Help us all, we beseech Thee, to be faithful soldiers of the great Captain of our salvation unto our life's end; that we may come to those unspeakable joys which Thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Who art with Thee; in the unity of the Holy Ghost, One God, world without end. Amen.

Ducks In China

There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. Their voices are a familiar sound in every town and country spot of the seacoast, and the interior of the vast empire. Even in the large cities ducks abound. They dodge between the coolies legs. They flit, squawking out of the way of horses. Their indignant quack will not unseldom drown the roar of urban commerce. Children herd ducks on every road, on every pond, on every farm, on every lake, on every river. There is no back yard without its duck quarters. All over the land there are great duck---hatching establishments, many of them of capacity huge enough to produce fifty thousand young ducks every year. Duck among the Chinese is a staple delicacy. It is salted and smoked like ham or beef. It is served as a delicacy prepared in many ways, and a number of travelers declare only the Chinese know how to cook and serve a nice, fat duck.

In royal households, and among the very wealthy, the duck is served in a particular style in honor of any distinguished guest, and those fortunate enough to have eaten say it is far beyond anything they get elsewhere in the way of prepared fowl.

Many ducks are exported from China, and it promises to be a growing industry. The climate, as well as the care of the fowls, is said to produce the most excellent flesh. ---From the Watchman.

"Burial"

R. in N C. Bulletin

The word "burial" is applied to the prevailing method among all civilized nations of disposing of the dead by hiding them in the earth. The usual method of mankind has been to bury the dead out of sight of the living; and various ways have been the methods of accomplishing this purpose. These methods of burying the dead may be put into three great classifications.

(1) The closing up of the body in wood, stone or metal.

(2) The burning of the body and preserving the ashes by putting them in a tomb, and

(3) The embalming of the body.

The first of these methods seems to be the earliest form of which we have any record and it is the form most commonly used by the civilized world to-day. It is the method referred to in the earliest Scriptures; and all are familiar with the touching scene in which Abraham buried Syrah in the cave of Machpelah in the land of Canaan which belonged to Ephron, but was later secured by Abraham as a place to bury all of his dead. The first account of getting a burial permit is the permit given Abraham for burying Sarah by Ephron the Hittite.

There are frequent allusions in the Scriptures to embalming the body. Bury is spoken of eighteen times in the Bible.

Probably the Egyptians knew more about the art of embalming than any people before or since their day. There are to-day Egyptian mummies thousands of years old in numbers of museums throughout the world. These corpses of Egyptians are as inoffensive as any article of wood or stone and are as well preserved as they were the day they were embalmed.

Some of the grandest buildings in the world have been tombs---such as the pyramids of Egypt, the Castle of St. Angelo, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, Westminister Abbey, and many temples scattered throughout the world.

Now that the World War is over innumerable beautiful buildings will be dedicated to our dead heroes.

Thus the respect paid by the living to the dead has preserved and will preserve for the world many magnificent fruits of architectural gems and labor. In 1913 North Carolina made a great stride forward in preserving the memory of the dead by enacting the Vital Statistics Law. This law does not stop at preserving the memory of the dead---no matter haw rich or poor, whether of high or low estate, the memory of the deceased is preserved, ---and more than this the cause of death is recorded so that health authorities may be able to know the number of deaths from certain diseases that are known to be preventable. They are thereby enabled to concentrate their efforts on certain diseases in certain localities.

Because this information is so valuable the law makers in their

wisdom put a severe penalty on burying the dead without making out a certificate of death, giving all particulars of family history over the signature of some one familiar with this personal history, and cause of death over the signature of the attending physician, and filing same with local register and obtaining in exchange a permit to bury the deceased. It is to be hoped no one in Nort Carolina will be so foolhardy as to bury a body withont complying with the present reasonable law.---F. M. R.

Unsightly Little Town

Greensboro has an ordinance requiring the occupants of lots abutting paved sidewalks to keep the adjoining grass plots neatly mowed, and to have snow, ice, and other obstructions removed by 10 o'clock of every day; it also requires all property owners to keep their sidewalks clean and free from weeds. This ordinance is strictly enforced, says the city manager. It meets with very litile opposition and manifestly it contributes to the trim appearance of the city.

A similar and greatly needed ordinance would require all vacant town-lot owners to keep such lots clear of weeds and unsightly trash. This ordinance is hardly less necessary than the other. If ordiances of this sort were faithfuly enforced the appearance of the 413 little towns of North Carolina would be improved a thousands percent almost overnight.

The weedy, trashy, unkept condition of sidewalks and streetfronts in Chapel Hill, for instance, never can be cured by any street force that the town is likely to be able to support upon the taxes paid. What would cost many thousand dollars in taxes for street cleaning is a very small matter when every property owner and the occupant of every dwelling or business tidies up the space immediatly around him. The once-a-year clean-up day is good. A once-a-week clean-up day is better---fifty-two times better.

The street-cleaning force of a little town is doing very well to clean the ditches and cut the weeds and grass in the street along the sidewalk edges and street fronts once or twice a year. Property owners or occupants could attend to this matter of appearance every week or every few days.

Trashy, weedy, vacant lots and backyard lots disfigure the appearance of little towns the whole country over---except perhaps in New England and the Pacific coast states where sheer personal pride in the look of the home town takes the place of ordinances and police inspection.

A good many towns in North Carolina have ordinance requiring owners and occupants to keep weeds down on their property or in front of their property on all lots either vacant or occupied as for instance Ashville.

However nothing will take the place of pride when it comes to

small town prinking. All the little towns the country over, could easily look as lovely to the eye as the little college town of Amherst in Massachusetts and the little towns of Southern California. In this matter Oxford leads the way in North Carolina. It is charming to the eye and it has been made so by the civic activities of the women of that town. The women of our little towns in North Carolina could work a similar miracle of transformation, and if the women do not do it, we venture to say it will not likely be done in long years to come.---The News Letter.

Some of this love of cleanliness and civic righteousness could with great profit be manifest in appearance along important roads. Especially along the National Highway. Thousand and thousands of people from many sections, pass during a year, and the advertisement of some places is not calculated to do justice to our sense of cleanliness and orderliness. The presence of a hog-pen by the road-side is a fearful thing, yet people who know better often times adopt the road-side for such unsightly necessities. The State Highway Commission ought, if it has the right under the law, to order hog-pens removed form along the highway. Let's have a law against hog-pens along the roads.

Thirty-Second Annual Meeting.

The Thirty-second Annual Convention of the N. C. Branch of The King's Daughters was held in the Auditorium of the Jackson Training School on the 8th and 9th.

At the first meeting, Rev. T. N. Lawrence conducted the religious services. Supt. Boger, on behalf of the School, gave a happy address of welcome, Mrs. R. M. King gracefully and cordially extended the greetings of the local circle. To these words of welcome. Mrs. M. H. Stacy, of Chapel Hill, made a brilliant response.

Following this came the Annual Message of the president, Mrs. Burgwyn, a pleasing and profitable feature of the Convention for nineteen years.

Hon. E. R. Prestion of Charlotte, the speaker of the evening delivered a forceful and edifying address using this text "Progress of Humanities."

The Wednesday morning exercises were opened with religious services by Rev. M. A. Barber, of Raleigh. Following this the various officers and committees made their reports, all of which were interesting and showed a good year's work.

Mrs. T. J. Manning, of Henderson, member of the Central Council, made an interesting report of the progress and work of the National order.

The Wednesday afternoon session was opened by prayer by the devout and consecrated Mrs. J. B. Cherry, of Greenville. Following this, the annual election of officers occured, all the old officers being re-elected as

follows:

Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Raleigh, President.

Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham, Vice President.

Mrs. Richard Willams, Greenville, Recording Secretary.

Miss Margie McEachern, Concord, Treasurer.

Mrs. T. J. Manning, Henderson, member of Central Council.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTE

Mrs. J. A. Cannon, Concord.
Mrs. O. Clarke, Greenville.
Mrs. J. H. Rutledge, Kannapolis.
Mrs. M. H. Stacy, Chapel Hill.
Mrs. R. G. Kizer, Salisbury.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

The convention and the student body meet in the Chapel. Rev. G. A. Martin conducted the opening services, appropiate to the dedication of the art windows which had been recently installed in the Margaret Burgwyn Chapel---nine of the windows are memorials. The dedicatory was conducted by Rev. Barber.

Concluding the exercise the audience, led by the boys singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," marched to the Memorial Bridge (account of this elsewhere.)

CLOSING MEETING.

Wednesday evening the closing session of the convention was given over to a evening of story telling, presided over by Miss Shaw, of Rockingham, who did brilliantly the part of toast-mistress.

Rev. J. Frank Armstrong conducted the religious services. Those on the progamme, and who delighted the boys and the large audience, were Mrs. T. W. Bickett, of Raleigh; Mrs. L. P. Russell, of Rockingham, Mrs. Kelloway, of Wilimington, Mrs. L. D. Coltrane, Sr. of Concord, Master Sam Taylor, of the School, and Mrs. J. B. Cherry, of Greenville.

The Silver Offering amounted to over one hundred dollars. All of the exercises were interspersed by delightful singing in which the boys joined.

The convention adjourned to meet next year with the Greenville Circle in Pitt County.

ECHOES FROM CONVENTION.

The King's Daughters occupied one of the new cottages. From all reports they had a jolly time. Mrs. A. C. Wolfe, representing the local circle, acted as house-hostess. She made it pleasant for them; and they in turn, making themselves thoroughly at home, when off duty---these serious-minded women---had all kinds of frolics and sports and made for themselves a fine picnic outing. THE UPLIFT, rejoicing in the pleasure of these folks, in a measure our guests, can not refrain from making note of certain echoes from a house that contained forty or more lone women from as many quarters of the state:

A Junior: "My, I did not sleep much last night." "Oh, I am so sorry. Why?" asked the house-hostess. "The older women held regular old-time pillow fights and kept us juniors awake."

"Oh," said one of the Durham delegates, much amused, "don't you know Mrs. So and So, of Greenville, said very softly in her sleep, 'no, I thank you, I'll not take any more.' " Only dreams the evening after Supt. Boger's barbecue.

In a most forlorn way a Salisbury delegate declared that she just could

not sleep in so large a room as the dormitory. The two ladies, who occupied the "Jug," which is a small room to which in time past it was jocularly given such name, graciously offered to exchange places. The Salisbury delegate, declining the offer, was later seen, not in an isolated corner alone, but in the midst of the crowd engaged in a pillow contest with the spirit of a youth.

The lights in the building are controlled by a master switch. This secret the guest failed to learn. The lights are up on the overhead ceiling; but one of the braver delegates, from down East, took a searching spell and finally found the switch on the first floor, and then "felt" (the way they say down east) her way back to the dormitory. Everthing was quiet until 5 o'clock next morning when suddenly the lights came on. This was excitement—all kinds of things were about to happen. The night watchman, on his job, forgot that the women occupied that cottage and through force of habit flashed the lights on to see "if all was well."

One delegate asked: "Mrs. Wolfe, do you have any absorbent cotton," "No," replied the hostess, all excited, "is there any one hurt?" "Oh, no, only I want to stuff my ears to-night for some of the women snore fiercely and I cannot sleep."

There are many other echoes, but we must refrain. No delegation ever had a jollier occasion, and every member indicated her regret over its conclusion.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Roby Moore was the only boy to receive a visit from home folks Wednesday.

Two or three car-loads of coal have been received at the school because of the fact that our supply is low.

The friends and relatives of Miss Latimer will be sorry to hear that she is now sick in bed. It is thought that she will soon recover.

Because of some unknown delay our pavilion was not finished the date agreed upon, but now all it lacks is the inside furnishings.

We were pleased to have Profs. Webb and Williams and also a student from the Universisy of North Carolina. We hope they will come again.

Rev. T. N. Lawrence, of Concord, filled the pulpit Sunday. He didn't only fill the pulpit, but filled the hearts of the listeners with an interesting sermon.

There has been some recent troubles with the pump necessitating boys to watch it. This duty is very agreeable to the boy who has the job because he is free to play any self-amusing games, or he may catch rabbits.

Because of the fine barbecue they made possible for us. I, as spokesman of the boys, desire to say that no words can express our gratitude to the King's Daughters. When boys have such a hearty support from such good people as these, how can they go wrong?

Mr. Brown, of Raleigh, Supt. of Public Welfare, accompained by two boys who were admitted to the school, was a visitor at the school

last week. While here, Mr. Brown looked over our plant and expressed himself delighted with the work that is going on at the school.

Last Friday we were surprised, but it was an ageeable one, to play the part of host to the Sunderland Hall School for girls. They invaded the campus and quite filled the Printing Office in their eagerness to see the school and its work. We are glad to have any one look over the plant, and especially so in the case of these girls.

The well digger that the boys moved from its previous location near the well, has been placed near where is being constructed the laundry, bakery and ice plant. This is a very desirable place because of course, the need of water is plain in the case of the laundry and the ice plant. This situation is also convenient for the water boys and also as soon as the water becomes plentiful with two pumps in operation the Six and Seventh cottage will be opened as this is the only thing that holds them back.

Just before the arrival of the King's Daughters the memorial windows were put in place of the plain ones, so the Daughters of the King had the pleasure of seeing their latest gift installed. This gift though small covers a long felt need and the boys think that their place of worship ls now, indeed, a real church. This is just one of the innumerable gifts of the King's Daughters and no matter how much we try we cannot show our appreciation and gratitude. Let us enumerate, just to see how much the King's Daughters have done for us.

(1) The Chapel. This gift is more important than any other, because what should we place more value upon than a place in which to worship Him?

(2) The 1st or King's Daughters Cottage. This is the first cottage to be erected showing the early belief the Daughters had in this institution.

(3) Memorial Bridge. This is the connection between the grounds of the Chapel on one side of the highway and the other grounds.

(4) The Memorial Windows. These have already been discussed.

(5) The Band Instruments. These Conn instruments are a necessity as well as luxury. Who knows of an institution without a good band. This by the local circle.

(6) The Kings Daughters also put the beautiful little cross on our chapel.

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THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD N. C. NOV. 26, 1921, NO. 4

The World Is Not To Blame.

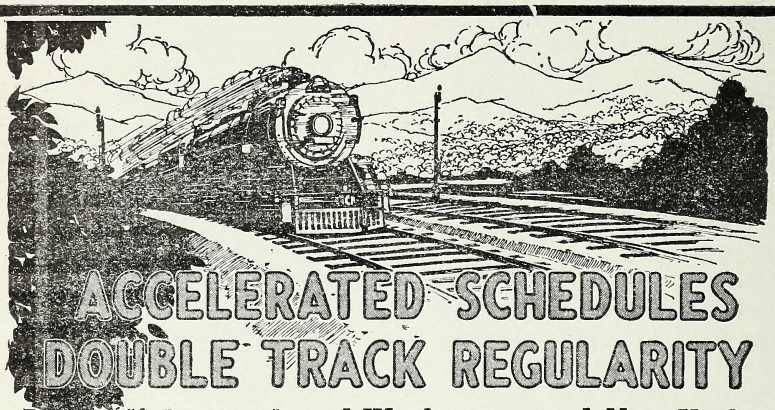
Some people consider themselves born to ill luck, and make up their minds that the world invaribly goes against them without any fault on their own part. I heard a complaining man say to his merchant, "when I have bread, I have no meat; when I have meat, I have no bread; but if I happen to have both, I have no wood to cook them with." Again, I heard of a complaining person who went so far as to declare his belief that, if he had been a hatter, people would have been born without heads!

There is, however, a Russian proverb which says that misfortune is next door to stupidity and it will often be found that men who are constantly lamenting their luck are in some way or other reaping the consequences of their own neglect, mismanagement, improvidence, or want of application.

Dr. Johnson, who went to London with a single guinea in his pocket, and who once accurately described himself in his signature to a letter addressed to a noble lord as "Dinnerless," has honestly said, "All complaints which are made of the world are unjust; I never knew a man of merit neglected; it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success."

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA.		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C. lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C. lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C. lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C. lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C. lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C. lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C. lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1 00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA. lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
.....	9.00AM	.....	4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va. lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	.....
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va. lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA. lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C. lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys. lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SKILL.

A blacksmith makes $5 worth of iron into horseshoes and gets $10 for them. A cutter makes the same iron into knives and gets $200. A machinist makes the iron into needles and gets $6,800. A watchmaker takes it and makes it into mainsprings and gets $200,000; or into hairsprings and gets $2,000,000; sixty times the value of the same weight in gold.----Exchange.

* * * * * *

COMMENDATION FROM HIGH SOURCE

The officials of the Jackson Training School have a pardonable pride in what has been accomplished here in thirteen years. No state institution, or a private one for that matter, ever developed more rapidly and substantially than marked the progress of the Jackson Training School. This is largerly due to the self-sacrificing attitude of the officials and to the generous donations of individuals deeply interested in the cause.

The officials congratulate themselves on the good fortune of having had the whole problem worked out to a definiteness and detail before ever a brick was placed; and as to the internal arrangement, an actual knowledge of the business was had by visiting other institutions, studying their virtues and avoiding what appeared mistakes or lack of adaptability. So, if you please, there have been, if any, as few mistakes in the planning, developing and conduct of the Jackson Training School as

could be found in any cause or institution in the land.

Several weeks ago, to be explicit and to make known an endorsement of the foregoing, we quote in part from a letter just received from a high source. Mr. B. Ogden Chisolm, of New York City, connected with a child agency, backed by a large endowment, and himself a very wealthy gentlemen, was sent out to make a visit to all public institutions engaged in any kind of child welfare work. Mr. Chisolm spent awhile with us. He saw everything, investigated everything, asked innumerable questions, was shown our books and records and told lots of things that he did not even think of asking for. He writes, after completing his tour:

"Comparing your School with others, I should put it on a high plane,---well developed along the lines that are most essential for the welfare of the boys. Even though my time was short, it was sufficient for me to absorb the pleasant atmosphere that exists between the boys and their superiors. We can do little without cooperation and it does seem as if this sort of spirit prevailed throughout the Jackson Training School."

Thus speaks a master in his line.

* * * * * * * * *

HOW THE WOMEN COME ALONG.

This is the golden age in the liberation and activity of womanhood. It is a far cry from the privileges and just dues of womanhood in this country today back to the scenes yet being enacted against womanhood in many countries of the earth.

Colleges and universities are open to her---and she is making buddy get on a hump to keep from being run over by her as she masters the various branches in the college course; she has armed herself with the doctor's equipment and is moving among the population giving relief and bringing the sick back to health; she brought herself to the nervy position of the lawyer and meets him within the bar and puts him up to his wits to keep from being outwitted by her; she has always been, when qualified by education and born qualities, thoroughly at home in the school room; she can run trains, sell goods, keep books.

The enfranchisement of woman in this country has put her on a level with man. Just as many opportunities for service are open to her as are within the reach of men. She has been given the ballot, and it is safe to believe that she will handle that privilege and duty just as sensibly and wisely as her big brother. She is getting a taste of jury service, and now she is being properly recognized by church organizations. She goes to the

high conventions of the church; she is eligible to sit in the highest courts of nearly all the christian churches, and before long all of them will, or ought to, throw wide open the doors to her. The truth of the matter is that the greatest effort and achievement of the church are due to the devotion and activity of the women membership.

But the highest service woman can render, outside of her home-making, is in the field of welfare work. In this she has already demonstrated her fine qualities and peculiar fitness. Her number is increasing.

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WHAT THINK YOU OF THIS?

Those who have given more than a passing thought to the lack of religious training of the young, as seems to be the condition to-day, have observed the let-up in parental control, the loafing on the streets of the young, growing number of temptations, the obliteration of and the insufficiency of trained Sunday-school teachers.

It is a mistaken notion that the operations of the Y. M. C. A. can take the place of the Sunday School, home instruction or other organized religious training. There is probably no case on record where a boy was ever led into church affiliation, via the Y. M. C. A., but there are instances where church members have grown lukewarm over church affairs by virtue of a sustained interest in what the Y. M. C. A. offers for amusement and recreation. The world, therefore, is beginning to study methods by which the child during his school-days may receive some organized religious instruction through the week.

It has been tried out with varying success in a number of places in this manner: one-half day during the school week is given over to the representatives of the several churches who give a systematic course in religious instructions. It is worked out so that denominational differences and tastes are not abused or offended. When one reviews seriously and soberly the condition that confronts American children, it is time that an earnest endeavor be made to give the average child that which he needs and is not getting.

Prof. M. A. Honline, of California, was in Lexington last week, in connection with some Sunday School work, and, being invited to address the Rotary Club, is reported by the Dispatch as follows:

> "Mr. Honline, speaker of the day, laid down a wonderful program for every American organization interested in civic, social and moral improvement for present and future, especially for Rotary, whose slogan

is service. Following are some of the high lights of his address:—
"Science has transformed the world into one big neighborhood and it is the function of the church to transform into one big brotherhood."

"A democratic government, to be safe must rest upon the dual foundation of intelligence and righteousness, school and church.

In speaking of the percentage of inefficiency of our public school system, Mr. Honline stated that our churches are not half as efficient as are our schools for he showed by statistics that 69 per cent of our young people between the ages of 5 and 25 are receiving no kind of religious instructions any where.

"Whatever you put into the environment of your youth you reproduce in your civilization."

Mr. Honline spoke at this point of the great educational value of the motion picture, pointing out by illustration the power for evil as well as for good. Mr. Honline stated that the churches through Sunday Schools would never be able to provide adequate religious instruction for the youth of America and suggested as a remedy the method used at Gary, Ind. and other places where week day schools of religious in struction have been put into operation along with the public schools."

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Mr. Clark has more to say about the Muzzey history, which a commission of the Educational Department of the state authorized to be used in the public schools of the state. The author has revised it somewhat, but it is still "rotten" in its meaness. Either Dr. Muzzey was ill informed when he wrote it, or ignorant of some vital history, or to retain it in use in Southern schools and thus continue his royalties, he hedges. Will any North Carolina educator, who uses it and stands by it, rise up and say Muzzey is fair and honest in his course of treatment of the South and the part she played in 1861-65?

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Muzzey's history is not any more unfair to the South than the Geography which the authorities have forced the children of the North Carolina public schools to study or stumble through. In the original first book of the series, there are not a dozen words and no picture with reference to North Carolina. In the second book, at the end is a North Carolina supplement prepared by Dr. E. C. Brooks, State Superintendent of Education. But not one child in twenty in the rural schools ever reaches it.

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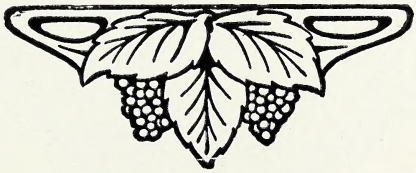
Secretary Allen, of the Teachers Assembly, made a happy hit when he decided to have an old-time spelling match at the Assembly this year.

Each county was entitled to two contestants, who were selected in the several counties by a local match. A number of counties report 100 per cent proficiency. After all, spelling is not entirely forgotten in the modern educational programme.

THE ONE-EYED DOE

A Doe had the misfortune to lose one of her eyes, and could not see any one approching her on that side. So to avoid any danger she always used to feed on a high clift near the sea, with her sound eye towards the land. By this means she could see whenever the hunters approached her on land, and often escaped by this means. But the hunters found out that she was blind of one eye, and hiring a boat rowed under the cliff where she used to feed and shot her from the sea. "Ah," cried she with her dying voice,

"YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE YOUR FATE."



MISS MARY FAY DAVENPORT

Superintendent of Public Welfare of Gaston County, N. C.
Gastonia, N. C.

MARY FAY DAVENPORT.

This is a happy day in North Carolina, for the concealed and formerly unwelcomed power of womanhood has been freed and is in action. The men are right, when they are not blind and selfish; but a woman adds to her knowledge, power and judgment that indefinable thing which we call intuition, a something that runs a man amuck often when he tries to invoke it.

Several times recently I've found it necessary to make a trip to Gaston county, on business and looking up family connections and other things that interest me. Always somebody said something out of the usual order—that old tramped down way—and when you begin to trace it, it always led to the office and the operations of just one woman. That woman is Miss Mary Fay Davenport, daughter of R. K. and Mary Goodell (Fay) Davenport, of Mt. Holly. To all of Mr. Davenport's other good qualities as a business man, family man and all-round citizen, you may just add, in getting a right line on this popular and successful Gaston man, the fact that no one in the whole state can surpass him in enthusiasm over a fox chase or describe one better, whether the fox was caught or made a complete get-away. His wife, Mrs. Davenport, is a strong-minded, purposeful woman, who sees hope and better things ahead and lends the power of her influence in a hearty encouragment to all such endeavor.

Miss Mary Fay Davenport, the daughter, is a young woman of pronounced individuality, graceful, active, resourceful and has added to an unusually strong intellect the accomplishment of a careful, well-directed educational preparation for the serious duties of a serviceable life. She was elected Superintendent of Public Welfare, for Gaston County, taking up the duties of that office July 1, 1921. In this short time, she has systemized the records of her office, got a line on every phase of the work that belongs to her position; and by a marvelous activity, backed by a genuine love for service to mankind, she already has positive knowledge of scores of cases of troubles, mishaps, differences, distresses, delinquencies, ill-treatment, etc., that have yielded to her direction and have righted themselves.

After completing the public school course at Mt. Holly, Miss Davenport spent four years at the North Carolina College for Women, graduating with honors; after this she spent two years in special work at Wellesley College in Massachussetts. Going from there she accepted a position as Head of the Department of Physical Education at the Downer Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and after two successful years there she was invited to come to the North Carolina College for Women, at Greensboro, where she held a similiar position with that institution from 1915 to 1921, when the pressure was so great that she could not resist taking up the superintendency of welfare work in her native county, where she is now "making good" to the joy and appreciation of this fine county.

There are men in North Carolina who are succeeding most admirably as county superintendent of public welfare. They are men of unusual

gifts and makeup. No one could do better—but there are some holding this position that are absolutely blind to the real meaning of the job and constitutionally and physically unfitted for the work. But in the counties where they have employed the services of women, there is not a single misfit. The position is largely dealing with the child and child-life, and there be none who can doubt that woman can and does get nearer a child than the average man can. This is the advantage that a woman has over some men; but not over all, for we have a personal knowledge of a score of men in the state, who are making of their work the pride of their several counties.

There are some otherwise very intelligent and good men, who are disposed to look upon this work as "a lazy man's job." Certainly a lazy man may land in it for certain reasons as he often breaks into others; but to follow the activities of Miss Davenport and see her accomplishments, the idea is not "laziness" but it is to wonder "how can she live under such a pressure." Such as the enforcement of Child Labor laws, of school attendance, investigating and probation of the Juvenile court cases, poor relief, general community work, and rescuing children from unfortunate homes, and carrying certain ones to the several institutions of the state, make a pretty full programme for one person.

Miss Davenport, in addition to the forgoing duties, is a member of the advisory council of the Girl Scouts, member of Woman's Club, honorary member of the Parent-Teachers association, on the Red Cross Drive Committee, director of Woman's Athletic League, member of the organization of Community Workers of Gaston county, and a director of the High School Athletic Association. But the thing that interested me quite a little, and suggested caution and fine demeanor while I was in Gaston county, was the knowledge that Miss Davenport is actually and in truth a Deputy Sheriff—badge and all; but this fine young woman does not and doesn't have to carry a gun to enforce her authority. There is in her personality and her executive powers that something which commands respect for her wishes and orders.

Speaking of executive capacity, I was struck with the woman's marvelous handling of a heavy proposition on the 17th when she had several meeting going on. In absences and kinks in the programme, she put the whole thing over so easily that no one discovered any changes. And in all, she never once became frustrated or, as the women say in Raleigh, "flabbergasted."

"Tell me, my young woman," the writer inquired of Miss Davenport, "whence the fascination for all this strenuous service, when there are so many positions calling for women without the hardships that attend the administration of this office?" She frankly and modestly replied: "Of intense interest to me is the great value of touching even one neglected child's life and directing it to better opportunities and better living. Saving children from wrecked homes, sending others to the proper institutions for training and care. We interfere, therefore, where a pri-

(Continued on page 29)

A County Slopping Over With Progress

Comparisons are odious, but let us get it out of our system just as easy and unoffensive as possible in saying that Gaston county and its Capitol, Gastonia, are right up at the forefront in progressive and aggressive movments. There is not another county in the Commonwealth that shows a larger degree of substantial and worthwhile developement than a old Gaston, which forty years ago had more distilleries than the balance of the state combined. Those things were legal then; respectable men engaged in their management then; but when the edict went forth, STOP, why, Gaston stopped and began building cotton mills, developing roads and last but not least began establishing schools for the education of all her children and cut out the sorry makeshifts that we find in some other places.

This writer was invited to spend the 17th among these wide-awake people, and to look in on a district meeting called for the benefit of the County Welfare workers in the counties round about---they were all there but Cabarrus. This was a serious regret, and a loss to the County.

Miss Fay Davenport, the County Superintendent of Welfare, had arranged the meeting. Mrs. Clarence E. Johnson, of Raleigh, the head of the State Welfare work, was present and made a most intelligent, lucid address, which even the blind could see the worthwhileness of the great cause which she heads. Mrs. Johnson is one of those women, whom you love to look at and listen to. She knows her subject, she is on fire with its imporatnce, she is graceful and tactful. Altogether she has the qualities of heart, mind and soul to make her difficult job redound to the glory and good of the childhood of the state.

Judge Wade Hampton Williams, of the Juvenile Court of Charlotte, was on the programme. He made a sensible talk, in discussing the problem that confronted the Juvenile Courts. He claimed that he was railroaded into the job without much preparation. A speaker following him told a secret on him, and gave the audience to understand that the Judge had had a wonderful training for his particular work---service for several years at the Jackson Training School, experience in Alex Graham's Charlotte Schools, then a lawyer located in a nest of smart, shrewd lawyers in the Law Building at Charlotte. It was just Judge William's intense modesty and a constitutional weakness that make him think too little of himself, that caused him to declare that his preparation was faulty. The Charlotte people recognize his worth and declare him a success. Quietly and logically he outlined the pecular work that belongs to the office of the Juvenile judge, and his talk was appreciated and very beneficial. He brought his probation officers along with him. They are fine specimens of the kind of folks who are giving their services to child life.

Other speakers were called out, among them Dr. Chas. Banks McNary, of the Caswell Training

School, who made a practical talk, revealing the plans and efforts making to handle more adequately the awful job that confronts his institution.

In the afternoon the large auditorum of the handsome and commodious city school building was practically filled by interested people in the work of the meeting. Miss Davenport called Mrs. Johnson to the chair, and she presided over the meeting, not only gracefully but in a business-like manner that would make the average male presiding officer ashamed of himself.

Dr. Odom, late of Georgia, who has been attached to the State Welfare work and at the University, gave a vivid account of how a negro hotel-porter lost his grip and his speech. The doctor is evidently a profound scholar, deeply interested in his work, but his address (probably a gem) needs to have more of the every-day practicability and the human shot into it and reduced to the language that the average North Carolinian, such as gather at these meetings, is accustomed to, if he is to contribute in full measure to the growth of what the state has undertaken in the Welfare business. Wonderfully clever and enthusiastic, he has the genius of a leader.

Following him was Dr. Crane, who comes to the state from Ohio, and who is laboring with the State Welfare forces and at the University. A strong man, and the discourse he made was such as to hold the undivided attention of an audience, which was practically appalled by the exhibit of what he found in an institution in Minnesota, and one could not keep back the fear that maybe, after all, the horrors attaching to certain children he had examined elsewhere may be found in large measure among our own. Dr. Crane's work will be the study of the mentality of the children of the state and especially of those who are in state institutions. This is a wise step inaugurated by the State Board of Charities.

One is impressed with the personality, the intellectuality and the earnestness of this wonderful scholar. The State is going to like Dr. Crane, because he is smart and has come to do us a service. He's going to make---in fact, he is that already---a fine addition to the forces that are engaged in making better conditions for childhood in North Carolina.

THE UPLIFT wants to commend in the highest manner possible the manner and wisdom being displayed by Mrs. Johnson, in the discharge of the duties of her great office. She needs to carry her story to the people ---the people will finally rally to her support and give a sustaining symp athy to a cause which deserves united action.

It is an inspiration to see what Gaston county and Gastonia City have done with themselves---a bird's-eye view of the situation leads one to believe that the has-beens and the fossilized in that territory are all dead, and that the people have come into their own. Wonderful county, a wonderful city; and her people are a unit when it comes to unselfish service, and pulling together for the common good.

"The Muzzy History Is Narrow And Unfair."

BY R. R. CLARK

In THE UPLIFT of November 5 I commented on the criticism of the term "Civil War" as applied to the War Between the States; and while sympathizing with the criticism of the term as misleading, only a milder name for the objectionable "War of the Rebellion," I called the attention to some facts that raised a doubt whether we are as much opposed to the word "rebellion" in connection with the struggle of the Sixties as we profess to be. The voters of the State, I mentioned, had in recent years refused to sanction the elimination of the word rebellion from the State constitution; and worse still, a history, formally adopted and sanctioned by the educators of the State, was being taught in our schools, in which it was stated, among other objectionable things, that "It is impossible for the student of history to-day to feel otherwise than that the causes for which the South fought the war of 1861-1865 was an unworthy cause." And further, referring to secession, it was stated in the same book: "Until a revolt is succesful it is a rebellion against constituted authorities and the authors of it and the participants in it are, in the eyes of the law, traitors."

And not only were North Carolina young people being taught from this book that their forbears fought for an unworthy cause and were rebels and traitors, but they were also told that "Lee handed his sword to Grant at Appomattox." Not only did the Confederate officers present at the formal surrender of Gen. Lee testify that there was no tender of sword by the vanquished general to the victor, but Gen. Grant, in his memoirs, said no such thing occurred. The author of this history was writing not what happened but what he felt should have happened.

I am restating what I so recently wrote for the reason that I am informed that some of the readers, who correctly surmised that I was referring to Muzzey's history, have examined that book and were unable to find the sentences quoted. They were unable to find them for the very good reason that a "Revised Edition" of the book has been issued and the objectionable matter quoted has been edited out of the revised edition. This is a common practice with publishers of school books. Our Southern people seem to prefer, for some unexplained reason, books written by Northern authors; and there is hardly anything that a Northern author of school books can say about the South that is objectionable to Southern educators, judging by the way they accept the books. But occasionally the Daughters of the Confederacy, or somebody who is concerned for the truth of history as it is written of the South, object to something in some of these books and the publishers will very obligingly edit out the objectionable

phrases. That means that the author who consents to the change either didn't know what he was writing about in the first instance or he is willing to smother his convictions, if he has any, to sell the book; and thus is history (?) often written and taught to the younger generation. When the objectionable phrases are eliminated the book is accepted as all right, although the change in phraseology may not change the character of the book at all, as I shall presently show is the case in Muzzey's.

While I did not know at the time I wrote the article for THE UPLIFT that a revised edition of Muzzey had been issued with the matter quoted eliminated, there is no dispute that the former edition of the book contained exactly what has been quoted. Nobody has denied that the quotations are correct because no body can. And it is a fact that the old edition of Muzzey, which contained the statement cirticised, was adopted and taught in our high schools for a year or two before the Daughters of the Confederacy, or somebody, started something about the character of the book. Then the revised edition comes out. There is, therefore, no modification of my criticism. The book was adopted and taught with the objectionable features, and those who accepted the book and taught it and defend it have no credit coming to them for the modification in the revised edition. So far as their attitude is concerned the change would never have been made.

Now let us examine the so called changes. On page 330 of the revised edition of Muzzey the following is found:

"Slavery the cause of the Civil War. Both Davis and Stephens in their accounts of the Southern Confederacy, written after the Civil War, asserted that not slavery but the denial to the South of her rights under the constitution was the cause of secession and of the war which followed. But the only right for which the South was contending in 1860 was the right to have the institution of Slavery recognized and protected in all the territory of the United States. Whether or not the constitution gave the South this right was exactly the point of dispute. It was not a case of the North's refusing to give the South its constitutional rights but of the North's denying that such was the constitutional right of the South. It was a conflict in the interpretation of the constitution; and slavery alone was the cause of the conflict."

Therefore Muzzey's revised edition tells us that slavery and slavery alone was the cause of the war, the statements of the President and the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy to the contrary notwithstanding; and the assurance of President Lincoln to the seceding States that the Federal government had no purpose to interfere with slavery in their borders, also notwithstanding. Muzzey says in effect that the South fought to perpetuate the institution of slavery. If he believes that, as he of course does, I have no quarrel with him. My criticism is of the Southern people who teach that to their children. If that is true why quibble about the eliminated statement that the South fought for an "unworthy cause?" It is true that slavery had been recognized and approved by Church and

State from the dawn of time up to the emancipation proclamation; but if it be true that the South fought solely to perpetuate slavery, then I for one have no quarrel with anybody who says that was an unworthy cause; and if that is accepted as an historic truth, as is being taught in our schools, then the least we say about our part in the War Between the States the better.

"If a revolt is successful," says the revised edition of Muzzey, page 330, "it is called a revolution and marks the birth of a new civil society or State. There is no written law that can forbid 'the sacred right of revolution,' because revolutions come from the people, who are rightful makers of the law. We may believe, as many men of the South do believe today, that the causes of the revolt of the Southern people in 1861 were not sufficient to justify secession and war; but the right to revolt, if the South thought ithad just cause, is beyond argument." That is the sugar-coated way of telling us that since our "revolt" was not successful it was a rebellion against constituted authority and the authors of it and the participants in it were rebels and traitors. That's what he badly said in the first edition. I could have more respect for him if he had stood by his guns.

Nearly everybody in the South, so far as I know, believes today and has believed for years, and some always believed, that secession was a mistaken policy. Certainly I believe it. But the impartial student of history knows that the Union was formed with the right of secession expressly reserved in words or so clearly understood that the right was admitted for generations afterward. The South, therefore, rebelled against nobody, but simply exercised the reserved right to withdraw from the compact. Mr. Lincoln and those who believed with him, including many Southerners who fought with the South because of environment, believed that it would be impossible for two nations to exist on this continent, and the establishment of the new nation was prevented by force.

I have referred to this matter again to keep history straight as I understand it. I want history from neither Southern nor the Northern standpoint but from the standpoint of truth. I am glad to say that some of the historians, both North and South, are able to write as historians and state the facts as they are. One history that I consider conspicuously fair is written by a native of Connecticut. The Muzzey history is written solely from the Northern, or sectional, standpoint, is narrow and unfair. If our educators are pleased with it, as they seem to be, and our Southern people are willing for it to be taught their children, well and good. But if they accept Muzzey history, they will please excuse me if I do not get excited when somebody says "Civil War" or "War of the Rebellion;" and they will please excuse me if I am unable to understand the zeal of the Daughters for the preservation of the memory and the history of the Confederacy, while they permit their children to be taught in school that the South fought for an unworthy cause and that participants is an unsuccessful revolt are---rebels and traitors.

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE: More North Carolina jokes owe their paternity to Gov. Vance than to any other one man. We gather these from Clement Dowd's Life of Zebulon B. Vance:

Vance was not always careful to examine witnesses in his office before putting them on the stand. His client in this instance was indicted for assault, it being also alleged that he had bitten off part of the prosecutor's ear. There was a plea of guilty as to the assault, but the maiming was denied. The defendant's contention was that the piece of ear was torn off in the scuffle which took place in a piece of new ground where there were many fresh cut roots and bushes. The evidence was being submitted to the court, as affecting the measure of punishment.

After all the regular witnesses had testified, the defendant puts his hand on Vance's shoulder and pulling him back, whispered, "Put up Jack Deans." "Who is Jack Deans?" said Vance. "What does he know?" "That's all right," said the client, "he seed all the fight, helped to part us, and he'll swear he didn't see no biting." The witness was called to the stand and under his examination stated that he saw the fight from beginning to end, helped to part the combatants, and that he saw no biting; he was very emphatic in the assertion that he did not see the defendant bite the ear.

When turned over for cross-examination, he said very meekly, in reply to the solicitor's question, that he knew he was required by his oath to tell the whole truth. "Well, sir," said the solicitor sharply, "you have told us what you didn't see, now tell us what you did see." The witness was downcast and reluctant at first but under the urging of the solicitor presently raised up his head and casting a forlorn look towards his friend and his lawyer, said: "Well, jist as we raised him up, I seen him spit a piece of the ear outen his mouth!"

A friend said to him on one occasion, "Vance, I do not understand how it is that you and your brother Bob belong to different churches. You are a Presbyterian, and he a Methodist." "That is a little queer," said Vance, "but a stranger thing than that Bob believes in the doctrine of falling from grace and never falls, while I do not believe in the possibility of falling from grace, but am always falling."

The Yankee does not lose his gift for putting a truth pithily. A prosperous New England farmer, replying to a comment on the amount of money he was spending to put his son through college, said, "Yes, it does take a lot of money, but I'd rather leave my money in my boy than to him."---Youths Companion.

The Simple Tragedies of The Poor.

(Monroe Journal).

Some weeks ago a wonderfully bright newspaper man of the state wrote an article about John Smith. It was not a real John Smith but a symbol of the thousands of John Smiths to be found in the state. Since then writers and speakers have been talking about John Smith. John Smith is the poor tenant, the man who has been a tenant all his life and perhaps will always be. But most of them write about him in a far off, academic way that shows no understanding of his plight, his difficulties, his sorrows, or his hopes. They are taking a bird's eye view of John Smith, a once over from a swiftly moving aeroplane. Their intentions are often good but so far as John Smith is concerned they might as well be talking about the mythical inhabitants of Mars.

Word comes that the John Smiths of Georgia and the other sections where the weevil scourge has passed are having a hard time of it. We have heard that black John Smiths are sewing two sacks into imitations of garments and thus preparing for the chill of winter, if such might be called preparation. And the white John Smiths, perhaps some better off, are fighting desperately to frighten the wolf from the door, if indeed this typical symbol of want may not be too dignified for a characterization of the want that is stalking in so many and so mean ways. Their want is so mean, its satisfaction so little, that it might well be called not a wolf at the door but a despised coyote.

We are not speaking of all persons who rent land now, far from it, but of that class so simple and so poor that they are incompetent to provide much for themselves even in good times. For such it is to be feared that there is far too little of sympathy, too little of understanding, too little of patience, and far too little of helpfulness. This class is going to suffer more than ever if the boll weevil take the county.

The reason of this is very plain. Such persons can make some cotton in a fashion, for that is the simplest form of farm labor. It requires less managerial ability, less foresight, less of everything, than more diversified farming. This class of people lack ability to manage even what skill and means they have. Under more difficulties they are going to lack more. They need direction and help in the management and if given this, with some sympathy, patience and understanding, can get along much better.

The barreness, the want, the lack of everything necessary in a day of this kind, is pathetic. Their lives are tragedies. The short and simple annals of the poor does not apply to them. They are below the line of classification as merely poor people. Who can wonder that they often do things that are shabby? Who can wonder that they flee from difficulty? Who can wonder if now and then one cuts his throat or gets drunk, or does this thing or that thing which more responsible people

would not do? The world is hard for such people. Perhaps not intentionally hard, but hard through carelessness through neglect through lack of sympathy and tolerant understanding. And how often are the omission of the father punished by suffering of wife and children. The Bible tells us that this class heards Jesus gladly. In a christian civilization carrying His message to such people in the form that makes it serviceable to them and which commends itself to Him?

The Ford coupe parked at the curbing in the busiest part of the shopping district, in a certain city, the other day. In it were three girls, dressed (partially so, based on how women used to dress) in fashion, and one man. The three girls were each pulling at a coco cola bottle, and the young man did honors between a cigarette and a bottle. On the outside stood another man with bottle and cigarette and blowing smoke over another young woman turning up to her mouth a bottle of coca cola. Even little children, in passing, had to stop and take in the spectacle. This probably explains why young men to-day do not have the proper regard for the women---the women themselves do not demand it and, in some instances, are not even expecting courteous and chivalrous treatment. The foregoing scene could not have been found anywhere in the whole state twenty years ago.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS ON GRATITUDE

Writing to the News & Observer, from Butler, Mo., under date of November 15, Mr. Daniels has the following interesting observation:

"If you use your influence and secure an office for a constituent, you make many enemies and one ingrate," said an old and cynical Senator to me years and years ago.

It was in the Cleveland administration. There were a dozen applicants for the position of post master in a certain town. The Senator was greatly troubled as to which one he should select. They had all been his friends when he was a candidate and it gave him a wrench to select between them. The man he named was appointed. Later, when the Senator was again a candidate, the whole eleven were opposed to his re-election, and that accounted for his bitter remark. The man appointed was in conscience opposed to the politics which the Senator was advocating in that campaign. Should his gratitude or his conscience govern him? He struggled with the question and conscience won. But it sent him into outer darkness as far as the Senator was concerned, who henceforth regarded him as an ingrate and the personification of returning evil for good.

I have heard other public men

give utterance to the same cynical remark as quoted above. It is easy to see how a public man, entrusted with the distribution of office, feels that the man he aids should always be his vassal. That is the feudal spirit of patronage. And the man named is a shabby fellow who lacks appreciation of an appointment or favor done him by a public man. But if, after the favor is given, the Senator or other public officer takes a position on a public question which the appointee sincerely thinks is inimical to the welfare of his country, should any man stifle conscience to make payment for benefit conferred?

That question is open for debate.

What I started out to remark was that the Senator was wrong. You do not make an ingrate when you do a kindness to a man. On the other hand, nearly all men who are helped are glad to show appreciation —so glad that many actually let their gratitude carry them so far that it controlls them more than their sense of public duty. The ingrate is the exception. Appreciation even of courtesies is rarely lacking, though it is often unexpressed. As I have been traveling through the State of the Mississippi river speaking to audiences in several States, the one thing that has made the trip a joy is to find proof in my faith in the friendship of mankind. It fell to my lot while in Washington to be able to make the sailing smooth for some people in different parts of the country, and at almost every place I have visited one or more of them have called to proffer hospitality and courtesy in rememberance of some small courtesy or assistance they thought I had rendered.

Yesterday I was made happy by a remarkable proof that the Senator quoted was wrong and that I was right. Does anything please any of us so much as to justify our judgment? It is a part of the vanities inseparable from human nature. I had embraced the opportunity in the way of official duty to see that justice was rendered to a young man in Oklahoma when it was about to miscarry. It was all in the run of official work, the tedium being relieved by interest in the personnel. I had given no office or made no promotion by favortism, and had simply opened the channel that was being clogged. The young man was worthy of what he received and had won it by merit. And I had almost forgotten the incident. It was forcibly and pleasantly called to my attention when his father traveled clear across the State to welcome me to his commonwealth, to invite me to his home, and put himself to great inconvenience to extend courtesies and hospitality with a genuine friendship which was most grateful. And the young man himself—a fine, upstanding fellow who had served his country worthily in war, with his beautiful young bride, made me feel that I was an old friend in their home.

It is a great mistake for any of us, because of the few people who lack appreciation, to do injustice in our thoughts to the many who actually set too high an estimate upon a courteous act or some service rendered. Gratitude is the best flower of our humanity and they grow all about us. The weed of ingratitude is as rare as it is ugly.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

BY WALTER H. PAGE

In estimating a civilization it is the neglected and forgotten man more than any other that must be taken into account.

When you build a house, you make the foundation the strongest part of it, and the house, however ornate its architecture, can be no stronger than the foundation.

A community is not rich because it contains a few rich men, it is not healthful because it contains a few strong men, it is not intelligent because it contains a few men of learning, nor is it of good morals because it contains good women—if the rest of the population be not well-to-do, or healthful, or intelligent, or of good morals.

The common people is the class most to be considered in the structure of civilization.

Moreover, in proportion as any communities in the organization of its society or in the development of its institutions lays emphasis on its few rich men, or its few cultivated men, it is likely to forget and neglect its very foundations.

building Old Commonwealths.

It is not these small classes that really make the community what it is, that determine the condition of its health, the soundness of its social structure, its economic value and its level of life... The security and the soundness of the whole body are measured at last by the condition of its weakest part.—Rebuilding Old Commonwealths.

The Boys And Girls a Great Host.

If all the boys and girls in the world were gathered together there would be six nations as large as the United States, and not one person over fifteen years of age. Let us state it another way: If you were to stand the children of the world two by two every three feet, how many times do you think the line would reach around the earth? Just seven times. And in a few years the affairs of the world will be in their hands and one-half of them cannot even read and write.

One half of them do not live in Christian homes. This seems to be the record locally and in the state. What can we expect of them, when they reach maturity and citizenship?

The thing that troubles the country is not only the unemployment of the idle, but the idleness of the employed.---Chicago American Lumberman.

Too Fast

When an automobile is driven too fast, ten things happen: its tires wear out far more rapidly; springs are likely to break; steering gear is sure to give out; more gasoline and oil are used in proportion to the distance covered; there is a terrible strain on the bearings; metal parts are likely to crystallize; the driver cannot steer so well; the driver cannot see so well; the driver's nerves are in danger of giving out; other users of the roads are placed in danger.

When a human being goes too fast, ten things happen: his body wears out faster than it should; his money is soon used up; his mental vigor and elasticity fail; his work goes glimmering; his reputation is tattered and torn; his friends fall away from him; his courage gives out; his hopes go; his concience becomes hardened and useless; and he not only ruins his own life, but places in jeopardy the lives of others.

WATCH YOUR GAIT!

"Pretty Soon."

I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a conveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere,
The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is further at noon than it was at down,
And further at night than at noon.

O let us beware of that land down there,
The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

---Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOW ROME WAS FOUNDED

I am now going to tell you about the most famous nation in the world. If you will look on the map of Europe, you will see a peninsula, shaped somewhat like a huge boot, stretching down into the Mediterranean Sea. This is the country called Italy, and it is about the people who once lived on this peninsula that I wish to tell you.

Many, many years ago, in the land of Italy, there was a little city called Alba. It stood on the sunny side of a mountain, near the river Tiber, and not far from the Mediterranean Sea. In this city and around the mountains lived a brave, intelligent people known as Latins. Several other tribes inhabited the adjacent mountains and plains.

The Latins were ruled by kings, and one of their kings in very early times, the story tells us, was named Æneas. He was a famous Trojan chief, who had come over the seas to Italy and settled there with his family and friends after Troy was destroyed by the Greeks.

A great many years after the death of Æneas, one of his descendents named Procas was king of Alba. He ruled wisely and well for a long time, and his small kingdom on the mountain side, with its wheat fields and vineyards, was very prosperous. He had two sons, one named Numitor, and the other Amulius. As Numitor was the elder, he was heir to his father's throne, but when King Procas died, Amulius siezed the kingdom by force and made himself king.

Then Numitor, with his two children, a boy and a girl, left the king's palace and went to live on a farm a short distance away. Amulius was now king, but he was much troubled about Numitor's son and daughter, for fear they might some day claim the throne which rightfully belonged to them. The son he secretly put to death, and the daughter, Sylvia, he cast into prison. Here beautiful twin boys were born to her. When Amulius heard of this, he gave orders that Sylvia be put to death, and that the two sons be thrown into the Tiber. These wicked orders were carried out, for no one dared to disobey the king.

Fortunately, however, the babes had been placed into a stout basket, which floated upon the water until it was carried to the foot of a hill called Palatine Hill. Here the huge root of a wild fig tree caught the basket, and the little ones were thrown out upon the river banks.

At this moment a great she-wolf came strolling down the hill to drink at the river's edge. She heard the feeble cries of the infants and went to thep lace where they lay helpless on the wet sands. She touched them gently with her rough paws, turned them over, and licked their faces and plump bodies. Perhaps she thought they were some of her own cubs. At any rate she carried the babes up the hill to a cave under a large rock. There she fed them as she fed her own cubs and seemed pleased to have them near her.

One morning as Faustulus the herdsman of King Amulius, was going over Palatine Hill looking for cattle

that had gone astray, he saw the two boys playing with the wolf at the mouth of her cave. He frightened the wolf away and took the boys to his home, where his wife cared for them as though they were her own children. The herdsman named the boys Romulus and Remus, and they grew up to be strong, handsome youths, brave and kind. Until they were twenty years old, they lived with the herdsman and helped him in his work, and roamed over the hills light-hearted and free.

During all these years Numitor lived on his farm, and his brother Amulius remained king of Alba. Numitor did not know that his grandsons had been saved from a watery grave and were living so near to him. But one day Remus had a quarrel with some of the herdsmen of Numitor, and they took him prisoner. They then brought him before Numitor, who was much impressed with the noble appearance of the youth and asked him who he was.

Remus told all he knew about himself and Romulus; how they had been found at the cave of the she-wolf and had been reared by the king's herdsman. Just then Faustulus and Romulus came searching for Remus, and were full of joy when they found that no harm had come to him. Numitor questioned the herdsman about the finding of the twins, and after hearing his story was convinced that Romulus and Remus were Sylvia's boys, who had been strangely saved from the wrath of their cruel uncle. He was very happy at finding his grandsons, and he thanked the herdsman for his good care of them.

Romulus and Remus were also very happy at finding a grandfather and at the sudden change of their fortune. When they were told about Amulius and his wicked deeds, they resolved to punish him for the murder of their mother. So with a few followers they rushed to the palace at Alba and entered the king's chamber. "Behold! we are Sylvia's sons, whom you thought you had killed," they shouted to Amulius, as he stared up in alarm at their entrance. "You killed our mother and you shall die for it."

Before he could utter a word, they sprang upon him with drawn swords and put him to death. Then they brought their grandfather to the palace and placed him on the throne, and all the people welcomed Numitor as the rightful king of Alba.

After a little time the two brothers thought they would build a city on Palatine Hill, where the wolf had nursed them. So they went to the hill and selected a site. Then they began to talk of a name for their city.

"I will be king and give the new city my name," said Romulus.

"No," cried Remus. "I will be the king and name the city after myself. I have just as much right as you have."

So the brothers argued for a while, but at last they agreed to settle the matter in this way. At midnight Romulus was to stand on Palatine Hill, and Remus was to stand on another hill a short distance off . Then they were to ask the gods to show them a sign of favor in the sky, and the first who should see anything very remarkable was to name the city and be its king. So they went to watch, but nothing appeared until sunrise of the second day, when Remus saw six

great vultures flying across the sky from north to south. He ran swiftly to Palatine Hill and told Romulus of what he had seen. But just then twelve vultures, one after another, flew high over the head of Romulus in an almost unbroken line and were soon lost to view.

Then Romulus claimed he had the favor of the gods, as more birds had appeared to him, but Remus claimed that the gods favored him, as the birds had appeared to him first. Romulus asked the opinion of some of his friends, and as they all agreed that he was right in his claim, he began to lay out the new city. He gave it the name of Roma, or Rome, after himself, and built a low wall around the place to protect it from invaders.

One day Remus, who was still angry with Romulus, laughed scornfully at the little wall and said to his brother: "Shall such a defense as this keep your city? It may prevent children from getting in, but not men, for they can jump over it."

So saying, Remus put his hands on the wall and sprang over it, to show that his words were true. Romulus, in a sudden outburst of rage, struck his brother and instantly killed him, at the same time crying out, "So perish any one who shall hereafter attempt to leap over my wall."

Romulus welcomed to his new city all who might wish to come and settle there. It was not long, therefore, until Rome was full of people from many different tribes and countries. Thus the Roman nation began, and for years it steadily grew and prospered, until at last Rome became the greatest and grandest city in the whole world.

A Father and son held a conference over the subject of smoking. The former smoked but did not want his son to begin the habit. Said he: "Son, I'll quit smoking if you do not take on the habit." The boy hesitated. The father then said, "we must make the bargain, I insist." Continuing, "If you see me smoking again, I'll give you twenty-five dollars, and if I catch you at it I'll give you a threshing." A daughter and sister, being asked how the bargain resulted, said: "It didn't work; they met each other at the same time smoking---it appears to have been a draw, for both of them smoke continuously miserable old cigarettes."

Florence Nightingale And The Red Cross.

Florence Nightingale, an Englishwoman philanthropist, was born at Florence in May, 1820, and during the course of her study of science, mathamatics and classics, with her father, showed a great desire to lessen human suffering, so much so, that in 1844 she began a tour of Europe, looking into the conditions of hospitals, in 1851 entered upon a course of study as a trained nurse at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine.

On November 4th, 1854, the year of the outbreak of the Crimean war, she arrived at Scutari with thirty trained nurses and took charge of the military hospitals until the close, in July, 1856. She wrote many books, among them Notes on Nursing, Notes on Hospitals, Life or Death in India and others. She is the founder of St. Thomas' Home in London for the training of nurses, and she received a cross from the late Queen Victoria, and a braclet from the Sultan of Turkey.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

The Missionary Review of the World has the following story of the activities of Florence Nightingale:

At the early age of twenty-one she visited and inspected the civil and military hospitals all over Europe, and after personally seeing them all, when she came to choose from their large number the one in which she herself, seven years later, decided to go into training for her life work, she choose Fliedner's world-renowned Mother-House of Deaconess at Kaiserwerth. No higher mark of distinction could have been bestowed on this institution than such an honor. On her return home, after her apprenticeship, she published a book of Kaiserswerth.

King Edward had given her place among the twenty-four persons who can be members of "The Order of Merit," for very distinguished services by command of the king. And she is the only woman who ever has been thus honored. The reverence and love of half a world followed her for half a century.

When in the Spring of 1854 war

was declared with Russia, a British army of 25,000 men embarked for the scene of the conflict. The battle of Alma was fought September 20, and the wounded and sick were sent to the rude hospitals prepared for them on the banks of the Bosphorus. These were soon overcrowded, and their unsanitary condition was such that the rate of mortality far exceeded that of the fiercest and bloodiest battle itself.

It was in this great crisis that Miss Nightingale offered to organize a nursing department. Within a week she actually was on the way with her band of nurses, and arrived in Constantinople on the eve of Inkerman, and at the beginning of the terrible winter of that disasterous campaign. She found the wounded from that second battle filling the wards with 2,300 patients, and during that critical period she exhibited a devotion to her work, and to the comfort of the sufferers, that has passed into history as one of the most remarkable exhibitions of self-oblivious love that the world has ever recorded. This fragile good woman stood for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, to see the wounded and sick provided with every accomodation and comfort that was possible in their condition. Her unintermitting labors brought on a prostrating fever, nevertheless she refused to leave her post. Slowly recovering, she saved not only the health, but the life of hundreds and thousands of soldiers at the price of the exposure of her own health in the severe physical, mental and especially emotional strain to which she had voluntarily subjected herself. And it is not to much too say that the result was a permanent breakdown in her own health. She became a chronic invalid.

When the Crimean war closed there was a public sense of the indebtedness not only of the British army and nation but of the whole civilized world to Miss Nightingale, and a fund was subscribed to enable her to found an institution for training nurses, the interest of which fund amounted to about $7,000 per year.

The work of Florence Nightingale during that war was like the life of Daniel in Babylon—one in which not even an enemy could find a fault. If it was exceptionally benevolent in motive, it was exceptionally effective in execution. She was devoted to her work as no Indian fakir to his sacrifices. Yet she never degenerated into a fanatic.

She ventured to antagonize former traditions and stubborn prejudices. It has been well said of her that she set herself to overthrow the fetish. "It-can't-be-done," and of the superstitiously supposed inevitable. Her success was beyond words, though her task was a stupendous one. She was not only a missionary, in the highest sense, to the sick and the woundeed, but she was a pioneer and a leader. She left the way open, on the part of all that might follow her, to a success like her own. Her work has been calmly and judiciously pronounced epochal, like that of Lister and Pasteur in therapeutics. The subsequent achievements wrought in the department of military nursing and hygiene, from those days on, and down to the sanitary commission in the American war, and the remarkable feats of the Japanese surgeons and doctors in the war with Russia, are

to be traced to Florence Nightingale as their real mother. The same is pre-eminently true of the World War.

When this lady, "whose greatest monument is in the hearts of countless millions of the world's sufferers, whose pillows have been smoothed, and whose burdens of sorrow have been lightened by her ministrations and those she inspired," wanted to find a place to learn how to care for the sick, she couldn't find it in England. She reports that nursing, in the right sense of the word, seems an undiscovered art in her native land. She went to Europe to learn something more about it, if possible; and after all her extensive travel she settled down at Kaiserwerth among the deaconesses.

Here, then, is the Apostolic Succession: Kaiserswerth taught Miss Nightingale; Miss Nightingale revolutionized sick nursing in England, and her influence led to organization of Red Cross Society.

Be loyal to everybody who has an ounce of faith in you, to all who place trust in you. This includes your family, your business associates, your fellow-workers, and your government.---Exchange.

The Country Paper.

Morganton News-Herald

I am the Country Paper.

I am not much.

That is what everybody says.

And they make fun of me something awful.

But I notice---

That I am always read, re-read, borrowed, quoted, cussed, called upon as a witness in neighborhood disputes and family rows, and in what I consider as proof of my amiable and indispensible qualities it is of frequent occurrence that I am given to the baby as a certain and immediate pacifier when all other remedies and attractions have failed.

I am not much, and so would not boast of the trite and sundry things I do.

For example:

I light the kerosene lamp or the candle;

I stop the cracks in the floor and the ceiling;

I replace the broken window pane, and as wall-paper I am a humdinger;

I wrap up the butter, honey or the baby with equal security and smartness; I gossip about the weather, the crops and the prevailing diseases; I report the chronic grievances of the community pessimists, and boast of the performances of the local hustlers and boosters; I announce the births, deaths, accidents, and marriages of my community with equal impartiality and due punctuality, seasoning each bit of news with just enough of that home-made wit and flavor as to cause each party in interest to feel that the current week's paper is a special edition put out purposely to feature THE PARTICULAR ITEM of important local news.

I am not much.

But with some of my readers I

have a regular "stand-in."

I think I'll name a few now:

The fond father and mother;

The radiant bride and bridegroom;

These are my pets and "darlings;"

Then, in order, the mortgagor and mortgagee, the tax-delinquent, the money lender, the borrower, the loser, the finder, the man with property or goods to unload, the man without property and goods looking for a "regular" bargain, the man out of work, the man with THE job; and such like.

What else? Oh, yes:

I act as a local clearing house for conceits, remedies, suggestions, advice, admonitions, quack theories, pet illusions, daring experimentations, and good evil report; and as a repository for kicks, complaints, freak discoveries and near-poetry.

I am a bill-board; a courtcalendar; a judgement docket; a real estate bulletin; the lawyer's guide; the doctor's record; the minister's directory; the tradesman's catalogue; the housekeeper,s sketch-book; society's diary; the editor's plaything or worry: and everydody's business.

I am not much.

Everybody says so.

But, honest-to-goodness,what would my town and community be without me!

The Child Always Natural.

Brock Barkley, the Raleigh correspondent of the Charlotte Observer, sends Mrs. Caldwell for her Page of One Minute Interviews an account of an interesting incident in a Raleigh church. It is:

"Rev. C. A. Ashby was preaching his morning sermon at the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Raleigh, last Sunday, and he was stressing what a great enemy sin is. "The worst calamity that can befall you or me is for sin to enter our homes; isn't that true? Itsn't that true?" he asked. From the rear of the church came a little child's voice: 'Yes, sir.' The minister paused and smiled. 'I asked that question rhetorically,' said he, 'and the answer came from the lips of a little child. And a little child shall lead them.' He proceeded with his sermon, to which the incident gave a touch that made it all the more effective.

The foregoing is fine, and forcibly emphasizes the real naturalness of the child and shows that even he hated to see the preacher's question go unanswered.

Several years ago, in a Concord church, on one hot Sunday, the preacher had delivered a rather long sermon, and a little fellow, who did not understand a thing the preacher was saying, but he had heard his mother make motions and offer a second, or two, in book-club meetings and from these had gathered the significance of these acts. When the preacher, having reached the conclusion of his discourse, announced "let us pray," the little fellow spoke up in an audible tone "second that motion."

Investing In Schools.

The following editorial clipped from the Philadelphia Record shows how the educational program of North Carolina is impressing outsiders:

The Charlotte, N. C., Observer

prints a long list of towns and rural communities in that State which have within a year voted in favor of bonds for school purposes, the total aggregating $13,000,000. The amounts vary from $1,000,000 issued by Greensboro down to $2,000 by a hamlet named after Milwaukee.

These figures, says the Observer, affords very good indication that the little schools are keeping pace with college and university development. The educational movement in North Carolina has assumed proportions that possibly are not equaled by any state in the Union. This is gratifying news, for it is a common impression that in the educational procession the Southern States have too often lagged behind. North Carolina, which showed a very large gain in the last census, will find that good schools will be a great advertisement for it.

Perhaps in the next generation students will be flocking to its colleges from all parts of the country rather than to Massachusetts or Connecticut. Money placed in good school buildings and adequate teachers' salaries is one of the best investments a state can make.---Rutherford Sun.

MISS MARY FAY DAVENPORT.

(Concluded from page 10)

vate citizen would not dare. In almost every instance, I have been received in a friendly and even grateful manner. It is an inspiring work."

Oh, the power of a strong, godly woman, who has in her the spirit of service and well doing!

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

As a new motor has been installed in place of the old one, and certain boys are sorrowful because of this. They no longer have to watch the pump.

Rev. G. A. Martin, of Concord, preached an excellent sermon at the chapel Sunday. Mr. Martin is now our regular preacher every third Sunday.

Our Literary Societies have begun to receive the magazines that they have subscribed for. We now have one of the best magazine libraries in the State.

The following boys received visits from home folks Wednesday: Claude Coley, Steve Mercer, Swift Davis, Harry Lamb, Hoyle Faulkner, and Waldo Shinn.

"Old Faithful" would be a very appropriate name for our well-digger, because from early in the morning until night it keeps up its steady gait. Here's hoping Mr. Ankers strikes water before long.

There is a general decline of the land on front of 5th cottage and to remedy this boys have been hauling sand and gravel. By the time summer arrives we will have a very creditable lawn.

Miss Mary Gaither, of the office force, is now taking her vacation. Miss Gaither is our pianist and we find it hard to sing without music. It is hoped by all that she will have a good time, and soon return to the school to resume her work.

It seems as each day passes there

is something done to beautify the appearance of the school. Now, they are putting young trees and shrubbery around the cottages. When these plants bloom, it will be a pleasure indeed to look at the cottages.

The sewing room is now in charge of Miss Lalla Teague and Miss Lottie Freeze. They are making uniforms for the boys, and doing a nice job, too. They have about seventy-five more to make yet, and it is rumored that they won't get through until after Chistmas.

The 5th Cottage (Mecklenburg Cottage) has opened its society and is now going in full swing. Societies are of much use to anyone who is in it or has been. It takes a lot of thinking to get up a good debate or an essay etc., and thinking develops the brain.

The boys are all anxious to open up the 6th cottage. If they are chosen to be inmates of this cottage they shall be happy because they know that their conduct has been of such good merit that they are placed here. Also they know how to behave and thus show the others how.

Frank Thomason, of Second Cottage, had the misfortune to break his leg. It pains him sometime, although he tries to hide it. He is as happy and cheerful as can be, and is anxious to get back out in the open so he can romp and play with his play mates. This is the first accident occurring at the school in the past five years.

Most everyboby is interested in birds. Mr. J. J. Blair, of Raleigh, wanted to send something to the boys that would be a benefit to them. He, at last, thought that a bird book would be appreciated, so he sent one. The boys are glad to get it, and every moment they can spare, they are studying this book. Words cannot express our thanks for his most generous gift.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. McNary, of the Caswell Training School at Kinston, were visitors at the school last week. Dr. McNary is Supt. of that school. He is interested in all institutions and working for the betterment of North Caroiina and the world. While here he looked over the school and expressed himself delighted with the work going on here. We are always glad to have anybody come and look over our plant, who are interested in our work as Dr. McNary is.

Death of Two Prominent Concord Ladies.

The death angel has visited Concord recently and called to the great beyond two of the most excellent and prominent women in our midst. On the night of the 16th, Mrs. C. W. Swink, wife of Cashier Swink of the Cabarrus Savings Bank, while returning home from a friend's home, fell dead without a moment's warning. Mrs. Swink was beloved by all. She was one of those rare individuals, whom we meet in a life time, that had a kind word for all--always seeing the good and utterly blind to the faults of all. Throughout the town her death carried the profoundest sorrow. She was in her 65th year, and leaves a husband, a brother, a son and a grand-son, who

have, in their irreparable loss the sympathy of the entire community.

Saturday afternoon, little past 4 o'clock, Mrs. W. J. Montgomery, who had been desperately ill for more than a week after a year's declining health, quietly fell asleep in death. Mrs. Montgomery was the widow of the late Judge Montgomery, long time a prominent lawyer of Concord with a state-wide acquaintance and popularity. Mrs. Montgomery was a woman of strong personality, deeply interested in the affairs for righteousness and progress and until declining health attacked her she was active in the affairs of her church and all causes that looked to the betterment of the community. She was in her 75th year. She leaves four children: C. R. and W. J. Montgomery, of Concord, Mrs. Hazel Witherspoon, of Lancaster S. C., and Mrs. Fred C. Correll, of Greensboro. There are three step children: Mrs. E. C. Register, and Dr. J. C. Montgomery, of Charlotte, and Mrs. J. B. Sherrill, wife of Editor Sherrill of the Times and Tribune. The public feels keenly the shock of the loss of two such superior and prominent residents in such a short period.

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THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD N. C. DEC. 3, 1921, NO. 5

Culture At The Movies.

Culture will out, just like murder, and in the most unexpected places. You can't suppress it. Sitting beside a boy and a girl in the late teens the other night at the movies, the S. E. heard the following surprising conversation which would seem to illustrate the unquestionable immortality of the literary classics.

Boy: "Naw, I don't read many of these modern books, I like the old ones better. Now take that fellow Doomar,—didyer ever read that one of his about 'The Three Muskeeters?'"

Girl: "No, but I've heard a lot about it."

Boy: "It's great—but not near as good as the one he wrote about 'Les Miserables.'"

Girl: "Yes, they say that's fine. I tried to read it once, but its so long two whole books."

Boy: "Oh, lots longer than that, lots of books in each volume."

Girl: (Trying to get in a lick.) "Have you read 'Main Street?'"

Boy: "Let's see, that's a new book, ain't it,—? Naw, I don't have time for these new books. But 'Quo Vadis,' that's a fine one. Didyer ever read that?"

Girl: "No" (getting much the worst of it culturally).

Boy: "Well, you ought to,---and in French, that's the best way to read it. And now you take Thackery I like him. Every time I read 'Henry Esmond' I like it better. But that can't touch the one Thackery wrote about 'The Old Virginians.'" (Curtain.)---Nell Battle Lewis in News & Observer.

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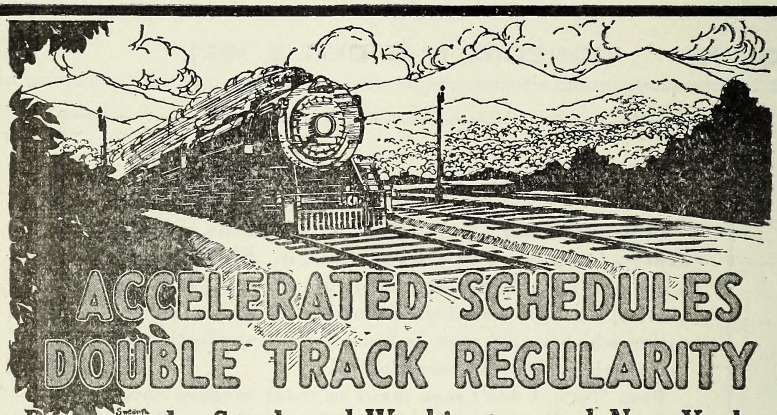

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Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon	.....	lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar	.....	5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
.....	9.00AM	.....	4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	.....
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

WHAT $15 DID IN 100 YEARS.

On August 5, 1819, Dr. John Sullivan Thorn opened an account with a bank in New York City, depositing $5. A year later he added $10. No other doposit was made. Today the bank book, now showing accumulated interest and principal, totals $2,000.60. It is held in trust, pending the settlement of the estate of Samuel S. Haskett, a recluse.

* * * * * * * *

THERE IS A NEW THING UNDER THE SUN.

The old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun," is exploded and must take a back seat. All this is about "Rats." The dirty, damaging little rascals are costing this country, in lives, comfort and wealth, about as much as an average size war, certainly more than the Spanish-American War.

It is not certain who made the count, if at all, but there is a pretty safe estimate that there are in this country at least two rats for every citizen, counting women and children. They carry disease; they distribute filth; they make fires possible and frequent; and they destroy actually more food stuff than the aggregate amount fed into pork-making hogs of this country.

Inventions and concoctions galore have been thrown on the market, representing fortunes in manufacture and sale expenses, and yet the rat population seems to be on the increase. The Rat trap is a back number, the

dead-fall and the various drowning strategies, all, have been unable to cope with the really serious situation. One reason for the failure of campaigns against rats, heretofore, is because it is largely an individual affair. The smart little rascals may not have a particular nationality, but they certainly have a language and the power of communication—let a campaign be started, they scamper off to a neighbor's house until the deck is clear. Doubting Thomases will deny the power of rat communication, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

Since women have been forced, in certain instances, to make their own living; and since enfranchisement has given them courage and hope, they engage in all kinds of business. But, honestly, it gave a shock at first in Concord when it was made known that a woman was heading a crusade, determined campaign to exterminate the rats in a whole community. This, then, "is the new thing under the sun." A Virginia lady, representing a Virginia manufacturer, having the endorsement and god-speed of the Federal Public Health Service, has organized the merchants, professional and business men of Concord and the women of the city to do and make a common, to-the-minute warfare against the rats of Concord. It will be a welcome, at the same time terrible, sight to see such men as D. B. Coltrane, J. W. Cannon, Caleb Swink, George Patterson, Gus Hartsell, Charley Ritchie, A. S. Webb, Luther Bost, George Lore, Jim Dayvault, Mayor Womble, Charley Wagoner, J. Lee Crowell, L. T. Hartsell, H. S. Williams, J. F. Goodman, J. G. Parks and dozens of others advocating and encouraging the sale of a rat exterminator. But when you see some of the first and most prominent women of the city, moving earnestly and with grim determination, distributing the medicine that promises to eradicate the rats from the community—that's a new thing, too, under the sun.

Out in the country, round about Concord, organization is making to meet the town scoundrels should they not fall victim to the city campaign. A town rat has no business in the country, and he takes his life in his hands if he attempts to molest his country cousins, who have a contempt for biggety town upstarts.

Concord is not afflicted like unto the place which Robert Browning has made famous in a poem, which describes the situation as:

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles.
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside of men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

* * * * * * * *

BIGGEST IN ITS HISTORY.

It is published that there were two thousand in attendance at the recent meeting of the Teachers' Assembly in Raleigh---one-ninth of the teaching force in the State. Whatever they did, what resolutions they passed and what work they outlined, of course, binds the eight-ninths that remained at home, went to church or hunting.

Nothing out of the ordinary occurred. The programme was pretty well worked out, and what resolutions that were passed were, of course, agreed on long before the Assembly met. It was generally understood who were to be elected its officers, and no one expected other than a suitable resolution of endorsement of the State Educational Department would be passed.

Two things developed that give hope and encouragement to the people that want to see the rural schools converted into a live agency commensurate with the task they have set for them. These, too, were practically the only subjects that took the child into account; the other discussions related to the condition and dignity of the teachers, and, through the invited speakers, throwing bouquets at our leaders. The two subjects out of the drift of the progamme were introducing the study of music and Bible instruction in the public schools. A plan for the latter was offered by a representative of the State Sunday School Association, but Superintendent Brooks stopped it by saying that he had a committee working on the proposition and that the next convention (next year) would consider the matter. According to the News & Observer an observant County Superintendent made at this juncture some pointed remarks.

This is from the News & Observer:

"The assembly was about to commit itself to the plan when Dr. Brooks interposed the objection that provision had already been made for studying the question. He declared himself ready to accept Mr. Broughton's proposal, but thought that others might want to study the problem further. Next year's assembly will go into more detailed discussion of the problem.

In the midst of the discussion County Superintendent Beam, of Granville county, arose to inquire why, with all the zeal to teach the

Bible in school, the Teachers' Assembly couldn't have somebody to open its sessions with prayer. He remembered that not even at the Thanksgiving service on Thursday had there been any reading of Scripture, or had there been any prayer of any sort. No opening nor closing prayer had been made at any time. He thought that the teachers could follow the example of almost every other organization in the world in this espect."

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FROM THE REALM OF NATURE.

Some weeks ago Mr. C. W. Hunt gave us an appreciation of Mr. Clarence Poe, and later a sketch of Mr. Joseph H. Separk, which our readers no doubt enjoyed. THE UPLIFT sometime ago invited Mr. Hunt to aid us in making this little magazine better by contributing to its columns whenever he felt something in his system real good and interesting. Hunt is one of our old-time newspaper pals, of the years gone by, who, growing tired of confinement, went back to his first love---out in the country, where he could get elbow room and do pretty much as he pleases. Oh, the glory of country life, when once the ruralist gets a square deal from the leaders.

Mr. Hunt has prepared eight nature stories. The first one appears in this number of THE UPLIFT. There is probably no man in the state that knows more about the habits and peculiarities of birds, snakes, worms &c. He learned them in a practical way by a close watch and study just as a wide-awake country lad learns things. These stories will prove entertaining to the grown-ups as much as to the young ones, for the average man has grown up just taking things for granted without much curiosity as to "how come."

* * * * * * * *

FIRE AT DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

Early Monday morning, fire destroyed the Chambers building at Davidson College. This was the largest building of the plant, and was a donation by a faithful friend of the institution. The loss in a material way is heavy, but the fine spirited denomination behind Davidson will turn the loss into a blessing in the end. The friends of the institution and new ones will rally to the cause and soon Davidson will have another, a larger and more modern building to take the place of the destroyed one.

An alumnus of Davidson remarked that this fire wipes out the material evidence of what, in its day, was a magnificent contribution. Maxwell Chambers had made to Davidson a large donation in money. One-half was

used in the erection of the building which was destroyed on Monday, and the other half was invested in Confederate State bonds, which, of course, when the star of the Confederacy went down, became worthless. This experience touched other institutions in the State, among them the institutions at Mt. Pleasant.

* * * * * * * *

KICKED MUZZEY OUT.

If the Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the South would go after the careless selection of objectionable books being put into the hands of school children, in the manner that characterized the effective and patriotic work of the Concord Chapter, the schools would be cleared of the menace and meaness of all such stuff as Muzzey's history. The local school, just like some others in North Carolina, introduced this miserable slander into the course, but when the authorities were made conversant with its rotteness, it was very properly kicked out. An author, just to be plain, who calls the Confederate soldier a "traitor" is too ignorant to write an honest history or, if not ignorant, he is too vicious. If Southern people are going to tolerate their children being taught that the Confederate soldier was a traitor they ought to, to be consistent, pull down all the monuments and tablets, which they have erected to those who they thought were real heroes.

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AFTER PRESIDENT HARDING FOR DANCING.

The Robesonian, of Lumberton, in making note of the criticism aimed at President Harding for dancing, takes occasion to comment as follows:

> Some of the brethern are censuring President Harding for indulging in the pastime of dancing. They say it is all wrong for a man in such an exalted position to encourage by example such an unnice thing as the modern dance. But Mr. Harding has before him a tragic illustration of the cold-blooded and diabolical cruelty with which a President who dignifies and honors the high office is treated; he knows that while the world crucifies its saviors it rewards and honors its dancers, and that the mild criticism his dancing provokes is a mere zephyr compared to the storm that would beat about his head if he should essay to do some high and noble thing to help save the world."

* * * * * * * *

They have not named the new million dollar hotel that is to be built in Charlotte, corner of West Trade and Poplar streets. The elegant and strong

business men behind it, and they believe in Charlotte, are about to do something that the outside public cannot reconcile with the estimate it has of the progressiveness and good taste of the patriotic Charlotte people, who are going down in their jeans to give Charlotte another first-class hotel. Just think these men, instead of making the first floor into an attractive lobby and parlors for the pleasure, comfort and benefit of the guests, have decided to stick a store or two about on the first floor. A space of 100X200 is not too much for the first floor of a modern and model hotel. It's none of our business except to give the expression of a number of sorely disappointed folks who regard Charlotte as their second home.

* * * * * * * *

Again the death angel has visited the Thompson family at Statesville. This time a call came for Mrs. D. Matt Thompson, wife of Prof. Thompson, suffering from the effects of a frightful accident nearly a year ago, mother of Mr. Walter Thompson, late of the Children's Home, and of Senator Dorman Thompson, of Statesville, whose wife after a serious illness recently passed away. This distinguished family has been sorely afflicted.

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Dr. I. M. Taylor, the head of a private institution at Morganton for the treatment of nervous patients, died on the 26th. Dr. Taylor was one of the leading alienists of the state, and had resided in Morganton for 37 years, seventeen of which were spent as assistant to the late Dr. Murphy, of the State hospital.

* * * * * * * *

Prof. John J. Blair, of the State Educational Department, has brought much joy to our boys by the presentation of a handsome book on birds. Whenever this genial and able man comes to the institution, and that is often but not often enough, the boys give him a hearty welcome---he's one of their chums.

* * * * * * * *

Robeson county, according to statistics, has seventeen high schools, in which are enrolled 966 students. Last year there were 778, the year before 642. These things did not just happen so---the outcome is the expression of wise and energetic boosting of the cause of public education.

* * * * * * * *

The powers that be are having a time getting away from the principles and ideas that shine brightly in the League of Nations. The greatest trou-

ble seems to be in the adoption of a name, and saving the principles, but avoiding an association with Mr. Wilson's name.

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The General Assembly will meet in extraordinary session next Tuesday. The public press has announced that Gov. Morrison has designated just two important items of legislation: relief of the municipalities and the State Educational Department.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

A GAUNT WOLF, nearly dead with hunger, was roaming about when he happened to meet a dog. The dog looked at him and said, "Ah, your wild, irregular life will soon be the ruin of you. If you would but work steadily for some master you would soon be as well fed and as fat as I am."

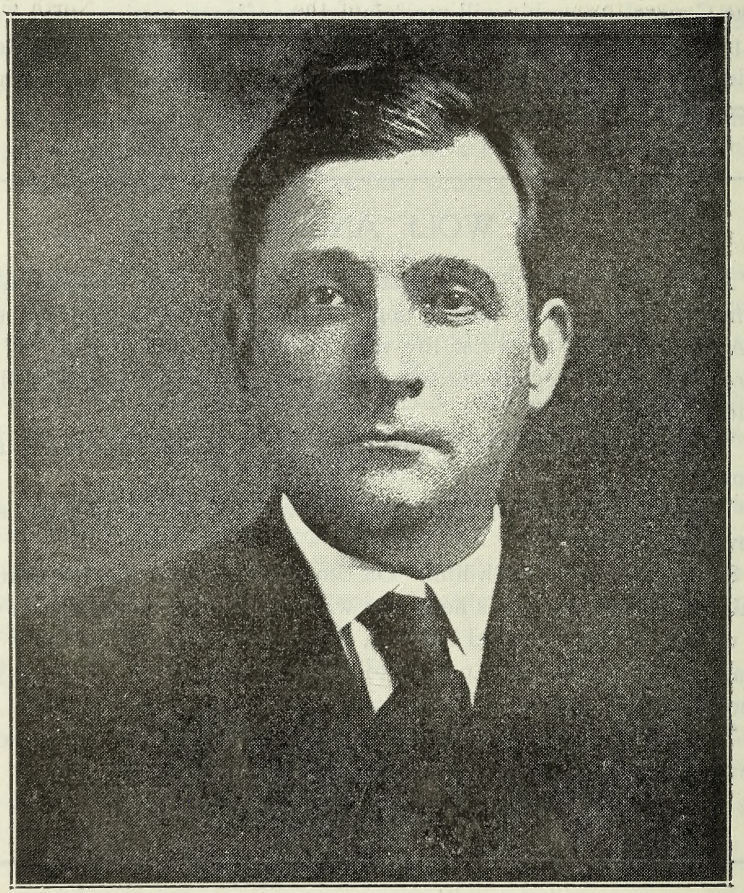
"I would gladly do so," cried the wolf, "can you take me to such work?"

"Come with me," said the dog, "share my labors and you shall never want food."

So the wolf went with him. On the way, the wolf noticed that the hair on part of the dog's neck was worn away, and he asked him why it was so. "Oh," replied the dog, "that is nothing, it is only the place where the collar is put on to keep me chained up. It rubs, but one soon gets used to it."

"Chains?" cried the wolf, "I would rather be starved and free than be fat in slavery."

FREEDOM IS PRICELESS.



CHARLES LEE COON
Superintendent of Wilson City and County Schools
Wilson, N. C.

CHARLES LEE COON

Prof. Charles Lee Coon, superintendent of the Wilson City and Wilson county public schools, is an educational hero. Much, if not all, of the actually forward moves toward the betterment of the rural schools of North Carolina during the past twenty years may be traced directly to his brain and investigation.. Like the inventor, who participates but little in the results of his creation, Prof. Coon has never been given credit among the powers that be for the vision he furnished, for the details that he worked out, and for the innumerable able and interesting papers and discussions that he has furnished from time to time for those in power and occupying the grand-stand.

No one will understand better than he that I mean well when I say that he more than any other person on earth is responsible for his not having been given due credit for his great accomplishments and has not been made the head of these important moves, out in the open, instead of some, who in comparison, are pitiable weaklings, pampered and aided by the authorities. The subject of this sketch is not, never has been and will decline forever to be a DIPLOMAT. He would not accept an introduction to diplomacy—he's too honest, too blunt and too open to entertain or tolerate for a moment what the world calls policy, diplomacy or anything akin thereto. Though he has written his thoughts and views into educational endeavor in the state, nearly all such bear the trade-mark of others, who have grasped them and made them their own.

Mr. Coon was born on a farm, four miles west of Lincolnton, N. C., December 25th, 1868—A Christmas gift to his parents, David A. and Frances E. (Hovis) Coon, in their day prominent and influential people, of Lincoln county. His father was a lieutenant in the Confederate Army, was wounded nine times at Gettysbury on the 3rd day while leading his company in Pettigrew's Brigade. Immediately after the war he taught school, engaged in farming, was elected sheriff of Lincoln county but not permitted to serve because of the "Hold Over" clause of the Constitution of 1868. Though repeatedly urged to accept public office thereafter, he refused except to fill the positions of school committeeman and member of the County Board of Education. Mr. Coon died in April of this year at the ripe age of 87, leaving behind a long and unblemished record of honor and service. The mother of our subject was frugal, possessing many admirable qualities; strong physically and mentally; and abhored all cant and hypocracy and talked plain. No good cause failed to have her support.

Charles L. Coon, as a child, attended the neighborhood schools; began teaching public schools January 1886 at the age of 18; attended Conover College two years, completing the course there in 1887, teaching school a part of each year to make money to attend school; principal of Denver Academy, now Denver High School, Lincoln county, 1889-91; teacher at Conover College 1891-96; principal Lincolnton Public schools 1896-1897; teacher in Charlotte High School 1897-1899; Superintendent of Salis-

bury Schools 1899-1903; secretary of the Bureau of the Southern Education Board, Knoxville, Tenn., succeeding P. P. Claxton, 1903-4; Chief Clerk in office of State Superintendent part of the year 1907, when he was elected superintendent of the Wilson City Schools, which position he has held since. In connection with this, since October 1913, he has been superintendent of the Wilson county schools. Prof. Coon was president of the North Carolina Teachers Assembly during the year 1911.

In all these positions he succeeded admirably, with probably one exception in a certain city where he laughingly remarked: "I lost my job the second year because I would not conform to a lot of foolish regulations and restraints." Perhaps the greatest achievement, until he took hold of the work in Wilson county, in Prof. Coon's educational endeavor was at Salisbury. There in 1899 he found seven elementary teachers and no high school. When he left in 1903, four years afterwards, there were 18 teachers and a four year high school. The grounds were improved, new buildings were erected and bonds were voted for a building which was erected after 1903. The attitude of the city toward its public schools was completely changed under his leadership.

Though chief clerk in the office of the State Superintendent but a short time, he devised the present form of his biennial report and most of the forms for reports of teachers and school officers.

From 1902 to 1912 he wrote and prepared for the agencies and offices with which he was connected, nineteen separate pamphlets on live, educational subjects, which have been widely circulated and used in educational campaigns throughout the country.

In 1908, he issued "The Beginning of Public Education in North Carolina" in two volumes, which were published by the North Carolina Historical Commission, and for which he was given a vote of thanks of the 1909 Teachers' Assembly. And in 1915 he issued another volume on North Carolina Schools and Academies, 1790-1840."

Prof. Coon has had considerable newspaper experience or experiences. From June 1895 to June 1896, while teaching in Lincolnton, he edited the Lincoln Democrat, a local county paper. It was during the free silver agitation. The editor took the sound-money side, which was not popular and wrecked his business. Rather than sacrifice his views and play double, this independent, positive individual suffered the loss of all he had invested and more. For nearly five years he bore the torment of the debt growing out of the Democrat's troubles. But in the meantime it introduced him to the newspaper world. His measure was found, and the late J. P. Caldwell, of the Charlotte Observer, pressed him into service while he was teaching in the High School of Charlotte; and for nearly two years he did reportorial and editorial work on the Observer, and wrote the book reviews. In 1898 he was assigned to the work of reporting the political meetings of Charles B. Aycock and James H. Pou, when they were making their briilliant campaign throughout western North Carolina. Prof. Coon, while doing newspaper work, contributed many readable and strong

articles over the name of "Teacher." I recall particularly his review in the Charlotte Observer of W. H. Page's speech at the Greensboro Normal on "The Forgotten Man." A few days afterwards Mr. Caldwell, in making editorial reference to Mr. Coon's clever piece of work, employed these words: "It has been many a day since the Observer printed a better thing than the contribution of Teacher, in last Sunday's paper reviewing the recent Greensboro speech of Mr. Walter H. Page, and his critics. It would be well if that speech and this review of it were framed and hung in every home in the State."

Perhaps the livliest experience this determined educator and(respectfully) free-lance ever had was when he campaigned in his native county of Lincoln for the township school-tax proposition. All the politicians, of course, were against it and Mr. Coon had little trouble in getting a joint debate. Though they branded him a "radical," a "socialist" and other things equally severe, he made his adversaries most uncomfortable and bettered them in the argument; but the time was not ripe, but the fact that he was willing to undergo the hardships of the campaign for what he knew was a losing game, but he knew the seeds he scattered about would germinate, indicates the nerve, the hope and the foresight of this most indefatigable N. C. worker in the cause of education.

There is no man in the present times nor during the past twenty years, who can write better English, forceful and stinging, if necessary, than the subject of this sketch. There was, too, in that period no one who wrote more articles bearing on the cause of education and community development and kindred subjects, and yet they went out rendering an invaluable service to the causes, and the honor and credit of them in most instances fell to others. They have been tabulated and in the list are more than sixty articles, which have been published in periodicals and many of them in pamphlet form, and used throughout the country in behalf of the progress of education and the betterment of living conditions.

In 1912 the Progressive party nominated him for State Superintendent. He declined it in a respectful, clear-cut letter, showing his loyalty to the educational field, and closed by saying: "My personal preferences in another line are Woodrow Wilson and Locke Craig. It is my intention to vote for them in November."

This is no attempt at a complete review of the many activities of this man of many qualities and extraordinary intellect. The space is not available for such a story. But I feel that I am entirely within the realm of accuracy in saying that no man has done a greater service in the stormy, rocky road, leading to the realization of better educational conditions in North Carolina, than Chas. L. Coon, and personally has received less praise, returns and honors, except in the consciousness of having rendered his state a great service. I recall, (and it tells more in a few words than it is possible for me to do the manner of man he is) his quick and direct answer to a personal question I put to him. These are his words: "No organization shall be my master; no necessity of bread shall seal my lips; no hope of preferment shall ever make

me say what I do not believe is the truth." Knowing Charles Lee Coon as I do, I believe every word of it.

October 21st, 1903, Mr. Coon was married to Miss Carrie Louise Sparger, an attractive and talented young woman of Mt. Airy, N. C. She is a graduate of the Greensboro Normal class of 1902, and received the prize for the best essay read on Commencement Day. Mrs. Coon herself was a teacher of fine reputation. Blessing this union are three children: Frances Elizabeth, Mary Moore, and Charles Lee, Jr.

(The wonderful accomplishments of Prof. Coon with the public schools of Wilson county are marvelous, and offer a challenge to the counties in the State which lag idly and lazily behind. This story will appear in the issue of THE UPLIFT December 10th.)

What do you think of a school official and his fitness for the sacred duty that belongs to his high office, who will license a seventh-grade young girl, without a particle of expeience and no natural qualities or tact for teaching, to take charge of a public school where experience is demanded? Oh, the shame of the tyranny of a situation that fixes itself upon helpless people!

A Conversation---What's the Moral?

"Tom, how about that land sale near Roanoke Junction sometime ago?"

"Well, John, I don't talk much about it for my grand-father owned every foot of land in that section, ten miles down the railroad and ten miles towards Jerry's ferry; and now I own nothing but the old family burying ground, and heaven knows that is the last place I want to go to, but," continued Tom, "I know that 400 acres of the old tract was sold for $200 per acre, netting for the owner eighty thousand dollars."

This was the conversation overheard on a Seaboard train between two interesting and intelligent looking, middle-aged gentleman, who undoubtly were surviving descendants of "befo' de war" slave and landowners. Tom was clean shaven and looked every bit of a thoroughbred---but he quickly and politely changed the subject from the land-sale to hound-dogs. "Tom," inquired John, "do you keep any hound-dogs now?" "Oh, yes, a few," replied Tom, and continuing he said: "let me tell you, a fox hunt started a few weeks ago in our neighborhood and before the chase was over as many as 75 dogs were on the trail; and at every cross-roads, as the hunters would pass, farmers on horse-back would join us, and women and children would clap their hands and shout as the wood echoed and re-echoed with the noise of the dogs ---John, I tell you it was music and the chase was exciting. We persued six foxes and brought home three."

Tom did the most talking but he

had an attentive listener in John. Suddenly Tom asked, "do you know, John, where I can get two hound puppies, and I don't want them unless they are thoroughbreds, for when I go for a hunt I'm led by the dogs and nothing but a thoroughbred can lead an exciting chase."

"Say, John, can you tell just exactly what it costs to keep a hound per month." Before John had time to make an estimate, Tom answered his own question by saying: "one bushel of meal per month is what it takes to keep a hound, unless the dog is sick, and then I kill a lamb or anything, but just as soon as he is well I put him back on meal."

By this time everybody on the train in hearing distance had become interested in this conversation, which was an echo of the years ago when all landed gentry kept their hounds and enjoyed the exciting fox chase.

When I left the train at the union station, in Raleigh, Tom was still talking about dogs in general, but hounds in particular, and John was still listening attentively to the remnant of the idle, easy, go-lucky gentleman, who possessed in fee simple only "the family burying ground."

Executive ability has been variously defined, but the following from an executive with a sense of humor seems to cover the whole subject. He said: "Executive ability is the ability to hire someone to do work for which you will get the credit, and, if there is a slip-up, he will get all the blame."—New York Evening Post.

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

PETER L. HERMAN: Captain Miles O. Sherrill, late State Librarian of North Carolina and a Confederate soldier, who carried the evidences of a faithful service and who righteously had a contempt for anybody, or author of a book, that spoke of Confederate soldiers as "traitors," related in "The Methodist Handbook" for 1906, the following stories of Rev. Peter L. Herman, a former circuit rider of the State:

Dr. Herman was full of good humor, he used to relate a case where imagination dominated the mind. A Mr. Jones was a pronounced hypochondriac, and claimed that his stomach was all gashed up as if by pieces of glass. He annoyed the physicians a great deal; so finally Dr. B. made up his mind to relieve Mr. Jones. He informed him that he was going to take out his stomach and replace it with a sheep's stomach, and Jones very readily consented. The doctor had a mutton killed; he brought the stomach and administered chloroform to Jones, lanced and stitched his stomach, applying the blood from the sheep; had the sheep's stomach placed near by hacked to pieces, just about as Mr. Jones had so often described his, and when Jones was restored, the Doctor said: "Mr. Jones, there is your stomach."

"Oh, yes, doctor, I have told you doctors the condition of my stomach,

but you said I was crazy, now you see who is crazy."

A week or two later the Doctor met his patient, and said: "Well, Mr. Jones, how are you getting on now?"

"Fine, fine, doctor; only have one trouble; it seems to me that I have a great hankering after grass."

"A friend was discussing the eternal decrees of God with Brother Herman, and during the discussion Brother Herman caught a large horse-fly, bent its head over until it seemed to be separated from the body, and said to his friend: "Now, brother, do yor really believe the great God from all eternity fore-ordained and decreed that I , P. L. Herman, of North Carolina, U. S. A., should pull off the head of this fly?"

"Yes, I do," said his friend.

"Well," says Peter, "I will not do it;" and he cast the fly up in the air and away it flew.

Be loyal to everybody who has an ounce of faith in you, to all who place trust in you. This includes your family, your business associates, your fellow-workers, and your government.---Exchange.

Bring The Public Schools Back To The Counties

Recently we saw a man in Newton trying to find out what they were paying a certain school teacher in his district. He was told that her pay would be the amount named by the Raleigh folks.

No matter whether a teacher is worth fifty cents or fifty or a hundred dollars---the folks at home and the local school committee have no more to say as to what they shall pay their their teachers than the man in the moon.

Does any one believe that the people of North Carolina are always going to stand for this sort of autocracy in the management of their schools? This is the very sort of thing that our boys gave their lives to destroy in Germany. Autocracy in North Carolina is as abominable as it is in Germany or anywhere else.

It is alright to have State supervision and State help for public school work, but for a few so-called educators tc sit up in Raleigh and say what every teacher in North Carolina is worth or what they shall receive for teaching is simply one of the absurdest absurdities.

We need State certificates for the high school teachers, we need State certificates for the first grade teachers---but beyond this the State should keep its hands off of the school work in the counties---and it should be left to the counties to say what they shall pay to any and every teacher employed in the county.

We have heard of some young

people receiving double the salary in this county that given older teachers, who have forgotten more than these youngsters will ever know about teaching---and yet this is done at Raleigh, by people who know nothing of the ability of the teachers except what they see on paper.

If the county superintendent has not the ability to know what the teachers in his county are worth in the respective districts---then he should give up his job and let some one have it who does know.

The Farmers' Union did well in going on record for six months school term to be administered by the counties without interference from the State.

This one plank that the Farmers' Union adopted at Raleigh in convention assembled will prove to be a very popular one.

If left to the popular vote in Catawba county to bring the schools back to the county to be managed by our own poeple---there would not be votes enough against it to make a baker's dozen.

If some of the alleged educators want to know just how popular these methods are---all they will have to do is to give the folks one chance to express themselves--their plans would look like thirty cents after such an election.---Newton News Enterprise.

Business is turning the corner, but not on two wheels.---Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Working Ahead.

Occasionally we see in print a flowery article, parading what a blessing in disguise is the boll-weevil. In the final analysis his weevilship may prove a blessing, but not until many folks are badly crippled. There are people, who feel compelled to plant cotton, seeing no other way in making cash out of any other crop. Of course, this is possible, but the average farmer must be educated up to this practice.

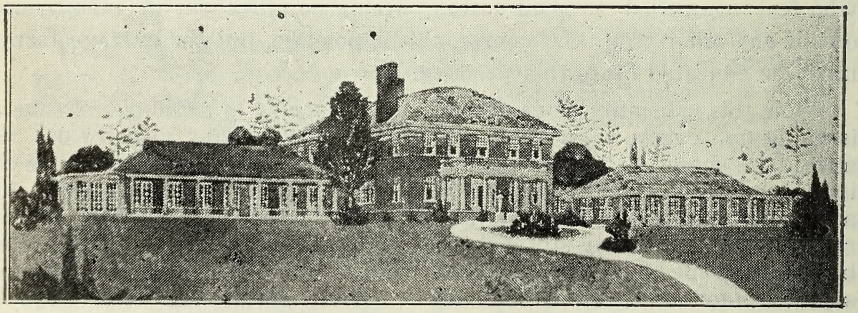
While this educational campaign is going on, every suggestion and advantage should be heeded in making the operations of the boll-weevil as burdensome to the little scoundrel as is possible. Many stories have been told about his hardihood. They say he cannot be frozen, for it has been tried out. Down in Mississippi an experimenting farmer put one of the pests in an ice plant, had him incorporated in a 200-pound cake of ice, but when they come to use the ice and reached the point where the weevil was it was discovered that when the sensation of his environment passed the weevil crawled off gaily and not the least bit hacked.

There seems but two ways to destroy him or her or it---burning or smothering. The former is impracticable. Even Josephus Daniels'

suggestion of using turkeys is impossible for it is just about as hard to raise turkeys as it is to outwit the weevil. It has been suggested that the weevil can be smothered, and for this reason there is much advocacy of fall ploughing. Here is an intererting article from the pen of Mr. T. J. W. Broom, a prominent and successful farmer of Union county, who writes to the Monroe Enquirer:

"Farmers should make special effort to get all lands plowed before Christmas that are intended for cotton next year. Lands that are plowed this fall will work earlier, warm up quicker, will not need re-breaking the spring, seed bed can be prepared with disc harrow or with plows set to run shallow, cotton can be planted earlier and will grow off quicker, and will put farmers a week or two ahead in the fight with the boll weevil. Every farmer who has observed knows that cotton will grow off better on a firm seed bed than on a freshly plowed seed bed. If the land is broken six to eight inches deep in the fall a reservoir is made to take in and hold the winter rains and the early and shallow working of the land in the spring conserves this moisture in the subsoil and it will be there in July or August to keep the cotton growing and putting on fruit near the top of the stalk. The weevil will then feed upon the young squares and will not molest the early bolls.

Lets get this fact firmly fixed in our mind, that to beat the weevil we will have to get an early start with the cotton in the spring and to get an early start and at the same time have conditions that will keep the cotton plant growing throughout the season, fall plowing is absolutely essential. Of course we can refrain from plowing in the fall, plow shallow in the spring and get is quick grow off, but when the drouth of summer comes the plant a handicapped for lack of moisture, stops growing and the weevil will then go to feeding on the mature bolls. Plow every acre possible between now and Christmas and plough not less than six to eight inches deep."



N. C. ORTHOPAEDIC HOSPITAL FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN
Gastonia, N. C.

Debt-Free Homes In The U. S. In1920

The News-Letter.

Dwellings in North Carolina, 513,377; occupied by renters, 261,303, or 52.6 percent; occupied by owuers, 235,842, or 47.4 percent; owned-homes free of incumbrance, 186,460 or 82.9 percent of all owned-homes. Only three states increased in the ratio of debt-free homes in 1910-20---North Carolina, Vermont, and Mississippi.

Rank	State	Pct. Debt-free Homes	Rank	State	Pct. Debt-free Homes
1	Nevada	83.6	26	Ohio	61.4
2	North Carolina	82.9	27	Vermont	61.0
3	New Mexico	82.5	28	Nebraska	60.9
4	West Virginia	80.6	29	Maryland	60.9
5	Virginia	79.4	30	Washington	59.5
6	Louisiana	79.4	31	Minnesota	59.4
7	Tennesee	78.8	32	Oklahoma	59.4
8	South Carolina	78.6	33	Pennsylvania	58.7
9	Georgia	78.2	34	California	58.5
10	Kentucky	77.8	35	Missouri	58.3
11	Florida	77.1	36	Illinois	58.0
12	Mississippi	76.3	37	South Dakota	57.3
13	Arizona	75.9	38	Delaware	56.1
14	Maine	75.6	39	Montana	55.2
15	Alabama	75.0	40	Michigan	54.9
16	Arkansas	71.9	41	Wisconsin	53.5
17	Texas	71.4	42	Idaho	53.5
18	Mew Hampshire	70.4	43	Rhode Island	48.2
19	Utah	68.8	44	New York	47.3
20	Kansas	65.0	45	North Dakota	46.2
21	Indiana	63.6	46	Dist. of Columbia	44.6
22	Iowa	63.2	47	Massachusetts	42.4
23	Oregon	62.4	48	Connecticut	38.7
24	Wyoming	62.3	49	New Jersey	38.0
25	Colorado	62.2			

"Men ought to gain wisdom while they are gaining wealth."

Sidelights On Ford And Fordism

The Pathfinder

Knockers have long said that Henry Ford's unprecedented success was mainly due to the ideas and energy of those he gathered round him. They used to say that the Dodge brothers were the backbone of the Ford organization; but they left, and they are now dead, and still the Ford keeps rambling right along. Then it was James Couzens who had "made the Ford business;" but he left and then the business grew faster than ever. Then it was this man and that man that Ford "depended on for all he did;" this man and that man was let off and the Ford seemed to take on new speed as a result.

It may be that Ford is a fool, as so many people think, but if so the world would be well off if it had a lot more just such fools. Of course he isn't a demigod; he is an open-hearted man and at different times he has allowed schemers to make a fool of him. He has his limitation; but no matter how he does it, we must admit that a man who can make a machine that is known and used all over the world and that is selling ever increasing numbers must have something to him. When Ford has done foolish things, we have condemned him as strongly as we could, but when he does big things we give him credit, even if it does give him some free advertising. We are not boosting him, but what he accomplishes.

In the Reviews of Reviews is an exhaustive article about him and it tells some very instructive things. He says it was 12 years after he turned out his first car before he began to manufacture any for sale; this shows us how it is that he could perfect a mechanism that would stand the test for so many years and under all sorts of conditions. He says they have spent $40,000,000 to perfect their tractor and now they are prepared to build a million of those a year.

He tells how he saw the trade depression coming last year. "Labor, instead of being dispose to take less wages, was doing less work. Manufacturing costs were soaring." But Ford, instead of keeping the war prices on autos, as other markers did, took the bold of course and announcment a reduction in prices, and this started things moving. The Ford Co. had nearly $60,000,000 of obligations to meet, including $18,000,000 of income taxes. In a few weeks $25,000,000 worth of autos were turned into cash, and by realizing on others resources it met every obligation, without having to borrow from Wall street.

Ford tells how he adjusted things back from a war to a peace basis in his factory. He "sold a trainload of desks and furniture," and the men who had done fancy work at the desks were set at productive work. The office force was cut from 1074 to 528 people. During the war they had one foreman to each three to five men, but now they have one to 20 men. Before the "house cleaning," the labor cost on each car was $146, but now it has been reduced to only $93. "Formerly we had to

employ 15 men per car per day, now only nine." he says.

He makes himself very plain in his attitude toward labor. He is neither for nor against labor unions. He says that the union agents have often tried to unionize his business but that they are unable to make any headway as his methods give the workers higher wages than the unions can promise them, for union methods mean restricted production. His workers keep at work at high wages; they have no union dues or strike assessments to pay, and they are the masters of their own destiny. The more work they can produce, the more money they can make; that is the test.

Ford tells some interesting things about patents etc. He says that he has 300 or 400 patents in all countries but that he does not depend on them; what he depends on is his ability to turn out a better and cheaper machine than anyone can with the old hide-bound methods under which the aim seems to be to produce as little as possible and charge the consumer as much as possible for it.

The company has built about 5,500,000 Fords, and he tells us that on this machine is one device that he had patened and had supposed was exclusively his. And yet he found that a piano tuner in 1826 had patented the same thing. He patented his magneto. but later found that "Faraday had produced the same thing long before." He devised the universal joint inside a ball and socket, where the transmission of the Ford is hitched to the drive shaft; but even this he found was old, for it was in a steam engine built 40 years ago.

He says he is besieged by people who want him to add all sorts of devices to the Ford. In many cases these inventors have been working on the scheme for many years, when any expert "could have told him in five minutes that the idea was entirely worthless."

Instead of adding to the Ford he is trying all the time to reduce it to still lower terms. Many parts are now made in one piece which were formerly made in two or more. He says jocosely that his ultimate object is to "get the whole machine as near one piece as possible." We can now see visions of the day when a complete Ford will be stamped out automatically at one operation, while you wait.

Henry Ford is an optimist of course. "The world is better than it ever was before, and there is more opportunity for good, sincere work," he declares. He doesn't wait for things to come his way; he goes out after them, and gets them.

His revolutionary ideas about how to run the railroads have made the rail magnates wonder if they haven't been on the wrong track and going in the wrong direction all the time. He says that the railroad owners have been in too much of a hurry to make profits, whereas their first aim should be to serve the public. Profits will come through service, he says, and he points to his own business to prove the claim. He condemns the present antiquated designs for locomotives and cars; they are all built several times too heavy and they require altogether too much attention, he says. An immense load of dead weight has to be carried by every train, and the people have to pay the freight on this waste weight.

Of course Henry Ford, as we have

said, doesn't know it all. On some lines he is no doubt visionary; but it requires no arguing to prove that in the production of the Ford auto he has found ways to give the people bigger value than is offered by any other producer in the world. When the Pathfinder has to buy a piece of printing machinery it has to pay four or five times as much, in proportation to real value, as when it buys a Ford.

The difference is mainly in the methods of production. Ford, instead of changing designs every little while, perfects one design and then sticks to it. Instead of producing one machine a month, by slow hand methods, he produces several thousand a day. He gives the consumer the benefit of the saving, and still he has so much profit left for himself that he hardly knows how to spend it.

This, we say emphatically, is the true principle; namely, produce the utmost; put the value into the product, and give the people the benefit. There are thousands of articles that could be produced and marketed on a huge scale, the same as the Ford; all it requires is the genius and courage to go to it.

"The measure of value of community work is not the degree of efficiency on the part of paid workers in doing things for the community but the extent to which volunteer leaders for community work have been developed and participations secured which will ultimately enable the community itself to climb higher and higher levels of community achievement. A willingness to leave the final authority with the people themselves is essential in community building which aims at Democracy."

THINGS I LEARNED AS A FARM BOY.

BY C. W. HUNT.

Number (1)—Introductory.

[Editors Note.—Mr Hunt has agreed to furnish THE UPLIFT with a series of nature story observations as a farm boy. This, number one, is in the nature of a introductory to seven more articles of medium length, entitled as follows: Bugs, Worms, and Butterflies, Spiders, Dirtdaubers, and Wasps, Snakes and Lizzards, Birds, Trees and Plants. THE UPLIFT hopes to have room for one each week.—Editor.]

We find many fine business men reared in the cities and towns, but most of our great men come from the farm. This writer never reached the "neargreat" stage for all his farm rearing.

Up to the time I was 18 years old I was strictly a farm boy, doing everything a boy could do, and many things a boy ought not to do. I was tarred with a country stick, and I have never been able to get clear of it: and the first time I had a chance to go back to the fresh plowed earth, I went. There is nothing equal to nature and natural things. In them we find ima-

ges of immortal, of seed time and harvest, of death to live again. It is possible that I would have been a natural scientist of note, had I had a teacher, but with only what a kind father told us as chance offered, there were four boys that went deep into animal, birds, reptile and insect life, making our observations from the real live things in their natural habitation. What we knew the name of we called by that name, what we knew not the name of we gave a name. There was an ever changing panorama to view. Each change of season brought its new things. In the spring when all nature began to stir, there were the sprouting seeds, the nesting birds, lizards, toads, snakes, insects, all coming from their long winter sleep, each bent on rearing more young to take the place of those that had perished by cold or the rude hand of man; which work kept up all summer long. Then as chill of Autumn came there was a repitition of the search for a winter home. Something told all these hibernating insects and reptiles (going in winter quarters) and migrating birds they must seek safety from cold, and all find a place that would shelter them so as to enable them to come forth in spring and populate the earth again with its species.

To know and understand all these things was an education (?) in itself, as for as it went; but whether of real value or not, this writer has never had cause to regret the time and study he gave them, nor has he in a life of sixty two years ever found a man who could best him in the knowledge of these small things, and how instinct and nature takes care of such. How the caterpillar of today is the beautiful butterfly of next spring. How the grub of today will be the June bug of next summer. How the butterfly of the fall lays her eggs on certain kind of trees in that season and they hatch caterpillars which make a tent to shelter them from rain and sun, and time their hatching with the coming of the leaves that they do not perish.

All these things came in sight in season and to play with and study these things was a rest from toil as well as full of interest to a young and inquiring mind, and made every day interesting in spite of tasks that tired even men to perform. Ours was no idle play place, we had to work and work with men, expected to "hoe our own row" but in spite of all that we found time to know the "why and wherefore" of most insects, animal, birds and reptile life.

"Yer know my boy's still got that bullet in his leg. It frightens me to death. Yer see, it might go off any time."

The Question of Divorce.

Presbyterian Standard.

This is a question, in the discussion of which sentiment plays an important part. Those for or against it, always fall back upon sentiment when argument fails.

The picture of a man or woman tied to each other when their lives have been one constant fight, comes to every one with peculiar force especially when you put yourself in the other's place.

On the other hand, to allow the marriage tie to be made so loose that you can shake it off for any excuse, would soon destroy family life and undermine the morals of society. In these days the current seems to run strongly one way, to make divorce easy.

Even in this State of churches and high standard of morality---nearly every session of the legislature an attempt is made to change our already too loose laws in the interest of easy divorce.

If you read the proceedings of our courts you will find that at each session granting divorces occupies the largest part of the judge's time. It is therefore with peculiar pleasure and approval that we read recently the action of the Supreme Court of this State that separation of husband and wife caused by one being confined in insane asylum is not that separation that the law recognizes as a ground for divorce.

There are other grounds pleaded at times which are as worthless as this, but they do not shock public sentiment as this does.

There is something very cruel in a husband repudiating an insane wife that arouses the indignation of men. This was seen years ago when a millionaire used the power of his money to make the legislature of his State pass a law making confinement in an asylum a legal ground for divorce. We remember the wide-spread indignation and the crippling of the usefulness of the minister who performed the ceremony.

Those who study the downfall of every land in the past will tell you that among the signs of such ruin the increase and ease of divorce were conspicious.

Let all who love their land set their faces against this evil, and refuse to recognize socially all who thus defy God's law that those married must cleave to each other, till death do them part.

No nobler feeling than this, of admiration for one higher than himself, dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and not all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life.

A Sacred Trust

The most sacred thing in the Commonwealth and to the Commonwealth is the child, whether it be your child or the child of the dull-faced mother of the hovel. The child of the dull-faced mother may, for all you know, be the most capable child in the state. At its worst, it is capable of good citizenship and a useful life, if its intelligence be quickened and trained.

Several of the strongest personalities that were ever born in North Carolina were men whose very fathers were unknown. We have all known two such, who held high places in church and state. President Eliot said a little while ago that the ablest man that he had known in his many years' connection with Harvard University was the son of a brick mason.

The child, whether it have poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource of the state.—Walter H. Page.

In every town, it would seem, some evil-minded person starts a salacious story refering to the young people of the town and the vile things gets quick circulation by the grapevine route. Recently young girls were talked of as having been guilty of bold conduct which, if it had been true, deserved serious consideration. But investigation exonorated the girls. Why will so many people revel in filth? Of course, proper regards for community morals is essential, but commerce in filthy talk is not remotely connected with morals. To the contrary, it is evidence of a very thinly covered streak of immorality in the hearts and minds of purveyors of prurient gossip.—Oxford Friend.

The Story Of Mexico.

By Jane A. Stewart.

The story of Mexico begins in the seventh century. This is the earliest period of which we have any record about Mexico and its people.

The first Mexicans were called "Toltecs." They came from the Northland ("Tullan"). Nobody knows just where "Tullan" was. And nothing is known about the "Toltecs" before they made Mexico their home.

It was a beautiful country to which the early Mexican settlers came. It is one of the richest and most varied zones in the world. The surf roars along the coast—the Gulf of Mexico on the east and north; the Pacific Ocean on the west. There are high rocky bluffs, shining beaches and beautiful harbors. Fertile valleys and plains lie between the green hills. Tropical fruits and flowers grow on the hot lower levels; while those of the temperate zone flourish on the high, cool tablelands.

Great mountain peaks lift their snowy crowns toward the blue sky.

Hidden in the earth are rich treasures of gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc and other valuable minerals, as well as great quanities of oil. The fields produce much maize, cotton, coffee, beans, and wheat.

It was the Toltecs, it is said, who first grew maize and cotton in Mexico. In those early times, as now, the Mexicans made their living by farming, mining, making earthenware, weaving cloth, etc.

The Toltecs knew how to use metals. They could cut and polish the hardest stones. How and where they learned these arts nobody can tell. They measured time correctly and had sun dials. They had a sort of written language and simple numbers. They had good laws, too, and were peace-loving, hard working people. All this we know from the ruins of their ancient monuments, of their temples and cities, which visitors in Mexico can see today.

The good Toltecs vanished. Nobody knows just why these busy, talented people left Mexico. It is supposed by some students of Mexico that they went south and that the big, fine ruins of several cities in Central America are their work. It was about the twelfth century when a savage tribe called the Chichmecs came down from the north to the rich country of Mexico. After them came the famous Aztecs. They, too, were from the north. They were clever, but not so good as the Toltecs. They were cruel heathen and had a terrible god called "Huitzilopochtli," known as the "Mexican Mars." The Aztecs were great builders. They founded Mexico City, now the capital of Mexico, in 1325, calling it Tenochtitlan. In their temples there and in other cities they made human sacrifices at the altar. They founded the empire of "Anahuac"— Mexico. Their last emperor, Montezuma II, was a terrible warrior, carrying fear even to the frontiers of Nicarauga and Honduras. He lived in a splendid palace in beautiful Mexico City and ruled with an iron will over his heavily taxed people, who wanted to dethrone him.

When the daring Spanish conqueror, Hernando Cortes, came from Cuba in 1519, a new rule began in Mexico. It was Cortez who founded the Mexican port of Vera Cruz. He captured Mexico City in 1521 and was the first governor of Mexico under the Spanish rule. As "New Spain," Mexico was the biggest and richest of Spanish colonies for several centuries.

Then the Mexicans wanted their freedom. They finally won independence from Spain in 1824 after a hard struggle. But they have often since had trouble in keeping up a government of their own.

Mexico, when it first became a republic, included Texas, New Mexico and Upper California. Texas pulled out in 1836 after several years of fighting. In 1845, because Texas had been admitted into the United States, Mexico declared war against this country. After three years of warfare our soldiers captured Mexico City. The United States received New Mexico and Upper California (paying $15,000,000 for the last two) as the result of the war.

Revolution after revolution fill the pages of Mexican history. New Presidents were chosen at each revolution. Among these was General

Santa Anna, who declared himself President for life, and was forced to flee from Mexico in 1855. Benito Juarez tried to lead the government, but there was so much trouble that the great European powers—England, France and Spain—had to act for the protection of foreigners in Mexico. When in 1863 Emperor Napoleon III tried to make an Austrian noble (Archduke Maximilian) Emperor of Mexico, the United States saved the republic of Mexico by making Napoleon withdraw his army, which he did in 1866.

Juarez was made President again in 1867. Under General Porfirio Diaz (who became President in 1876), Mexico began to prosper. Many business men, engineers and others went there. Schools were established. The National University was organized. New churches and missions were built. There was a great commerce with many lands.

But when General Diaz resigned in 1911, Mexico became disorderly again. President Madero (who succeeded Diaz) was murdered in 1913. General Victoriano de la Huerta resigned in 1914. Then General Carranza took the reins of government. A new constitution was adopted in 1917, which binds together the twenty-eight States of the nation, along with the federal district and the two territories, in much the same way that the United States is held together. The President is elected for four years, but by direct popular vote. There are a Senate and a House of Representatives. Secretaries are appointed to look after public works, commerce, finance, State affairs, war, communications, and three departments take care of judicial, educational and public health matters.

In May, 1920, civil war broke out again and President Carranza was obliged to flee from Mexico.

In spite of all the government changes, Mexican people have been at work. $16,824,700 worth of gold and $61,546,486 worth of silver were mined in 1918. The amount of silver produced is nearly as much as that of the United States. The quantity of petroleum produced is nearly eleven per cent of the world's total output, the United States producing sixty-six and one-half per cent. In addition, Mexico now makes forty million tons of sugar each year and grows a big lot of corn, cotton, coffee and wheat, nearly all of which is sold to the United States.

During the summer of 1920 the good news came from Mexico that there will be no more revolutions. An election was held, and General Alvaro Obregon was chosen President of Mexico. In August the notorious bandit leader, Francisco Villa (whom United States troops tried vainly to capture some time ago), announced that he was no longer a soldier, but a farmer.

In September, 1920, a special railroad train crossed the international bridge between Mexico and the United States. On this train were General Obregon and his staff. They went to the Texas State Fair at El Paso, Texas, as guests of honor. This train was the first to cross the border there for eight years. The inauguration of General Obregon (December 1, 1920) as President of Mexico was important as opening a new and happier chapter in the story of Mexico.

BOOSTING HOME INDUSTRIES

Following the awakening which has come as a result of the Made-in-Carolinas Exposition, held at Charlotte recently, together with the wide publicity which attended that event, the business men of this section have greeted with much satisfaction the Carolina Shopping List, published and distributed by the Observer Printing House of Charlotte.

The first edition of this shopping list comprised 10,000 copies and has been distributed through the Chambers of Commerce, merchants' associations, libraries, civic clubs and commercial and manufacturing organizations. The reception of the first edition and the readily apparent value of the publication have resulted in the decision upon the part of the publishers to issue a second edition of 30,000 copies in the near future which will be more comprehensive than the first.

The new shopping list enables the North Carolina consumer, retailer and jobber to purchase at home those articles which are manufactured within the two states. In its classifications, like the recent exposition, it is a revelation of the present state of development of the manufactures in the two states, and of the variety and quality of their products.

It is invaluable to the Carolina merchants in their new determination to keep Carolina money at home for the development of Carolina industry and the increasing wealth and prosperity of Carolina people.

A Good Story, Anyway.

Charity and Children, referring to the recent meeting of the North Carolina Baptist, remarks:

Not a solitary word was spoken at the convention about President Harding who happens to belong to the same household of faith. In fact his name was not mentioned by a single speaker. This was exactly as it should be. The convention is no place to palaver over politicians.

No doubt a religious meeting is a poor place "to palaver over politicians," and the Baptists as a rule keep that fact in mind. And yet---well, there was a story going the rounds a while back that---well, here's the story:

"What is your nationality?" sternly the registrar demanded of one of a pair of would-be voters of ebony hue.

"Republican, suh," was the prompt reply.

"Niggah!" broke in the other in pained remonstrance. "How come you want to expose yo' ig'nance that-away? The man ast you what is yo' nationality. He ain't never say nothin' 'bout yo' religion."

It's a good story, we do protest, whether it has any application or not.

Brother Archibald Johnson gives a good account of the deliberations of the recent Baptist Convention, at Rocky Mount; but he is hard on President Harding. To accuse a man, especially one big enough to be president of as big a country as is the United States, in his church affiliation as "happens to belong." The president will never nominate our friend and brother to any office of consequence after this declaration.

No Surrender.

In an address the writer heard last evening the speaker declared that in a certain war, less than twenty-five years ago, the soldiers in one of the armies were not allowed to

wear anything white upon their person, lest when hard pressed in battle they would hold it aloft in sign of surrender. When under fire soldiers as well as others are tempted to do what in calmer moments they would rather die than do. That requirement here and there imposed in military service may not be without its inspiring message to those who would be valiant servants of the Christ. We believe our Christian acts should be voluntary. We believe there is much that can never be accomplished through law. Nevertheless, law helps, and there are times and occasions when we are grateful for certain safeguards which make it easier for us to do right and harder to do wrong. Many times we would have surrendered but for some suggestion or other aid that strengthened us for the hour. It is a good rule to take temptation out of the way of others.---Exchange.

Greensboro News' Picture Of Bailey.

This newspaper cheerfully admits having offered Mr. J. W. Bailey some little assistance in his alarming. It has, among other things, given much space to Mr. Bailey's census discoveries as to the tenant farmer and the cropper, believing that there is a content of profoundly important truth in Mr. Bailey's contentions. We have not as yet been greatly impressed by his proposed remedies; frankly, it appears to us that he is as weak in syntheses as he is strong in analysis, that he shines as a destructive critic and fails as a constructive. In aiding and abetting a crowd of petty demagogues who have always resisted the effort of the state to remove a reproach, the lack of common honesty in the tax system, we are sure that Mr. Bailey has done the state some disservice; we trust that the service he renders in directing attention to the fundamental evils in the state's agriculture may counterbalance. For if these evils are ever presented strongly enough to the conscience of the state, somebody will find and apply a remedy.---Greensboro News.

School Means Leisure.

Not many pupils think of a schools as a place of leisure, yet this is the meaning of the word from which we get our name "school." We learn this from an interesting story in the life of a great educator who lived four and a half centuries ago in Germany. His name was Argicola. He was reputed for learning and eloquence. He knew many languages and was much sought for as a lecturer. When he was asked to take charge of a school at Antwerp, he wrote the following paragraph which suggests that instead of being a place of leisure, a school must be a place of care: "A school is to be committed to me. That is a difficult and vexatious thing. A school is like a prison in which there are blows, tears and groans without end. If there is anything with a contradictory name, it is the school. The Greeks named it schola---that is, leisure; the Latins, ludus literarius-literary play; but there's nothing further from leisure than the school, nothing harder and more opposed to play. More correctly did it receive from Aristophanes the name phrontizerion---that is, a place of care."

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Miss Mary Gaither, of the office force, who has been spending several days in Goldsboro, has returned.

The following boys received visits from home folks Wednesday: Marian Butler, George Lafferty, Bertram Hart and Lewis Norris.

Work on the 8th. cottage has begun. The bricks have been hauled. Soon another of our cottages will be finished. For this cottage we are indebted to Rockingham county.

Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of the Forest Hill Methodist Church of Concord, preached in the Auditorium, Sunday, and chose for his subject: "The Boy Who Made Good." He preached a very strong sermon; all the boys and officers enjoyed it and hope his return will be soon.

The Stonewall Circle of King's Daughters and the Juniors, of Concord, have voted to the Christmas tree fund for us boys $10.00 and $5.00, respectively. We have Christmas in our bones already, but the generosity voluntarily expressed by these constant friends augments that fine feeling.

Now that "old man winter" is here in all his elements except one, snow, which the boys hope will soon be here, we have been cutting wood to use in fighting him. It is indeed, a pleasure to sit by an old-style open hearth listening to the crackle of the wood as it yields itself to the flame and to feel the warmth stealing softly over you. Nevertheless we anxiously await the return of Spring, bringing with it the birds, flowers and plant life.

It is evidenced by the fact that machinery is being installed in the laundry that this needed structure will soon be open. When it does there will be no more "blue Mondays" for the boys. We have been hinting for the last two or three issues of THE UPLITF of the opening of our new structures, the 6th. and 7th. cottages, the pavilion, the ice plant, bakery, laundry, storeroom, the installing of our new pump and new school-room, and we sincerely hope they open soon.

The United Provision Corporation sent 5 30lb, boxes of candy to the school for the boys. Somebody is always thinking of the boys at the J. T. S. It was through Mr. Fay M. Thomas, a representative of that Company, that we got the candy. It is announced that he will visit the school about Dec. 10th, and all the boy's eyes are eager set on Dec. 10th. or there about. They are anxious to talk to this kind hearted man. I am sure every body enjoyed this generous gift and words cannot express our appreciation.

Thanksgiving at the School was a very orderly day. The features of the day were: games foot-ball, rabbit hunting, etc.

We went rabbit hunting in the morning and caught a number of rabbits. This feature the Printers glorified in, because after staying inside an office it "sure feels good" to run and romp in the woods. Providence makes up in some things for

which in others she has been lax. A case of this was that the smallest boy at the school had the luck to bag a rabbit.

Mrs. Pearl Young, formerly a matron at the School, was a visitor here Tuesday.

Of A Local Nature.

Mr. W. L. Bell is now engaged at Bell & Harris. * Mr. S. O. Eddleman, having resigned his position with Bell & Harris, is succeeded by Mr. J. O. Walter. * Profs. Webb and Overcash attended the Teachers' Assembly. * Dove & Bost, making room for the Citizens Bank, which is about to begin the erection of a regular bank building, have vacated and taken up quarters across the streets, next to Parks-Belk Company. * Announcement is made that the fourth boy has arrived at the home of Capt. Louis Brown, of Gastonia. * The Concord Library is still making great showings in the number of books taken out daily.

State Library

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

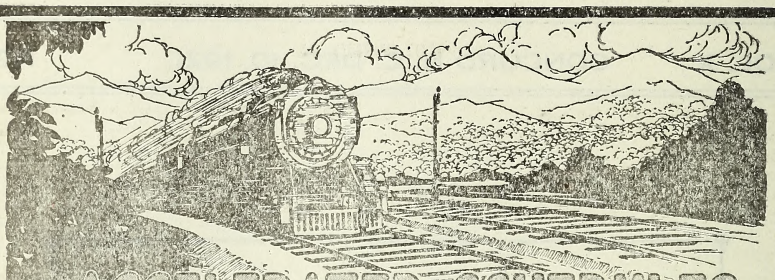
VOL. X CONCORD N. C. DEC. 10, 1921, NO. 6

It Gave Me Courage.

A certain business man has a curious little charm for his watch-chain. Business acquaintances often joke him about it, for it is nothing but a queer little copper two-cent piece, bright, it is true, through frequent polishing, but plainly showing its value. Its value, indeed! This man wouldn't sell it for a thousand dollars. "I had lost every cent I had in the world, parctically," he told some one with tears in his eyes, "and there at my desk, my head on my arms, I was thinking of a possible way to end it, when my little girl come up to me and asked a question: 'What does "ruined" mean, papa?' and then I knew I had been groaning loud enough to beheard and understood. 'You said "ruined," papa. What does "ruin" mean?' 'It means I haven't any money, baby. Papa's a poor man.' The little feet pattered away, then back again, and here on my watch-chain is what she gave me. Not a great fortune—no, but the foundation of one. Whatever I've got since came from it, for it gave me courage."—Sunday School Times.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA.		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ANOTHER MILE POST.

THE UPLIFT, since recovering from the effects of the war and in its new form and appearing weekly rather than monthly, has reached its first mile-post. This number completes a year since it began to issue weekly. The voyage has been fine; the gales have been gentle and merciful; the crew always in fine, good humor and faithful; the head-man has enjoyed good health and embracing encouragement---and it is in evidence that the passengers have made no complaint, but spoke flattering commendation.

It is demonstrated beyond doubt that a paper that carries no filthy stories or accounts of crime, and infidelities can live and prosper.

* * * * * * * * *

WHERE THE CHURCHES GETS VALUABLE AID.

Now and then, some one cries out against the Sunday newspaper. The layman, as a general thing, is in doubt about which one is actually the "Sunday paper." The one bearing the Sunday date is the product of Saturday's energies---the one coming out on Monday, which by the way has come to be one of supreme interest, is practically the result of all Sunday work.

But our purpose in referring to this matter was to give voice to the fact that the average Monday morning paper, in this section, is giving much space to reporting cleverly and pointedly the work in the churches of the day-before. Take, for instance, the Greensboro News which publishes in its Sunday edition a sermon from Bloackade Preacher No. 2, W. Tom Bost, all of them

worthwhile reading but some of them particularly fine; and it is rare that you do not find in Monday's paper full and complete reports for the Sunday services of three or more churches. They are not simply "Mr. So and So preached a fine sermon" but they follow up his argument, giving the very heart of the discourse. This, too, is the habit of other North Carolina papers, which are seeking to serve the church and the cause of the Christian religion.

The services of the average newspaper are invaluable to the church in its fine mission in spreading the true gospel and combatting sin and sinful ways; and it is pleasing and encouraging to see more and more the disposition of the preachers to use the columns of the newspapers to send out messages, which by this means reaches a large audience.

* * * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS FOR THE BOYS.

It is a custom, religiously kept, to see that our boys get a genuine Christmas remembrance. This has been made possible by generous friends here and there. Last week the local circles of The King's Daughters, the Seniors and Juniors, sent in ten and five dollors, respectively. This is a good start, but a long ways off from the goal, for to prepare for a population of 200 requires a considerable amount.

But just now Mr. John Ritchie, the rural mail carrier, who has been serving the writer's route most faithfully for nigh unto twenty years, brings a letter from a subscriber and a regular reader in New York City. This is it: "I suppose you are looking toward some sort of a Christmas (observe he doesn't use the abominable "Xmas") entertainment for the boys. Will you put this little check in your Christmas fund. Very truly, J. R. Fairchild." And now we have twenty-five good dollars toward the Christmas treat of the boys.

Next!

* * * * * * * * *

HE IS "SEEING NORTH CAROLINA."

Mr. Bruce Craven was in Concord recently on business. Had the editor of this paper not been away seeking funds for enlargement and further additions to our plant, it would have been a joyous thing to have taken Mr. Craven to the Jackson Training School, carried him through all its departments---making a clean breast of the whole thing---and showed how the thing is done: restoring to society perfectly dependable 92 out of a hundred boys, whom helpless society back home had dismissed as "not

worth a d---n." But Mr. Craven got a line all the same, and here is what he is pleased to say in "Seeing North Carolina":

"Among the great agencies for good in North Carolina there is none to which I give more uncompromising praise than to the Stonewall Jackson Training school, at Concord, that takes blasted hopes and despair and turns them into ambition aed courage; that for every dollar put into it saves the state $5 in actual money in the cost of government, to say nothing of the joy added to human lives, and for the appropriations for which by the general assembly the one and only test should be "How much can be used?" Everything spent by the taxpayers in such work as this is saved.

The foregoing paragraph is my own, and was written previous to last Sunday when I asked for expressions about the best things in North Carolina. There were more responses about this school than any other one institution. They came from Greensboro, Concord, Charlotte, Gastonia, Kinston and other places. In them all were many excellent things, the substance of it all being that here is an institution that has made good, and that should not any longer be denied whatever it needs and can use."

* * * * * * * *

BECOMING A LIVE QUESTION

Throughout the State there is being discussed the propriety and the practicability of introducing into the public schools the teaching of the Bible, or a Bible study. There are varying views. Some would ignore the principle of separation of state and church, for the sake of the common good; others claim to see great danger in the innovation.

THE UPLIFT knows from a certainty that a large class of children to-day are not even being told the simple, glorious little Bible stories that other children have been taught and profited by. This ought not to be if we hope to have them grow up stalwart, intelligent citizens. But how is it to be accomplished. Mr. Clark contributes an interesting discussion in this number. The dangers he points out are weighty; yet he would rejoice in every child having the privilege of knowing the Bible, if it could be done without encountering difficulties that would grow into larger and endless troubles.

More and more this writer has come to believe that the system that has been tried out in certain cities---devoting one-half day during the week to religious instruction, outside of the school operation, each denomination going to its own, and granting the privilege to those outside of any denomination to take their choice. THE UPLIFT has arranged for an article, written by a well-informed person who lives in close touch with such a system,

which will reveal all the features of the system, how it is conducted and how supported.

* * * * * * * * *

There are two things that are just now very evident: North Carolina has her "head over the moon and her tail over the dash-board," going up the road like a thorough-bred. That's one; the other is a cracker-jack State Treasurer, who has the ability, the pep and the dope to put across a bond sale of $2,872,000 at a premium of $70,000. And all this is happening in the administration of Governor Cam Morrison.

* * * * * * * * *

That woman, who hung the Arbuckle jury, has made herself famous. Her picture deserves to be suspended on the walls of every library in the land.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

The Wind and the Sun were disputing which was the stronger. Suddenly they saw a traveler coming down the road, and the Sun said: "I see a way to decide our dispute. Whichever of us can cause that traveler to take off his cloak shall be regarded as the stronger. You begin." So the Sun retired behind a cloud, and the Wind began to blow as hard as it could upon the traveler. But the harder he blew the more closely did the traveler wrap his cloak round him, till at last the Wind had to give up in despair. Then the Sun came out and shone in all his glory upon the traveler, who soon found it too hot to walk with his cloak on.

"KINDNESS EFFECTS MORE THAN SEVERITY".

ON VIOLETS IN DECEMBER.

(Isaac Erwin Avery immortalized the simple little Violet; but this violet was a spring violet. Now comes Miss Nell Battle Lewis, the creator of a unique corner in the News & Observer which she is pleased to baptize as "INCIDENTALLY." She too has paid her respects to the violets, but her violet is a December, winter, violet.)

Upon the unexpected invitation of warm sunlight and balmy air, defying autumnal conventions and serenely heedless of the fashions for late December, violets are blooming in my garden.

They are smaller and less fragrant than those that appear in lovely profusion in their alloted season in the spring, but they are violets, just the same. It is the conventional violet that blooms in March and April, but it is a hardier, more credulous, more cheering specimen that makes its modest appearance when everyone is talking about Christmas. And these December violets brings to their friends a message different from that of the spring violets.

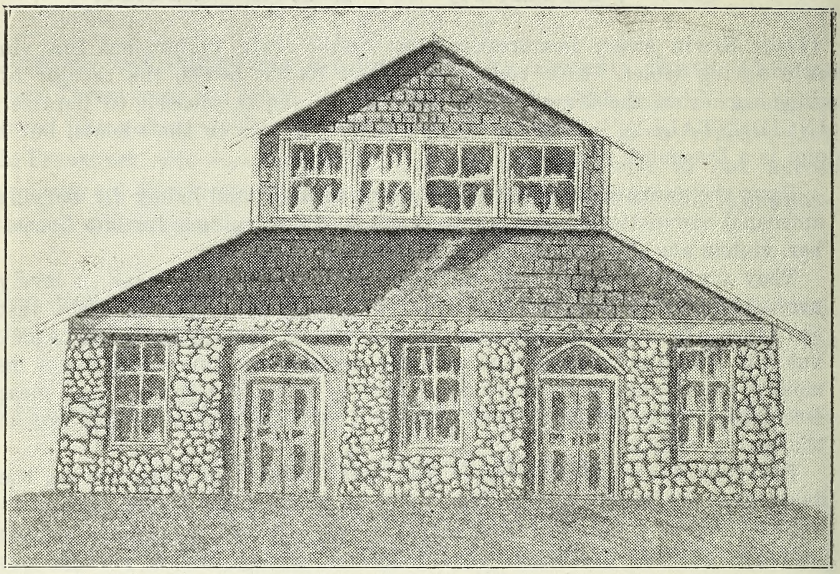
Everyone knows that spring's first soft, sweet foot-steps are on the fields when the March violets come. But we would know it then even without the violets' reminder. The March violets are one of spring's lovliest heralds. But she has others that make her coming known, perhaps not quite so delicately, but surely, nevertheless.

There is the rising sap, sensed in the responsive blood... There are the little winds that never whisper so magically at any other season. There are the daring bright little crocuses, that push bravely up to the sun through bare ground. And on the end of its gray twig, there is the swelling bud with its faint new tint of green. Many other harbingers has spring besides the March violets.

But it is winter now,—stark bough and fallen, withered leaf. Autumn has let slip her gorgeous cloak, leaving it faded and ragged on the ground. The gray days are here. And yet, so are the violets, with their light perfume bringing a hint of something fresh and blooming in the midst of the year's sorrounding decay. Life in death are these December violets.

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind!" sings the West Wind's poet. Always there is this faith. But violets a-bloom in December carry a message even fuller of hope. They say in reassurance to the listening heart that winter itself need not be harsh nor cruel, but that underneath its wearying bleakness, there is living beauty, waiting on the smile of the skies and the kiss of the gentle air to wake into flower.

Seed time and harvest may confidently be looked for.



JOHN WESLEY TABERNACLE.

ASHEBORO COURIER

The John Wesley tabernacle which is now being constructed will commemorate the passing of John Wesley through this section of the country 158 years ago. The site on which this magnificent structure is being erected has been known ever since as the John Wesley stand. It is a matter of interest to know that the John Wesley stand is on the highway between Randleman and the County Home and also between Caraway and Back Creek mountains. History tells us that many years ago when deer were plentiful in this section and that when the hunters would pursue the deer they would almost pass on this spot. Soon after John Wesley came along on his way from Charleston, S. C., to Pennsylvania and stopped here and preached. The building is 40x40 feet. The columes on the sides will be built of white flint. It is a plain but convenient church, and will be erected at a cost of about three thousand dollars. The lot upon which it is being built is four and a half acres situated in a beautiful grove. It is the purpose of those in charge of the building to offer prayer over the material which will be used in the building. This place of worship has been used by the Southern Methodists ever since John Wesley visited there. For a long time there has been an arbor there and preaching once a month,

John Wesley the first sermon.

The following are some of the pastors who have preached there: Lorenzo Dow, Joshua Robins, Postell, Charlie Phillips, William Lineberry and Amos Gregson. Rev. J. F. Burkehead of Asheboro has for fourteen years preached at the John Wesley stand once a month and has held a ten days protracted service each year during that time. Mr. Burkhead is especially interested in this church on account of the fact that it is an old burial ground in which his mother and three brothers are buried, and it is largely through his influence that this magnificent structure is being erected.

We may deprive a man of his liberty in order to teach him its true value when he commits a crime. We have no right, however, to visit his offence upon his family; he must be given suitable work in prison with wages sufficient to support those left behind.—B. Ogden Chisolm.

A BUSY MAN WRITES.

Mr B. Ogden Chisolm, member of the Executive Board of the New York Prison Association, and whose business it is to visit institutions maintained by the states for the benefit of the derelicts, the incorrigibles, the unfortunate and the criminals, recently paid th Jackson Teraining School a much appreciated visit. He liked the institution and the institution and all the boys liked Mr. Chisolm. We take the liberty of reproducing a part of a letter just received:

"I have received the last copy of "THE UPLIFT" and under the title of "Commendation from High Source" I notice you have quoted my recent letter to you which I appreciate. I am quite sure that the few words of praise I then expressed to you were insufficient to really embody all that I felt in my brief visit to Concord.

It was a delightful trip, and I am sure that you must realize how much I appreciated the kindness shown to me.

I am off within a few days on another trip,—this time in a Westerly direction,—my 37th,—which will take me to certain parts of Ohio, Wisconsin and to the most northerly prison of the United States at Marquette, Michigan.

To those who do not realize just what it means for boys and men to make mistakes, it would be an eye-opener if they could but follow along in my trail and see and hear some of the things that I am fortunate in having presented to me. It is a strong argument for the extension of the thought that we should all be brothers to each others. In the same way that a strong nation helps a weaker one, so stronger men should rescue the weaker ones in their troubles and try to put them upon their feet with a renewed interest in life.

There are many men outside the walls of the prison, whose liberty is a menace to the public. These men

have been indescreet and have committed a crime, but they have succeeded in evading the law. It is a strange fact, which is often overlooked by the public and that is that the criminals who have never been sentenced may be counted by the thousands. The crime a man commits however, is not always the true index of his real self; to be sure, it may appear to be the meanest thing he ever did, but we, ourselvs, may be doing the meanest thing in our existence when we overlook some of the redeeming qualities that help to make up the real men.

I am very much impressed by your paper, and it is a splendid thing for the boys in an institution such as yours to have the opportunity of giving out some of their thoughts in a magazine.

I had a curious experience visiting an institution for the criminal insane, where formerly a paper was printed regularly. I intervied the Editor and asked him why he hadn't gotten out a paper in several months. He looked at me strangely and hesitated a moment,—then he replied, "You know fellows on the outside get papers out regularly, but we, in here, are nuts, so we get them out whenever we please!"

Cordially yours"

Be loyal to everybody who has an ounce of faith in you, to all who place trust in you. This includes your family, your business associates, your fellow-workers, and your government.---Exchange.

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

SAM P. JONES: We have had evangelists after evangelists, but there is one produced in the South, though dead, who fills a unique place---in a class by himself. He has been aped and patterned after, but never equalled. Had he operated in the North, under conditions that now prevail, he would have left Billy Sunday "in the shade."

Few persons of this generation have been so gifted in repartee or have had so large a fund of apt anecdote and illustration as the late Sam Jones. He was a thorough-going optimist. "This world is a thousand times better to me," he used to say, "than I have been to it. I have no kick or complaint. I don't kick anyway. I am like the fellow that got both legs cut off by the train. They gathered around and began condoling with him. He looked up and said 'Gentlemen, I'm not kicking'."

Among his sermons were many fine illustrations. Here's one: I was talking out West, some time ago, and I said: "Prosperity has come again, The clearinghouse receipts, the railroad earnings, the marks of trade and, the wheels of commerce roll higher than at any time in the history of America. Prosperity has come again." A good old Silver Loon in the audience stood up and said, "It hain't hit me yit," and I said, "Neighbor, it's mighty hard to hit nothing."

Again: A father was one day walking down the streets of a city

with his little son. They met a dude. The little fellow turned and looked up at his father, and said, "Papa, what was that?" The Father answered, "It is a dude, son." The little fellow said, "Papa, who makes dudes?" The father answered, "God makes them, I suppose." "Well, then," said the little fellow, "God loves to have fun as well as the balance of us."

We had a case of a mother with three small children... She was living with her mother. Seven people slept in the room with the tubercular woman. We did all we could to get things adjusted—to get the woman to a T. B. hospital or send the children away—but they were ignorant and cranky and resented all our efforts to help them. After lingering a long time the mother died...Two weeks ago the brother died and it now appears that the grandmother will soon die with the same disease. All the other members of the family are dependent on charity and all have been exposed to T. B." "We had one case of a girl who had been driven away from home by her father. She had been taken in by a woman who was mentally deficient. This woman has only one room and a bed and when we visited the home we found the girl in a bundle of rags in the corner. The room was literally alive with flies. The girl was too weak to move so when she expectorated the walls or the floor were used. In this room there were several baskets of clothes waiting to be taken to white homes as the older woman took in washing for a living."—From State Welfare Bulletin.

The foregoing answers the question, 'Why Welfare Work? Why Tubercular Camps? Why All-Time Heolth Nurses? Why Live Organizations To Look After These Things. Makes no difference what your condition, socially or financially, the danger threatens you in a hundreds of ways—and you can never know how. This is the selfish view of the case. There is a higher incentive—and you know what that is. Lend your support and encouragement to all the agencies fighting these important battles.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how and when and where.—Selected.

Is Bible Teaching In Public Schools Practicable?

BY R. R. CLARK

I called attention, in a recent article in THE UPLIFT, to the disposition of many Church people to levy on the general public for the support of their pastors, this being done by demanding that preachers be given special prices, special rates by the public service corporations or free service, and latterly a demand that they be exempted from certain taxes. I am aware of course that most of the people who ask these special concessions from the general public for the clergy have not thought that in effect it amounts to a forced levy on the public for a part of the support of the ministry, but that is really the size of it. It means doing indirectly what would not be tolerated if attempted directly.

For some years there has been a growing demand from Church people that the Bible be taught in the public schools. Children are growing up, it is stated, and truthfully, without knowledge of the Scriptures; and it is maintained that for the general good the Bible should be made a text book in the schools. Many good people have clamored for this without any thought except benefitting the children; and the sentiment has grown until the recent meeting of the Teachers' Assembly passed a resolution in fa vor of teaching the Bible in the schools, and a committee was appointed to work out a plan to present to the next meeting of the Assembly for consideration.

My regards for the Bible as literature, as the foundation of all that is good, is such that, following personal inclination, I would hope that the committee may be able to work out a plan that will be satisfactory, so that the Book of Books may be adopted as a text-book in our schools. But candor compels me to say that I do not believe this is practicable and that I question the right of the State to make the attempt. Disguise the purpose as we may, the demand for the teaching the Bible in the schools is, in the last analysis, a demand that religion be taught in the schools and that the teaching of religion be made compulsory. It may be possible to compile a Biblical text-book for use in the schools that can be taught by the average teacher without objection from the different Protestant denominations, but frankly I question that it can be done. We have a number of different versions of the Scriptures and differences of opinion as to interpretation are many, even among adherents of the same denomination. Many people who are in fact very ignorant of the Scriptures are very tenacious of their opinions as to what certain passages mean. Even were it possible to compile a text book that would be unobjectionable, it follows of course that the teachers, who would have no special training in teaching the Bible (teachers couldn't be specially trained for that purpose for all the schools) would teach the Book as they had been trained, according to the teaching of the denomination in which they had been reared or of which they were adherents. To say nothing of possible de-

nominational zealots among the teachers, cast your eye over the average teacher employed in our schools and decide how many of them would be able to rise above their training in this respect even if they tried.

It is a fact that right now, with no attempt to teach religion in the schools, numerous patrons are concerned about the denominational affiliation of the school teachers; and in some communities great care must be exercised in distributing the teachers among the denominations represented as evenly as possible. If this must be done now, as it is in many communities to avoid a row about denominational differences, when denominational affiliation has nothing whatever to do with the teachers capacity to teach the regular course, what think you would happen if the Scriptures were to be taught as a part of the regular school course. Denominational differences are by no means as acute as they formerly were, for which I give thanks continously, but anybody who takes notice is aware that they are by no menas ignored. Thousands of Churchmen of all denominations in this state will vote for one of their brethern for office in preference to one of another denomination, regardless of any other consideration, and at the same time declare they can't abide any connection between the Church and State.

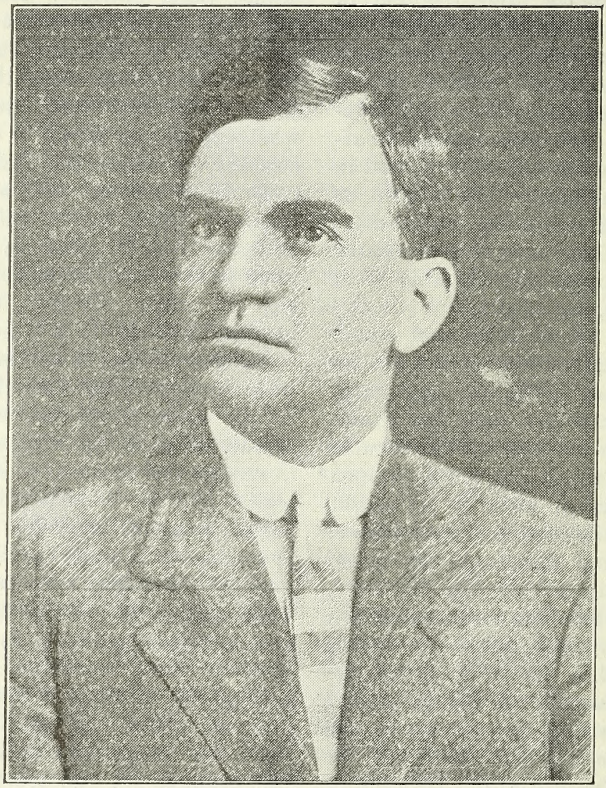
In these remarks I have not given any consideration to the Jews, the Catholics, or to those of other than the Protestant faith or of no faith at all. They are so comparatively small in numbers in our State that I am aware that the disposition will be to ignore them entirely. But I maintain that their rights are as sacred as anybody's. Being in the minority has nothing to do with this matter. If you feel that way, just reflect whether, if you lived in a Catholic country, or where the Jews were the controlling power, you would want them to teach your children the Bible as they interpret it, and would have to submit or keep your children out of school. If you think you wouldl like that there is no argument

Another thing: I am not of those who think that the Church is failing in its mission—that it has lost its power. But if the Church is going to require the State to do a part of its work—and the tendency is that way —then it would seem that the Church is loosing its faith in the divine power and is demanding help from Caesar. That statement will arouse indignation, possibly, and there is no purpose here to start anything. But I am asking the intelligent and conservative people who may read this to think on these things and reflect whether the demand for the teaching of the Bible in the school is not in reality a demand for the compulsory teaching of religion. Very few of us would agree to that if it is put that way, but we are falling over ourselves to accomplish the same thing by indirect methods.

"Unless a prison is, to some extent, curative and make men better, it has no more right to exist than a hospital which would main and cripple its patients, and turn them out a greater burden upon society."

SCOTCHMAN PAID FOR HIS NEIGHBORS.

Red Buck Bryant was in town yesterday. Mr. Bryant works for the World now, in its Washington bureau, and he is down in his native haunts,



H. E. C. BRYANT

nosing out a story for his paper. The foxes hereabout have all taken to the innermost recesses of their hiding places to abide there until Red Buck, mightiest of the tribe of hunters of the foxes, has gone hence.

Mr. Bryant was wearing two fresh but familiar scars, got honorably in the chase. This dean of Tar Heel journalism can flush a fox, even in the wilderness of the nation's capital, and he had but recently desisted from the chase. A bush had snared him athwart the nose, and again on his west cheek. The explanation was not necessary, and was given of purely

voluntary impulse. The man cannot be restrained from talking about fox hunting.

It wouldn't be quite fair to tip Red Buck's hand, but let us rather counsel calm until such time as the World has printed the story. News & Observer readers are always familiar with it anyhow. In places thereof, a section of reminiscences that flow in an inevitable stream whenever Mr. Bryant stops among people who speak his own language. Yesterday it was of John Blue, Scotchman, of Scotland county, who despite a million or so dollars that he has collected, still anchors his britches with one gallus.

In times past, in the days of the Old Man and the Charlotte Observer that was, when Cleveland's brand of Democracy was still virile enough to have Cleveland clubs throughout the land, Red Buck was a sort of combination collector of club dues, subscriptions and stories about fox hunting and the like. That was even before the days of John Charles McNeil, and the Scotland county brand of journalism. It so befell that Red Buck went into Scotland county in his capacity of triple plenipotentiary.

This same John Blue according to the ambassadorial credentials, was indebted to Red Buck's various causes to some extent, six dollars or so, which in those days was considerable money. Also it was the ante-automobile era. Bryant chartered a country-going horse and buggy and fared forth from Laurinburg to see this John Blue, who had fallen woefully behind in his tribute to Cleveland and Old Man Caldwell's subscription list. Four miles out to the dwelling place of his quarry, and this was also before the days of Frank Page and good roads. It was near dinner time when he got there.

A long, lank, rawboned man was wandering about the place when Bryant arrived there. He regarded the livery stable horse and the red wheeled buggy and the store-bought clothed visitor without enthusiasm. He spat with deliberation, a great man-size effusion of tobacco juice before he answered Mr. Bryant's interrogation as to whether one John Blue resided thereabouts. He admitted that John Blue did live there, and that even he himself was the sought-for person.

"Get out," invited Mr. Blue. Not over-hospitable sounding, to one unversed in the characteristics of the Scotch, but in truth, the essence of friendliness Mr. Bryant was in a hurry. He could not get out. He must needs hurry back townwards. Mr. Blue made even further concessions.

"Get out and get dinner," he said. It sounded like an order instead of an invitation. Bryant was still minded to return to town. "I reckon I owe you a little money, don't I?" It was admitted without cavil that he was indeed in the debt of some two agencies of light and prosperity. Bryant reached in his pocket for receipt books and such like paraphernalia.

Mr. Blue reached for the trappings of the horse, and before Mr. Bryant could resist, had unharnessed the horse and had shunted him off to the stable. Maybe the Scotchman was going to feed him anyhow and take the meal ticket out of the dues to the sundry things Bryant was emissarying for. The journalist collector surrendered and went into the house. It

was not so great a house as the Blues live in today. Quite a simple house, in fact. The dinner was good. Mr. Blue was married to a Scotch woman. And after dinner—

"Now how much do I owe you altogether?" the host inquired. Business of examining the accounts.

"Six dollars," replied Mr. Bryant uncertainly.

"Times are pretty hard here in the summer," Mr. Blue offered. "Who else you got there?"

"Well, there's Angus Blue."

"He's my brother; who else?"

"There Mrs. Mary Blue, and Angus Fairly, and—"

"That" my mother. How much do all the neighbors around here owe you?"

It was quite a considerable sum of money, even by these present day standards, and all the neighbors were members of the tribe of Blue, nearer or distant. Mr. Blue fumbled for his check book.

Here's a check for all of it; maybe you can get along till frost on that." Bryand didn't confess to falling out of his chair or anything like that, nor is it likely that he succeeded in altogether concealing his amazement from the one-gallused Scotchman who had not shaved that week. He didn't know until yesterday that John Blue was than inventor and manufacturer and worth more or less money. Mostly more.—News & Observer.

Executive ability has been variously defined, but the following from an executive with a sense of humor seems to cover the whole subject. He said: "Executive ability is the ability to hire someone to do work for which you will get the credit, and, if there is a slip-up, he will get all the blame."—New York Evening Post.

THINGS I LEARNED AS A FARM BOY.

BY C. W. HUNT.

Number II.—Bugs.

The farm on which I spent 13 years, from five to 18, was in the hill country from ten to fifteen miles above the level sand country. Three streams heading on our property ran through the two hundred acres, and at that time teemed with minnows and other small fish. The land was much wooded, natural forests and large acreage of old field pines; making ideal lands for many kinds of game birds and animals. A large orchard yielding all the then well known varieties of peaches, apples, plums and pears and grapes were there, but I started out to tell about the bug family found on the farm.

One of the first things I remember about bugs was an absorbing desire to catch them, and there was just one time of all the year when that could be done by the hundreds; when the wheat was hauled from the shocks in the fields. Before I was five years old I was allowed to get a "bait gourd."

(How many of my young readers know what that was?) and follow the wagon and men, and when a shock was lifted there would be anywhere from three to a dozen black bugs under each shock. All of these I would catch and place in the gourd. It being larger at the bottom than at the top, the bugs could not crawl up the sides and out, hence they were my prisoners. These bugs were of two varieties: one a small black bug that is still plentiful in all wheat fields and many others places, the other was a larger, angular bug, and the use for which either was made I never knew. They were never seen to eat anything and if not safely ensconced under a hiding place seemed ever on the run to find one. They were active all summer, and at first touch of cooler weather were to be seen traveling, traveling, they only seemed to know where, but were no doubt looking for a winter home.

Another interesting bug was what we called a "Betsy-bug." Its habitation was in rotten logs and stumps, and lived off the wood they cut as they burrowed under the bark or deeper into the rotten logs and stumps. When matured they are jetblack, but the young ones are dark red. They, too, were harmless, and like all bugs had wings folded under the hard shell that enfolds all the bug family. The "Betsys" were a clumsy lot, and made poor progress outside their holes in the natural habitation. It was a delight to catch dozens of these and feed to the hens and ducks.

But the bugs that brought the most joy to a farm boy was the June bug, named for the month it first came to light. I never associated this bug, as a boy, with the worm family, but it seems that it and the old common grub worm are analagous. By some means the grub comes forth a June bug, the bug lays the eggs that make the grub worm; both of which are a nuisance the bug ruining fruit and the grubs rooting up seed beds and such. But of all the bugs the country boy had the most pleasure from was when he had a strong June bug tied by the leg with sewing thread, while he held one end and the bug pulled at the other end as it tried to fly away.

The lightning bug is of course known of all, as it is as much at home in the city as elsewhere. I never could prove it but I always associated the lightning bug with the fish or angle worm, used universally for fish bait, and the "Bait gourd" referred to above was to hold this worm on fishing trips. The fish worm was always plentiful when lightning bugs were to be seen, and also the reverse when lightning bugs were not seen. These, too, were harmless, and gave pleasure to childhood.

Of all the bugs mentioned the little "Lady Bug" was the only one considered useful to plants. Small, red, with tiny black spots on its shell, it was always found in places where the larvre of the aphides and other injurious insects lay their eggs, living off these.

The foregoing were those bugs most common, but there were bugs and bugs: one of the commoner was what is now called the grape beetle, (large, light mottled) in that it injures the leaf formation of the grape vines and was always first to find a light by night and fall where it was least wanted. Akin to it was a large family of

smaller bugs, many of which one seldom saw except as the plow turned them up, many of which played possum, by shutting up tight and remain-in a dormant state.

We found another bug that was more than interesting to a boy, that was the "Jack-snapper," and is common yet. This was a bug that either grew to large size, else there was a series of sizes. It is a long slender bug, black to gray, with white mottled spots. Its peculiarity was it was jointed, and at the joint was a socket into which a stem like formation fitted. When held by tail-end it would snap the stem into the socket with such forceas to almost leave the hand, and that was what gave it its name I thought it was associated with the flat-head family, a worm that bore into trees, though I have never seen one in the state of changing from bug to worm.

Another bug the boys were not fond of was a large bug resembling in a degree the electric light bug of today, named for the fact that it was never seen until the coming of electric lights. This bug was a vicious looking thing in that it had a pair of caliper shaped bills that come together at the points, and were no doubt used to hold anything it fed on. Once we found one hanging onto the foot of a small chicken.

Fifty years ago when all cattle ran on the commons and every farmer had to fence his lands to keep every one else's cattle and hogs off his fields there was a vulgar, low down bug commonly called the "tumble bug," which was the busiest of all bugs in that it followed the roads and fields where cattle were. They went in pairs, and had the instinct to lay an egg in the centre of a ball made from the droppings of the cow, and then roll it away and bury it. Later if you found one when hard and broke it there was always a grub inside. In this way it propagated itself. Their stench was most offensive, but it was amusing for an interested boy to watch them perform. Two would take a ball; one would push backward with hind legs on the ball and fore legs on the ground. The other would get on the other side of the ball and climbing forward pull the ball toward him by its weight. Thus they both went backward, never seeing where they were going, and of course fell into every hole they came to. Then the work of saving the ball began in earnest in an effort to roll it out by the same tactics they put it in. I never saw a couple give up, but they did, as I have seen many balls in a given hole with all bugs gone. With the making of the no-fence law and doing away with cattle running at large this bug became in a manner extinct.

There was another bug akin to this "tumble bug" that was very much like the June bug, except for a horn on its head. It, too, lived on animal dropping, but worked differently, in that it dug a hole under the dropping and pulled it down, where it deposited its eggs, to feed, when hatched on what the mother bug had provided.

An insect belonging to the bug family, we never saw, to know it, was one that deposits its eggs in the bark of persimmon and hickory and some other trees, at each twig, by piercing the bark and pushing the eggs at least one forth an inch in under the bark. Then it goes to work and cuts the limb near-

ly off, as smoothly as a saw. Then when the fall winds blow these limbs fall to the ground. Find one, take a sharpe knife find the cuts in the bark, cut out the puncture and find an egg. It is supposed that the young insect goes into the ground and comes back a bug next season, and getting the limb to the ground helps the larve to escape.

The next number will be about "Worms and Butterflies.'

Accurate Observation A Difficult Matter.

The Path inder.

How many of us are able to describe with any degree of accuracy things and events which are associated with our everyday life? Probably not many! This is one of our great failings, but few realize it. To some the faculty for making truthful observation is as remote as an understanding of the Einstien theory or an Edison questionaire. It all sounds simple enough, but slight and, not infrequently, gross errors in memory are general.

For instance, a teacher in the Conshohocken, Pa., high-school stumped his class by asking them to describe details of their school building which they beheld every day. Not one had observed with sufficient care to receive a durable impression. The best answer was 75 per cent correct. Fully a third of the class were unable to describe any of the essential features of the builbing.

Dr. Elliot of Harvard in a commencement address once said, indicating a marble statue: "If this were any but a commencement audience I should be afraid to ask how many of you know whom this statue represents." Few could have told him, yet the statue was that of the eminent Josiah Quincy, former president of Harvard.

The ability to make a mind-record of incidents is something that few people possess. The great trouble is that we notice only the things that interest us. Some things make more of an impression on one individual than they do on another. The result is that minor incidents, while coming to the senses of observers, do not pass into their consciousness. A person witnessing an accident, for instance, will be deeply impressed by certain particulars, but as to the rest his mind will be a blank.

Human nature asserts itself for having seen the happening, the witness insists on affirming the truth of all details as related by himself, not realizing that many of the incidents are incorrect by reason of subconscious impression. The contradicting accounts of events given by so-called "eyewitnesses" is exemplified every day in police and courtroom proceedings. Juries are often hard put to determine the degree of accuracy to be expected in weighing different statements. The more com-

plex a series of events are, the more difficult it is to secure trustworthy data. The following case is an example of the reliabilty attached to statements of witnesses.

Some years ago there was an incident at the University Seminary, in Berlin, where Prof. von Liszt, the famous criminologist, taught. The professor had spoken about a certain book. One of the students suddenly shouted: "I want to throw light on the matter from the standpoint of Christian morality." Another student cried: "I cannot stand that!" The first started up, exclaiming: "You have insulted me!" The second clenched his fists and cried: "If you say another word---." The first drew a revolver and the second grappled with him. The professor stepped between them and grasped the arm of the first. The revolver went off. General uproar.

The whole episode was a prearranged by-play to test the observation and recollection of the students. In the whole class not one could remember the events correctly. The smallest number of mistakes gave 26 per cent of gross misstatements; the largest was 80 per cent. Words were put into the mouths of men who were silent spectators; actions were attributed to the chief participants of which not the slightest trace existed. Essential parts of the happening were completely eliminated by a number of witnesses. Suggestion, imagination and inference made up most of the "observations."

It is a common experience that people will go to a trick show, a "spiritualistic" seance or the like and in telling what they believe took place they will draw on their imagination to such an extent that their evidence is not to be trusted. They think that because they have "seen it with their own eyes" or "heard it with their own ears" they know what happened. But their senses may deceive them, for they can take in only a part of what goes on, and they make up from their own mind anything that was lacking in their observation. It is well therefore to be on guard against what people may tell us. They may be perfectly honest in their desire to tell the truth, but, like the students, they may not have got things straight.

OPPORTUNITY.

"Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the record of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again.
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But he might rise and be a man again!"

Protecting In A Crisis.

Young Folks.

Recently a great tank filled with many thousands of gallons of gasoline was set on fire by a stroke of lightning. This tank was in the mist of a number of other filled tanks, owned by a rich oil company having its storage place in South West Philadelphia. There was great fear that the fire would spread to the other tanks causing terrific explosions with loss of life and property, in addition to the destruction of the gasoline. Many safety devices had been prepared for such emergency, but all these were unequal to the protection needed. The city fire fighters, with their splendid equipment, responded and worked for many hours using every device known to prevent the scattering of flames. The roaring flames raged furiously, sending out such heat that it was impossible to get whithin many hundreds of yards of the burning tank, without great discomfort. Yet, these hardy firemen, by shielding themselves behind boadrs and boxes, kept throwing water steadily over the untouched tanks to keep them from getting hot enough to explode. It was a long hard fight, but the earnestness of the men availed to safeguard the tanks until the burning tank had burned out and the danger was over. We have seen young folks in danger of being harmed by the terrible sins of a companion. We have observed with what hard work parents, teachers and ministers try to save them from falling victims of and evil associate's influence. We have heard their prayers and their pleadings. We have noted with what satisfaction they have seen the success of their work as the young people have turned away from the sins offered them and stood firm for righteousness, until the iniquitous influence weakened and lost its effect. A burning tank of gasoline is no more dangerous to other gasoline tanks than is a wicked companion among the unsuspecting righteous.

THE OAK TREE AND THE IVY.

Eugene Field.

In the greenwood stood a mighty oak. So majestic was he that all who came that way paused to admire his strength and beauty, and all the other trees of the greenwood acknowledged him to be their monarch.

Now it came to pass that the ivy loved the oak tree, and inclining her graceful tendrils where he stood, she crept about his feet, and twined herself around his sturdy and knotted trunk. And the oak tree pitied the ivy.

"Oho!" he cried, laughing boisterously but good naturedly,—"oho! so you love me, do you, little vine? Very well then; play about my feet, and I will keep the storms from you and will tell you pretty stories about the clouds, the birds, and the stars." The ivy marveled greatly at the

strange stories the oak tree told; they were stories the oak tree heard from the wind that loitered about his lofty head and whispered to the leaves of his topmost branches. Sometimes the story was about the great ocean in the east, sometimes of the broad praries in the west, sometimes of the ice king who lived in the north, and sometimes of the flower king who dwelt in the south. Then too, the moon told a story to the oak tree every night,—or at least every night that she came to the greenwood, which was very often, for the greenwood is a very charming spot as we all know. And the oak tree repeated to the ivy every story the moon told and every song the stars sang.

"Pray, what are the winds saying now?" or "What song is that I hear?" the ivy would ask; and then the oak tree would repeat the story or the song, and the ivy would listen in great wonderment.

Whenever the storms came, the oak tree cried to the little ivy: "Cling close to me, and no harm shall befall thee! See how strong I am; the tempest does not so much as stir me—I mock its fury!"

Then seeing how strong and brave he was, the ivy hugged him closely; his brown, rugged breast protected her from every harm, and she was secure.

The years went by; how quickly they flew,— spring, summer, winter, and then again spring, summer, winter, — ah, life is short in the greenwood as elsewhere! And now the ivy was no longer a weakley little vine to excite the pity of the passer-by. Her thousand beautiful arms had twined hither and thither about the oak tree, covering his brown and knotted trunk, shooting forth a bright, delicious foliage, and stretching far up among his lower branches.

The oak tree was always good and gentle to the ivy. "There is a storm coming over the hills," he would say. "The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air, and the sky is dark. Cling close to me, and no harm shall befall thee."

Then the ivy would cling more closely to the oak tree, and no harm came to her.

Although the ivy was the most luxuriant vine in all the greenwood, the oak tree regarded her still as the tender little thing he had laughing called to his feet that spring day, many years before,—the same little ivy he had told about the stars, the clouds, and the birds. And just as patiently as in those days he now repeated other tales the winds whispered to his topmost boughs—tales of the ocean in the east, the prarie in the west, the ice king in the north, and the flower queen in the south. And the ivy heard him tell these wonderous things, and she never wearied with the listening.

"How good the oak tree is to the ivy!" said the ash. "The lazy vine has naught to do but to twine herself about the strong oak tree and hear him tell his stories!"

The ivy heard these envious words, and they made her very sad; but she said nothng of them to the oak tree, and that night the oak tree rocked her to sleep as he repeated the lullaby a zephyr was singing to him.

"There is a storm coming over the hill," said the oak tree one day. "The east winds tells me so; the swallow fly

low in the air, and the sky is dark. Clasp me round about with thy arms, and nestle close to me, and no harm shall befall the.''

''I have no fear,'' murmured the ivy.

The storm came over the hill and swept down upon the greenwood with deafening thunder and vivid lightening. The storm king himself rode upon the blast; his horse breathed flames, and his chariot trailed through the air like a serphent of fire. The ash fell before the violence of the storm king's fury, and the cedars groaning fell, and the hemlocks, and the pines; but the oak tree alone quailed not.

''Oho!'' cried the storm king, angrily, ''the oak tree does not bow to me, he does not tremble in my presence. Well, we shall see.''

With that the storm king hurled a mighty thunderbolt at the oak tree, and the brave, strong monarch of the greenwood was riven. Then, with a shout of triumph, the storm king rode away.

''Dear oak tree, you are riven by the storm king's thunderbolt!'' cried the ivy in anguish.

''Ay,'' said the oak tree, feebly, ''my end has come; see, I am shattered and helpless.''

''But I am unhurt,'' remonstrated the ivy, ''and I will bind up your wounds and nurse you back to health and vigor.''

And so it was that, although the oak tree was ever afterward a riven and broken thing, the ivy concealed the scars upon his shattered form and covered his wounds all over with her soft foliage.

''I had hoped,'' she said, ''to grow up to thy height, to live with thee among the clouds, and to hear the solemn voices thou didst hear.''

But the old oak tree said: ''Nay, nay, I love thee better as thou art, for with thy beauty and thy love thou comfortest mine age.''

Then would the ivy tell quaint stories to the old and broken oak tree, —stories she had learned from the crickets, the bees, the butterflies, and the mice when she was a humble little vine and played at the foot of the majestic oak tree, towering in the greenwood. And these simple tales pleased the old and riven oak tree; they were not as heroic as the tales the wind, the clouds, and the stars told, but they were far sweeter, for they were tales of contentment, of humility, of love. So the old age of the oak tree was grander than his youth.

And all who went through the greenwood paused to behold and admire the beauty of the oak tree then; for about his scarred and broken trunk the gentle vine had so entwined her graceful tendrils and spread her fair foliage, that one saw not the havoc of the years nor the ruin of the tempest, but only the glory of the oak tree's age, which was the ivy's love and ministering.

''It is a startling fact that one person out of every two hundred spends parto f each year behind prison bars'', declared a speaker, ''and I am a little nervous as to who will be the next one of us to occupy a cell. There is need of more educational and practical religious training.''

THE CYNIC.

Henry Ward Beecher

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

His criticism and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B has just joined the church: certainly; the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will cooly sit with sneering lips, transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our feelings.

A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among man as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds may find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject, then, the mortal ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

There has always been a pretty general notion that if Mr. Doughton would consent, he would be elected governor of North Carolina. But that wouldn't be so mush greater a compliment than the threat of the whole house, and of both parties, to strike if he preserved in his decision not to sit.—Greensboro News.

INDIAN FOLK LORE

BY GILBERT L. WILSON.

Of the many fairy tales written since printing began, "Silverlocks—or Goldilocks—and the Bears" alone survives the test of time; but how popular are the older tales of our grandsires, "Jack the Giant Killer," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Little Red Riding Hood"!

There is a reason for this. We think of a tale or a story as the work of a single brain. In the beginning it was not so; a story just grew. Narrator after narrator told it, each changing it a bit, adding, taking away, quite unconsiously, as he saw it pleased his hearers. In the end, when the tales thus rounded took final form, a whole tribe may have helped in its shaping; and the tale stood approved because it interpreted life as the tribe saw it.

And now, have you ever thought that this century, with its books and knowledge, must doom this earliest and quaintest form of literature—For they are literature—the folk tale and fairy tale and myth of simpler times.

The myth came first. Earlier man, trembling at the powers of nature, tried to explain his awe. What more expressive of power than the German myth of the lightning! Thor, god of war, rides in his chariot, and the floor of heaven bends and cracks under his wheels, letting out for a moment the blaze of the glory within; and we hear in the thunder the roar of great Thor's hammer sent hurling after the Frost Giants, enemies of men!

Myth woven into fragments of history gave tradition, legend; and then the poet came. Homer or Virgil had never wrought, had not the tribes given of their traditions to be woven into epic. The Eddas, the Niebelungenlied, even Paradise Lost, are but wrought-over myth and tradition of earlier days.

The Gospel came, and the printing press, and the old gods died, as they deserved to die; but the myths of the gods, changed and weakened, lived for a time. Peasant nurses rehearsed them as fairy tales in the houses of the wealthy. Perrault's little son thus heard some of these tales and retold them to his father; and so we have "Cinderella," "Hop O'My Thumb," "Puss in Boots." And is not childhood the sweeter now for hearing them?

Others lingered as folk tales, peasants' tales, hardly believeable or else not at all, yet pleasing humble lives, and interpreting the homely affection and quaintness of them. Grimm's Meerchen gives us glimpses into the soul of home-loving German folk. Harris's Uncle Remus Tales igves us all a kindlier thought for the plantation Negro who told them.

When a boy I felt rebellious that my best loved fairy tales were all imported, that they had no smack of America about them. How I longed for a fairy lore of our own big, loving land! As I grew older I came to know that we have a fairy lore—one richer perhaps than Europe's. To this lore, Mr. Harris has made the

Negro contribute; of far greater promise are the almost untouched stories of Indian myth and legend.

Schoolcraft first drew attention to these unused stories. Thankful are we, that a poet saw them and understood. The tales of Hiawatha are changed—as the poet had right to change them. Yet the song of Hiawatha, written by Mr. Longfellow, was not composed by him; the Chippewa nation had labored for centuries on that beautiful creation.

Fortunately, students are turning attention more and more to these perishing stores; and collectors are eagerly rescuing the lore of this strange, great people, our Indians. But the work is hardly begun. "So many tales," said my interpretor. "All winter long we tell them. Old men talk, talk, never get tired. Some stories funny, others very sacred, make you sit very quiet when you listen!"

"The Thunder Bird?" said an old Indian women to me. "Sh-sh! My son, speak softly. The Thunder Bird is very sacred. He has a forked tail. His out-spread wings sweep the Missouri valley, two miles wide! His scream is the thunder, lightning is the flash of his eyes. Once lightning struck the lodge of a brave man. Instead of getting frightened, that brave man seized his gun, ran out and fired it straight up into the sky at the Thunder Bird. 'There,' he cried, 'if you come here again you will get another shot!' He was a brave man that!"

"Ear Afire?" said Goodbird, and he chuckled. "To the west of our reservation are Bad Lands. Coal mines are there that burn—never go out. Also rocks and hills and buttes take strange shapes; and they are many colors, blue and gray and red. I think Ear Afire is the spirit of the burning mine. He is a small man, painted red like fire; and he has huge ears, like the strange shape of the buttes. When first Creator needed fire for men, he came to Ear Afire. 'Fill your pipe!' said Ear Afire. First Creator did so, and Ear Afire leaning down bent his ear, and with its flames lighted the other's pipe. And, perhaps this is true. Maybe my people did first get fire from the burning mine—who knows?"

HYPNOTISM.

RAMBLER IN MORGANTON NEWS HERALD

The appearance of a hypnotist in our town has caused considerable speculation and arguement among the arguetive element of our population. Some maintain that it is impossible for one man to hypnotize another, and some are willing to swear that our recent hypnotist is a fake and a fraud. They confess that they do not understand his methods, but never-the-less they are sure that it cannot be done.

One argument was advanced that a man who had the power to put people to sleep would utilize that gift in numbing the senses of patients about to be operated on, and in that way do away with narcotics forever.

Another claimed it to be a miracle, and upheld his claim that miracles

were not performed by mere men. Some declare it to be "small town stuff" and boasted of the fact that they had never seen it on Broadway, or in any large city. Several "intelligent" citizens of Morganton were referred to as authority on the subject, and it seems that most of our literary lights pronounced the thing impossible.

Let us here refer to the knowledge of the encyclopedia. Ainsworth R. Spofford and Charles Annadale, M. A. LL D., and Dr. James Braid, who in 1843 published a work of his explanation of hypnotism (we owe to him the name) entitled Neurypnology. We trust that these references will compare in a minor way, at least, to the "intelligent citizens" of Morganton.

The practice of hypnotism was first put into use by a German physician, named Mesmer, about the year 1750. The phenomena, however were known from the early ages when the priest of ancient civilization attempted to effect cures by throwing people into deep sleeps, producing many of the affects later referred to as mesmerism, and afterwards hypnotism.

In 1880 Dr. Heidenhain, in a booklet entitled Animal Magetism, attributes the phenomena to the inhabitory action of the nerves. Such action, he holds, has the result of suspending the activity of that portion of the brain which is devoted to voluntary movement, thus putting the patient in a condition where involuntary movements may be induced by impressions made upon the senses. Which is to merely to say that some of the leading men of the scientific world acknowledge hypnotism as a fact and a science.

We do not vouch for the sincerity of our recent hypnotist, but we do maintain, even though some of our townsmen may not understand the art, that hypnotism is an established science. We do not fully comprehend the reason of electricity, but none would dare argue that it is impossible.

THE HISTORY OF MAPLE SUGAR.

As the first hunters, the first woodsmen, and the first builders in the American wilderness were Indians, so also were the first sugar makers. The Indian went about his sugar making in ways quite different from those we see and know today. With the coming of the first thaws in March, when the nights were still frosty and cold, but the days were warm and the snow beginning to melt slowly away from beneath the trees, the red man began to make ready for the gathering of sap.

Then, as now, there were several kinds of maples in the forest—the hard or sugar maple, the red and silver maples, and one or two others of less importance. All of these have sweet sap, but only that of the hard maple contains enough sugar to be of any practical value. So the trees which the Indians selected for his use were large, full-crowned sugar maples, trees that had been growing for many years and were full of sap.

On the sunny side of each tree he made a deep, slanting cut with his

hatchet or tomahawk, and into the lower end of this he drove a curved piece of bark or a hollow reed This carried the slowly running sap to a small dish of clay or birch bark placed on a stone at the foot of the tree. As the dishes became full, the sap was emptied into larger troughs of elm bark, troughs which were large enough to hold fifty or a hundred gallons of this sweet stuff.

The sap was changed to syrup, then to sugar, in one of two ways. Sometimes it was made thicker and sweeter by being allowed to freeze in shallow bark vessels.. The ice, as it formed on the surface, was thrown out, until enough water had been removed to give a thick syrup, or a sirup which would crystalize into sugar. This was a slow process and its employment depended entirely upon the condition of the weather. A better way to evaporate the sap was by boiling; but this also was slow and troublesome. For the Indians having no iron pots, could boil the sugar water only by dropping hot stones into it.

From the days when maple sugar was a necessity, down to the time when its making became a business and its use a luxury, many changes and improvements have been made in the methods of its manufacture. This industry is one peculiarity American, and one that is to-day, as it has been in fact for many years, largely con ducted by American farmers.

The early settlers also sometimes tapped their trees by means of deep ax cuts. The sap was stored in great tree trunks hollowed into rough troughs. It was afterwards boiled down in large kettles in the open woods. Green timber, as well as wood already dead and down, supplied all the fuel that was needed. The old-fashioned iron kettle was hung over the fire from the end of a long, stout pole, which was weighted at the other end so that the kettle might be easily swung on or off the fire. Sometimes a number of kettles were hung from a single horizontal pole, or were set into a rude furnace constructed of clay and stones. The sap was kept from boiling over by dashing cold water into the kettle, or by reducing the fire; and the pieces of bark or leaves and other impurities were skimmed off while the kettle was over the fire. The sirup thus produced, if removed from the fire at the proper time, formed a molasses, pleasant to the taste, but dark in color and not always of good quality.

With the increase of population, the demand for good sirup and sugar grew. This induced better methods, and the result was less waste and purer products. Sugar is seldom made now in the open woods, and in nearly every sugar bush is a small house or sugar shanty used in each spring's sugar making.

The old ax cut was replaced by an auger hole which did not injure the tree. At first this was a large opening, made to hold the wooden spout or "spile" then used. Gradually it was made smaller, until now the small metal spouts used fill holes only an inch deep and less than half an inch in diameter. Wooden pails took the place of bark dishes for catching the sap, and they in turn have now given way to vessels of galvinized iron. Years ago the men who went from tree to tree gathering sap wore over

their shoulders wooden yokes for carrying two pails of sap. Most farmers now have a wooden sledge in the camp. Barrels are placed on this, and the sledge is drawn from tree to tree by horses or oxen.

In some camps iron kettles are still used, and the sap is boiled down until thick enough for good sirup, or will crystalize and make sugar. The old way of finding this out was to dip into the boiling sirup a small twig bent into a loop, or to drop some of it on snow. If it formed a little film over the loop, or made taffy on the snow, it was taken from the fire and poured into molds where it soon turned into sugar. About four gallons of sap are needed to make a single pound of sugar. Usually the sap runs for three or four weeks, good trees giving as much as fifteen or twenty gallons of sap in that time.

In some of the larger groves the sap is now brought to the camp by pipe lines running in from the woods. In such groves the camp has become a roomy house for sugar making. It is kept with much cleanliness and care. In it the old iron kettle is no longer found. Instead, a long shallow pan over an iron fire box or arch is used. The pan is only a few inches deep, but made so that almost all of it is directly over the fire. The sap enters from a large storage tank at the upper end of this tank or "evaporator," and partitions in the pan cause it to flow slowly from side to side. The water in it rapidly evaporates. It is sirup when it reaches the other end, and is strained through flannel. Some of it may be reboiled in a sugaring-off arch until it crystalizes into sugar.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Miss Mae Penland, of Morganton, is the guest of her Mother at no. 4.

We have swapped stock cows with Dr. McNary, Supt. of Caswell Training School Kinston, N. C.

The barn boys, under the supervision of Mr. J. Lee White, are building terraces on the farm.

The following boys wore smiles Wednesday as a result of visits from home folks: John Branch, Doyle Jackson and Johnnie Wright.

The pavilion, the gift of Mr, J. E. Latham of Greensboro, has made it a pleasure for the parents and relatives of the boys to visit the school.

Desiring to know the depth of the well which the well digger is working upon, this reporter found that they had reached the depth of 125 feet. This is a fine report.

Capt. T. L. Grier and Mr. C. P. Wilson have been substituting for Messers Johnson and Crooks, who we are sorry to say are sick. It is hoped that they will soon be back at their old posts.

The boys, as they fell the trees in the woods, are thinking of Christmas. When they come across nice cedar trees and such that will help beautify the cottages during Christmas holidays, are pointing them out and not letting them be disturbed.

The school building is gradually being furnished. Another school

room has been furnished and we will have two more in running order by the time the sixth and seventh cottage are opened. The boys delight in going into a new school room with new desks, so they can see which one can keep his desk the nicest.

This issue of THE UPLIFT completes a year of faithful service to the public. There is just one thing we lack and that is a more new subscribers. If you have a friend who may be interested in our paper, please try to get him to subscribe. Also here is agood Christmas suggestion: What more valuable and more longer-lasting gift could you give your relatives or friends than a year's subscription to THE UPLIFT? Look this copy over and decide.

The Jackson Training School, in all of its history, hasn't made more progress than it has for the past year. Only four cottages were completed and being occupied the first day of January. Now, five cottages are open and doing business. Two others are ready for occupancy and another is under construction. The pavilion, ice plant, bakery, laundry, Memorial bridge and another artesion well are additions to our plant this year, besides the cottages.

Rev. John Steele, Director of the Department of Delinquency, who is traveling over the States talking to the boys and girls, stopped over a few hours to talk to the boys at the Jackson Training School. Rev. Steele has traveled considerally in foreign lands carrying His word and message to the wayword people. The boys, I am sure, were delighted to have Dr. Steele come and talk to them. They all enjoyed his talk very much and hope he can come again some time.

To improve the looks of the school and our orchards, fruit trees, and other varieties have been purchased and planted around the cottages and campus. Our orchard, though not a large one, is improving as fast as the school is. Sometimes in the future, the school will be made such that boys will be glad to come to spend a while at the school. As it is now, they have no ill feeling toward the school, but will like it better in years to come.

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, our regular preacher, every first Sunday, preached an interesting sermon at the Auditorium Sunday afternoon. He is such a good speaker and makes his sermons so interesting when he visits the school. Mr Myers often brings out some of his singers to let the boys see what good singing does. It always makes the boys cheery. Also the singing of his daughter. She often visits the school and sings to the boys. The boys always enjoy Mr. Myers coming.

Several of our boys have a talent for drawing. Though not a cartoonist, they can sketch off Jiggs & Maggie and lots of pictures that are amusing to the boys. This is one way the "merry-making" crowd cheers up the boys that are blue and makes it more like home. Telling jokes, singing songs and anything that will pass the time away and make it pleasant for the boys is what is going on at the Jackson Training School day after day. Every day the Jackson Training School is becsming more like home.

It seems that "Jack Frost" has

really arrived at last, but the boys are not as much interested in him as they are in snow. Secure from cold in a warm room reading, it gives one a thrill to hear one of the boys cry, "Hey fellows, its snowing!" A rush to the windows immediatelv follows and then disorder for a time prevails. Then eagerness is shown in their faces to be in it. They wrap up securely in thick warm coats & sweaters etc., and a lovely day is begun. Snow disappears and eyes are turned unfavorably toward the Sun ---the cause.

The boys have been fed on beef until their stomachs call for a variety. Consequently the boys all look toward hog-killing time when their sausage appetites will be appeased. There is a time for all things however and after a time the boys may tire of sausage and again clamor for beef. A visitor at any of the cottages compliments us on the manners of the boys. The cleanliness of the cottages and the whole school is a pleasure to see and know of. The boys are not blood-thirsty but they do like to see a nice, fat, healthy-looking hog going to his slaughter. Evidence of this was the fine time the boys had at the recent barbecue of the King's Daughters.

HONOR ROLL.

Month ending Nov. 30st, 1921.

There appears below something that will make the fathers and mothers of the boys whose names appear feel good. The honor roll is kept and published every month. The Class "A" are those whose conduct has been such that their names are worthy to be enrolled. The Class "B" are those who have made just one slip during the month.

"A"

James Shipp, Victor High, Marian Butler, Slow Davis, Hoyle Faulkner, Allie Williams, Henry Faucette, Murray Jones, Fred Wiles, Jake Willard, Albert Keever, Henry Reece. Hubert Yarber, James Gray.

"B"

Claude Pake, Magnus Wheeler, Lockwood Pickett, Lambert Cavenaugh, James Honeycutt, Jarvis Quinn, Doyle Jackson, Johnnie Wright, F. Miller, Waldo Sh nn Edward Thomas, Rufus Wren, James Bean, Westly Cook, James Suther, Howard Bullard, Dohme Manning Julian Piver, Mark King, Richard Johnson.

State Library

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD N. C. DEC. 17, 1921, NO. 7

Defeat.

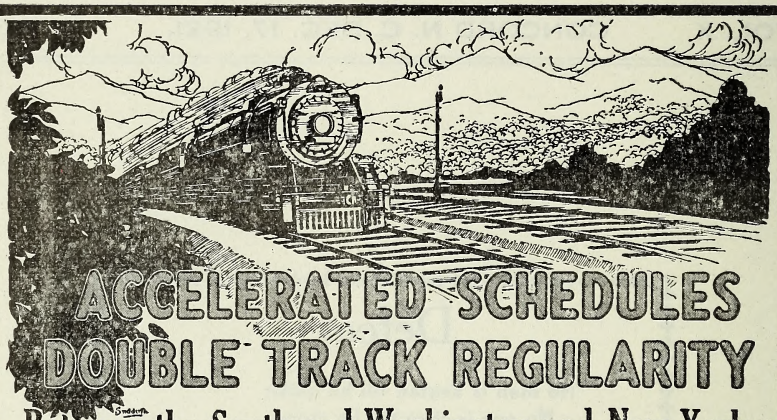
No man is beaten till he quits;
No one is thru till he stops,
No matter how hard failure hits,
No matter how often he drops,
A fellow's not down till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise.

Fate can slam him and bang him around
And can batter his frame till he's sore,
But she never can say that he's downed
While he bobs up serenely for more.
A fellow's not dead till he dies,
Nor beaten till no longer he tries!

—F. C. Miller, in T. P. A. Magazine.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHRISTMAS.

"And never more the blessing
Shall from the year depart,
If only we, dear children,
Keep Christmas in the heart.
Its love, its thoughts for others,
Are beautiful as flowers,
And we may sow their beauty
In other hearts than ours."

---Selected.

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AN OBJECT LESSON.

THE UPLIFT is proud to make a contribution to the campaign of a practical solution of the problem of rural education. This contribution is embodied in the maps and the story of the marvelous accomplishments in Wilson county. We respectfully call upon all school boards, superintendents and friends of rural education to carefully read and study what Mr. Coon has wrought in so short a time with the problem that confronted him in Wilson county.

What has been done in Wilson county can be done, in a measure, in every county of the state which has not yet been aroused to the largeness

of the business of properly educating the children for citizenship.

THE UPLIFT believes that the laborer is worthy of his hire. It believes in renumerative salaries for executive school officers; but an office that carries a salary from three thousand dollars to five thousand dollars ought to be filled by a man that can and does "carry-on" to the tune of three thousand and upwards. The interminable red-tape that centralization has inflicted on the local office, can be handled by a modern priced clerk---it does not require a princely salary to do that. But the call of the job is for a man of energy and vision, who makes a survey of his territory, arouses the people to service, offers a programme of constructive work to his board, willing to submit to hardships and criticisms, and strives always forgetful of self and comforts. The problem of improving the rural schools is a man's size job.

Wilson county has answered a vital question; Gaston, Rockingham and several others are doing the same. What say you?

* * * * * * * *

They just couldn't get along without the statesman from Alleghany. If he could convince himself of the temperature of the water and made the dive, Rufe Doughton would come up Governor of North Carolina. And he'd make a good one, too.

* * * * * *

THE EXHIBIT.

A Surry county paper makes a declaration, which, in fact, is an indictment against the reputation of her schools. The Greensboro News takes it up and reduces it to a simple question. The true answer, we fear, would disclose a condition that is appalling, because the children of to-day are the citizens of tomorrow. Here is the little story:

> "Twenty-six thousand Surry county people live in the country; and there are not a dozen first-class schools in the county," says the Renfro Record. How many counties of the state would find it necessary to offer similar testimony?"

Call the roll. How many first-class schools are in your county? If none, who's fault is it? If just a few first-class ones, what caused them? Why not apply the agencies that a few first-class ones used to those that are not. Who's business is it?

The much heralded certification will not do it. It has been boasted as the solution. Ninety-five of the teachers to-day are the very same ones in harness three years ago---the other five are just out of school, without

practical experience and many of them perhaps not fitted by nature, yet under the unnatural certification of teachers (conducted from Raleigh) they are paid higher salaries than many who have rendered years of faithful and successful service in the school-room.

The reason for so many schools not being first-class, is to be found higher up and not with the teachers.

* * * * * * * * *

The Masons of the Greensboro district are to have in the near future a magnificent Masonic Temple. This is made possible by the generosity and fine spirit of Mr. J E. Latham, who contributes $75,000 of the $250,000, the amount to be invested in the structure. Already it is decided to name the Temple "The Edward Latham Masonic Temple," in memory of Mr. J. E. Latham's only son, who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War. This is a fine expression of love for the dead and service for the living. Greensboro full of fine citizens is to be congratulated.

* * * * * * * * *

It is pleasing information to his many friends that Mr. E. B. Jeffries, President of the Greensboro News, escaped with such few injuries when his own car was upset by a wild driver of a Ford. Mr. Jeffries had his family with him, but they escaped without injury. There is, in addition to the injury, a slight humiliation---hit by a Ford, and it loaded with twelve gallons of blockade moonshine. Awful!

* * * * * * * * *

The great county of Robeson---one of the most progressive of the State---has re-established the office of Superintendent of County Welfare. To fill the place Miss Elizabeth Frye, of Red Spring, was elected. Three or more men had applied for the position, but the Boards of County Commissioners and Boards of Education preferred a woman.

* * * * * * * * *

For the boys THE UPLIFT desires to return sincere thanks for the thoughtfulness of certain gentlemen who have contributed to their Christmas fund, as follows: Prof. Chas. L. Coon, ten dollars; Mr. W. E. Parker, ten dollars; Mr. E. B. Grady, five dollars; and Col. F. B. McDowell, five dollars. The polls are still open.

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The much vaunted Wells, who came over to report the great interna-

tional armament conference at Washinton, has thrown but little light on his subject. He is afflicted with an abundance of words and little of ideas. He had better confine himself to his novels.

* * * * * * * * *

They never touched Col. A. D. Watts. Who in the world thought they would?

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ATTENTION OF CABARRUS COUNTY SCHOOL OFFICIALS!

Salisbury, Dec. 13.—Five school districts in the Mount Ulla and Bear Poplar neighborhood of Rowan county today voted to consolidate, the election carrying by a good majority. This means the erection of a $40,000 building on a ten acre lot and a special tax levy of 45 cents.

THE FOX, THE COCK, AND THE DOG.

One moonlight night a Fox was prowling about a farmer's hen-coop, and saw a Cock roosting high up beyond his reach. "Good news, good news!" he cried.

"Why, what is that?" said the Cock.

"King Lion has declared a universal truce. No beast may hurt a bird henceforth, but all shall dwell together in brotherly friendship."

"Why, that is good news," said the the Cock; "and there I see some one coming with whom we can share the good tidings." And so saying he craned his neck forward and looked afar off.

"What is it that you see?" said the Fox.

"It is only my master's Dog that is coming towards us. What, going so soon?" he continued, as the Fox began to turn away as soon as he had heard the news. "Will you not stop and congratulate the Dog on the reign of universal peace?"

"I would gladly do so," said the Fox, "but I fear he may not have heard of King Lion's decree."

"CUNNING OFTEN OUTWITS ITSELF."

Lawyer McRae Pays Tribute To "Daddy Sikes."

Hon. John A. McRae, a prominent member of the Charlotte bar, a most elegant gentleman himself, rises to make some beautiful remarks about Mr. C. B. Sikes, a faithful, substantial citizen of Charlotte, and a brave veteran of the War Between the States. In all probability this brilliant lawyer, whose heart runs normal all the time, never lost an opportunity to show to the old man how he was appreciated; but the old man has gone away now. That beautiful little tribute, uttered in all sincerity and appreciation, would have made the old soldier very happy to have read it in the papers while yet with us.

Mrs. Caldwell, always on the look-out for things worthwhile, gives on her page Mr. McRae's tribute as follows:

"I want to say this about my friend, Mr. C. B. Sikes, who died in this city last Saturday morning," said Jno. A. McRae, of the Charlotte bar, "that while he was a man of many virtues, it is only one, his love of labor, of which I wish to speak.

"'Daddy' Sikes, as he was affectionately called by the city police force, upon which he served for a number of years, reached the age of four score years and one. At the time and for some years before death overtook him, he was a sewer flusher for the city, and he was proud of his job, or at least he worked at it as if he were. Time after time, summer and winter, I have seen him on the job and commended him for diligence.

"The world is made up of two great classes, the worker and the loafers. He was a good hand to work, but no account at all as a loafer. His children, although they urged him, couldn't stop him from work. Old Father Time heaped eighty-one years upon his shoulders and couldn't stop him. Death stopped him in this world, but if there be anything to do around 'the throne' in the better world, 'Daddy' Sikes is on the job. The eleventh day before the end illness literally pulled him off the job. The seventh day before he felt better and borrowed a ladder from his neighbor, Austin, and climbed to the very comb of the little rented cottage in which he and his crippled daughter have lived for twenty-one years and the dozen or so new shingles and nails, driven by his toil-scarred, honest hands, are mute but powerful testimonials to his passion for work. Independent and self-reliant of spirit, he pushed aside the proffered assistance of grateful children and paddled his own canoe to the end. Whether he was rich or poor, as such things go, is immaterial, but upon the ledger of service to mankind the balance stands in favor of 'Daddy' Sikes and this is what counts.

"The divine decree, 'In the sweat of thy face, shoult thou eat bread,' was an unction to his soul and not a yoke about his neck. Not a drop of I. W. W. was in his veins."

CHARLIE "COTTON" MOORE
Clerk of the Court, Mecklenburg County,
Charlotte, N. C.

CHARLIE "COTTON" MOORE.

By C. W. Hunt.

A man does not have to be rich to be good or great. His goodness or his greatness is measured by his deeds. Charlie "Cotton" Moore's life has been one of continual servce from the time he was 11 years of age; perhaps even before that time he was serving, and best of all he is now serving more people than he ever served before in all his long life: for as Clerk of the Superior Court of Mecklenburg County he becomes by his office the guardian of approximately 300 children, widows and minors, and he is neve. happier than when favoring some of these who get short of funds and come to him for aid. And the greater the favor the happier he is helping these, sometimes brings letters that only a confidential friend is allowed to see.

When this writer set up shop in Burlington, December 1st, 1888, and under both physical and financial difficulties began the editing of a country newspaper, he soon began hearing of the work of Charlie Moore as an agricultural leader who had left the county, but the seed he had sown were bearing fruit, in Alamance county, in the shape of better livestock and better farming.

This life of service began at Kosciusko, Miss., in 1857, and the first work he did must have been a carrier for a newspaper in Charlotte, perhaps the Observer, in its earlier days, and if memory serves me right he has the distinction of having been the originator of the custom of a Christmas message for the carriers, in Charlotte. That was some time ago. As to his education, and when and where he went to school we have little data, and if you make mental notes as you read you will see that he has had a regular job since he was 11 years of age, and if you count carrier as a job he had one before then. His first work was in the book store of the late R. N. Tiddy, of blessed memory in this section, and to him Mr. Moore gives credit for directing him in reading such books as would help in his education. Here he had five years in a mighty good place for a boy with a mind; and at the end of five years there, took a business course of a year's length, and for the next three years was accountant for Nesbit & Bro.

In the year 1877 he married Miss Henrietta W. Newlin of Alamance county, and a year later moved to that county to farm and grow livestock, but that work was shortlived, and in 1884 he moved back to Charlotte and took a place as accountant with Seigle & Co., for six years. His love for nature and the farm called him again and in 1890 he set up Double Oak Dairy, where he now lives, and for fourteen hard years prided himself on furnishing Charlotte with a high grade of milk. About this time he was called to head the North Carolina Cotton Growers Association, sold his dairy and took the field in the interest of that orginization. He made a whirlwind campaign of all the cotton counties of the state in the interest of cotton especially and better farming in general, that

was well worth the money it cost; for the work he did on that campaign is still bearing fruit. He was christened Charlie "Cotton" Moore at Wilmington 1906, and "thereby hangs a tale" I have no room for it here. That being done he took a place as circulation manager of the Observer, and in 1910 he was elected Clerk of the Court for his home county, where he has been since; and at the age of 64 years is doing the best work of his life: his long years of various lines of service having equipped him for just such a place as this. But in spite of all these years of business he has found time to help with his pen, at times, as contributor to the press; and in a most pleasing and helpful way: and like this writer has been told he was burying his talents by not using his pen more.

He numbers his friends by his acquaintances, and never saw the day he would not help when he was called upon. All the years he was dairying he was authority on cows and cow troubles. He went day or night, no job being too hard or too dirty for him, if he could save an animal's life, and was never known to charge for his time.

It is possible that more people know Reverend Doctor Walter W. Moore, head of Union Theological Seminary at Richmond than know Charlie Moore, but you will know who he is when I tell you he is a full brother of that gifted man, and "Mother Moore" as she was affectionately named by the girls at Salem Academy when she had charge of them there, would be unable to tell you which one of her sons she loves the more.

(Editor's Note:—This contribution by Mr. Hunt is received and published with the greatest of pleasure. There are no more genial gentlemen made than Charles C. Moore, of Charlotte. He is a man, surcharged with the milk of human kindness, seeking opportunities to lighten the burdens of his fellows. Just a mite of a body, but his sense of service is large and his soul is big.)

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas day.
The Dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas day.
God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Savior, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee, the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazereth, was born on Christmas day.
God rest ye, all good Christians, upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas day.

—Dinah Maria Muloch Clarke.

A TRIUMPH OF CONSOLIDATION.

THE UPLIFT, conversant with the marvelous work being done in Wilson county by Superintendent Charles L. Coon, with the view of making the rural schools what they should be, and what they are not as a general thing in the counties, had prepared in detail the story of the matchless campaign that had been carried on in Wilson county for several years, but held up the article until proper maps could be secured.

The maps are in hand, and in this number, but just then came along the story which Tom Bost got from Dr. Eugene Clyde Brooks, our State superintendent, which has the human element so admirably worked out in it, that we are using it "bowdaciously" rather than our own. The interested reader, and everybody should be interested in the subject of rural education and other rural problems (God knows the condition is appalling; and after while enough men will know it to that point where they will be disposed to rise up and DEMAND A SQUARE DEAL and the stoppage of lazy, suicidal efforts) will find that the map of the school districts of Wilson county, in 1917, revealed 51 districts, supplied as follows: 25 one room schools; 15 two-room schools; six three-room schools; and 5 High Schools.

The map of the school districts of the very same county, in 1921, four years afterwards, shows: just 16 districts in the entire county, six of them being Elementary Schools, and ten of them Elementary and High Schools. What a record! It is just the result of vision, love for the children and hard, determined effort, three things that every county school executive should possess, or he is "in the wrong pew."

Excusing inactivity and lack of progress, it may be alleged that roads, creeks etc., make the consolidation in certain counties impracticable. Wilson county has many streams and much low ground that overflows, and her road condition is just an average—but these did not stop a progressive, determined man, who heard the cries of neglected children and set about to answer them. He has—May the state get full of Charles L. Coons.

Here is the story furnished by W. T. Bost:

Disappearance of the one-teacher school in North Carolina is foreshadowed today by State Superintendent E. C. Brooks who lately has gone down in Wilson county, the parish of Charles L. Coon.

There, where one of the two or three counties operating on the old 30-cent county tax, paying teachers a living wage several years, Superintendent Brooks finds both epic and epoch. There is nothing like it in all the southern states so far reported in the educational journals or the daily press. The nearest a likeness found anywhere is in a dozen counties in North Carolina, places such as Davidson county, Alamance, Guilford, Forsyth, Montgomery, Gaston and Rockingham where one or another big thing which eventually will touch every child in the district is either well under way or is taking a start.

The last of the one-room schools

has not gone from the kingdom of Mr. Coon, but its death is as surely decreed as the county lives. And that unit has a hard time. Its peculiar soil suffered the highest appraisals under the honest valuations of the state, and slumped most under the visitation of adversity from the whole world. But when Wilson was sickest it was saintless. It knew that come what would, the schools must be worthy of the people who inhabit them. It never let up a moment, it tried its best to bring all the children into the schools. Now it sends for them in ball-bearing buggies propelled by gasoline and Superintendent Brooks, looking upon the work of his great ally, Mr. Coon, breaks into epic of his own.

Presents Schools To Religion.

Not only has Wilson county solved the secular aspect of schools, provided money and houses to give adequate shelter and comfort for the pupils, it looks much as though the city and county superintendent has found a way to put into the schools of the state the element which the state stung in the olden time by religious bigotry had carefully kept out. The county superintendent has not introduced religion into the schools, but he has presented the schools to religion. He has brought his truck to the community long deprived of its opportunity for the Sunday school and allowed the neighborhood about the school to run its own way the religious life of that community. Such objections as may be raised to this wonderful enterprise are purely technical. Some questions as to its constitutionality has been whispered. The reply of Mr. Coon is characteristic. Does the objector favor religion? Of course he does. Does he think the community Sunday school a good thing? Sure. "Then what are you kicking about?" Mr. Coon says he asks.

Dr. Brooks Begins His Fine Story.

A few days ago a certain county superintendent came into my office and made this statement, "I have been studying the work of my one-teacher schools and I discovered that the 19 one-teacher schools enrolled 810 pupils but not one of these passed the seventh grade."

Now the seventh grade is the last year of the elementary school and the work was so poor that no child in those 19 districts could pass up into the high school. No child from those districts could go to college and no young man or woman had secured enough education to receive even the very lowest teacher's certificate issued. What is the solution? The answer is Wilson county.

Turning to the record of Wilson county I find that the number of high school pupils enrolled in that county in November 1920 was 390. But the number enrolled in November 1921 was 528, or an increase in one year of 35 per cent. What is the cause of this rapid increase in enrollment of high school pupils?

I have examined the enrollment in the elementary schools and discovered that in November 1920 the elementary schools of Wilson county enrolled 3,541. But in the same month for 1921 the number was 3,814, an increase of about 8 per cent. This is an evidence that in Wilson county the schools are holding the pupils and there is a rapid development of high schools. How

does Wilson county do it?

In order to answer this question I visited this county about the middle of November and with Superintendent C. L. Coon studied the schools in every township in order to secure first hand knowledge of the organization and conduct of the schools.

Strong Statement Probable.

In the first place let me say there are 10 townships in Wilson county and there is a building program in progress now for the white children which will be completed probably by Sept., 1922, at a total cost of 1,325,000, and when it is completed every child in the county will have as good educational advantages as any child in our best equipped towns and cities. This is a strong statement but after visiting every township in the county I am prepared to prove it

In 1917 Wilson county had 25 white one-teacher schools, 15 two-teacher schools, six three-teacher schools and five with more than three teachers in which some high school instruction was given, or a total of 51 schools. But only in one (Wilson) was there a standard four year high school. However, by the end of the school year 1921-22, when the present program will be completed, there will be seven standard high schools in the county within reach of all the children, and in addition to these there will be nine elementary schools, five of which will have junior high school departments. In each of the seven strong centers there will be a modern brick building containing from 15 to 18 rooms and a teachers' home, both equipped with electric lights, steam heat and running water. Each of the nine elementary schools will embrace a brick building from six to eight rooms and a teachers' home, both of which will be furnished with all modern conveniences, and these 16 schools will take care of all the children in the county.

But how are the schools organized? The first six grades is considered the elementary school; the seventh, eight and ninth grades the junior high school, and the 10th and 11th the senior high school. The seven strong centers will embrace the elementary the junior high school and the senior high school. These are called the standard high schools. But of the remaining nine schools, five will embrace both the elementary and junior high schools while four will embrace only the six grades of the elementary schools. But of course whenever the population increases or decreases in any township the type of the school may change accordingly. The organization, therefore, is elastic and easily adjustable to the needs of the people. But how has a county system of this kind been developed? The answer to this question is the Gardner's school

Gardner's Township School.

In the first place Wilson county secured a superintendent who possesses marked ability. He is superintendent of both the city and the county schools. Therefore, there is no friction between the city and the county authorities. After developing the city schools to a high degree of efficiency he turned his attention seriously to the county. (I should have stated that for a number of years he was superintendent only of the city schools. But a few years ago the county board elected him also as superintendent of the county schools.)

After turning his attention to the county schools he made a county wide plan in 1917 toward which he has been consistently working. However he began his reform first in the most backward township educationally in the county. He tackled the hardest job first. This was in Gardner's township, far removed from the railroad centers and in which there were a number of one-room schools such as I described in the opening paragraph. All of the one-room schools have been abolished and instead one central building for the entire township has been erected. It contains 18 rooms and has now 16 teachers. Four hundred and fifty pupils are enrolled and 13 trucks are used to transport the children to this school. The building has steam heat, electric lights, running water, play rooms in the basement, domestic science and equipment for the teaching of other sciences. The school has its own motor power which supplies the electric lights and pumps the water into the building. It is provided with both an organ for the primary children and piano for the upper grade children. It has a garage near by and when I drove up to the building I saw a mechanic, employed by the school, examining the trucks and making whatever needed repairs he discovered.

Pulls People Together

I saw the 450 children march out of the school and standing at attention, they went through the physical exercises provided by the institution. I was informed that it was a Parent-Teachers association that meets regularly to advise with the teachers about the conduct and progress of the children. The one value of a consolidated school of this magnitude is that it causes a large number of men and women who heretofore were almost strangers to come together in a co-operative enterprise.

Only one of the teachers in the school lives in the neighborhood and the other 15 live comfortably in the teachers' home where they have all modern conveniences, including electric lights, hot and cold water, steam heat and telephone. It is very evident that the best teachers can be secured for such a school as this.

As I said above, this one of the most backward communities educationally in the county and when Superintendent Coon's program was announced and it became known in certain parts of the township that the one-room schools in Gardner's township were to be abolished and such an institution was to be substituted instead, many people rose almost in rebellion. They notified the superintendent that it would be unsafe for him to visit that community, but he visited it. The county board did not ask the community to vote bonds for this plant, which cost about $80,000, but it borrowed what funds were necessary to supplement the taxes levied by the county at large, and the school was built. Children living in the same township who had been total strangers came together for the first time. The isolation of the little district was destroyed and the people became better acquainted.

Opposition Melts Away.

One man that threatened to do bodily harm to the superintendent before the new school was built recently visited him and stated that he and his

wife wished to apologize to him for the opposition to the school and for the threat he had made, for he said, "I have three children in school but my little girl has been going to school for three years in the one-teacher school and she had learned nothing and we thought she was feeble-minded. But within a few months she has passed through the first grade and is now doing well in the second grade." The child is nine years old. This illustrates the change in the community since the days of the one-room school. The inefficient low grade teacher who was attempting to teach seven grades of children has disappeared. Such a school as has supplanted the one-room school can secure and hold the best grade of teachers. The children can be classified and given individual instruction, and when honest country people who had never known what a good school is see the results under better conditions, no wonder they quickly change their attitude.

In one part of the township there were in one district approximately 60 children, but they could barely get an average attendance of 20. They fought the school and the truck, but the truck was put on and it passed their doors. No compulsion was at first resorted to and within a month 50 odd children were going to the central school from that district where heretofore the largest enrollment had been only 20. Good teachers working under such favorable circumstances were accomplishing wonders.

But one of the most unique features about this community is the Sunday school that has been organized by the school. Heretofore the young people had nothing to do on Sunday, no way to entertain them, and naturally they resorted to such forms of amusement as might be suggested to them and these were frequently bad. Superintendent Coon secured the co-operatino of the ministers of Wilson and they designated one church to have charge of the Sunday school. Then the trucks were put in use on Sunday mornings to bring the children to Sunday school and the enrollment each Sunday now is over 200. The school and the church working together is remaking this section of Wilson county which was known as the most backward socially and educationally in the county. Thus through proper leadership the home the church and the school co-operate for the salvation of the children and for the preservation of the rural communities.

In Other Townships.

Having overcome the inertia in this most backward district others less backward seeing the transformation near their own doors began to move at once. As a result Toisnot township is erecting a building to cost $95,000. It will have 16 teachers and already has three trucks carrying the children into this central school. The building will have 18 rooms. In addition there will be one elementary school in another part of this township to cost about $25,000 to take care of the children through the sixth grade.

Stantonsburg township has recently completed its building at a cost of about $75,000. But the authorities are preparing to issue bonds for $25,000 to complete the auditorium.

Black Crook township is now erecting its building to cost approximately

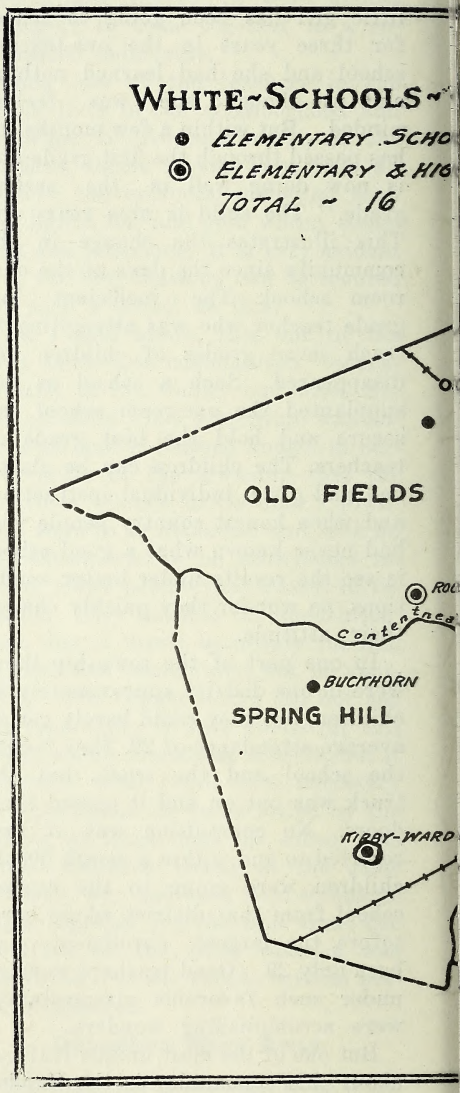
RECORD TO-DAY.

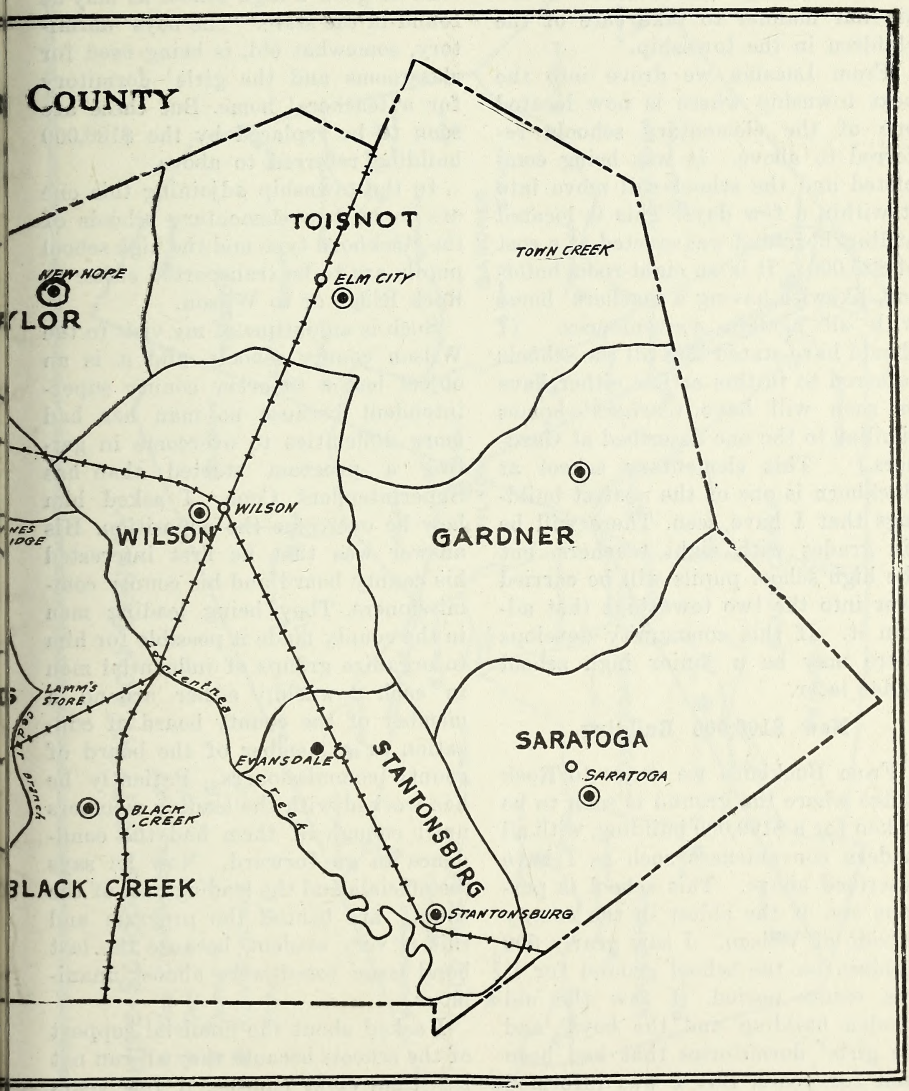
It will prove entertaining and profitable for all school men, school officers, and school friends to study this map, and compare it with the map on page 19 which reveals the district division obtaining in Wilson county, in 1917.

The time has arrived in our lives and state progress and security, when simple civilization demands adequate school facilities for the rural child. Honor, integrity and justice demand a square deal for the country folks.

Wilson county, under the farsighted and courageous efforts of Prof. Coon, backed by a wide-awake, capable Board of Education and an aroused citizenship, is answering that call of justice; and throws out a challenge to all the counties of the state.

May the God of us all raise up men, who, seeing the appalling situation of the average rural child in his unequal chance, will have the heart and courage to fight for justice and opportunity for the rural child, and in the interest of a progressive civilization!




COUNTY
TOISNOT
TOWN CREEK
NEW HOPE
ELM CITY
WILSON
WILSON
GARDNER
LAMM'S STORE
EVANSDALE
STANTONSBURG
SARATOGA
SARATOGA
BLACK CREEK
STANTONSBURG

$100,000.

From Black Creek we drove to Lucama, where the people are planning to enlarge their school in a similiar manner to take care of the children in the township.

From Lucama we drove into the next township where is now located one of the elementary schools referred to above. It was being completed and the school will move into it within a few days. This is located at Buckhorn and was erected at a cost of $25,000. It is an eight-room building, likewise having a teachers' home with all modern conveniences. (I should have stated that all the schools referred to in this article either have or soon will have teachers' homes similiar to the one described at Gardners.) This elementary school at Buckhorn is one of the neatest buildings that I have seen. There will be six grades with eight teachers, but the high school pupils will be carried over into the two townships that adjoin it. If this community develops there may be a junior high school added later.

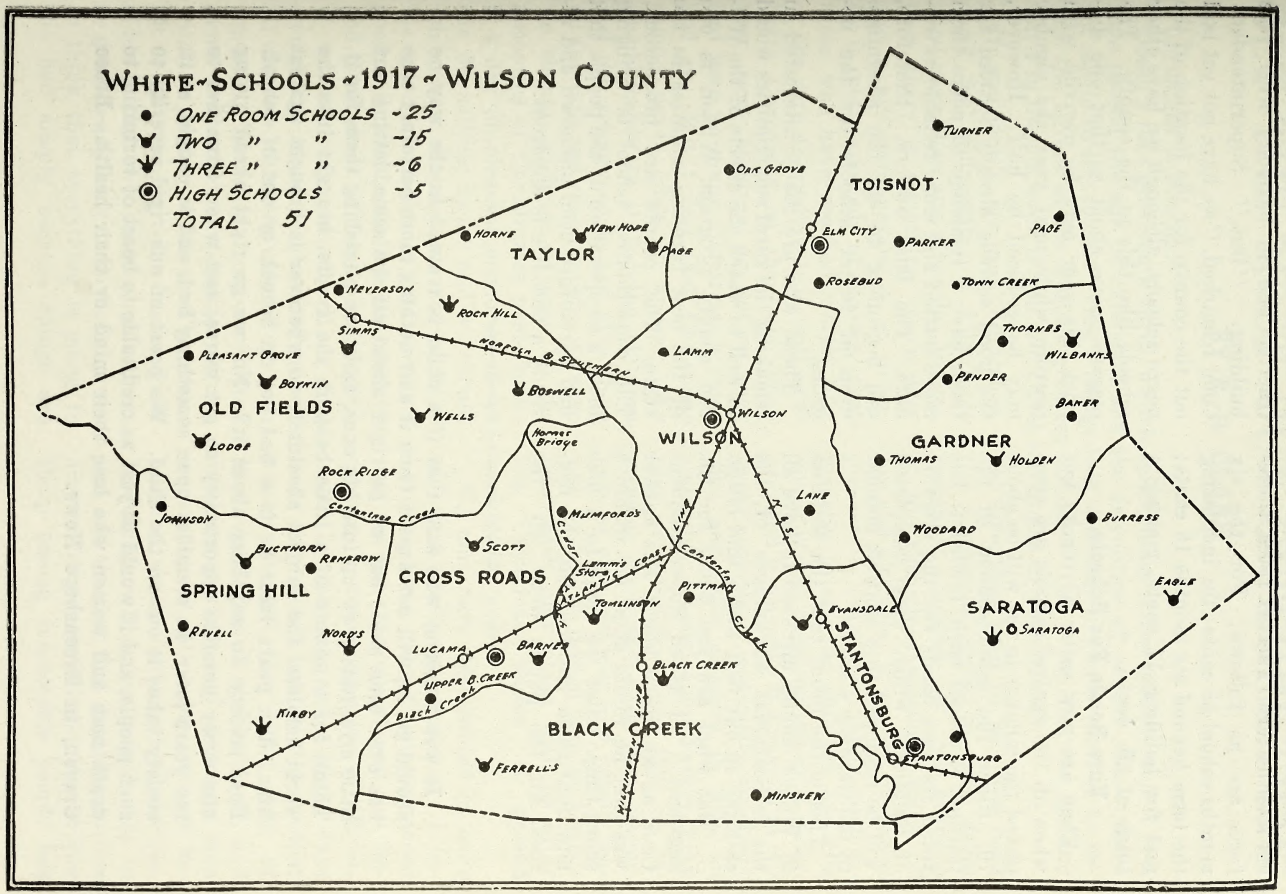
New $100,000 Building.

From Buckhorn we drove to Rock Ridge where the ground is soon to be broken for a $100,000 building, with all modern conveniences such as I have described above. This school is perhaps one of the oldest in the county outside of Wilson. I saw nearly 500 children on the school ground for it was recess period. I saw the old wooden building and the boys' and the girls' dormitories that had been used for years. But I was informed that under the new plan of transportation they now have only two boarding pupils in the entire institution. In other words, children of high school age now may live at home and attend as good a high school as may be found in the state. The boys' dormitory, somewhat old, is being used for classrooms and the girls' dormitory for a teachers' home. But these are soon to be replaced by the $100,000 building referred to above.

In the township adjoining this one are to be two elementary schools of the Buckhorn type and the high school pupils are to be transported either to Rock Ridge or to Wilson.

Such is an outline of my visit to the Wilson county schools, and it is an object lesson to every county superintendent because no man has had more difficulties to overcome in getting a program started than has Superintendent Coon. I asked him how he overcome the opposition. His answer was that he first interested his county board and his county commissioners. They being leading men in the county made it possible for him to organize groups of influential men in each township either around a member of the county board of education or a member of the board of county commissioners. Patiently he has worked with the leading members until enough of them had the confidence to go forward. Now he says the officials and the leading men of the county are behind the program and this is very evident because the last bond issue voted were almost unanimous.

I asked about the financial support of the schools because they all run not less than eight months. A few years ago Wilson county was one of the few to vote a special tax of 30 cents for


WHITE-SCHOOLS-1917-WILSON COUNTY
ONE ROOM SCHOOLS -25
TWO " " -15
THREE " " -6
HIGH SCHOOLS -5
TOTAL 51
TURNER
OAK GROVE
TOISNOT
ELM CITY
PARKER
PAGE
HORNE
NEW HOPE
PAGE
TAYLOR
ROSEBUD
TOWN CREEK
NEVERSON
ROCK HILL
SIMMS
NORFOLK & SOUTHERN
LAMM
THORNES
WILBANKS
PLEASANT GROVE
BOYKIN
OLD FIELDS
BOSWELL
WELLS
PENDER
BAKER
WILSON
LODGE
HORNES BRIDGE
GARDNER
THOMAS
HOLDEN
ROCK RIDGE
CONTENTNEA CREEK
JOHNSON
MUMFORDS
LANE
BURRESS
WOODARD
BUCKHORN
REMPROW
SCOTT
SPRING HILL
CROSS ROADS
LAMM'S CREEK
STORM'S CREEK
CONTENTNEA CREEK
PITTMAN
TOMLINSON
EVANSDALE
SARATOGA
EAGLE
REVELL
WORD'S
LUCAMA
BARNES
BLACK CREEK
STANTONSBURG
UPPER B. CREEK
BLACK CREEK
KIRBY
BLACK CREEK
FERRELL'S
MINSHEW

the entire county to supplement the six months term. The tax rates, therefore, are as follows: For the six months school 35 cents; for increasing the term beyond six months 15 cents; and for building 11 cents, making a total of 61 cents.

Vote Bonds For Schools.

They are now using 42 trucks but when all the central schools are completed the number in use will be about 70. Since the establishment of the Gardner's. school each township has voted its own bonds for the erection of buildings, which when completed will be equipped in a similiar manner to the Gardner's school.

This is the proof that the children of Wilson county are soon to have all the educational advantages of the children in our best towns and cities.

"But what are you doing for the negroes?" I asked Superintendent Coon as we drove along. His answer was that he would show me within a short time. Later we came to a nice new four-room building for the negroes. All the pupils were on the grounds cleaning it up to make it attractive and in harmony with the building. "But," Superintendent Coon remarked, "we have not yet laid out the county for the location of the negro schools, although we have other schools like this in the county. The negroes move about so that one district this year may be overrun with negroes while next year the number may be reduced by half. However, the good schools already located for them have a tendency to make them more settled and more reliable as tenants. The land owners, therefore, are beginning to see the advantage even of better schools for the negroes."

Those who are really interested in remaking the rural communities would do well to watch the effects of the Wilson county program. Wilson is one of the best farming counties in the state. The people are prosperous. The consolidated school is bringing about a co-operation of the people that had heretofore been unknown and already a new life is apparent.

It was Solomon who said that if a child is trained in the way he should go, he will not depart from it and nothing more certainly true has ever been said; but we go right ahead all the same, letting our little criminals grow up into big ones, and then punishing them for it. Think for a minute of a little baby in the cradle, brought into the world helpless, and subject absolutely to whatever is brought against him...Ten years later he is a bad boy in school, or out of school. Does society do anything about it? No, we go right ahead giving him every possible opportunity to get worse, and when from five to ten years later, he stumbles upon something bad, and is caught at it, society takes it out on the child. We boast of our rigid severity to such people, and it would be just as creditable to boast of torturing to death men and women who lose their mind or their health.—Bruce Craven, in Greensboro News.

GET THE MOST OUT OF CHRISTMAS.

BY R. R. CLARK

Christmas is coming!

Doesn't that give you a thrill, a little quickening of the pulses, even if you have passed the age of childhood and the frivolities of youth! Isn't there yet magic in the sound? Don't things look different to you a week or so before the advent of the world's greatest holiday? Can't you feel the holiday spirit in the air, even if you don't feel Christmas in your bones?

If you don't see any difference, don't feel differently; if Christmas is no more than any other day to you, then there is something the matter and a self-examination is in order. It is not expected, of course, that those who have reached middle life, or the sere and yellow leaf, will celebrate Christmas as they did when they were children or before they had seen so many Christmases come and go. But I feel that Christmas should never cease to appeal. We should celebrate it for the children and the young people and give them all the safe and sane pleasure we can; we should celebrate because of the memories of Christmases past—make it a day of pleasant memories if we can do nothing more; and we should celebrate it because we should have the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of good will, kindly feeling and charity and good cheer at least once a year, if we can't do better. It is bad enough for us to be absorbed in self all the year, thinking only of our own concerns, becoming narrower and more uncharitable, possibly bitter, with the passing of time. The greatest danger to many of us as we grow older is that we become cynics, see no good in anything or anybody, prone to think that everything is going to the bad simply because things are not like they used to be. We need the Christmas spirit to keep from becoming soured. If we practice at the Christmas season a spirit of joy and gladness; if we find ourselves pleased to see others happy, and especially to see the children and the young people enjoying innocent pleasure; and if we make it a custom to try to give somebody, especially somebody who has little pleasure in life, an added joy; let someone who may think they are forgotten know that we remember them and wish them happiness at this glorious and happy season, we will be helped and the Christmas spirit may abide with us after the Christmas season is passed even all the year.

We may have degenerated in some of our manners and customs. I believe we have. But I am convinced that we have improved and are improving in the celebration of Christmas. In the old and sinful days folks who didn't imbibe at any other season thought they must take at least one "dram" at Christmas, and drinking parties and drunken men were common, all being excused because it was a custom at Christmas. Prohibition of course helped that to pass and the fact that drinking parties are no longer considered the proper thing among respectable people has

helped more. And also is passing that heathenish custom of making a noise—setting off firecrackers at Christmas. A little of that among the children, who can best express their joy by making a noise, wouldn't be so bad, but it can't be kept within reasonable bounds. It had to be suppressed in our towns because it became a riot and dangerous to life and property. And it isn't the proper way to celebrate the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. It teaches disregard for others and is contrary to the Christmas spirit.

For years the celebration of Christmas in effort to make others happy has been growing and widening. Churches and Sunday schools and fraternal and charitable organizations make more elaborate efforts at each Yuletide season to dispense Christmas cheer. And praise be, these efforts are directed in the main to the children and to those who have little cheer at other times. The giving is twice blessed. It blesses him who gives and him who receives. The giver is made broader and better by the thought that he has helped to bring happiness to others; and the recipient is cheered and helped by the thought that someone remembered.

There is one unwholesome feature of the modern Christmas celebration that should be checked, and that is extravagant giving by those unable to give. Many people have an obsession that they must give expensive gifts to a large number of people at Christmas. The selection and the sending of the gifts is such a job that Christmas is spoiled for them by their self-imposed task. And worse than that, many of them give beyond their means and pile up bills they can't pay. Instead of being pleased, many of the recipients of such gifts are embarrassed. They know the donor can't afford it in the first place, and they are embarrassed by the thought that they will be expected to reciprocate. That sort of Christmas giving is mockery; it destroys the spirit of Christmas. What one gives and to whom is for the individual to decide. But the matter of common sense should govern. Giving beyond one's means is indefensible and embarrassing people with expensive presents who are not able to reciprocate but whose pride may force them to the attempt destroys all the pleasure of the gift. A simple card, a cheery greeting, a hearty wish for happiness, may accomplish more than an expensive present.

But I didn't start out to advise anybody about Christmas presents. I simply wanted to get the grouches out of the notion that Christmas means nothing to them any more and to express the hope that all to whom these presents may come will feel the Christmas spirit of good will and neighborly kindness at this blessed season; and to give thanks for the changing customs that mean a better celebration of Christmas. In Statesville this year they will sing Christmas carols instead of setting off fireworks and I count that a distinct advance.

In conclusion, this from Van Dyke is worth treasuring:

> "I am thinking of you today because it is Christmas and I wish you happiness. And to-.. morrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still.. wish you happiness; and so on..

clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because I may be far away; or because both of us may be very busy; or perhaps because I cannot afford to pay the postage on so many letters or find the time to write them.

"But that makes no difference; the thought and the wish will be here just the same. Whatever joy comes to you will make me glad. Without pretense and in plain words, good will to you is what I mean, in the spirit of Christmas."

JUST GOSSIP.

"It is a common thing," remarked a man to us the other day, "for one to remark about the loneliness of the long evenings, the intolerable stagnation, and such, and on investigation to find that individual has never learned to play a single one of the many musical instruments, knows nothing of the world of fine literature, and has not enough knowledge of the Bible to tell whether Revelations is the first or the last book. And isn't it strange," he went on, "that the mind so keen on ferreting out the domestic secrets of another, and is so alert in the keeping up with all the late scandal of the community, can find no amusement in going back to gleam from the pages of history some of the family secrets of early English days. What a wonder they don't go after the literature of the early Egyptians, the Greeks, Romans and others, for they sure do abound in romance, adventure, and even scandal, if the mind craves that morsel."—Stanley News Herald.

THINGS I LEARNED AS A FARM BOY.

BY C. W. HUNT.

Number III—Worms and Butterflies.

Nature never created anything more attractive to the average farm boy or girl than a beautiful butterfly. Many and many a time have I been scolded sharply for beating up a decent hat trying to down a butterfly. In fact in buying hats it was sometimes said: "I want a hat a boy cannot spoil fighting butterflies." Boys and girls still like butterflies, but comparatively few of them know that the highly colored and beautiful butterfly one sees floating so neatly in the air was last year a horrid old worm that we would kill on general principles.

I learned by observation that many worms, as fall approached, would be seen curling up in a leaf and weaving a webb about them, and finally inclosing themselves would change from a worm to what we called, for want of a better name, a "pointer," an inanimate object with a body that came

to a point. This as stated was inclosed in a chrysalis. Sometimes I would find these in the Spring with a hole in one end and the "pointer" gone. Later we found a very large chrysalis and carried it home and placed it on the mantle where it stayed until the warmth of spring came, when one morning we found a large, beautiful butterfly had cut its way out of the chrysalis and was fluttering about, too heavy to fly. This opened the way for many more such, as we made it a rule to save all of them we found.

We wondered where so large a butterfly came from, but later we found what was and is known yet, as the "Hickory Devil," a very large worm as long as five inches and one-half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, with four red horns on its head. It was terrifying to find such a worm, but later we knew that it was from this large worm that this wonderful butterfly came. Those we saw hatch in doors never seemed to be strong like those that were found outside. The "Hickory Devil" is especially fond of persimon trees, and are generally located by the naked limbs they have eaten the leaves from in summer, as well as from the signs on the ground underneath the tree they are on.

There were just two kinds of butterflies that were more common than all others, namely: the black spotted and the yellow with black spots. These seemed to have come from two very common worms, and I associated them with the fuzzy gray caterpilar of the orchard for the black and the caterpilar of the red or black oak that seemed to last all summer, as fathering the yellow buttterfly. This I did for the reason they were the more plentiful. I doubt if the first of these caterpilars go into chrysalis for winter but suspects that they lay eggs and cover them with a waterproof substance in the forks of trees and await the warm weather of spring, then make butterflies.

Then there was a brown and a black fuzzy worm, very heavily coated, that went into chrysalis and came out a butterfly. The peculiarity of these worms is one never saw them as as young worms, but were always grown. Both had the same habits, and the bristle like fuzz on them was a protection from small birds. I found the mocking bird in captivity was very fond of them, but would whip them on the ground or floor of the cage until stripped of all that bristly wool, and then at one gulp swallow it whole. They would coil up when touched. Often we found them moving hurriedly, as if life depended on its getting somewhere quick.

A worm that all farm boys in the tobacco belt had an aversion to was the "Horn Worm," so named for a horn on the tail end. This worm would soon ruin any tobacco field if let alone, and being always full of tobacco it had fewer natural enemies than other worms. Its counterpart is what we called the "tobacco fly" a species of the butterfly family that works in twilight and after dark on flowers that are white. The "Jimston" (Jamestown) weed being its favorite, it having a long deep flower and a fly with a shorter snout could not reach the honey inside. The snout through which this fly fed was as much as three inches long, and it carries it coiled up under side. When approaching a flower it throws this

long sucker out and drinks the honey in the flower. We used to put poison in the flowers of the "Jimston" weed and thus kill the fly so it could not lay eggs on the tobacco leaves. This worm also ate tomato vines. When the time came it went into the ground, turned to a "pointer" and came forth next spring ready to lay more eggs for making more flies. As boys we worked fast to catch these flies, just at nightfall.

All the butterfly family was short lived, but always left their eggs or the worm they fathered or mothered in such a shape as to reproduce it. The flies come from worms hibernating in the ground, and they reproduce all summer, several crops coming out as the worm forms and goes in. If you are digging in the ground and uncover a small brown thing, pointed at one end, you have what I have called a "pointer" and it is a butterfly in the making. That is the ground hibernator, while the worm that forms a tough hull around it is the chrysalis hibernating worm, both make butterflies.

The "Jar-fly" or July fly does not belong to this class, but is a species of the locust, but not the 17-year variety. I mention it here for want of a better place. It is that fly we hear saying da-da-da--da-da-da————

thing, fastens its long legs and feet into the thing it is on, then bursts open on the back and crawls out a flying "Jar-fly." We find its old shell deserted sticking here and there yet.

All the moth family belong to the same worm and butterfly family; even the little candle fly that you see flit about the light was a worm a short time before.

The butterfly we found was always harmless, in fact generally beneficial, in that they help to polenize or fertilize the fruit and vegetable and flower blooms so as to make seed and fruit. It was its counterpart, the worm and the caterpilar that we found injurious. It had to eat something, and the mother butterfly always deposited the eggs where there was or would be food when her offspring hatched.

The next number will be about Spiders.

in the heat of summer and makes a wonderful noise from a species of rattle in its body. We learned that it never came before the summer solstice about the 22 of June and after all cool days were gone. It lives but a few weeks, lays eggs in the ground which hatch into what looks like neither a bug nor a worm, but bores out of the ground, crawls up on some-

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Be loyal to everybody who has an ounce of faith in you, to all who place trust in you. This includes your family, your business associates, your fellow-workers, and your government.---Exchange.

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

JOHN ALLEN: Private John Allen, of Mississippi, who had frequently represented his state in Congress, was once called on for an address on "The Mistakes of the War." It was at a Confederate reunion and Allen was surrounded by Confederate officers of high rank. He was nonplussed for the moment but finally responded as follows: "You have called on me to speak on "The Mistakes of the War.' I do not feel as though it would be profitable, or, indeed, necessary, for me to go into the subject at length in this presence. When I look around upon this brilliant assemblage of generals and colonels and majors, it seems to me sufficient to point one of the mistakes of the war, and if it was a fatal mistake I was not responsible for it. I was only a private." His hearers saw the point, and the speaker was roundly cheered.

"I want to tell you of the greatest legal victory of my life," said Allen once to a group of Congressmen. "It was down in Tupelo, just after the war. I was at that time a practicing lawyer—that is, I practiced when I had any cases to practice with. One day, Uncle Pompey, a negro of the settlement, came into my office and said: 'Mars John, I want you to cl'ar me. I'se gwine to be 'rested for stealin' two hams outen de cross-roads store.' 'Well, Pompey, did you really steal the hams?' 'Mars John, I jess tuck 'em'. 'Did anyone see you?' 'Yes, boss,' said the old negro disconsolatedly, 'two old white buck-rats.' 'Well Pompey,' I replied, 'I can't do anything for you under the circumstances.' 'Now, Mars John, 'said Old Pompey, 'here's ten dollars. I jist want you to try.'

"Well, I consented to try," said Allen. "The case was to be heard before an old magistrate named Johnson. He was totally uneducated, and moreover was a perfect dictator. No negro ever came before him who was not fined the maximun penalty. The magistrate heard the case. That Pompey stole the hams there could be no doubt from the testimony. I did not cross-examine the witnesses; but when the testimony was all in, I arose, and in my most dignified manner addressed the magistrate: 'may it please your honor, it would be useless for me to argue the position my client now holds, and before one who would adorn the Superior if not the Supreme bench of this grand old commonwealth; and I may say that those who know you best say that you would grace even the Supreme court of the United States—the highest tribunal in the land. It will be useless to dwell upon the testimony; you have heard it, and know the case as well as I do. However, it may not be out of order for me to call your honor's attention to a short passage in the old English law, which clearly decides the case, and which for the moment your honor may have forgotten.'

"Then I fished down into my pocket and drew forth, with a great flourish, an old copy of 'Julius Caesar.' I opened it with great dignity, and read the line familiar to every schoolboy—'Omnia Gallia in partes tres divisa est.' 'That decides the case,' said I, throwing the book upon the

table.' 'That clearly acquits the defendant.'

"With great dignity and solemnity I took my seat. The old magistrate was completely nonplussed. He looked at me a moment quizzically, and scratched his head; then, turning to Pompey, he raised himself to his full height, and said: 'Pompey, I know you stole them hams, but by the ingenuity of your lawyer, I've got to let you go. Git out! and if you ever come here again, lawyer or no lawyer, you git six months.' "

"HOW LONG IS A SKIRT?"

A parent-teacher Association, of Greensboro, has taken up a vital question that concerns the dress of High School girls. They have resoluted etc. Here are some more "dont's" for the dear, young girls. Why not begin with some mothers and some of the teachers. Recently we saw a High School teacher, who has been in the business for many years, is popular and one that most any High School girl would take for an example, who was dressed or pretended to be in a fashion that would have paralized that Parent-Teacher Association. Let the grown woman start the thing, the younger ones will catch the step. But here is the account as The Greensboro News gives of that particular meeting:

"How long should the skirt of a Greensboro high school girl be, or how short?

How thin should her shirt waist be?

Should she go often to the movies unchaperoned? Should she ride in automobiles unchaperoned? Should she go often to semi-public dances?

The executive board of the Lindsay street Parent-Teacher association struggled over these problems yesterday morning, argued them back and forth, talked about what should be done, and at the end of a frank discussion adopted a series of resolutions, not without opposition, recommending to the association that all parents make a determined effort for a stricter standard for the conduct of high school girls.

Skirts, waists, automobiles and movies received the greater part of the attention at the meeting and a great deal was said on both sides of the question. One mother said frankly that it was not possible to establish a stricter standard for young girls until older girls maintained higher standdards, the higher applying to morals, not skirts.

"Talk about saving the young girls." said another mother; "it's the young boys who ought to be saved from the girls. The boys are in danger."

The board finally adopted resolutions recommending that the parents agree to the following: "I will aid by influence and example in establishing for girls of junior high school age a simple, modest mode of dress, both for school and social functions.

"I agree, even at the cost of personal inconvenience, to combat the motion picture show, the ice cream parlor and the semi-public dance, as

gathering places for young people, by opening my home frequently, both afternoons and evenings, for wholesome entertainment.

"We recommend that attendance upon the motion picture shows and social functions be discontinued during the school week; that parents advocate early hours for beginning and ending of parties for young people and that the definite hours be stated in all invitations.

"That, while recognizing the value of occasional dances, I will endeavor to discourage too frequent dancing by substituting for it wholesome indoor and outdoor amusements.

"I disapprove of the question of permitting young people of high school age to go or return from places of amusement without any older person in attendance, whether they walk or go in automobiles."

Additional clauses cover not riding in automobiles unchaperoned and not joining secret societies. It is also recommended that other parents agree to the resolutions.

These resolutions have been submitted to the central committee of the Greensboro Parent-Teacher association by Superintendent Fred Archer for action, if the associations desire to act. They are taken from the Michigan Parent-Teacher association, which has adopted them. The Lindsay street executive board, so far as could be learned last night, is the only body that has yet taken action. The other associations will consider the problem after Christmas."

INDIFERENCE TO THOSE NEEDING HELP

This is a season wherein folks, catching the spirit of the season, consider one of two things: Gratifying self; or making others happy.

The Monroe Enquirer, in an observant mood, makes suggestions which it is pleased to editorially to name "To Monroe's Four Hundred." It is:

"The Enquirer may not be orthodox, and it is not inclined to berate those of our good citizens who from time to time "shake a leg" or "shuffle" a "greasy pack" even if it is at the "lovely home" of some social climber. And "daughter" may thinks she is a bit devilish when she "spikes" the fruit punch mamma put in the big bowl ferninst the dinin' room door. Furthermore, it is not our intention to criticise those of our people who attend social functions and give themselves indigestion by partaking of the food so "daintily" served and which all would be infinitely better off without. That's their hard luck if the doctor hasn't the nerve to tell 'em the truth when called in later to prescribe for a stomach trouble.

Now, it is our honest opinion that dancing and card-playing, or eating and drinking, will not send us to hell. But what will come nearer consigning us to the nether regions, and we know it, is our indifference to those who need our help. We have widows and orphans at our door, lots of people are without jobs and really need assistance. The "Peace on earth,

good will to men'' season is here, and there will be lots of children's empty stocking Christmas morning if we do not help Santa Claus to fill them. Our carlessness and no real sympathy for the poor will come nearer damning us than a little kicking up of our heels, shuffling a few scraps of cardboard, or eating and drinking too much.

Then, too, if we should ever become really interested in some waif, some cripple, or a family who needs our assistance, all the non-essential things would go in the discard and be forgotten.''

The Publicity Hound.

The publicity hound is at once a source of amusement and annoyance to the fourth estate. The hound is of the type that feels that his going and comings, be they but to Cary and back, are of vital importance to the world. The publicity hound will flood you with news of a personal character, and he, or to be frank, as often she is choosy about conspicious heads and positions in the paper. It is some times considered by the hound a serious affront if the account of his doings is not played up.

There is a whole family of publicity hounds in the acquaintance of the S. E. Personal publicity is almost a mania with them. It runs in the family. They can smell out a reporter as if by instinct, and they, one and all, pounce upon him as their lawful prey, and load him with minutiae, which they would have him print verbatim without dotting an i or crossing a t.

Sad to say, the life of the publicity hound is destined to be more or less a series of dissapointments, for the news of him, when it sees the light of day, is often cruelly curtailed, due to nothing else, of course, than unfortunate lack of space.—Miss Lewis in News & Observer.

(The ''publicity hound'' in some sections takes ''turn about'' with some member of his family in a case of ''illness and confined to the home'' merely for the sensation of getting their name in the paper.)

THANK YOU.

THE UPLIFT gets bigger and better as the weeks go by. Its visit to this office is looked forward to with much pleasure each week—and it never disappoints us as to pleasure and profit in reading its pages.—Newton Enterprise.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Miss Mae Penland, who has been the guest of her mother at No. 4, has returned to her home in Morganton, N. C.

Mr. R. E. Wentz, affectionately called ''Uncle Bob'' by the boys, is working on a file cabinet for the Printing Office.

For fear of frost-biting of the nice field of turnips they have been pulled up and are now being relished by the boys at dinner and otherwise.

The cement of the new pump, which is located near our well, has

been laid. The bricks have been hauled and soon the little house necessary to cover the pump will be built.

Master Anderson Hart has gone home to the sick bed of his brother who has been severely injured. He wore one of the snappy, new semi-military suits that the sewing room has been making.

Cold weather is also causing us to fix all the spigots that are likely to burst. To prevent them from freezing a visit to the suspicious pipes was made so now everybody is secure in the knowledge that they are safe.

This spell of cold weather has brought on the killing of five hogs as mentioned in last weeks issue of THE UPLIFT. Spare ribs, sausage, back bone and hams etc, filled the boy's stomachs. No pity is taken on a nice fat hog now.

Rev. T. N. Lawrence, of the Episcopal church, of Concord, was the chosen one to bring us a very interesting message Sunday. The subject from which he spoke was: "As we Have Therefore Opportunity, let us do Good Unto all Men."

The boys after school are going down into the Auditorium to practice their Christmas songs for the entertainment which is to be held Christmas Eve night. A few boys have Christmas declamations to say on this occasion and you may hear them practicing if you chance to be here.

Mr. J. H. Hobby, our shoe mender, has been doing quite a large business for some time. To mend the shoes of one hundred and sixty boys, requires a lot of leather, tacks and patience. Mr. Hobby has the patience and during this cold weather, you can hear a constant pounding at the building. It is nothing but Mr. Hobby mending shoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Cloer, of Iredell county, the new officer and matron of the Durham cottage, have arrived. Mr. Cloer will take charge as soon as it is opened. The boys expect to get along fine with Mr. Cloer. Mr. Cloer is also a carpenter and he will start the workshop soon. It has been out of operation since the epidemic of the "Flu" the school had in 1918 unlike the printing office it did, not continue its work of teaching the boys to be carpenters. It is hoped and thought that Mr. Cloer will like the School and its work.

A new industry has been introduced at the school. This is the bottoming of chairs. Boys are needed to do this special work; they beat men. As far as I know, no machine has yet been invented to bottom chairs. As long as no profitable one is invented the boys will not lack good and honorable occupations. This is just one more trade to be added to our long list and this job was given to the smaller boys, who had no other job than to clean the yard, lawn etc. of the school. The average person bottoming a chair makes ten a day. Our boys are rapidly advancing toward that stage.

The apparatus for the ice plant has arrived and is now installed, also the the stock of the old store room has been moved to the new building. This new store room is more convenient to the 4th & 5th cottage house boys than it is to the

1st, 2nd, & 3rd cottage house boys. All manner of food was moved and more has come to be used at the Christmas dinner. Visions of the table on Christmas noon are already in the eyes and minds of the boys. Just in front of the new store room was a lot of boxes which the boys took and painted etc. and took them into the cottage where they hold what personal belongings the boys have here.

Well, the most joyful and the happiest time of the whole year has arrived at last. No doubt you have already a conception of what it is--- Christmas. We are arranging to have a good time here on that date. Eyes are set eagerly for that time because with it, it brings things of great joy from home in the form of loving presents and all good things. There is no defenite program for the day set yet but we hope to print it soon. The mail will be crowded with boxes from home labled: "Do not open until Xmas." It is a temptation to the boys not to open them but it is overcome. Christmas Eve all is expectant and waiting and no one sleeps, for is it just to expect a normal boy to sleep at that time? Certainly not. The boys will finally drop off to sleep, one by one until all are captured by the sand-man. Morning arrives at last and they dress and go down stairs to where happiness awaits them. After breakfast the opening of the boxes takes place. After perhaps a rabbit hunt, they eat dinner, and after Chapel exercise they play on the lawn. Then after supper they retire. Christmas night is like Thanksgiving night---"the end of a perfect day."

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THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD N. C. DEC. 24, 1921, NO. 8

It Was The Name.

"At the close of a battle in the days of the war a young man was found dying on the battlefield. A soldier stopped to render him assistance, and as he moistened his lips and made his head rest easier, the dying man said, 'My father is a man of large wealth in Detroit, and if I have strength I will write him a note, and he will repay you for this kindness.'

"And this was the letter he wrote: 'Dear father, the bearer of this letter made my last moments easier, and helped me to die. Receive and help him for Charlie's sake.'

"The war ended, and the soldier in tattered garments sought out the father in Detroit. He refused to see him at first on account of his wretched appearance. 'But, said the stranger, I have a note for you in which you will be interested.' He handed him the little piece of soiled paper, and when the great man's eye fell upon the name of his son all was instantly changed. He threw his arms about the soldier, and drew him close to his heart, and put at his disposal everything that wealth could make possible for him to possess. It was the name that made the difference. And thus we stand on redemption ground, and as Onesimus bore to Philemon, so we stand before God in the name of Jesus Christ, and He speaks for us as Paul did for the Roman slave.—J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

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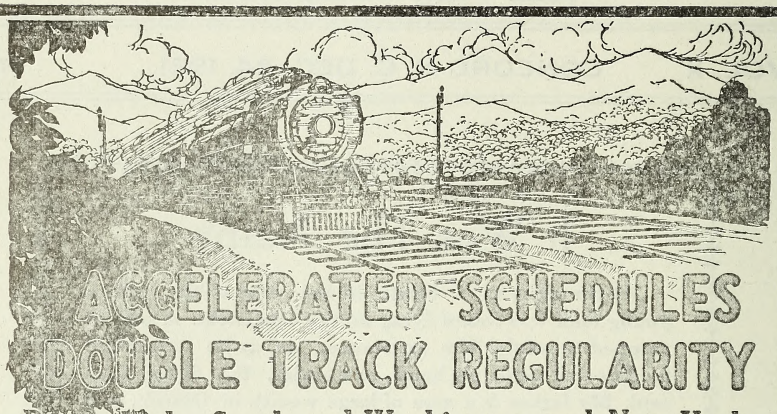

ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time) ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv 5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv 3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv 2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv 12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv 12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv 8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv 7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv 10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv 7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv 3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv 9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv 3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv 1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv 11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv 11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv 9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

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Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

All round about our feet shall shine
A Light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving will incline
To that Sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

---James Russell Lowell.

ONE WEEK'S VACATION.

There will be no one among our readers who can begrudge the fine little fellows, who make THE UPLIFT week after week, a week's vacation from the print-shop. The whole school practically foregoes any material activity during Christmas week, and the management is unwilling to deprive our printer boys of all the joy and cheer that go with this grand annual season.

The next issue of THE UPLIET will be of date January 7th, 1922.

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MR. JAMES W. CANNON PASSES

As we go to press with this issue of THE UPLIFT, the announcement of the death of Mr. James W. Cannon is made. For little more than a week he had been desperately ill at his home in Concord, but for a year or more friends had noted that the distinguished citizen was losing some of his energy and vitality. He was in his 70th year.

In this death there passes a man, who had made himself felt in the commercial and industrial affairs of the whole nation. His reputation was not

confined to his community, nor his state. Perhaps there are few men in the country who, starting from the very ground, have made a more marvelous record in the industrial and commercial world. From a penniless youth, with but few advantages except those which he made himself, he came to be regarded many times a millionaire. With nothing but a common-school education, he started. From this he became, not a scholar, one of the best informed men on all the subjects that concern mankind. Mr. Cannon was truly the architect of his own fortune.

To him is given the honoring title of the Cotton-Mill Wizard. No man possibly ever knew more about every detail of its conduct; he made it his business. That thing people call SUCCESS was his slogan. He knew the art of making money out of every proposition that he tackled, and he knew how to make money make money. He was a wonder, and the entire public so recognized it.

That wonderful, magic town of Kannapolis, which he conceived and built according to his own notions and designs, is his monument. Materially no greater achievement has ever occurred.

A large circle of friends throughout the nation will join the friends in his native land in grief over the passing of this great captain of industry and master of finance. The shadow of his departure bears down heavily upon the community that has known him and felt his power and genius so long.

* * * * * *

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

Throughout North Carolina there is a mighty evidence that the Majesty of Law is once more being recognized a living thing. Locally, the evidence is still more convincing.

Sin has been stalking through the country; on every road leading into the capital of Cabarrus there have been, to a moral certainty, maintained places of lawlessness, gambling and other nameless vice. Men, with no visible activity or industry, have amassed property and chattels---one man, without a thing in the world that spelled genius, force or material advancement, becoming the lord of a fine property! These things have been going on and the public felt itself helpless to rid themselves of the evil, and fathers and mothers agonized over the welfare of their children.

But the majesty of the law has asserted its power; already she has thrown consteration into the heart of the prevailing wickedness, has caged some of the roaring lions, in close pursuit of others, and shame even has

collected a toll. Strength to the arm of decency, courage to the law-abiding, and no let-up until every last one of the impudent lawless are brought to taw!

If men, who occupy high business and commercial positions, would withdraw their support of these joints and dens of vice, the officers of the law would have an easy time in working order out of a situation that has been a stench about us.

* * * * * * * *

ADDITIONS TO THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS.

The boys ask THE UPLIFT to acknowledge additions to the fund for their Christmas treat. They are Mr. J. C. Crowell, Charlotte, five dollars; Mrs. N. F. Yorke, Concord, ten dollars; Mr R. S. Huntington, Greenville, S. C., five dollars; Messrs. J. P. Allison and George L. Patterson, each, one box of oranges; Mr. J. M. Hendrix, one box of oranges, two boxes of apples and two bunches of bananas; Mrs. J. S. Grierson, ten volumes of Mentors; Mr. M. L. Jackson, Salisbury, a large bolt of cloth; Col. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury, five dollars; Mr. T. M. Shelton, Charlotte, ten dollars; Mrs. Myrtle Freeland, North Wilkesboro, five dollars; and the State King's Daughters & Sons, fifteen dollars.

The Polls soon close.

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THE MAN, THE BOY, AND THE DONKEY.

A Man and his son were once going with their Donkey to market. As they were walking along by its side a countryman passed them and said: "You fools, what is donkey for but to ride?"

So the Man put the Boy on the Donkey and they went on their way. But soon they passed a group of men, one of whom said, "See that lazy youngster, he lets his father walk while he rides."

So the Man ordered his Boy to get off, and got on himself. But they hadn't gone far when they passed two women, one of whom said to the other, "Shame on that lazy lout to let his poor little son trudge along."

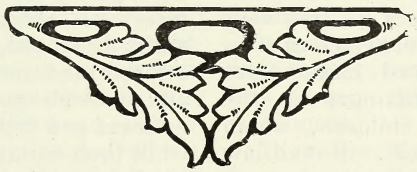
Well, the Man didn't know what to do, but at last he took his Boy up before him on the Donkey. By this time they had come to the town, and the passers-by began to jeer and point at them. The Man stopped and asked what they were scoffing at. The men said: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself for overloading that poor donkey of

yours---you and your hulking son?"

The Man and the Boy got off and tried to think what to do. They thought and they thought, till at last they cut down a pole, tied the Donkey's feet to it, and raised the pole and the donkey to their shoulders. They went along amid the laughter of all who met them till they came to Market Bridge, where the Donkey, getting one of his feet loose, kicked out and caused the Boy to drop his end of the pole. In the struggle the Donkey fell over the bridge, and his fore-feet being tied together he was drowned:

"That will teach you," said an old man who had followed them:

"PLEASE ALL, AND YOU WILL PLEASE NONE."



"There Should Be A Curfew Law"

That upright and just man, full of wisdom and with a tender heart, Judge Jas. L. Webb, of Shelby, has been holding court in Greensboro. Before him came a number of cases out of the ordinary. A young fifteen year-old girl fell by the wayside. The other party to the down-fall was a married man, and the third party---the debased use of a Ford Jitney all making a sordid exhibit of sin and vice.

Judge Webb was moved. Who wouldn't be with a knowledge of the awful things that are taking place all round us, the bars let down, paternal control in many instances gone out of business, temptations running rampant, and good people calling for yet more liberly and recreation. AN IDLE BRAIN AND IDLENESS IN GENERAL ARE THE AUTHORS OF MORE CRIME to-day than a dozen other evils. The good and wise Judge calls for the Curfew Law. We are conversant with enough cases that had their inception from a lack of this very law in the state, to convince us of its necessity. Some good men object to it because it infringes on the privileges of their children, whom they are rearing right. But all law is intended for restraint, and many a good law sometimes causes hardships for those who are willing and are doing right; but in the interest of organized society, all must obey it that the vicious may be reached. And, again, law observance by all is the evidence of a high citizenship.

But here is what the Greensboro News reports:

Judge Webb expressed the wish that all the boys and girls in North Carolina at about the age of 15 could see just such a case as had been laid bare in all its details, just once; come in, hear the evidence and see the principals paying the penalty of having their shame put before all who might see, and then go back home. The judge thought that it would have a powerful effect for good on the lives of the young people.

The case brought out the fact of an automobile ride, two girls and three boys. Judge Webb spoke quietly, not raising his voice beyond a conversational tone, but his strictures against the "joy" ride were unreserved. He referred to the case, a girl destroyed, a home destroyed, a father and mother heart-broken. Judge Webb spoke of heavy-hearted mothers and fathers who sit at home while their children are out, dreading, fearing that each day may bring some ugly report against their own children.

Quiet held the courtroom as Judge Webb talked. Strange rides with strange persons, outings at night, late picture shows---he ran over what he condemned as harmful to the young. There should be a curfew law, he said, one that would require all persons under 18 to be off the streets and at home after 8:30 every night.

Mussey's Book And N. C. Colonial History.

S. A. Ashe, In Raleigh Observer.

To the editor: A mule has been described as an animal without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. Fortunately the inhabitants of North Carolina, who are among the most prolific people of this country, can have no fear as to their posterity; but how is it about their pride of ancestry?

That appears to be a matter worthy of the consideration of the General Assembly. Under the present law it is open to the schools to use for the instruction of the children books calculated to instill in their young and impressionable minds contempt for their ancestors.

Take for instance "Mussey's" revised edition---understood to be the "Expurgated" edition---in which about all that is said of the early and colonial history of North Corolina is:

"There is little in the history of the Carolinas to detain us. It is a story of inefficient government, of of wrangling and discord between people and governors, governors and proprietors, proprietors and king. North Carolina was described as 'a sanctuary of runaways,' where every one did what was right in his own eyes, paying tribute neither to God nor to Caesar."---(P. 47.)

Now, the State has at great expense caused to be collected and published twenty-five large volumes of the early record; and, as a loving duty, North Carolinans have written in narrative the story of the people from the first settlement of Albemarle, based on these records. There is no foundation for the statement that North Carolina was "a sanctuary of runaways," nor is the other statement correct. The North Carolina story from the first permanent settlement up to the treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783 is not surpassed in interest by that of any other colony. It is one that the children in the schools of the State ought to be made familiar with.

I presume the particular excellence of this history---in the eyes of those who use it---is that is exploits matters that tend to inculcate contempt for the former generations of North Carolinans.

There may be other such histories in use in North Carolina schools.

The General Assembly should take action to prevent the stifling of "pride of ancestry" among the people. Let progress be the watchword; but progress in the right direction.

"To work, to help and to be helped, to learn sympathy through suffering, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder; behold! this is what it is to prosper, this is what it is to live."---Phillips Brooks.

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL:—Thomas F. Marshall, better known as Tom Marshall, a celebrated lawyer and orator of the past generation, (who unfortunately, was too much given to strong drink,) used to tell how he was driven to the bottle and his law partner to the Bible, in a way which humorously but powerfully suggests Clay's marvelous ability as an advocate. "The way of it was that," Marshall used to say. "Bob Breckenridge (Robert Jefferson Breckenridge, afterwards a distinguished clergyman)—"Bob Breckenridge and I formed a partnership when we first started out to practice law. The firm of Breckenridge and Marshall soon began to take the lead of all the law firms in Kentucky. We marched right on, without a break until, in our opinion at least, we were at the head of the State bar, with one solitary exception; and that exception was Henry Clay. We had never had a chance at him; but we had no doubt whatever as to what the result would be if we should have the good fortune to encounter him in open court. We felt assured that we should at once and forever put an end to his supremacy and soar to the head ourselves.

We watched for an opportunity to tackle the old lion, and, after a long wait, fortune at last favored us. We heard that Clay had been retained to prosecute a certain case, and we immediately rushed off and volunteered our services to the defense, so as to get a chance at him. Our offer was accepted and we awaited the day of the trial with feelings of fretful impatience solaced with anticipaton of triumph. Time dragged heavily on, but finally the day of trial came. When it came to the summing up, as Breckenridge and I both wanted to take a hand in laying out Clay, we arranged with the Judge that we should divide our time between us, and each address the jury. I, being the junior partner, spoke first. When I arose to begin my plea, I felt a pang of remorse at the thought that I was about to displace the splendid old man who sat before me from the proud pre-eminence, and myself take the honored position which he had so long conspicuously occupied. But I smothered my sentimentality and proceeded to business. I had made elaborate preparation for the occasion, and I did it and myself the amplest justice. I felt that Clay could hardly hold up his head after I got through with him. In fact, in my own estimation, I laid him out so cold that nothing was left for Breckenridge to do but to dance on his remains; and he did dance on them—a regular war dance.

When Bob concluded and sat down, we expected that Clay would throw up the sponge without attempting any reply to our unanswerable arguments and eloquence. But not a bit of it. The old lion got up and with one swoop of his paw he drove Breckenridge to the Bible and me to the bottle, and we have both been there ever since."

Once when Marshall was delivering a political speech in Buffalo, he was interrupted repeatedly by a drunken

man's calling out "Louder! Louder! Louder!" Marshall stood this for a while; but at last turning gravely to the presiding officer, said: "Mr. Chairman: At the last day, when the angel shall descend and, with his golden trumpet, proclaim that 'time shall be no longer,' I doubt not, sir, that there will be in that vast crowd, as now, some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting 'Louder! louder!" Marshall went on with his speech, but there were no more cries of "louder."

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, but it does seem that the Alabama man who erected a monument to John Wilkes Booth in his front yard might have been left out without any material damage to the universe.---Greensboro News.

The Meaning of Christmas.

J. E. Paddock, in School Journal.

There is no event in the calendar year that carries with it more of sacred remembrances or brings greater joy than that of Christmas.

It is true we do many things because of custom or habit. We observe rites and customs not because we can fully explain them, but these things find a place in our program and serve our purposes in their fulfillment.

Christmas customs are not just the same in all countries, but in every country Christmas shows a love for childhood. In Bohemia the children listen anxiously on Christmas eve for the chariot and white horses of the "Christ child" as he comes flying through the air with Krippe full of presents.

In Italy the children go with their parents to Churches and Cathedrals to see the Bambino, or baby-Christ who is thought to present them with their Christmas gifts.

In Spain the children hide their shoes or slippers in the bushes on Christmas eve, and find them filled with fruit and sugar plums on Christmas morning.

In France the young people stand their shoes in a convenient place for the good Noel to drop gifts in; sometimes, if the shoes of a bad boy are among them, he finds a whip in one in the morning, and he must be a stupid boy who cannot take the hint.

In Norway and Sweden the Christmas season is called the Julefred or Yule-Peace. At Julefred all the courts are closed, and every one stops disputing and quarreling, and if people or children are feeling cross with one another, they make it up, and are loving and kind, and there is feasting and good humored merriment. On Christmas eve the shoes are all cleaned carefully, and well polished, and set in a row before the hearth stone, to indicate that during the coming year all will be peaceful and pleasant in the family.

In the country places almost every family who can, spreads a table with

the good cheer of the season, and then the doors are left open so that anyone may come in and eat and drink and be merry.

In Belgium the children fill their shoes with beans and carrots on Christmas eve, and set them in the chimney place for the good saint's horse. In the morning they expect to find them filled with sweet meats and fruit in return for their good behavior.

In Holland the children hang up their woolen stockings by the tiled chimney-piece, and retire quite sure that St. Nicholas will visit provided they do not disturb him in his visit.

In our own country the children look forward to Christmas season as a time of gifts, joy and beautifully decorated trees and home with all kinds of toys, games and beautiful remembrances from parents, relatives and friends.

To say the least, it is a beautiful custom and it would be very unfaithful parents who would fail to reward the child-like faith which counts on Santa Claus bringing at least some of the things for which letters, telephone messages and even prayers have been offered to make sure of fondest anticipations.

He is to be pitied who has no love for music, flowers and prattling children. It is a wonderful thing to be a child---innocent pure and a type of heaven.

"The Boy's Mind."

Last Sunday, in Raleigh, Supt. S. B. Underwood, of the Public Schools, addressed the boy's league. He took for his text, "The Boy's Mind." Mr. Underwood is one of the most capable school men in the State, folksy, full of zeal and possesses rare executive powers. He used to have time to write worthwhile pieces for the press, and, in doing so, he was in his element.

The address he delivered to the Raleigh boys is so sensible and understandable that THE UPLIFF draws upon the News & Observer for the following:

"Mr. Underwood began by asking the boys how long it took chickens, rabbits, dogs and horses to get grown. After varied opinions had been given, the speaker asked which had the most sense." The horse won, with the dog second, rabbit third and the chicken last. Then stressing the point that where the most capability was required it took the longest time to reach maturity. Mr. Underwood added human beings to the list.

A HARD QUESTION

"So a dog has less sense than a horse, a rabbit less sense than a dog and a chicken almost no sense at all. And it takes a human being a long, long time to reach maturity---

"How about an elephant?" queried one of his hearers who had gotten interested in the train of thought.

"Now you've gone and spoiled my whole story," said the superintendent. "Elephants and camels are

out of my line."

"God, in his wisdom, made the babyhood of a human being longer for a definite purpose. He could have made a human being so that it would have had to shift for itself in a day or so if He had wanted to. God intended that you and I should have a long period of development; that we should be helpless and not be able to look after ourselves and make our own living; that while others had the responsibility for our physical well-being that we should be training our minds. The mind is what distinguishes us from animals and it is our most pricless possession.

"The boy's minds is not different from that of a man or woman or girl, except in the degree of development. I want to suggest what to do and how to take care of the mind. You boys get a living, have shelter and clothing and you can give practically all of your time and attention to the developement of your minds.

NEED OF EXERCISE.

"The mind needs exercise the same as the body. You get exercise in the gymnasium, which is good for your body and makes you stronger physically. But you must remember that minds don't grow unless they are exercised. Unless they are used they grow soft and flabby. I believe that it is a good thing to pin your minds down to difficult problems for the exercise you get.

"The boy and girl in school who find it easy to get a brother or sister to do their work for them make a serious mistake. Not only is there an element of dishonesty in turning in work which someone else did, but they lose the opportunity for exercise and developement of the mind. They loaf on the job and somebody else gets the benefit of the mental exercise. You need to think for the development of the mind. You and I have no use for a sissy fellow and I caution you not to be a sissy mentally. See that the mind works vigorously all the time.

PROPER FOOD.

"And the mind must have proper food as well as the body. As a person would not want to live on lemon pie entirely, so the mind cannot feed on an unblanced ration. You read a certain class of books of adventure, which are all right in moderation. But I would suggest that you not read this pale, anaemic literature all the time, but that you try something different now and then. Read some biography; learn something of the great men who have experienced the same things in life we have. Then later on in life try some poetry. I wouldn't recommend that now--you haven't reached that stage yet. Also, give some of your time to historical reading and then come back around to your books of adventure and romance, a reasonable amount of which is good.

"If you had a valuable jewel, you would not lay it around carelessly. So you must not let any harm come to your mind, which is your most priceless possession. It is for a specific purpose and you must take care of the body in which it is housed. What hurts the body hurts the mind and many times hurts the soul.

"You cannot sap the vitality with bad as vicious habits and expect a clean, vigorous and active mind. Your mind has a work to do, because

it is the mind that makes man the master of the world. Have the right kind of mind and do not cripple the efficiency of the mental processes of development. Think long and hard about the right things, and if you think long enough you will be right. Get your thinking on a high plane and you'll get there yourself."

THINGS I LEARNED WHEN A FARM BOY.

BY C. W. HUNT.

Number IV: Spiders

As boys seeking knowledge, gratifying curiosity, and into many kinds of "devilment," the insects called spiders furnished many interesting episodes. And for discussion I will divide the spiders into just two general classes the outdoor and the indoor; and the webs they spin into two general classes the funnel web and the net or hoopskirt web. The indoor spider is confined to almost one species, and is uninteresting, building a web across corners, is soft, a poor fighter, harmless save as a nuisance in gathering dust and grime in the webs. Strictly speaking there is a third class that works both in and outdoors, but its favorite place is on the outside of a house or shelter that protects its webs from the rains. This is a long-legged gray spider that is perhaps the swiftest and most active of all the spider family. It has a funnel shaped web that is thick and strong, and seems harmless until a chance bug falls into the web, then the owner of the home gets busy.

All spiders we had the chance to study seem to propagate their young in the same way, namely: the making of a small cuckoon, fill it with eggs, suspend it in the web or hide it in the underground home, take care of it until the little spiders are large enough to come out, when they are left to take care of number one. Small, delicate, as they are, the wonder is that any ever grow, and there is where nature comes in; they being made to hatch thousands so that some may be left. Of all the spider family there are just a few, native, that stand out distinct; the others being small, soft and weak, being an easy prey for the dirtdauber, which raises its young exclusively on spiders (as will be told in the next number.)

Those we learned as most common and sizable were the jumpers, three, the gray, black and red. Their favorite habitation is on the sunny side of a dead tree or an outhouse where the fly is likely to seek comfort. They are hard, wiry, quick; catching the fly by jumping on it from a distance. At the approach of chilly weather they seal themselves into a chrysalis under some protecting shelter, and lie dormant until spring. The first two of these are never large, the red being much heavier and is an outdoor insects, its favorite place being about a rock pile. These make no web, except to house themselves and to cover a larger insect that might get

away.

Working the fields we found the open field spider the most common of all, and the largest growing, being in color of darkish gray to a brown. Turn one up in the hatching season it generally has its egg sack fastened to the rear, but if disturbed will take the cuckoon of eggs or young spiders in its mouth and hold on at any cost. Separate it from its eggs and it will grab them again and fight for them. These make almost no web, living in holes in the earth, which holes are inviting to crickets and bugs, which go in never to come out.

The one spider above all others that has the name of being poison, and is never seen except when a rock or stump is turned over, is a spider with long claw like legs, pure jet black with a bright red spot on it; makes almost no web, is inactive, waiting for a bug to come in reach. I never saw any one bitten by one, but there have been cases of great pain from their bite. In fact all spider bites are painful. The only spider that ever bit the writer was little larger than a tick, yet it hurt from hand to shoulder in a minutes time.

The most sagacious of all the spider tribe is what is mentioned here as the net or hoopskirt spider; there being three distinct species of these hanging spiders; for it is never seen on the ground unless put there. I divide them as follows: the triangular, brown with white sides; the black, yellow and red, growing large and dangerous looking and nesting mostly on bottom lands; the brown, growing large and on all kinds of land, but always on something. The ingenuity of this family of spiders is almost weird. Tear down the web often as you please and leave Mr. Spider there and the next morning there will be another web. Generally it selects an opening where a breeze will blow or where a bug will have a kind of lane in the timber to fly through, and there stretches a cable across the path-like passage; in fact two cables and in between these weaves a web that has a center, and from this center in all directions runs a line, and then it goes round and round this center, each time getting father and father away until it has a net from 12 to 18 inches across. When finished it hangs itself in the center, apparently dead. Let a bug fly or other insect strike it, and the sleepy spider speeds to it, covering it with a web that fastens it for its own use. The unfathomable part of this work is how it stretches these cables from one tree or bush to another when it has no wings to fly? The solution we made, was that it takes advantage of a wind and is blown across, spinning its web as it goes. But that does not answer how it rebuilds in a night, breeze or no breeze?

Another interesting spider is the water spider that lives all summer on water, traveling on top of the water as though it were on land. I never was able to trace it to its home if it has any. Then the old "Grandaddy" or "Grandsir" that has legs and legs and a small body that smells like nothing else, and hangs about the house and yard. Its use and how it gets a living we never were able to tell.

The greatest of all the native spiders is a ground spider, jet black built like the jumpers, but strong as an aunt, size added to it, and about the

size of a finger end. Comparatively few people ever see this spider in a life time. I saw my first as a small school boy. The girls made a "playhouse" in the woods, and finding a peculiar hole with a hinged door to it, they, out of curiosity, put a small stick in the hole and pulled hard, bringing out such a spider as they never saw before, and the scream that went up from a dozen mouths sent all the boys flying that way. Examination showed that this spider tunnels a hole into the hard ground, weaving a waterproof chrysalis to the walls and making a lid at the top, of the same stiff material that will keep out water, else it would drown. Hiding itself in that way it is seldom seen except when excavating of earth is being done. As a boy I found several. Since being at my present home I unearthed one and took its nest out in a clod of clay where I had occasion to examine it and try its strength. I associate it with the spider that makes a peculiar noise in the fields and edges of the woods at night, in summer resembling slightly the chirp of a cricket, the noise being made by friction of some part of the body or the body in contact with the hard chrysalis that lines its home. I once read a newspaper story of a spider catching a small chick by the foot and holding it, and knowing this spider as I do I was not surprised; for if the chick's toe accidentally went into the den of this spider it could easily hold it indefinitely, being braced in as it is.

The next number will be about Dirt-daubers and Wasps.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
The old familiar carols play,
  And wild and sweet
  The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no place on earth," I said;
  "For hate is strong,
  And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
  The wrong shall fail,
  The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

—Henry W. Longfellow

Preaching About Women's Clothing.

(Christian Advocate)

Is woman's dress a proper theme for pulpit discourse? That depends. If the object of the preacher is to create a cheap sensation without either physical, intellectual or moral effect, there are few subjects that will serve the purpose quite so well. For one who desires to tickle itching ears, and there are a goodly number of ears that itch, nothing is better than immoral talk about the supposed immoralities of feminine attire, or the lack of it, which is the favorite way of speaking of the subject in these present times.

But if the preacher's interest is in eternal and unchanging realities which hold in their grasp the destiny of both nations and individuals, the appointed spokesman for God will give his time and efforts to the great themes of sin and redemption. "Christ and him crucified, the power of God and the wisdom of God" will constitute his only theme to a needy and dying world. There will be neither time nor inclination to discuss the facts and fancies of fashion as revealed in the length or width of a woman's skirt.

Fashions change. One need not have many gray hairs on his head to be able to remember the "hoop skirt," big as a tobacco hogshead, or "the spider waist," in those days of tight lacing, or the "bustle," that converts a woman into a camel with one hump, but not where the dromedary wears his. These drolleries of fashion came like the "Flu," stayed as long as they chose and then in spite of all the fashion doctors went away in triumph, to be followed by something equally as absurd.

Amid such triumphs in the absurdities of dress it is somewhat reassuring to know that the dress is more a matter of taste, or the lack of taste, than of morals. Orientalism that covers the form has been lower in morals than Occdentalism that has allowed varying liberty in this respect. The land of the harem and the veil never could be rated in morals above Hellenism, which to a shocking degree displays the human figure.

Such lessons from human history serve to give emphasis to the fact that talk about clothing may easily become more immoral than clothing itself. Let no one, however, infer that we are one bit in sympythy with the present abominations of female attire. We are only looking at facts as they are.

So far as the records go, the Master never in all his ministry, either publicly or privarely, uttered a word about the cut of a man's coat or the style of a woman's frock. The gospel ministry can at all times follow profitably the example of his Lord and Master.

The depth of water under a vessel can now be ascertained by the hydrophone, which works on the reflection of the sound of the ships propeller from the ocean bed.

Sporty Teachers.

(Charity & Children.)

Our readers know that this writer is not a fool about dancing. There are many things more heinous in the sight of God, that are often ignored by our churches, than a young girl taking a whirl or two on the ball-room floor, but our school teachers who have the training of our children in charge should not indulge in this pastime or in card playing during the progress of the school term. One of the objections urged to the establishment of a home for teachers is the danger that it will be turned into a dance hall and a gambling den. The conduct of some of our teachers who are inclined to be a little too gay has led to this opinion. A teacher is supposed to have other sources of amusement than dancing and card playing afford. That form of amusement may be all right for the flippant and foolish who never had a serious thought in their lives; but school teachers ought to be different. A girl giving to dancing or card playing can not hold the confidence other patrons. In the first place she has no time for these night carousals. After standing on their feet all day, and correcting their papers at night teachers ought to retire for rest in sleep. A midnight frolic is pretty good evidence that the teacher is neglecting her duty. Besides, the moral influence of a teacher ought always to be wholesome and helpful. Teachers exert a tremendous influence over the lives of the children committed to their care. A dancing and card playing teacher cannot possibly exert the right influence over her children. They know as well as their parents that a conscientious teacher cannot be a social sport. The habit of social dissipation among teachers seems to be growing; and it is high time that our school boards should take notice of this tendency. Teachers are paid very respectable salaries now, and ought to strive to earn their money. They cannot be faithful and capable teachers and spend two or three nights in the week in social dissipation. The office of a teachers is a sacred one, and if she cannot give up cards and dancing she would better give up teaching.

"You cannot think of Palestine without Jesus, but in the state schools you are not allowed to think of Him. Yet there is not the smallest objection to thinking of Homer, Plato, Aristotle and Socrates when one thinks of Greece; it would be vulgar not to remember Dante when thinking of Italy, Shakespeare when meditating on England, Voltaire, Rousseau and Victor Hugo in contemplating France, Martin Luther when casting up the world's debt to Germany, and Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, John Marshall, Theodore Roosevelt and certainly Woodrow Wilson in measuring America in hereafter."—W. Tom Bost.

More About Bible Study in Public Schools.

BY R. R. CLARK

It seems that the newspaper reports of the action of the Teacher's Assembly with reference to Bible study were misleading and have left on the general public an entirely erroneous impression. Mr. J. M. Broughton writes the Greensboro Daily News that the teachers did not pass a resolution favoring the inclusion of Bible study in the regular public school course, as the public seems to have understood. The teachers, says Mr. Boughton, were fully aware of the difficulties in the way of such proceedings and had no purpose to attempt it. What they did and all they did with reference to Bible study says Mr. Broughton, was to resolve that public school students should be given credit in school work for Bible study in Sunday school or elsewhere; and a committee was appointed to suggest a plan to the next meeting of the Assembly, to carry out the idea.

Inasmuch as I discussed this matter in a recent issue of The Uplift and was somewhat critical on the action of the teachers, being under the impression at the time that they proposed to include the Bible as a regular course of study in the schools, I am making the correction as soon as advised that the report was misleading.

The idea as I understand it now is that there will be no Bible study in the schools and the teacher would have nothing to do with directing such study. But those pupils who go to Sunday school or attend Bible classes should have credits in the school course for such Bible study. The study would of course be optional on the part of the pupil and would really have no connection with his school work. Then the question naturally arises, Why mix it in with the school work at all in the matter of credits? The idea, I assume, is that such an arrangement would encourage Bible study; that many parents would encourage their children to study the Bible and get credit for it in the school course, and some of the pupils would do that for the credit in the study course who would not do otherwise; and while the course would be voluntary, dependent on such outside arrangement as those interested made for the pupil, it might become popular, in which event a little indirect pressure might be brought to bear on pupils not disposed to take the course.

This procedure would be whipping the devil around the stump of course. It would be securing by indirection what may not be done directly. But considering that one who doesn't know the Bible isn't really educated; considering the great value of the Book as literature and history and its moral and religious value, I am not disposed to object to anything that will promote Bible study, so long as there is no infringement of religious liberty, direct or indirect. When the committee of the Teachers' Assembly presents the plan we will know more. It is said that the plan suggested has been tried out in some states and has proved satisfactory; and several of the states have some sort of Bible study in the schools, the course being elective, it is presumed.

I am aware that there are many people who can see nothing wrong in

making the Bible a text book in the schools. It is a good Book, why not make the study of it compulsory? That is, whatever they think is good and right they make themselves believe that God's will is done if it is forced on others. These people don't realize it of course, but deep down they have the spirit that would send to the stake those who did not accept their teachings.

Many years ago, in the southern part of Iredell county, a ministerial student from Davidson College taught the neighborhood "free school." Every Friday afternoon he called the entire school, except the tots, together and drilled them in the Westminister Shorter Catechism, which contains the doctrine and the creed of the Presbyterian Church. This drill was compulsory, too, not optional. The Presbyterian children in the school, who were used to that sort of thing at home, thought nothing of it. Whatever those of other faiths thought they said nothing, for in those days the teacher was very much the boss of the job and children were instructed at home to obey the teacher without question. But it was a fact nevertheless that that ministerial student took advantage of his position to teach the doctrines of his church in a public school and to compel the study of them, which was a flagrant violation of the principles of religious liberty. I have no idea the teacher thought he was doing wrong. That Shorter Catechism stands along with the Bible in Presbyterian households and so convinced was this teacher that it was a good thing that he verily believed he was doing God's service in teaching that Catechism in that school. Such procedure would not be tolerated in this day and should not be.

In connection with the teaching of the Bible in the public schools, "the bearin's o' this obserwation" I have just related, which is a fact, not tradition, "lays in the application of it," as Cap'n Edard Cuttle was won't to say.

My sole purpose, however, in referring to this question again is to correct an injustice unwittingly done the Teacher's Assembly.

Don't Tell Ma.

(Chatham Record.)

One of the most detestable things in the sight of the Record is that lame old excuse of "don't tell ma."

There are young men in almost every community, they can be found in Pittsboro, (in fact a case just recently came to light), that will undertake any kind of devilment, commit sin and debauch their mind and bodies, and they do not give a rap for society or the opinion of the righteousness, but they beg you when they are caught to please "don't tell ma."

The average boy's mother will drag herself down in the mire and defend him in anything that he does. She is a good old soul and trusts in God and prays for her children constantly every day, yet the boy neve appreciates her devotion until hi sins have found him out. Then i

is he pleads his cause "don't tell ma."

A young man from this town, of a splendid family, a devoted, Christian mother, connected by blood and marriage to some of the best families in Chatham county, was recently found in a hotel in Raleigh under circumstances that are calculated to reduce him in his standing, and this was the first plaintive, pitiful plea---"don't tell ma."

Just so sure as a young man connects his life with illicit whiskey and immoral women, then he may calculate that he is on the downward grade and poor old ma will sooner or later find out. God is too merciful to prevent it, and He will take her away, leaving her offspring to the mercies of his sin and the reward of his acts.

The time to think of dear old ma, boys, is before you enter into the business that degrades and besmirches not only yourself but all those who are dear to you.

On Books.

Hamilton Wright Mabie

There is no magic about this process of enriching one's self by absorbing the best books; it is simply a matter of sound habits patiently formed and persistently kept up. Making the most of one's time is the first of these habits; utilizing the spare hours, the unemployed minutes, no less than those longer periods which the more fortunate enjoy. To "take time by the forelock" in this way, however, one must have his book at hand when the precious minutes arrives. There must be no fumbling for the right volume; no waste of time because one is uncertain what to take up next.

The waste of opportunity which leaves so many people intellectually barren who ought to be intellectually rich, is due to neglect to decide in advance what direction one's reading shall take, and neglect to keep the book of the moment close at hand. The biographer of Lucy Larcom tells us that the aspiring girl pinned all mannner of selections of prose and verse which she wished to learn at the sides of the window beside which her loom was placed; and in this way, in the intervals of work, she familiarized herself with a great deal of good literature.

A certain man, now widely known, spent his boyhood on a farm, and largely educated himself. He learned the rudiments of Latin in the evening, and carried on his study during working hours by pinning ten lines from Virgil on his plow,---a method of refreshment much superior to that which Homer furnished the plowman in the well-known passage in the description of the shield. These are extreme cases, but they are capital illustrations of the immense power of enrichment

which is inherent in fragments of time pieced together by intelligent purpose and persistent habit.

The conviction deepens in me that the best possible education which any man can acquire is an intimate acquaintance with those few great minds who have escaped the wrecks of time and have become, with the lapse of years, a kind of impersonal wisdom, summing up the common experience of the race and distilling it drop by drop into the perfect forms of art.

The man who knows his Homer thoroughly knows more about the Greeks than he who has familiarized himself with all the work of archaeologists and the philologists and mythologists of the Homeric age.

The man who has mastered Dante has penetrated the secret of medievalism; the man who counts Shakespeare as his friend can afford to leave most of the books about Elizabethan England unread.

To know Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe is to know the best the world has thought, and said, and done, is to enter into that inheritance of experience and knowledge which is the truest and at the bottom the only education.

Most of us know too many writers, and waste our strength in a vain endeavor to establish relations of intimacy with a multitude of men, great and small, who profess to have some claim upon us.

It is both pleasant and wise to have a large acquaintance, to know life broadly and at its best, but our intimate friends can never, in the nature of things, be many.

We may know a host of interesting people, but we can really live with but few. And it is these few and faithful ones, whose names I see in the dying light of the old year and the first faint gleam of the new.

There Is A Place For Everything.

(Oxford Friend.)

Sports have a legitimate place in the nation. Spread of atheletics, and interest in them, from the biggest universities to rural districts, is to be greatly commended. Anything that causes young peopls to run, skip, and jump and cavort about or to contend with each other in physical prowess tends to abolish patsy faces and to build up strong bodies,

And in order to popularize these sports and to see that they are indulged in under proper condition coaching and supervision are necessary. These require expenditure of money. Therefore a certain amount of expense is to be endorsed; it is legitimate. But there is a point beyond which spending money on sports should not go, and it seems this point has been reached and exceeded in many place. Many institutions are paying more for professional coaches than is justified. Often an experienced professor of national fame who works nine or ten months in the year is paid one-half or one-third---and even less---than a coach who

works less than half that time in a branch of activity far less important; though its importance is admitted. Champions of the system in vogue in athletics will argue that gate receipts pay the freight; that no "hard-earned tax money" is employed. This is doubtless true. But as opposed to this it may be asserted that the needs of educational institutions are very great today. A part of the money taken in by sports should be used to supplement tax money and private donations. Schools great and small need all the money they can get.

The coach is a fine fellow; usually a striking physical specimen, clean and wholesome. But he certainly is no great personage that overshadows college president and professors of the first rank.

No friend of sport would wish to hamper it or to draw unfavorable attention to it. Still when one sees huge sums expended on sports, greater sums than are seen in direct education, and when one sees certain baseball teams emulate the big leagues and go "south to train," thereby cutting so deeply into classroom work, it is well to think over the situation.

Sport has a place in the sun, but it should not try to absorb the sun.

The Island of Yap

By Mrs. E. H. Mason

Far away in the Pacific Ocean, to the westward of the Caroline Islands, is the little island of Yap, about which there has been so much controversy. In fact, dotted all about over this wide stretch of waters are many islands, either single, or in groups---a chain of islands about 652 in number, covering over 14,000 miles in extent, with a population of something like 50,000 of different shades of black, brown and yellow.

Yap, Guap, or Wap, as it is variously called, means land. It is the most westerly of the Caroline group, so small that it is a mere speck on the map, not larger than a pin point. Although the administrative centre for the western Caroline Islands, the Pelew and Ladrone groups, it has been comparatively unknown until recently, even our well-informed ex-President Wilson having to confess, much the amusement of his friends, that he had never heard of this island until it was brought to notice during the deliberations of the Peace Conference in Paris.

Yap consists of one main island, with two others to the north which appear to have been torn away from the larger island by some volcanic eruption, as they are only seperated from it by a narrow channel, which is easily forded when the tide is low.

It lies north of the equator, 800 miles east of the Philipines, and 500 miles southwest from Guam, the one island of the group which belongs to the United States, having come into the possession of this country during the Spanish-American War.

It is on the line of the submarine cable which connects San Francisco and the Midway Island with the Celebes Islands, Borneo and New

Zealand, and thence to Australia, taking in Guan on the way. It is surrounded by a coral reef about thirty-five miles long and five miles wide, and its low-lying strip of land around the coast rises to a plateau in the centre, which overlooks a beautiful scene, with magnificent belt of bamboo, cocanut areca palms, which make a border around the coast line. It has a population of about 8,000, and, although so near the equator, the climate is pleasant, the heat being tempered by the sea breezes. A vanished civilization has left its touch in many ruins of embankments and terraces, neatly paved roadways, graves and lofty carved pillars, artificial canals, harbors and huge break-waters, the origin of which cannot be accounted for. The inhabitants, who are apparently discended from a Malay race, are not particularly cordial to strangers who visit their land, but they are peaceful and apathetic. Their houses are built of the wood of the breadfruit tree, thatched with leaves, and the walls of the houses are made of canes bound together with cocoanut or cinet fiber.

The National Geographic Society says of Yap:

"Its inhabitants are still in the stone age of progress, the chief decoration of the male being a string of pink pearls, which is said to be an expensive luxury, as only a few possess them, consequently the best ones are loaned out to the less fortunate for such a period as the wearer may choose to be dressed in the height of fashion.

"As there are no buttonholes, the men may wear two bouquets in each ear, a sort of corsage bunch in a large hole in the lower lobe, and a small boutonniere in a smaller hole higher up. Shell cuffs made of conches add the finishing touch to the correct attire." In this costume a man is considered to be in "full dress."

The Yap women are very dark, and by no means remarkeable for beauty. For dress they wear a very voluminous skirt made of fiber of several thicknesses, and though the average life of one of these skirts is only about a month, the fashion of making it never changes.

Someone writing of these people declared that they are not "savages in any respect except as to the rarity of trousers, and the absence of novels." However, shirts are highly prized among the men, and trousers, when worn at all, are not worn on the legs, as they are intended to be, but are worn as a sort of shawl around the neck, with the legs knotted in front and hanging over the breast.

As in all Eastern lands, betel-nut chewing is quite common. The nuts are the fruit of the areca palm, and they are chewed with the leaves from a species of pepper plant mixed with lime; which gives it a pungent taste. It blackens the teeth and reddens the gums and the lips. The national dring is kava, made from the kava plant, and while it is not intoxicating, it causes the legs to become temporariiy paralyzed. Some travelers have described the drink as tasting like soap suds, while others say the taste is like ginger with a touch of black pepper, and an indefinable fragrance of green tea running through it.

The money of the Yap is the most extraordinary kind of currency in the world. It is made of large wheel,

or disks of lime-stone or arrogonites varying in size from twelve inches to twelve feet in diameter, and one and a half feet in thickness, with a hole in the centre a foot or more in diameter, if the disk is one of the large ones. These disks, however, are only to represent the wealth of the owner, and, of course, are not intented to circulate, but are piled up in a treasure house for show. In many cases they are placed around the walls of the club houses, which are called "febai," or show money houses. In any village may be seen outside the houses of the wealthy class this stone money piled up against the foundation, some of the disks being so old that they show cracks all over them, these cracks being filled with the ferns which have taken root there, the hole in the centre having quite a big cluster as an ornament. If a man had much of a debt to pay, it would take ten yoke of buffaloes to transport the money any distance.

Such a piece of money would bring 10,000 cocoanuts, that fruit being the common standard of exchange, especially for external trade. The small change of the island is made of shell on strings of fibre and worn around the neck, as the Chinaman wears his, usually about twenty shells to the thread. Dried cocoanut kernels and bags of copra are also used as a medium of exchange.

It is said that the natives of Yap are strictly prohibitionists. Many bachelor clubs dot the island, and food and drink grow on trees. Married and unmarried men alike belong to these clubs, which are closed to the women. They have a hostess, however, who must be secured by force or cunning for some distant tribe. There she lives, it is said, "under a polyandrous system where no man becomes jealous, and the wives never object to their husbands' evenings out at the club."

Though the indefatigable navigators, the Portuguese, who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were such fearless explorers of the seas, claimed the discovery of the Caroline Islands, they were later explored by the Spaniards, who gave the group its present name in honor of King Charles of Spain. The Islands were, however, abandoned by Spain, and it was not until the eighteenth century that attention was called to them.

In 1885 the Germans laid claim to them, hoisting their flag over the island of Yap, which called forth a vigorous protest from Spain. The Pope was called upon to arbitrate between these powers, and Spain's claim was recognized, but special privileges in a commercial way were allowed Germany, and in 1889 the Caroline, the Pelew and the Ladrone group, with the exception of Guam, were ceded to Germany for the sum of $3,986,500.

As someone has said of thes islands: "Here lie the typical tropical shores, fringed by the crisp foam of the blue, boundless sea, overarched by the azure sky, with a background of palms, and a hnman accompaniment of brown and black men, among whom traders or missionaries have striven each to develop his special activities, predatory of peaceful or proselyting. It is the typical land of the cocoanut, of coral isle and volcanic mountains standing above the basin of this vast water, and inhabited by the dusky maiden and the brown warrior, the people varying

in civilization from the perfectly naked savage to thoes who have reached the higest civilization."

Civilization has its grades, however, and as some cynic has said, it may be defined as a "world where men wear trousers and women read nove s."

SHOULD A MAN LOVE SOLITUDE

There is not very much majesty in the shallow rippling waves of a mighty ocean or in the numberless cataracts of a great river. But somehow in the slow, stealthy coursing river or in the vast, briney deep there is a feeling of awe, wonder and majesty.

The noisy waterfalls speak shallowness to our listening ears, while from the silent deep comes a profound thought of something grand noble, majestical; because in those lone places lie hidden the wonders yet of the age of invention and discovery. The stalwart oak is king of the forest. The lofty mountain, indeed so wonderful, towering heavenward, is silent and immovable. How the poets have honored her solitude. To them and to every thinking man their solitude is enchanting, because silence lends no mercy and entangled in her mysteries is buried the unexpected, that which astonishes the world. When some keen-eyed, tactful brain pulls back the curtain of discovery and gives the world a glance at another known wonder, heretofore among the many unknown— a secret of loneliness.

Can you possibly tell where we can find a greater form of kingliness, majesty and power; and where mystery is more apparent, than in the human expressson, the soul, within that temple of clay: The master of age—we call man?

Rabbi Wise, has said. "Dare to be a dreamer." Dare to be alone in a world of hustle and bustle where men haven't time to think in their mad plunge for wealth, and grasp the fallen ideas of morality which have long since— and too long been trailing in the dust of forgotten morals. This reflection, this reformation must come out of solitude, being alone with yourself, alone with the great; alone with God, who admonishes us to enter in our closets and shut the door, where we can commune with Him in silent prayer: alone with our father who with a solitary Godly mind created the world and gave to us the great plan of redemption.

Men think when alone. I mean men of sound judgement. Great inventors have prayed in solitude, to be let alone while grappling with the slippery truths of mystery. I believe we would be better men if we would stop once in a while in our wild charge on the world, and reflect on the ideals of manhood, a worthy man, a Godly man. Cultivate the habit of separation from the means of livelihood, from the din and dust of trade and let your thinking soul have a chance and see if the passerby can't see in you a silent potency of God's creation.

So I believe we should learn to love a few hours of solitude, not idleness, for an idle person is a parasite on

time, but to be alone with God; and then we will have more opportunity for that loneliness out of which great art comes.—T. A. Snow.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT---SANTA CLAUS.

(Rambler, in Morganton News Herald.)

The spell of Christmas once more, and the wide-eyed wonder of little tots as they gaze through plate glass windows at the display of toys! Crisp December mornings have awakened in us the spirit of yule season, and chilly nights makes hints of Santa Claus. Children walk with an air of sanctity and there is an effervesence of goodness in and about a school. Mistletoe, with its icy berries, is to be seen hanging in obscure places, and the holly sends a Christmas feeling tingling through the body.

Yes, Chrismas is nearly here, and with it comes the joys and sorrows of the season. Joy for the little children who have the beautiful mesmeric faith in Santa Claus, and all he means! Sorrow for the skeptical children who wish to be so grown up they become infidelic in their desired wisdom! One of the saddest things at all is to see a child who does not believe in Santa Claus.

A little girl asked me the other day if there really was a Santa Claus, and I trembled with mortal fear lest my affirmation should fail to convince her that there really was. Poor little innocent tot! She had been the victim of ridicule by some skeptical beings who had thrown away the the birthright of all children—their belief in Santa Claus. Her little head had become dizzy with doubt and fears and worries. Her little heart was bursting with a shattered faith that would soon turn to mockery.

Not believe in Santa Claus? Why, my dear, dear little girl, wherever did you gt such absurd ideas? Santa Claus is the god of Christmas, just like Mars is the god of war, and Venus is the goddess of beauty. Surely you would not doubt Mars and Venus. They are stars, you know, and you may look up some night—way high up in the sky—and see them shining there. Although you cannot see Santa Clause he is just as real as the spirit of those planets. He is the inheritance of every little girl and boy, and without him Christmas would be nothing. Yes, little child, there is a Santa Claus. He is as real as the days in June, and as long as you believe in him he will be real to you always.

The Russian peasants believe that the first star to appear in the heavens on Christmas Eve is the very star that led the wise men to Bethlehem, and that whoever sees it first is assured a highly prosperous year

MOST ANYTHING.

Great discoveries of oil are reported in the valley of the Mackenzie river, northwestern Canada. There is a large area and rich supply, but the difficulty is in getting the oil to market. The region is remote from railroads, and as there are few if any roads, pipe-lines would not be easy to construct or maintain.

A new fire whistle has been installed at Tilton, N. H. Its tone is much like the 'bleating of a calf'' and there are stories about the cattle on the outlying farms are fooled by it, answering as long as it blows.

The low caste Japanese women have increditable strength. They draw heavy wagons, work in the deep mud of the rice fields, row heavy boats and coal the ships, always with the inevitable baby strapped to their backs.

There were 316 bushels of sweet potatoes raised in Connecticut last year, and on only nine acres.

The National Geographic Board has voted unanimously for ''Mount Ranier'' as the name of the mountain often called Mount Tacoma; but local sentiment is said to prefer the other name.

The Motion-Picture Theater Owners Association, in convention at Washington, tendered to President Harding the free use of the screens for ''any message the Government wishes to spread for welfare of the people.''

The Federal Reserve Banks paid to the Government last year Franchise taxes of over $60,700,000.

It is reported from Helsingfors that the Siberian city of Omsk has fallen to an army of 40,000 Russian revolutionist.

The loss to the Government during its 26 months of controlling the railroads, was $1,800,000,000. This is the estimate of Senator Cummings, chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce.

Wall Street bankers are ready to lend $100,000,000 to France, takng French bonds which they will sell to American investors.

In less than a century four women occupied the throne of Russia, and one of them—the Empress Elizabeth, the able daughter of Peter the Great —proved herself far in advance of other rulers of her time by conferring on women full civil rights.

In view of the progress made in womens' education in Japan during the last decade it is not without interest to recall that one of the first schools for girls in that land was opened by a Vermont woman in Yokohama in 1871.

The claim of being the most isolated island on the map is being urged in favor of the island of Kergulen, in the southern Indian ocean, it being more than 3,000 miles from any other body of land of any size.

The handle of a new shoe buttoner terminates in a device to unbotton footwear.

The Jordan is the world's most crooked river, wandering 213 miles.

FAULT FINDING.

To find fault does not require brains. To appreciate requires a high degree of intelligence. Any person can criticise, tear down or destroy; but to build up requires real constructive genius.

Criticism is cheap because it is so easily voiced. Constructive advice is the priceless possession of those few who have intelligence enough and unwho have intelligence enough and understanding enough to see an undesireable condition, and remedy it.

The fault finder is a dealer in second handed junk, he hasn't a new idea, a live, virile, constructive thought in his mental makeup. He does not understand that by criticising a particular condition, a place or person, he is doing the easiest and most cowardly thing in the world. He hasn't the pluck or the energy where it is most needed.

When you criticise a person you arouse his most elementary impulse of self preservation; you make him antagonostic to your views and he arises against you with no desire to remedy his condition. When you criticise a person without showing him where he is wrong and how he can improve himself, you are displaying your egotistic nature and lack of real intelligence.

What the world needs is a little less criticism and more constructive, inspiring, uplifting energy. We can all drag things down to the mud if we want to, but it takes a real reformer to lift humanity out of the gutter.

If something is wrong, remedy it; do not make it worse.—Work and Hope.

THE WAY TO WIN.

Many a boy is fighting a hard fight against something wrong in his life. He knows it is wrong. He hates himself whenever he yields to it. He wants to be free from sin, and yet seemingly in spite of himself and in spite of his prayers, again and again he yields to the temptation from which he has been seeking deliverance.

Instead of praying to be delivered from evil habits a boy ought to turn away his eyes from sin. When he thinks of his sin and asks God to set him free, he is like a bicycle rider who keeps looking at a ditch, into which he is afraid he will fall, until he finally rides into it. The wise rider forgets the ditch, keeps his eye on the safe path, and rides safely by.

In the same way a boy ought to look away from his evil habit, look away to the one perfect leader, Jesus Christ, and pray that he may become like him. So long as a boy keeps his mind fixed on his peerless leader he will be victor. If he forgets Jesus and begins to think of his bad habit and the danger of yielding to it, very likely he will fail.

Victory in life comes to those who look out and not in, out to Christ and not toward sin. This secret of victory Paul learned so that he could say, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."—Exchange.

Lake Moves Idaho City

American Falls, Idaho, before long will occupy the bottom of a lake and with commendable prudence, the residents are getting ready to move out. The lake will

be the largest irrigation reservoir in the world, a body of water 70 miles long, created by damming a river.

The dam will be a mile long, 100 feet high and will cost $15,000,000. It is to be the most important engineer feature of one of the greatest irrigation projects ever undertaken anywhere, the enterprise being comparable in magnitude to that by which the waters of the Nile have been successfully controlled.

The work will start at the headwaters of the Snake river, in Wyoming and by the construction of reservoirs at high altitudes, vast quantities of waters that now go to waste will be obtained for storage by bringing it through tunneled mountains from lakes that now drain toward the Atlantic, and there by causing them to turn their drainage in the direction of the Pacific.

The stored waters will reclaim 1,000,000 acres of dry and dusty desert at a total cost of about $1,000,000,000. As for the people of American Falls, a new and model city will be built for them on a level and commanding plateau overlooking the lake that covers their former homes. ---Ex.

High Compliment From High Source

Brother Johnson very kindly says in Charity and Children:

We are enjoying the UPLIFT, printed by the boys at the Stonewall Jackson Training School, and edited by Mr. J. P. Cook, more and more. It is a tasteful, vigorous and helpfull publication, and is an honor to North Carolina journalism.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

The boys are hauling manure to be scattered over the lawn to fertilize the grass.

Supt. Boger has secured two mules to use in working during the rush season. The extra team enables us to keep right up with our work.

From a recent visit to the well-digger, this reporter found that the depth of 187 feet had been reached. It is hoped that Mr. Ankers will soon strike water.

Rev. G. A. Martin, of the First Baptist church of Concord, held services in the auditorium for us Sunday. The boys appreciated his sermon and look forward to his next coming.

Near Christmas, we always have a lot of visitors at the school. James Gray, Kieth Hunt, Claude Coley, Arthur Montgomery, James Suther, Edward Cleaver and Harry Lamb received visits from home folks to wish them a merry Xmas and a happy New year.

There are quite a few persons donating to our Christmas fund. Elsewhere in this issue you will find the names of persons donating to our fund. Words cannot express the gratitude the boys feel toward these people, but if future acts have anything to do with it, the boys will show these people they have of their consideration.

As this is the last issue of our

paper until after Christmas all the boys of the Printing Office desire to wish all the patrons of THE UPLIFT a merry Xmas and a happy New Year. We want to thank our patrons for their kind appreciation of our endeavors to please them. We will try to make this paper better and better each issue.

Master Swift Davis, a member of the Printing Office, received a visit from his home folks last Sunday. Along with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Withers his uncle and aunt of Charlotte, came with other visitors. Master Davis was proud to show these visitors over the place and as Mr. Boger said after they had departed "We had just started to show them around the school."

The boys all take extreme pride in the appearauce of their respective cottages. In each cottage, several boys have been going round taking up collections for the purpose of decorating the cottage for Christmas. Nature has donated to the school a fine Christmas tree which is to be decorated and placed in our auditorium, where the Christmas entertainment takes place.

The society of all the cottages are now going in full swing. The Societies are presided over by the following presidents: Cone Literary Society, James Everett Honeycutt; Stonewall Literary Society, Claude Coley; Cook Literary Society, Henry B. Faucette; Thompson Literaryary Society, Jarvis Quinn; Shaw Literary Society, Weldon Creasman. The manner in wnichthe boys deliver their argument in an essay and any part of the society shows that the boys all like to take a part in the exercises.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

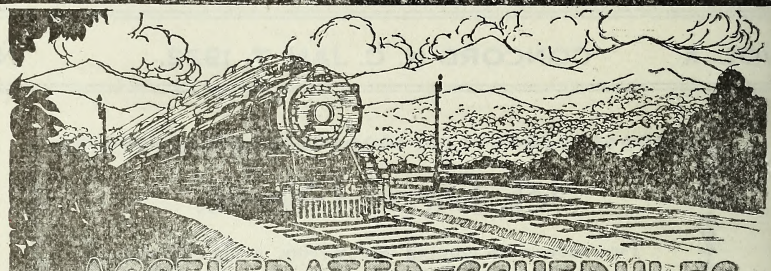
VOL. X CONCORD N. C. JAN. 7, 1922, NO. 9

Ich Dien---I Serve.

Two men were coming away from a big city church, where the eloquent and famous preacher had delighted his congregation by an unusually fine sermon. "It does one good to hear a man like that," said the elder man. "No wonder he is such a success. I would go and hear him every Sunday if I lived here." "So would I," said the younger, "and I would not care what sort of a sermon he preached, either. That isn't the best of him. That isn't his real power at all, though it makes one feel proud of him." "Why, what do you mean?" asked the other. "If his eloquence isn't the power, what is?" "I'll tell you," said the young man. "I never was in his congregation, either here or during his pastorate in our little town. But he knew our family and what a time mother had educating and bringing up us boys. He had left our town for this big church five years ago, but when mother died, last year, the very first letter that reached me was from him, and it was a letter I'll never forget. And I have since learned that over and over again, on the anniversary of a bereavement, as well as just after it, that busy man, rushed with a thousand duties, sends this or that man or woman a letter of remembrance and comfort, just as he did to me. And they don't forget it, any more than I do. His life is full of just such things, and that's why he's such a power wherever he goes. It isn't just the sermon—it's what lies behind the sermon."—Forward.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	lv			5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	lv	ar	10.55AM.	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	ar	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	ar	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	ar	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	SALISBURY, N. C.	ar	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	High Point, N. C.	ar	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	GREENSBORO, N. C.	ar	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	Winston-Salem, N. C.	ar	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	Raleigh, N. C.	ar	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	DANVILLE, VA.	ar	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	Norfolk, Va.	ar	lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	Richmond, Va.	ar	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	LYNCHBURG, VA.	ar	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	WASHINGTON, D. C.	ar	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	ar	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	West PHILADELPHIA	ar	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	North PHILADELPHIA	ar	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	NEW YORK, Penna. System	ar	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington end New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Weshington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE NEW YEAR AND DUTY.

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again,
Wisely improve the present, it is thine;
Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear
And with a manly heart."

* * * * * * * * *

A CHOICE SPIRIT HAS DEPARTED.

Ex. Gov. Thomas Walter Bickett, beloved by his state, suddenly stricken on the evening of the 27th with apoplexy, passed away the following morning at 9:15. Though just in his 53rd year, he had crowded into that short life the deeds and achievements of a statesman and a patriot. Few men, if any, in the history of North Carolina have wrought as nobly. He has left an impress upon the public consciousness that can never die. The whole state mourns his passing.

THE UPLIFT joins the thousands, who know her intimately and appreciatively, in sympathy for the widow who is passing through this greatest of sorrows. The unassumed and unaffected devotion of this couple, Mr. and Mrs. Bickett, was a most beautiful picture, an inspiration to all.

* * * * * * * * *

HE KNEW HOW TO DISCRIMINATE.

The late Governor Bickett, who was sometimes criticised for his pardoning record, rejoiced in the possession of a human kindness that office could not destroy. On one occasion a certain lawyer, defending a youthful

client, succeeded in getting the presiding judge to commit the boy to the Jackson Training School. In less than a month, the very same lawyer invoked his friendly relations with Gov. Bickett, seeking the pardon---a foolish procedure---of his client. Gov. Bickett, having business in Concord, visited the Jackson Training School, went through all departments, made a complete survey of the work. then told of the pressure brought to bear on him in this one particular case. Summing up his impressions, he looked the superintendent square in the face and said: "I've never worried the School with pardoning boys. I know I have the power and right to pardon a person from punishment, but have I the right to say when a boy's training shall cease? If I have that right, I've never cared to exercise it." He knew his duty, and fearlessly met it.

* * * * * * * *

MISS STOCKTON.

Cabarrus county rejoices with Miss May Stockton, our whole-time public health nurse, in the recovery of her aged mother from a serious attack of pneumonia, at her home in Greensboro. Miss Stockton was with her mother, and, while desperately sick, the aged lady thought of the welfare of others and when the election for a County Sanitorium came on she insisted on exercising her franchise via the absent-voter-plan.

Miss Stockton has returned to her duties. Finding her desk piled up with calls for service, she philosophically, faithfully and happily said: "Oh, I like to work---it means so much." This splendid young woman, by her capability, earnestness and sincerity, has unconsciously wormed herself into the hearts of Cabarrus people. She is most valuable. To her, along with Miss Wilson, the Home Demonstrator; Mr. Goodman, the County Farm Demonstrator; and the superintendents of County Welfare, of all the counties in the state, here's hoping for health, support and sympathy. These be high callings among progressive and aggressive peoples.

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CELEBRATED HIS 96th BIRTHDAY BY PREACHING.

Down at Elon College there is a member of the faculty that has been and is yet classed as a most remarkable man. Dr. J. W. Wellons is his name. He's lived a beautiful life, full of love for his fellow-man, and thoroughly upright in all his relations of life.

Dr. Wellons was ninety-six years of age on New Year's Day. He was invited to preach in the College Chapel, and, never having learned in his

long life to side-step a duty and a service, he accepted the invitation. Dr. Wellons is a native of Eastern Virginia, but coming to the fine climate and the invigorating environment which North Carolina revels in, the good old doctor has guaranteed long so-journ in the world, and there is no reason in the world why he should not preach a birth-day sermon in Elon College Chapel on New Year's Day of 1926. The correspondent, reporting this particular service, says:

> The morning preaching service in the college chapel was very beautiful this morning, being conducted by Dr. J. W. Wellons, better known as "Uncle Wellons." Today being his 96th birthday, made it more interesting. He is active considering his age, and, while he had to give his sermon sitting down, he could be heard clearly, and his text for the morning was taken from 1st Corinthians, 15th chapter, 58th verse: Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.
>
> He dwelt on the great theme of salvation and spoke of his sermon as being an expository one. His remarks were very touching, beautiful and displayed his wonderful faith and trust. He is perhaps the oldest minister living, and is the oldest of the Christian denomination today.

* * * * * * * *

The editor has received a pleasing letter from Mr. Milton Wicker, chairman of the Junior Class of the Greensboro High School. This is what he writes: "As a Christmas gift to the boys of the Guilford Cottage at the Jackson Training School the Juniors of the Greensboro High School have subscribed to two magazines, "The American Boy" and "Popular Science." They will begin with the January issue and continue for one year. Hoping that these publications will delight the boys, I remain." Young Mr. Wicker will please make known to his class that their act is highly appreciated, and rest assured the Guilford boys will profit by their thoughtfulness both in the reading of this high class literature and especially the consciousness of this demonstration of a worthwhile fellowship and interest.

* * * * * * * *

Our fifty-thousand gallon water-tank is gradually filling up, in face of a constant use of the supply throughout the cottages and the grounds, from a recently punched well at a spot pointed out by the "forked peach limb." Though laughed at by a prominent geologist, who declared that in the peculiar formation of the rock on this ridge, no water could be found, cer-

tainly not at a depth over 200 feet." The well is just 300 feet deep and is giving up per minute in the neighborhood of twenty gallons and the water-mark in the well is not lowered after a pumping period of ten hours. It is a risky thing to poke fun at the forked peach limb and the didoes of the signs of the moon. Later: The tank is full.

* * * * * * * * *

CROWING OUT OF ORDER.

There was nothing else for the special session of the General Assembly to do than to provide for the school deficit of $710,000. The State does not repudiate honest obligations, whether they arise from carelessness, incompetency or miscalculations. The claim that a state officer drove to cover such able, honest gentleman like Doughton, Varser, Everette and others, making them do his bidding is the veriest rot. This deficit grew out of a fundamentally wrong and unnatural law, which the said State officer really inspired and engineered through the General Assembly. The State may well be congratulated if next year's operation of the miserable school law, now doing business in North Carolina, does not leave a greater deficit. The wisest act of the special session of the General Assembly was the appointment of a commission to make a business-like educational survey.

* * * * * * * * *

Speaking the appreciation and gratitude of this institution THE UPLIFT acknowledges the receipt of a generous check from Mr. W. J. Swink, of China Grove. Coming on New Year's Day, it gives the machinery an easy start-off. Mr. Swink's contribution shall be devoted to a fine purpose, a purpose that will figure for years in the problem which concerns this institution. Some of these days, a central library must be started; and this voluntary gift from a fine citizen and a devoted friend will fit in as a nucleus around which we may build our fond hopes.

* * * * * * * * *

In this issue we have an article showing the devious route, by which our present calender has come down to us. It is an interesting and instructive article. The students of the high schools, along with the students of the world, can find in this article the answer of questions that no doubt have exercised them at some time.

* * * * * * * * *

The boys of the Jackson Training School had the biggest and the fullest Christmas in the history of the School. This was made possible by the gen-

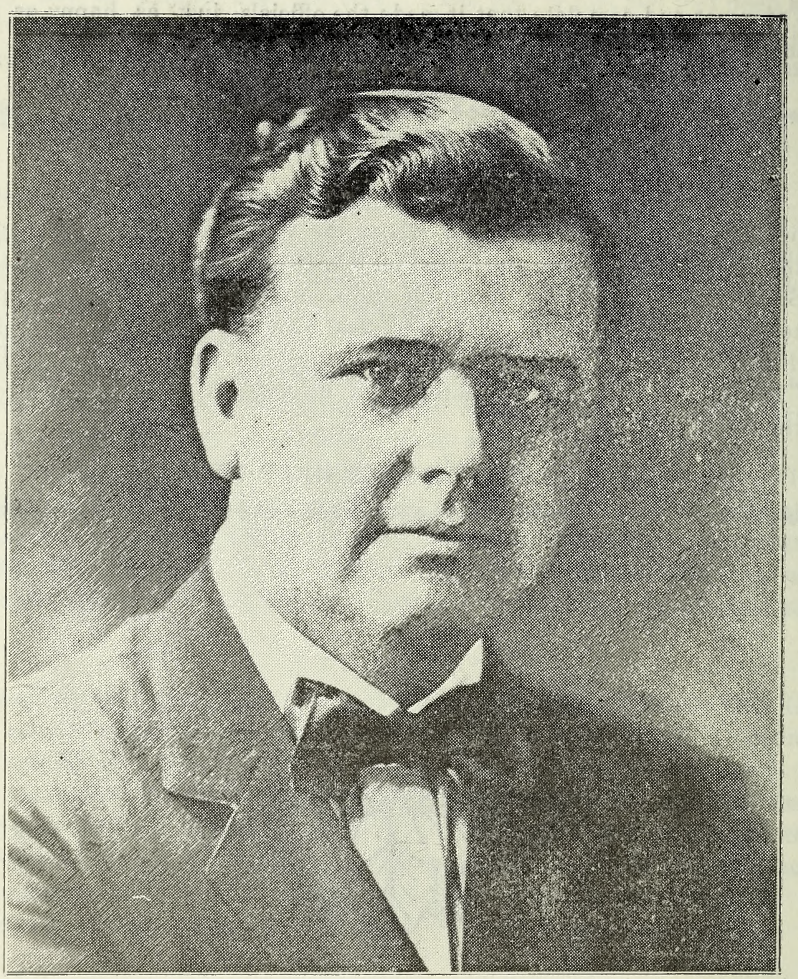
erosity of good friends, who contributed to the Christmas fund. The joy was so great and complete that it made the officials just as happy as the youngsters.

* * * * * * * *

HURCULES AND THE WAGGONER

A Waggoner was once driving along a very muddy road. At last he came to a part of the road where the wheels sank half-way into the mire, and the more the horses pulled, the deeper sank the wheels. So the Waggoner threw down his whip, and knelt down and prayed to Hercules the Strong. "O Hercules, help me in this my hour of distress," quoth he. But Hurcules appeared to him, and said: "Tut, man, don't sprawl there. Get up and put your shoulder to the wheel."

"THE GODS HELP THEM THAT HELP THEMSELVES."



U. LELAND STANFORD.
Stoneville, N. C.
(In our next issue will be found the picture of the magnificent school building which he inspired, and which is his living monument.)

U. LELAND STANFORD.

The effort to achieve distinction is one of the motive powers of civilization. Especially is it a characteristic of American Youth. Here, where the doors of opportunity swing wide to merit and worth, here where striving against odds is constant incentive and almost certain attainment for honest effort. This is shown by the career of young U. Leland Stanford of Stoneville, North Carolina, and others like him. His life and success are at once an inspiration and a promise. Hopeful indeed does it appear to all those who, like him, are poor but who aspire; hopeful for all those who do not expect the help of others, but who must depend on their own unaided efforts; hopeful for all those who have only industry, energy, ambition, and honest purpose to speed them in the race of life.

Young Stanford was born in Stoneville, N. C. July 15, 1892, and a few years ago he married Miss Rosa Mae James of Forsyth County. Today he is the only lawyer in Rockingham County that is practicing law in the town in which he was born. Stanford accepted life as he found it, and taking hold of his environments he made the most of every opportunity as presented, and to him obstacles were but invitations to greater effort while "stumbling blocks" were used as stepping stones as patiently, sincerely, and determinedly he moved on and over them steadily upward. Farm boy, newspaper editor, lawyer—these are the steps that mark his progress.

Years ago he plowed the corn and tilled the soil right where the Stoneville High School building, the handsomest in the county, now stands in its imposing beauty. As young Stanford worked day by day the aspiration filled his heart and the high hope flooded his soul that some day he might see on that site a modern, up-to-date, handsome High School building.

As the years went by this young man made his plans and waited for the time when the opportunity should arrive to make his dream a reality. The hour struck and he put his tireless energy, unbounded enthusiasm and unconquerable will into the High School movement, and laughing at every obstacle, scorning opposition he conquered all hindrances and crowned effort with victory the 14th day of last September, when North Carolina educators of note went to Stoneville and dedicated that beautiful temple of learning to the eternal interest of the human mind. Young Stanford is the efficient and active Secretary of the School Board that erected the building, and every dollar of the nearly ninety thousand dollars passed through his hands and all of his reports rendered to the Board of Education have been complete and accurate.

In all movements to uplift and better the mental, moral and physical condition of humanity he takes a deep and abiding interest, and his recent speech before the County Commissioners of this County pleading for the erection of a Rockingham building at the Jackson Training School, aided in securing the building while Stanford gave another example of striving unselfishly for the betterment of mankind. When we know his strong, clean, manly character we are impressed with what great good ambiti-

tious youth may do when he dedicates his life to progress, honor, truth, and service to others. Selfish interest in this great age must be placed aside. Serving and helping others must be emphasized and so does the career of U. Leland Stanford though scarce begun, teach us that common honesty, civic pride and tireless energy mark the pathway to the goal.

Foolish Utterance: Several gentlemen sitting around the stove in a public place, discussing business and the temper of the times. One man remarked, "if I can do half as well throughout the year as I have done today (January 2, 1922,) it will be glorious." Another said: "It looks very encouraging to me." These were industrious men and active in their line of business... A glassy-eyed loafer, who has never struck a real worthwhile lick at any job that contributes to the betterment of mankind, butted in: "You men don't know what you are talking about; we are on the verge of the greatest slump in the history of the world; and by the middle of February the whole bottom will drop out." This pessimist was unknown to the gentlemen, and his self-assurance and self-centerism had an effect on them like a dull thud. This is the way trouble starts—by some insignificent, doless thing. Taking stock of the situation, we dismiss the whole thing by observing that if every body was as sorry as this pessimist, the world, including business, commercial, industrial, social and political, would have to liquidate—and ought to.

HOW DEATH BRINGS IT OUT.

By Jim Riddick.

The other night I sat in the House of Representatives Chamber, at Raleigh, looking into the faces of representative gentlemen from every quarter of the State. There had been deaths of prominent men and women of the state reported in the press. Though a Christmas season, when all seemed in joy to be harkening back more than nineteen hundred years in a celebrating memory of the one great birth, which brought peace and hope into the world, not a person in that audience of fine men but who felt keenly that he was in the presence of death.

Ex-Governor Bickett, the golden-hearted North Carolinian, rising from a small beginning to a proud position into the hearts of men and women of North Carolina, had just died. In loving memory tender words were officially spoken; and a large purse for a floral offering was voluntarily and quickly assembled. Bickett was dead —but he still lived; and he will live for his preachments, his golden words of wisdom and his patriotism, expressed in deeds and acts, for ages to come. Doesn't matter that he did not pile up worldly wealth, for he didn't,—his fortune was built in the hearts of living beings, winning for him a glorious reward in that golden

land where fortunes consist alone in goodness, song, peace, happiness and an unending glory, none of which filthy lucre can purchase.

There was another event at that meeting that abides with me. I am constrained in this presence to ask the question: "How long will a man live in the memory of men, who has rendered a loving service to humanity and unselfishly aided in building up agencies looking to the relief and benefit of others?" I shall answer my own question— it is, and ought to be, FOREVER. Back yonder in October, 1920, at a railroad crossing below Charlotte, Edgar Love, of Lincolnton, in the twinkling of an eye was dashed into fragments, in tragic death. He was not a governor. He had been a business man, a cotton-mill builder, a promoter, and the highest he ever reached in the political life of his state was mayor of his town and a representative of his people in the lower house of the General Assembly. In both of these positions he was true to the common good of all—these positions were treated as sacred trusts.

There is to be expended in Lincolnton soon $250,000.00 for a modern and splendidly equipped School Building. It is to be called the "Edgar Love School." I wondered why. There is usually a good and sufficient reason when the public, which unerringly takes the measure sooner or later of every man, decides to perpetuate in the lives of the rising generation a loving memorial to the honor of an individual. The reason was revealed that night. When a motion had been offered to select a successor of Edgar Love on the State Executive Committee, Will Graham, a fellow-townsman, arose to second the motion and asked the privilege to say out of the fullness of his heart some things about the late Mr. Love.

When Edgar Love lay a corpse in Lincolnton, hundreds and hundreds of his former associates, friends and acquaintances called. It is said that no less than one hundred strong men, breaking under their sadness over his untimely death, audibly remarked: "He was my best friend;" "he helped me get my home;" "the average, poor man will miss;" "old Lincolnton has been hard-hit;" "he has helped more widows and children than any man I ever knew;" and other expressions that indicate what Edgar Love had been in life.

These constitute the estimate of the man; his living has answered the question "how long shall a man be remembered." The kindly deeds Edgar Love did live in the lives and the bettered conditions of hundreds of people and, like the ripple started by a pebble thrown into a lake which only spent its self when reaching the other shore, will touch somewhere, somehow, silently but surely, throughout eternity.

Death brings out the good and the bad that men do in life. The generous and thoughtful live on; the selfish perish and are forgotten.

There is one thing better than the pursuit of money, or the habit of having one's own way—those I take to be the two great errors of life in our own day—and that is a human home. It is the best thing there is in the world.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

CYRUS B. WATSON: Few North Carolinians ever told richer stories than the late Cyrus B. Watson, of Winston-Salem, and the writer is indebted to the late Judge W. J. Montgomery, of Concord for this one, as it was at his suggestion that Mr. Watson told it to the writer.

It happened while Judge Montgomery was judge of the Superior Court, and the scene was at Yadkinville. A white man, who for a better name we will call Mose, was indicted for stealing blockade whiskey, which the blockaders had hidden in the woods to keep the revenue officers from finding it. Mose came into court without a lawyer, but employed Mr. Watson to defend him, who took the case without any chance to know its merits. The State proved that the whiskey was hauled away on an old ricket wagon making a track resembling a worm fence; that Mose had such a wagon, and that Mose and that Mose had run away from the neighborhood.

Mr. Watson put Mose on the stand, and he denied any knowledge of the liquor, and that he went to his uncle's in Iredell county of his own free will. Mr. Watson thought he at least had a fighting chance to this time, but Mose was to be cross examined, and the solicitor drew it out of Mose that he did not stop at the home of his uncle on arriving in Iredell county, but that he was found in a barn, two miles away from here at seven o'clock the next morning, asleep; and on being asked why he did not go to his uncles as he was supposed to have done, said: "there was report of mad dogs, and I was afraid of mad dogs." Mr. Watson called Mose from the stand in disgust, the judge noting Mr. Watsons discomfiture. Mose took his seat behind his counsel, when Mr. Watson leaned over and said: "if you had said you were afraid of 'tumble bugs,' instead of mad dogs you would have had some chance, but as it is you are a 'goner;' and submitted the case on his honors charge. Mose was found guilty, and was sentenced to the pen for a term of years. Up to this time the joke was on Mose.

A few days later the sheriff took Mose, with three negroes on a forty mile drive to Winston to take the train for Raleigh, and it was on this trip down that the second part took place. One of the negroes who was satisfied and talkative proposed that in as "much as we all is dun fer, that we have a sperience meetin' and all of us tell what brought us here." With that Sam called on Alex who said: "dey swo lies on him, else he would now be at his home." John on being called said "Dey would not low him a chantz to git eny witnesses, else I would a cum cler." Then Sam said: "I am here cause I am guilty ob stealing dat man's meat, dats how I cum here." Mose the white man not volunteering anything, Sam said: "Mr. Moses, you is er white man, but bein as we all is told how we cum here, we would like to know how youse was sent wid us?"

Mose did not so much as lift his eyes, but drawled out: "It is dead easy how I come here, I had a fool for a lawyer."

Mr. Watson had a great store of personal jokes, but perhaps there was

none that he enjoyed telling more than this one.—Contributed.

I was riding down the main street of an important town on Monday after Christmas. I passed a limousine car, bearing two young women and two young men. Both girls were deeply concerned about their appearance. Each were headed for an afternoon dance in a public place. The girls were using each a lip-stick. I knew the mother of one of the girls—she takes in sewing for aliving (a perfectly honorable occupation) and does her own cooking and house-keeping. Has she the faintest idea what her daughter aspires to?

REWARDED BEFORE HAND.

(Anonymous)

Mr. Balfour was a busy man, too busy to look up any one in need of a kind deed, but ever ready to help those who asked it, and at times went out of his way to do some one a favor. For some time he had been heavily occupied with work needed to be done, when on a certain Friday evening an old decrept black mammy living near hobbled up to his home saying: "Mr. Balfour, I want to ask a favor of you; I want to ask you to get me in the county home. You knowhow I am situated, how my daughter-in-law does not like me, and makes it unpleasant for me, and they tell me there is a good place at the county home." He was at once interested.

"Grandma Jane?" said Mr. Balfour, "you know I will accommodate you if I can; I know how you are situated, and I will go before the County Commissioners Monday morning and state the case. I am afraid I will have trouble getting you in, as they may ask if your son is not able to take care of you, and after telling them how old you are and unable to work, I will have to plead the way you are being treated, as the excuse for the request."

"I thank you Mr. Balfour," said Grandma Jane, "I think the weather will fall soon, and I want to get where I will be warm and "comfortable" before the weather sets in."

Monday morning came, and dressed in a nice new suit, Mr. Balfour layed aside his work day clothes, and went early to the court house. He seldom went there except on business and generally in a hurry, but this good morning, on mercy bent, he was in no hurry, in fact had to wait some time, and this morning it seemed that every one he met was his friend, and each vied with the other to see which could be the gladest to see Mr. Belfour. One officer called him in to give him a paper he had been keeping for him and to thank him for a favor done. Another friend shook more heartily and wanted to know why he so seldom saw Mr. B.; a nicely dressed lady wanted to be shown the sheriff's office, and was profuse in her thanks for kindness done. Another friend introduced Mr. Belfour to the wife of

a mutual friend he had known many years, and she was very gracious, saying: "Mr. Belfour, I am delighted to know you; my husband and his brother so often speak of you, I know all your relatives in ————, many of whom I love as my own folks, and all these years we have never chanced to meet." At every turn he met some one with a glad hand, a kind word.

Going into the Commissioners room Mr. Belfour found a most elegantly dressed lady addressing the Board in reference to the comfort and priveleges of prisoners in jail. She was eloquent, pointed, poised, a splendid speaked, who when she had finished was informed that what she was asking for was already on the way but that did not lessen the beauty or the talk or the aim that guided her and her associates, some of whom were Mr. Balfour's friends and came forward to speak to him.

Hanging his hat and over-coat on a convenient nail and taking a seat, the Chairman of the Board came forward to speak and ask what he could do, and being told he kindly advanced Mr. Balfour above some others waiting, and standing before the Commissioners he stated the case of "Grandma Jane" just as it was, and without having thought of it before, found a champion of his case in one of his friends on the board, and in less time than it takes to say so, the order was made, the clerk filled the necessary papers, and Mr. Balfour thanking the Board was soon on his way home. The Chairman having told him that he would have to carry his charge to the home.

At home he discussed the matter with "Grandma Jane" and her son and before two o'clock in the afternoon "Grandma Jane" and her belongings were in Mr. Balfour's car and speeding north to the county home; "Grandma Jane" saying ever and anon, "I think the weather will fall soon, and I want to get to a place I can keep warm." In half an hour the good old black mammy was unloaded and in a large brick room, heated by a stove in keeping with the size of the room, and seated by this stove was telling the six old women of her age and color how glad she was to be there, and how good Mr. Balfour had always been to her and her son. Being assured by the woman in charge of these seven old decrepits that they were and would be well treated, and that they had "nothing in God's world to do but eat, sleep, keep warm and behave themselves, with even a man to make the fires." Mr. Balfour looked into the shining face of "Grandma Jane" and saw that look of appreciation, and heard her telling the others how good he had been to her, and saw how happy she was; and took this message to her people: "Tell ———— and ———— that I am sitting by a big warm stove with plenty to eat and a good place to sleep, and no one to fuss at me," he felt he was well repaid for that part of the day.

Soon he was speeding homeward over a paved road in a splendidly working automobile, every throb of the motor seemed in unison with the kindly feeling in Mr. B.'s heart. And as he recounted the many kindnesses done, of the responsive chords of sympathy and good will that seemed to prevade in all he met on his errand of

mercy; and when all had been accomplished and Mr. Balfour was safely in the precincts of his comfortable home, and the deeds of kindness to him and those he had done were recounted to his good wife, he seemed intoxicated in the joys of serving and being kindly served by those he had met that day; and for two hours he lay sleepless on his bed before the relaxation of the nerves invited sleep; the "sleep of the just;" sound and sweet; happy at having taken a day to do a kind deed, and having been rewarded for the same by the kindness of his friends, not one of whom had the least idea of what had brought Mr. Balfour to the court house, except the County Board.

MORAL: There is more real joy in serving than in being served.

OLD TRUTHS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's."—Henry VIII

"Above all: to thine ownself be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."—Hamlet

"The Successful Man is the one
Who does what he ought to do,
Whether he wants to do it or not.
"Many happy New Years. Unbroken
Friendships, great accumulations
Of cheerful recollections and affections
On earth and Heaven for us all."—Dickens

January first, 1922.
Durham

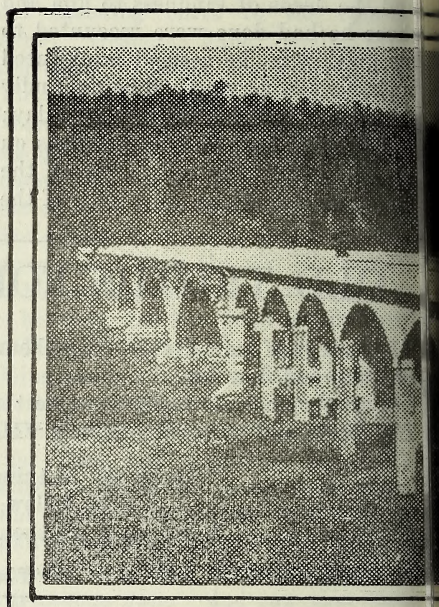
Sincerely your friend,

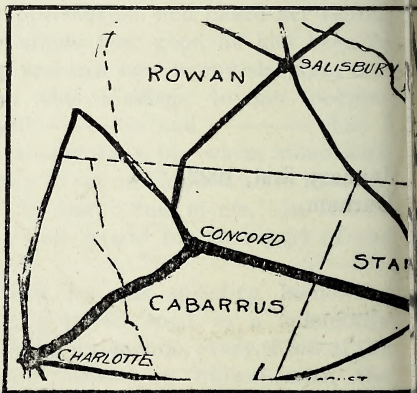
JULIAN SHAKESPEARE CARR

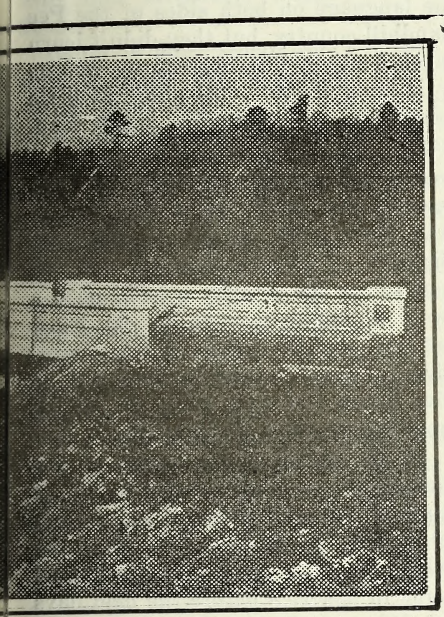
Swift Island Bridge

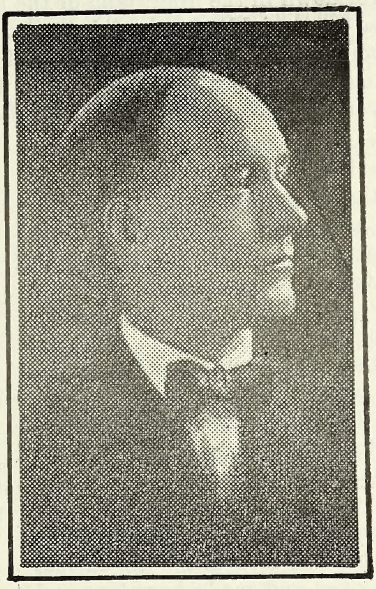
W. L. Craven
Designer

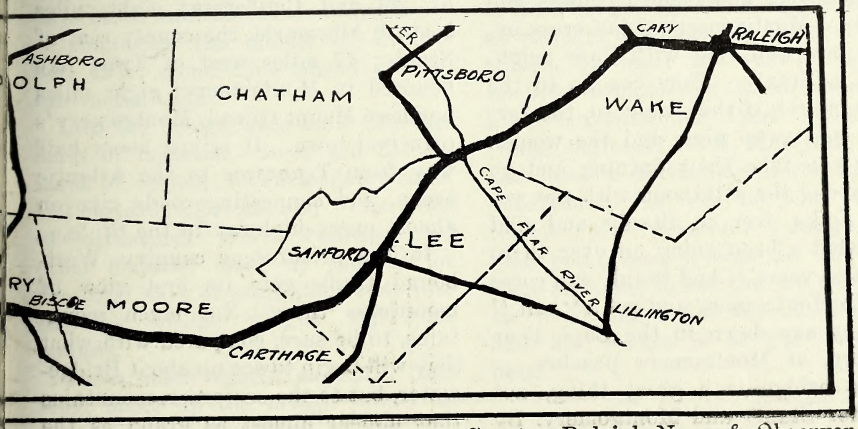
Map, Showing the New Raleigh-Concord-Charlotte Route











Courtsy Raleigh News & Observer

THE SWIFT ISLAND BRIDGE.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill, in News & Observer

They may have been speaking the same language on both sides of the Pee Dee river down in the hinterland of the Sandhill country, but they didn't learn it, these two neighborhoods didn't, from each other. Stanly county was as far from Montgomery county as Murphy is from Manteo, had about as little in common as have a Roanoke Island fisherman and a Cherokee lumberman. The river ran wide and deep between them.

It is no uncommon story. Down on the lower reaches of the Cape Fear the sluggish waters of that river, unbridged anywhere from Fayetteville to Wilmington, people have lived for a generation within a quarter of a mile of one another without knowing whose chimney smoke they saw curling up of an evening, or whose calf they heard lowing across the river. Rivers just don't make for neighborliness, and this Pee Dee river that skirts the lower rim of the foothills is swifter and sometimes madder than the Cape Fear.

But the Pee Dee has been tamed, bridged over and made harmless and gentle. Montgomerians can cross over it now and visit with their neighbors in Stanly. They can go to the same church if they want to, the farmers can swap pigs, and the women folks can take their darning and go and spend the afternoon with the women folks over in Stanly and find out what's been going on over there all these years. And Stanly can come over to Montgomery and get a "bait," as they say down in the Cape Fear country, of Montgomery peaches.

The bridge is a great thing, not just for Stanly and Montgomery. By its building Charlotte has been sort of annexed to the State Capital. If not actually annexed, brought 36 miles nearer, and may be something will move the two cities nearer yet. No more going around the Rockingham or the Greensboro elbows to get from Raleigh to Charlotte, when one just cut across the country over as good a road as the commonwealth can boast of and save 36 miles and two hours' driving time. It can be done now in five hours and still give no lurking speed regulator a joyful thrill.

Swift Island is the name of the bridge. It is eight miles south of Badin and the greatest aluminum plant in the world; not far from what used to be the biggest gold mine in America before the mad days of '49 and California; eight miles east of Albemarle, the county seat of Stanly; 17 miles west of Troy, like honored in Montgomery; eight miles north of Mount Gilead, Montgomery's principal town. It is just about half way from Tennessee to the Atlantic ocean, and connecting roads give on almost every highway in the State.

It is a picturesque country. Westbound traffic gets its first view of mountains there. Not much mountains, to be sure, compared with what they will begin to see up about Bridgewater, but to the easterner, mountains that appear almost as grand as the Alps of the picture books. The Uwharrie mountains, they are called, and in them was found the first gold in America. Dotted all over that

country are abandoned shafts that ceased to be paying mines when gold got so plentiful in California. They still find occasional nuggets down there.

Badin is built where the Pee Dee cuts through the Uwharrie mountains. Few people in the State have ever seen that monster power development, the concrete dam 210 feet high, and the lake that has 80 miles of shore line. The water that flows through there develops 120,000 electrical horsepower. It is the finest natural site for a dam in all the State. The Badin dam is less than 1,500 feet long, and juts right up into the rock precipices in the Uwharrie where the Pee Dee cuts through.

Swift Island bridge is 1,090 feet and 9 inches long. Contract for its construction was let by State Highway Commissioner Frank Page on October 18, 1920, to Cornell-Young & Co., of Macon, Ga., for $199,300. Workmen threw the first shovel of dirt sixteen days later, and the job was turned over completed the middle of December, 1921, some time ahead of the contracted time.

Into the bridge were built 244 carloads of material. In it are 22 carloads of cement, 60 carloads of sand, 100 carloads of stone and 10 carloads of structural steel. Timbers and other material make up the rest of the total cars of stuff that went into it. The bridge weighs 17,772,000 pounds.

Three main spans, each 127 feet long, make up the bridge proper as it crosses the actual width of the river, and 12 approach spans are used. It is the biggest bridge that has yet been built by the State Highway Commission. The Williamston bridge is somewhat bigger, and will cost about 50 per cent more. Federal roads bureau engineers pronounce it one of the finest pieces of concrete work in the United States, and the design of the bridge without better anywhere.

Plans for the bridge were drawn here in Raleigh by a man that the city sees on the streets sometimes, but a man whom few recognizes. He is William L. Craven, often spoken of as the best concrete bridge designer in the United States. He has offices in the Highway Commission building, and almost any hour of the day, and often at night, he can be found there, drawing away. He has a passion for bridges.

C. S. Currier, now district engineer for the Highway Commission in the Seventh District, started out as resident engineer on the job, and stayed by until he was promoted. Looking around for a successor to him, Commissioner Page picked a young engineer, W. S. Morrison, who had been a draftsman in the bridge department. It was he who transferred Mr. Craven's design to blue print, and it was he who Mr. Page sent out to see the job through. He lived night and day on the job, and his brodge is as good as the best.

THINGS I LEARNED WHEN A FARM BOY.

BY C. W. HUNT.

Number (V) Dirtdaubers and Wasps. ....

Dirtdaubers and wasps are as perservering and patient as any of the insect family. The former seems to perish with each season, leaving its young in mud cells to do its work the next year, while the wasp seeks shelter in hollows, in any warm crevice and lives over the winter to begin again the work of rearing young. In all the years on the farm as we boys grew to manhood there were few if any insects that were of more interest. And few things gave the boys any livelier time than a well stocked wasp nest.

Both these insects belong to the stinger family, but the dirtdauber never stings unless handled, saving its energy in that line for the spiders it catches by the score. The dirtdauber family I divided into four sections. A jet black one, a reddish brown and two others that do not build mud cells, but bore holes in the ground, catch a worm, sting it, put an egg into its body and cover it tightly in the hole. There were two of these, one much larger than any other of the family, the second about the size of the first two, with a blue wing. The two first mentioned are the main ones, and of which I desire to fill this, mainly. They come as soon as warm weather dawns, (from the mud cells) and begin a new set of nests or mud cells, selecting a place out of the way of storms; an out house is preferable. Then a place is found where water and clay are handy. This they roll into a ball the size of an ordinary pea, which they carry in their mouths and paste into a semi-circle ridge on the board and hurry for another turn, which is placed on the first shaping into a tunnel, and the work goes on from day to day; they making a noise like the contact points of an electric battery, as they deposite the clay. The black dauber builds a cell about an inch and a half long and about three-eighths of an inch in diameter inside. This finished it begins to fill the cell with spiders, first laying an egg in the lower end of the cell. When full of spiders it seals the cell up with mud, and at once begins work of building another cell beside and attached to the first. This is repeated from four to six times, each time filling with spiders on the eggs.

The larger or brownish dauber builds of the same material in the same protected places, but builds one long cell sometimes two, as long as six inches, and about half an inch inside. This is filled with a larger spider, as a rule, than the double cells contain, and the egg deposited the same way. When all are filled they proceed to build another and another until the season is over. Then they coat all over with a heavier coat of mud to protect the young grub from the cold of winter.

The spiders you find in these cells are varied in color and you wonder where they came from, but they are there. These insects are evidently provided with a substance like ether, which is also a preservative. The spiders keep as if in alcohol, and as soon as the grub hatches it begins to feed on these spiders, and by this

time of the year they are mostly eaten and the young grub, that will next year be a dauber, is inclosed in a brown chrysalis, and about as long as the cell. It will from now until spring be in the transition stage; passing from a smooth worm into the shape of a dirt dauber. Later it turns its natural color and gains strength to cut out, a full fledged flyer. The ground family are doing the same thing, and will come out in spring ready to make a summer of toil to propagate its kind. A dauber is seldom killed by a spider, but occasionally it gets tangled in a web and dies.

The wasp family I divide into three species: the large red, the small brown and the ground or "guinea" which is striped with yellow. The first two build nests identical and up off the ground in a house or under an eave or (most generally) in the hedges by the fields. The ground or "guinea" builds in a sunken place in the ground slightly below the level, and attached to something, and one never sees the nest until he has stepped on it and is being chased by the owners, which are bad stingers. All three build nests of fibre from decaying timbers, such as fences and dead trees, which is no doubt made adhesive from a substance furnished from the mouth of the wasp. First it builds a strong stem, fastened tightly to a limb or board, if in the house. If in the field they always set near the ground, and face downward to shed water. Upon this stem they begin to enlarge and shape the fibre cells like the bee makes honey cells. As soon as a few cells are started they begin depositing an egg in each, and as the egg hatches and begins to grow the cell is built higher and other cells are coming on all around this one, so that by the time the first grubs get their size there are other cells in all stages, from those an inch high to those just starting and each cell has its grub in all stages of growth. Some are bringing fibre, others busy bringing small worms and other soft insects which are fed hour by hour to the grubs. As soon as the grub reaches a certain size it is capped over with same material and it begins to transform into the shape of a wasp. Later it grows legs and wings and turns brown, and finally cuts out, a grown wasp. Thus the work proceeds all summer, and cool weather always catches them with some cells started that they never finish, the little grubs perishing. If you will find a nest, at this season, and examine it you will find it as I have told here, and you can also tell which of the cells were finished and wasps hatched from. The stingers are now in winter quarters.

Properly speaking the wasp and the dauber are useful insects. The dauber catching poison spiders, the wasp feeding its young on small worms and aphides and other sucking insects, that are injurious to plants; but in spite of that it is a stinger, a fighter, and the large nests being so often hidden where they are not seen until the plow animal or the man is into the nest and being stung, men have always fought the wasp. Nothing gave the boys on the farm a hotter time than the finding and beating down a wasp nest. When all the stingers were run away or killed we would get the nest and spend lots of interesting time feeding the larger grubs in the cells with the smaller grubs. In fact they seem-

ed to eat anything they could swallow. All you had to do was to put the end of the small grub in the mouth of the larger and down it went little at the time. I never filled one. These young grubs made a very high grade of fish bait for sun-perch and such, it being white and easily seen in the water.

The wasp would feed the young grubs on young "horn-worms," such as was mentioned in the story of "Worms and Butterflies." In worming the tobacco we would find a hole in a leaf and the young worm gone; and often would see the wasp carrying it off.

The next number will be about Birds and Animals.

We are but organs mute, till a master touches the keys—
Verily, vessels of earth into which God poureth the wine;
Harps are we, silent harps that have hung on the willow trees,
Dumb till our heartstrings swell and break with a pulse divine.
—Anon.

DR. MIKE HOKE HONORED.

Friends in Raleigh, the city of Dr. Michael Hoke's birth, will be interested and glad to learn that he has recently been highly honored by the Chamber of Commerce of Atlanta, Dr. Hoke's present home, by having been awarded a certificate of distinguished achievement. The award, which was the second given by the Atlanta chamber, was made to Dr. Hoke on account of his great work as an orthopedic surgeon.

The idea of presenting certificates attesting their beneficial service to the city, the State and the world at large upon two Atlantans each year was adopted at the last 1920 session of the board of directors of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, and the first awards were made last week. The other recipient was a woman, Mrs Samuel Lumpkin. The certificates to Dr. Hoke and Mrs. Lumpkin were in the form of citations and the vote for their presentation was unanimous.

Dr. "Mike" Hoke is one of the most distinguished of North Carolina's sons. His remarkable success in the field of orthopedic surgery has given him a nation wide reputation. Dr. Hoke is a son of the late General Robert F. Hoke of Raleigh, and a brother of Mrs. Alex Webb, of this city. General Hoke was one of the greatest of the Confederate leaders. It is said that General Lee had chosen him to succeed him in command of the Confederate forces, should he be killed.

Dr. Hoke was captain of the famous football team of 1892 at the University of North Carolina. Following the game in Atlanta when the Tar Heels licked the University of Virginia 26 to 0, a Confederate veteran stopped Captain Hoke as he left the field, muddy and bloody from the fray.

"What's your name?" asked the veteran.

"Hoke" replied the victorious captain.

"Any kin to General Hoke?"

"Yes, sir; his son."

"Well, you go back and tell your pa that I've seen the finest fighting today that I've seen since Chancellorsville," said the veteran.—News & Observer.

"To work, to help and to be helped, to learn sympathy through suffering, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder; behold! this is what it is to prosper, this is what it is to live."

THE STORY OF THE CALENDAR.

By Edwin Tarisse.

Measurements of time based on the phenomena of nature were naturally regarded as peculiarly sacred by those ancients who worshipped the heavenly bodies. They venerated even the motion of the stars. This is not surprising to the open mind. Partial knowledge made them attentive to conspicuous rather than to less observed, though more significant phenomena. It was natural that they should be impressed by sudden and brief, but overwhelming, exhibitions more than by changes that occupied long periods and made slow progress, requiring extended, systematic observation.

The calendars of the ancient world were based on the diurnal revolution of the earth; on the phenomena of sunrise, noonday and sunset, the periodic phases of the moon, its division into four quarters; on the four seasons with their wonderful variations of temperature and storms, thunder and dew, seed-time and harvest, and on all the multitudinous phenomena of the skies.

If we should suppose, however, that the primitive races were without knowledge as the results of observation, or devoid of interest in science, we should be in error. They may have been quite as scientific in spirit as ourselves, though they had fewer instruments for scientific pursuit. They were not equipped as we are. The solar year was not accurately determined until the sixteenth Christian century, and the ancients did not even know that the earth had a motion round the sun; yet the Egyptians of four thousand years ago had fixed the year as a period of three hundred and sixty-five days, divided so accurately and wisely that it was copied by the French Commune a little over a century ago as being the perfection of year divisions, and the Chaldeans had a year of twelve months two thousands years before that.

The day was the simplest of all calendar periods. Some of the most civilized nations of antiquity had no hours, but only such divisions as were understood by the terms, "dawn," "forenoon," "afternoon," "twilight," "evening," and the four watches of the night. The ancient Greeks divided the day and the night each into twelve equal parts, and, as

the parts were variable in duration, according to the season of the year, they were called temporary hours, summer hours, winter hours, etc. The Jews had hour divisions for the day, but many of the ancients had none.

The origin of the week is obscure. We cannot find any account of its beginning. It was probably, at first, regarded as a quarter of the moon and there is little doubt that this was its origin. Its motions were regarded as sacred, its phases were observed by everybody. Naturally, one way of describing them was by stating what fraction of the disk was illuminated or any particular night. They did not understand the progressive increase and decrease of the moon's bright face, and had not, like the moderns, lost their interest in lunar phenomena.

Many of the ancients had no week in their calendar. The Greeks, for instance, had none, nor the Romans, until after the reign of Theodosius. In fact, our own forefathers borrowed the week from the days of the month backward from Orientals, and gave its days the names of their own deities. The people of the ..ast numbered the days of the week. The Romans, who had no week, numbered the calends, the nones and the ides.

The beginning of the day has varied with different peoples. The Chaldeans reckoned their day from sunrise, the Egyptians and Greeks from midnight, and we follow the example of the Greeks in this matter. The beginning of the week has also varied. The Egyptian week began with Saturday, the Hebrew week with Sunday. Are we sure that the Jews in changing the beginning of the day and the beginning of the week did not also change the identity of some of the days? Is our first day of the week in this twentieth century the same day as was accounted the first of the week by Hammurabi, King of ancient Babylon, or by Moses when he kept the flocks of Jethro on the pastures of Horeb? Is it the same as the first day of the Egyptian week known to Rameses II in Heliopolis and Thebes?

Romulus established a year of ten months, following, it is said, the ancient Alban year. Each of these months was of the duration of a moon's age, so that, if we omit the added days, which were outside the ten months, the year of Romulus would be less than three hundred days in length. Did these added days have names when the other days of the year had none? It is not likely. The Romans had no week and no week days. There could be no names for days if there were no months in these added days of the early Roman calendar. This seems to be an interesting field investigation. It is well known that the Chaldeans (Accadians) had the week in their system 3800 B. C.; that the Egyptians had it 2000 B. C.; that the Hebrews had it 1300 B. C.; yet the Romans had no week whose days correspond with the days of the modern Jewish week. How did it come about that our first day of the week is the same as that of the Jews? The strong probability is that the Jews got their week from the Babylonians or the Egyptians, and, no doubt, we got it in turn from them. The only doubt arises in the question as to whether the Hebrews would not purposely change the days of their hated captors and oppressors, as they changed

he first day of the week from Saturday to Sunday, and the beginning of he day from midnight to sunset.

The year has been a more difficult problem than any of the periods heretofore named. This is because of its natural division into a fractional number of days and moon revolutions. The celestial wheels have no cogs. The earth travels a little too slowly for the convenience of the makers of calendars. If it completed its solar revolution in 364 days instead of in a little over 365 days—apparently an easy task—we should have a year consisting of exactly fifty-two seven-day weeks, and New Year's Day would no longer be a vagrant through the week, as it is at present.

The Jewish year has always been, like that of the Babylonians, one of twelve lunar months and one intercalary month added, when necessary, to keep the year in proper relation with the seasons. At first the embolismic year was added once in about every three years. In later times seven months were introduced in the course of every nineteen years.

The ancient Arabian calendar was purely lunar. Its year consisted of twelve lunar months, with no intercalation to keep them in constant seasonal relation. Their year retrogressed through the four seasons in about thirty-two and a half years. Arabian or Mohammedan years are arranged in cycles of thirty, ninety-one of which are common years of three hundred and fifty-four days each, and eleven are intercalary years with an additional day appended to the last month. This brings the average duration of the Mohammedan month to within 2.8 seconds of an astronomical mean lunation, an error which would amount to a day in about 2,400 years.

China, like nearly all the Eastern nations, has a lunar calendar. The months are alternately twenty-nine and thirty-days in duration, and begin when the moon is between the sun and the earth. The year begins and ends when these three bodies are in the same relation. The Chinese add a thirteenth month to the year after every thirty lunations. Such a plan does not keep the year in consonance with the seasons. Therefore instructions have to be issued relating to planting, reaping, fishing, and hunting. This accounts for the great bulk of the Chinese almanac, which is said to have the largest circulation of any book in the world. The common twelve-month year contains necessarily three hundred and fifty-four days. In ancient times the Chinese years were named after certain animals. Even the hours were so named. A Chinaman will sometimes even yet tell you he was born in the dragon year or in the dog year. Clocks are still running which strike the hours of the rat or the horse. Expressions such as "before horse" or "after horse," meaning before or after noon, were in use. Noon was "full horse" in the old days.

A few words as to our own calendar. Our day names were derived from the Scandinavians. The week came to us from the Jews, the month and the year from the Romans. No institution was ever more subject to whim and caprice than the Roman calendar. The ten months of Romulus became twelve under Numa, who added January and February. The year was now one of three hundred and fifty-four days,

having twelve months of twenty-nine and thirty days alternately. Then a day was added to make the number odd because odd numbers were accounted more propitious. A month of twenty-two and twenty-three days alternately was intercalated between the 23d and the 24th of February in every second year. The average number of days in the year was now 366½. Later the intercalary month was omitted in every twenty-four year. The transaction made the year average almost solar.

After this the priests seem to have had power to increase or diminish the days of any year at will under any plausible pretext. Their plan was to postpone an event or hasten it without changing its date. They intercalated days at will. No one knew just when a year would begin or end. This continued until Julius Cæsar found the year A. U. C. 707 so disordered that it was necessary to add two months, though it was already a year of thirteen months. He thus made it a year of fifteen months, being 455 days.

The average year was now fixed at 365¼ days by giving the odd months 31 days and the even ones 30. The exceptions to this rule were the common years when February had only twenty-nine days. Even now the priests seemed not to have had enough intelligence to carry out Cæsar's orders, and their mistakes had to be corrected in the next reign. But Augustus, wishing to be accounted a patron of science, imitated Julius Cæsar by having August named in his honor, as July had been named after his predecessor.

But August had only thirty days, and July had thirty-one. Why should the month of August be briefer than the month of Julius? This was an indignity not to be suffered, so another day was taken from the already long-suffering February and added to August. Then, that there should not be three thirty-one-days in one quarter, one day of September was pushed on into October, and the 31st of November was pushed on into December, and lo! we had our calendar. It has always been called the Julian calendar, but if the great Cæsar had known what anomalies his succesor had introduced, he would have disowned it, and the least the world should have done was to have restored the Julian calendar to the state in which Julius Cæsar intended it to remain. This should be done now, some scientists contend, and without the least delay. The Julian calendar is clumsy enough with all the improvements of the Gregorian reforms, without the silly meddlings which have made it a curio for all time.

The Gregorian amendments to the calendar are described in a thousand books, almanacs and encyclopædias, and though a worthy and helpful reform, need not be explained here. Just this observation, however may be made. We speak of the Julian and Gregorian calendars. Cæsar and Gregory were the instruments by which these were adopted and are to be commended. Perhaps it is well to remember, however, that the astronomer Sosigenes was the author of the Julian calendar, and that the Italian physician Aloysius Lilus, devised the Gregorian reform, but died before its introduction.

Charity

BY S. E. KISER

God may not notice when a king
Ascends a throne or lies in state;
He may not watch when couriers bring
The news that seals a nation's fate,
But he who rules the cloud and wave
And sets the stars in place beholds
Ands sheds His grace upon the brave
Who bears the lost lambs to the folds.

It matters little when the proud
Have reason to forget their pride,
But when the roaring storm is loud
It matters much to turn aside
And lift the fallen and the weak,
To shield the crippled from distress,
To cheer the hungry and to seek
The lost lambs in the wilderness.

The days are brief, the nights are long,
And tearful children ask for bread,
But if the grasp of Greed is strong,
Good Will and Kindness are not dead!
The rich forget a while to care
Too much for power or pride or gold,
And, here and there, have time to bear
A lost lamb gently to the fold.

—New York Sunday American

Ever Mating And Creating.

By Robert Loveman

God toss'd the stars away
Then made another day;
And tiring of the light
He rears another night;
He speeds the untamed comets on
Beyond the purple dusk and dawn,
New orbs he whirls
Like lustrous pearls
Down the byways of the highways of the skyways;
Ever mating and creating;
Content a moment with a firmament,
Then fair and rare, up poised in air,
He makes anew drenched in dew
A fresh and fragrant rose-world,
Ocean girdled, cloud encurled;
He mingles loves and woes and spheres,
Joy, hope and hate, immortal fears;
Ever mating and creating;
So it hath been and so shall be,
Through infinite eternity.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Mr. D. H. Pitts, formerly an officer here, came back to spend the Christmas holidays with us.

Miss Mary H. Latimer, matron, at third cottage, has returned after a very much enjoyed short stay with her friends and relatives in South Carolina.

The societies have now re-opened with renewed vigor for the next year's work. From the present outlook of things somethihg must be accomplished within the next twelve months with all the enthusiasm that the boys are putting into it.

Every chance we get, the force goes out to work on the terraces on our farm. This work has been badly needed here. We make some each year and by this means, it will not be long before our whole farm will be pretty well terraced.

The New-Year has begun with much activity in all department. It seems as though, every one has made a new resolution to accomplish more good this year than in any previous year in the history of the Jackson Training School. It is hoped that the spirit may be carried through the entire year at it has begun.

From the number of boxes of canned goods that have been placed in the store room, we have no fears of going hungry during the winter. With peanuts as a special—white beans, pork and beans,limas, hominy, etc., make up the substantials. We will rest easy during the winter regardless of the weather.

Victor High, George Howard, Waldo Shinn, William Chalk, Carlyle Hardie, Lambert Cavenaugh, John Edwards, Swift Davis, Clyde Willard, Jackson McLellan, Ernest Allen, Malcolm Holman, Doyle Jackson, Columbus Meade, and Edward Cleaver, Chas. Mayo, were very much pleased to receive visits from home folks Wednesday.

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, came out and held services for us Sunday. He preached an excellent sermon and chose for his text: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." The feature of the service was the singing of some girls from Concord. We are always glad to have anybody come out and help us in our religious worship.

January is here again. Well, what of it? It is a joy to those who have followed the straight and narrow path. Jarvis Quinn, of Bessemer City, left a few days ago with an honorable parole in his pocket. While at the school, he made a record that anyone would be proud of; though, at times he would take a dislike toward the school and would leave the campus for a while, but he would always return. Master Quinn left the school with the highest honors and it is hoped he will continue to live the life he has started. He has the best wishes of success and happiness from the boys of the Jackson Training School.

Christmas at the J. T. S.

By Swift Davis.

Usually upon telling of a Christmas celebration it is best to begin a few days before that time. I start at the time when all of the boys wrote home. Each of the boys expressed his personal desire in his letter to his home folks. Some were for money to use in buying presents; others were gifts of various practical use.

A few days after this time boxes of every description began to arrive. The vehicle in which the postman brings our mail fairly groaned with the weight of different articles. As days passed, each boy's eager expectancy was gratified. The boys were told of the arrival of their boxes and they were asked if they wanted to open it then or save it until Christmas. Some were opened, some were saved, but on Christmas day the boys were too---yes, "full" is what the boys say---to open their boxes until after Christmas.

After much tedious waiting Xmas Eve finally arrived. On that night we had our entertainment and these boys did themselves so much honor they deserve to be mentioned: Lonnie Walker, Vass Fields, Everett Goodrich, Dudley Spangle, James Alexander, Victor High, Carlyle Hardie and the last being Sam Taylor whose oratorial abilities have been mucu spoken of before in this magazine.

Carlyle Hardie one of the smallest boys at the school made the biggest "hit" of the night in his speech of "Is Santa Married?" He said Santa was married to Mary. Mary who? Mary (Merry) Christmas.

The boys each received a bag of candy and other various sweet meats appealing to their palates. There was a sample tube of Colgate's Dental Cream in the bag and a card requesting the signatures and promises of the boys to keep their teeth clean by washing them daily. I am glad to say the majority of the boys signed this pledge and are keeping their teeth clean, because this is an essential of health. The boys went to bed that night in a very happy frame of mind. Why shouldn't they be?

As most writers say, Xmas dawned bright and cheerful. So it was the case this time. After breakfast the boys whose boxes still remained unopened now had the pleasure of opening theirs. Exclamations of delight came from every corner of the room as here and there a useful present was disclosed to view. As this day was Sunday quiet and order ruled supreme. After Sunday School we had dinner. Such a dinner most boys had never seen before. Tabels were laden with all sorts of good eats. There is no use of naming all of the good and delicious edibles for it would take up to much room, suffice to say the boys left the dining room feeling as though they could eat no more for a week. Church was on the program for the evening.

Supt. Boger very generously allowed the boys three holidays in which they delighted. The Junior Circle of the King's Daughters paid us a visit Monday and brought gifts of candy. Vass Fields one of our reliable speakers delivered a very creditable vote of thanks to them for all their past kindnesses.

Tuesday the boys had a big bonfire in an open place in the woods especially selected for this purpose.

The boys all feel that Christmas is a fine time not only for the purpose of having good things but because their Ideal, the most perfect man ever known or ever will be known, Jesus Christ, was born on that day.

The boys retired Wednesday night, ready to do their full duty the following morning and so ended the best time of the year.

HONOR ROLL.

Month ending Dec. 31st, 1921.

There appears below something that will make the fathers and mothers of the boys whose names appear feel good. The honor roll is kept and published every month. The Class "A" are those whose conduct has been such that their names are worthy to be enrolled. The Class "B" are those who have made just one slip during the month.

"A"

Henry B. Faucette, Sam A. Taylor, Swift B. Davis, James W. Gray, Bertram Hart, Robert Pool, Eldert Perdue, Victor R. High, William F. Gregory, James Honeycutt, Jarvis Quinn, Jack McLeland, Doyle Jackson, Murry Evans, Clyde Willard, Alley Williams, Edward Cleaver, Harry Sims, Dudley Pangle, Chas. Mayo, Floyd Huggins, Arthur Montgomery, Fitzhue Miller, John Moose, Vass Fields, Herbert Orr, Ernest Carver, Autry Wilkerson, Dohme Manning, Jake Willard, Rufus Wrenn, Everett Goodrich, Oscar Johnson.

"B"

William Chalk, Magnus Wheeler, Walter Brockwell, Marion Butler, Ellis Nance, Malcom Holman, Hoyle Faulkner, Walter Shepherd, Weldon Creasman, Roy Baker, Woodard Edmunson, John Wright, Fred Blue, Waldo Shinn, Edward Thomas, Howard Gilbert, Anderson Hart, Joe Kennon, Julian Piver, Albert Keever, Willie Morris, Charlie Bishop, Ralph Goins, John Elwards, Lonnie Walker, Glenn Reddick, Marshal Williams, James Suther, Hubert Yarboro, Henry Reece, Grover Cook, Raymond Scott, Joseph Pope, Sidney Cook.

Death of Mrs. W. D. Anthony.

Mrs. Sallie Miller Anthony, one of Concord's most estimable and elderly ladies, died early Tuesday morning. Had she lived until the 9th of this month she would have reached her 77th birthday. She leaves no brother nor sister, her husband died years ago and about seven years ago her only child, Mrs. J. A. Kennet, passed away.

Mrs. Anthony, a great lover of flowers, having in her own yards the largest variety of flowers in this entire section, a few weeks ago fell ---fell amongst these flowers she loved so well and tenderly, struck down by paralysis. This was the begining of the end of a beautiful life of service, faith and friendship. Her love for a good cause, for a friend--- the intensest loyalty---among her other many ennobling qualities, marked her as a superior being.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

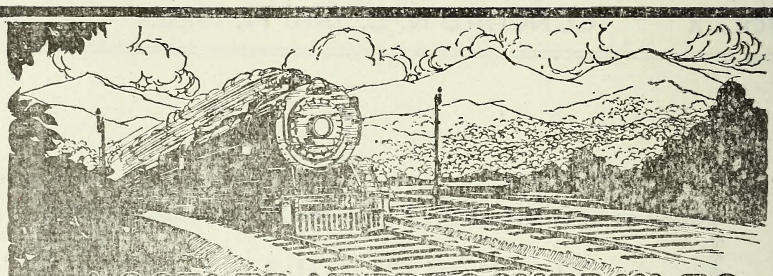
VOL. X CONCORD N. C. JAN. 14, 1922, NO. 10

The Still Small Voice

A boy four years old saw a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water. He lifted the stick in his hand to strike at the tortoise, just as he had seen other boys, out of sport, kill squirrels. But all at once something checked his little arm, and a voice clear and distinct within him said, "It is wrong!" The boy held his uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the tortoise vanished from sight. Then hastening home, he told the tale to his mother, and asked what it was that made him know it was wrong to kill the tortoise. The mother took him in her arms and said, "Some call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you aright; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends on heeding this little voice."—Lyman Abbott.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA.		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM
									12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE WORDOOW WILSON FOUNDATION.

A campaign is on to raise a million dollar fund in America to be known as "The Woodrow Wilson Foundation." The income from the million securely invested will be used annually in awarding a prize or prizes to an individual or group that has rendered meritorious service to democracy, public welfare, liberal thought or peace through justice.

The amount expected of North Carolina is $35,000.00, and Mrs. Josephus Daniels, of Raleigh, has been chosen chairman to direct the campaign in this state. Already she has received encouraging amounts, and yet the campaign is set to formally begin on the 16th. This is a most worthy undertaking, recognizing as it does the patriotic services of Woodrow Wilson, twice president of the United States.

* * * * * * * *

ANOTHER CAMPAIGN

Governor Morrison is credited in the public press as having declared, "that too many people in North Carolina are still living on white side meat, poor grade molasses and corn bread." And, accordingly, he announces a home garden campaign to be conducted in the State by the State Department of Agriculture and extension workers. The Governor is eternally right-there are "John Smiths" in a section quite familiar to us that do not have in any appreciable quantities the trio---the white side meat is absent nine-tenths of the meals. Any kind of molasses and all kinds of corn-bread would sooner or later kill a billy-goat.

Anticipating this garden campaign, Hickory folks are exhibiting a peck-

size turnip and singing the praises of the producer, J. W. Starnes. It is claimed that his turnip, weighing nine pounds less an ounce, fills a peck measure. Shucks! Within a hundred yards of this print-shop our youngsters have a patch of turnips where you can find seven or eight turnips that would fill a peck measure.

If Governor Morrison's campaign results in causing the "John Smiths" to keep a cow, a hog, a garden and to continuously swat the fly and use lots of pure, clean water, he will have accomplished a monumental task and rendered an undying service to his state. This can only be accomplished by giving more substantial support to the Home and Farm Demonstrators and to the unceasing encouragement of All-Time health nurses and County Welfare Workers. They are the ones to carry the message and to fight ignorance and indifference.

The light of truth and knowledge must be made to shine brightly.

* * * * * * * *

SURROUNDING US.

THE UPLIFT has a cordial invitation from Supt. Reap, of the public schools of Stanly county, to join him and the patrons on the 16th on occasion of the opening of Fair View School, located by Millingport on the Concord-Albemarle road, seven or eight miles beyond Mt. Pleasant. "This is the first," writes Mr. Reap, "of our consolidated school buildings of the larger type to be completed and we are planning a brief but attractive programme. We shall have one large truck and five teachers working in the school the remainder of the year." All this progress and activity going on around Cabarrus, makes one feel as if he's missed the train. Give it to old Stanly---her strides the past ten years are strides, such as live men make!

* * * * * * * *

POE'S TEN DECLARATIONS.

Clarence Poe, of the Progressive Farmer, issues a statement carrying ten points of Agricultural and Rural Freedom. Read them, and honestly go to thinking just how far the rural sections are now removed from the possibility of enjoying the benefits of a single one of them.

There are rare exceptions in certain communities where a part of these blessings touch, but not in such a way as to enhance the desire to remain in the country. Nearly everything put into the hands of the average school child emphasizes the beauty and advantages of town living or the worship

of myths, and he is left to his own ingenuity and skill to find out the beauties and joys of rural life. The subject matter of the readers which he is enforced to use, must give the average country child a queer feeling, if not confound him. But listen to Poe:

1. The farmer is entitled to just as good wages for his labor as others get.
2. He is entitled to just as good living conditions for himself and his family as others enjoy.
3. His children are entitled to just as good educational advantages as other children have.
5. He is entitled to just as much liberty of action in organizing for selling his products and for regulating production to meet market demands as other classes exercise.
6. He is entitled to just as efficient and adaptable service from the country's banking and financial institutions as other classes get.
7. He is entitled to taxation, tariff, and transportation policies which will deal just as fairly with agriculture as with any other business and occupation.
9. He is entitle to a civilization, culture, educational system, literature, art, drama, etc., which will recognize, reflect and utilize the cultural influences of country life and its environment in the same degree in which present day culture recognizes and reflects the influences of urban life.

* * * * * * * *

LITTLE SHOP-TALK.

THE UPLIFT goes to quite a number of friends and acquaintances, with this issue, thoughout the State. It is a polite invitation to all, who receive it, to become a subscriber during the coming year. This support will mean encouragment to the printer boys, to the institution which it represents, and master Faucette, who reports the institutional items, insists that THE UPLIFT going to any one address every week for a whole year is a bargain at two dollars and, therefore, a fine investment. In this, he has the endorsement of the other printer boys and ———, oh, well, just send in your subscription to THE UPLIFT, Concord, N. C., and try out this statement.

* * * * * * * * *

"Where North Carolina sits" is surely at the head of the table. Little by little the findings of the census of 1920 are coming out, and in every department of human endeavor the good old state has passed by others and gone higher. In her resources she has long been a marvel. Add another to the long list of her natural resources. Elsewhere in THE UPLIFT is a story

of the establishment of the fact that there is in the state tin ore of surpassing quality and in seemingly inexhaustible quantities. The Carolina Tin Company, organized and financed by practical and successful business men, has done North Carolina a great service.

* * * * * * * * *

THE UPLIFT is never happier than when it can present to its readers the faces and stories of North Carolina folks, who are playing important parts in the affairs of the state. We asked Miss Coltrane to give us an Appreciation of Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Winston-Salem, one of North Carolina's most superior women, who never loses an opportunity to render wise service in solving the many problems that cancern the betterment of the commonwealth. Miss Coltrane has done THE UPLIFT and its readers a very happy service.

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Rowland F. Beasley, formerly State Welfare Commissioner, and Mr. R. E. Powell, formerly Raleigh correspondent of the Charlotte Observer and other papers, will at an early day begin the publication of a daily morning newspaper in Goldsboro. Capable and brilliant men, both of them, understand the game and will doubtless give Goldsboro and Eastern North Carolina just what it wants and needs.

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The Hon. T. D. Warren, of New Bern, having resigned the important position of Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, the said Committee met in Raleigh, on the evening of the 28th, and elected to succeed him Mr. J. David Norwood, of Salisbury. Mr. Norwood is a banker, manufacturer, farmer and a very high-class citizen in every respect.

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To the city of Concord, congratulations. You have a Board of Aldermen that openly recognizes a competent and just Recorder; and the city has a chief of police, seeing his duty, performs it. These are two elementary forces that spell for law and order.

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It would be interesting to know how many real, good folks firmly believe that the first twelve days in January are prophetic of the seasons in the twelve months. Sunday was an icey day, and if there be virtue in the fore-

going belief, look out for a cold August.

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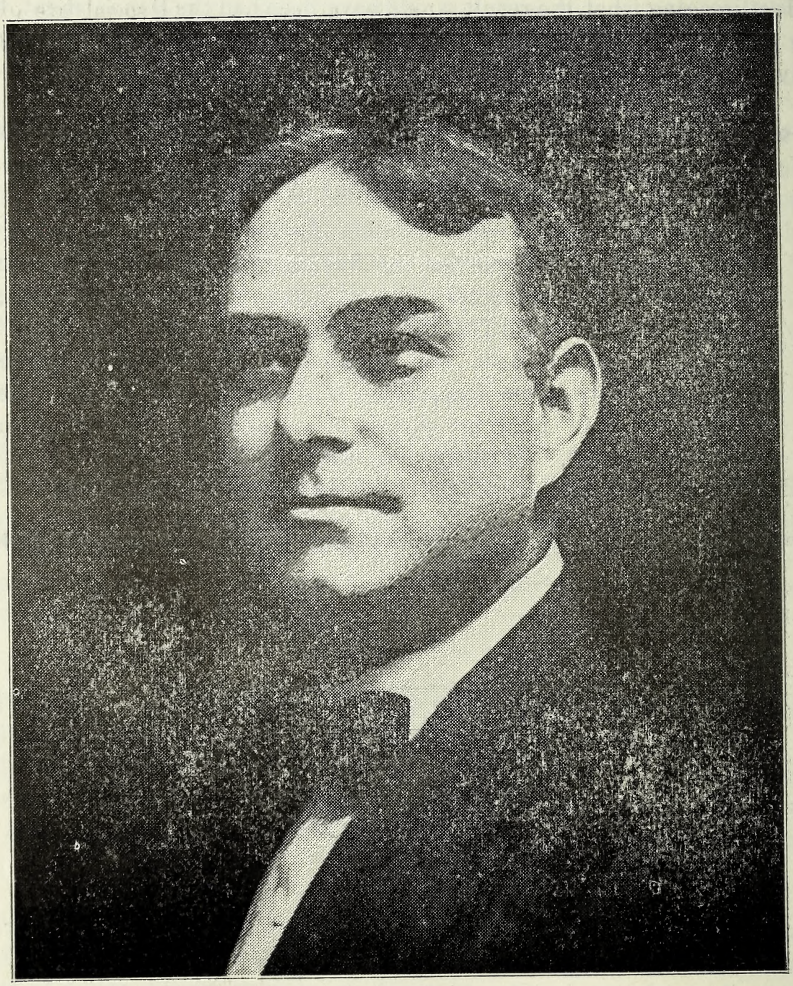
Just imagine what the result would have been had the Department, keeping its nerve, pressing and securing the enactment of the bill calling for only A. M. degree men for the position of County Superintendents!

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

A Horse and an Ass were traveling together, the Horse prancing along in its fine trappings, the Ass carrying with difficulty the heavy weight in its panniers. "I wish I were you," sighed the Ass; "nothing to do and well fed, and all that fine harness upon you." Next day, however, there was a great battle, and the Horse wounded to death in the final charge of the day. His friend, the Ass, happened to pass by shortly afterwards and found him on the point of death. "I was wrong, said the Ass:

"BETTER HUMBLE SECURITY THAN GILDED DANGER."



THOMAS McKINDREE SHELTON,
Charlotte, N. C.

THOMAS MCKINDREE SHELTON.

Contend what you may, there is a definite time and place when every man makes a decision that shapes his life in the business and social life of the world. There is a certain Gum Tree, about one mile out from the little town of Conover, Catawba county, where a vital decision was made by Thomas McKindree Shelton, the guiding genius of the important firm of Ed Mellon Company, of Charlotte, N. C.

Tom Shelton has that gum tree just as vividly fixed in his mind as a witness of a decision as any little punishment that came his way when he deserved it while yet under the parental roof. There are men, who remember the very identical spot where they used their first "bad word," and these are the ones that sooner or later remember the very time and spot where they decided that "bad words" accomplished nothing and get you nowhere. It is, though, a far cry from a twenty year-old young man under a Catawba county gum tree to the proud position of directing a business that reaches annually three-quarters of a million dollars. But that trip was made in thirty-three years.

Here's how it all came about. Young Shelton grew tired of the drudgery on the farm, as they used to farm in Catawba county, before they learned how to make big money on sweet potatoes and stocked their farms with pedigreed stock and learned rotation of crops. Lost his father when young Shelton was but sixteen years old, and more and heavier duties fell upon his young shoulders. He attended the free schools. When he reached twenty, he figured by comparison that he could go to College and prepare himself for a larger sphere of service, so he went to Conover College in August 1889. In his quiet and deliberate manner he begun to figure a little, and being a country boy he always, when he wanted to do some real fancy thinking, broke for the opening and this is how the Gum Tree and he became such fast and everlasting friends. Finally one day, while sprawling under that Gum Tree, he made a calculation in this wise: "if I get to be a doctor, a lawyer or a preacher, it means four or five years or more spent in an educational endeavor, and I just can't provide the means for it. I'll go to Charlotte and try for a job."

So on October 17th, 1889, just two days before he reached his twentieth birthday, he paid proper respects to the authorities of Conover College and struck out for Charlotte. A country boy in those days had more trouble in securing a city job than is the case to-day. Merchants always have their eyes open for a choice country-boy these days and times, boys that have not yet learned the art of eternally watching the clock, looking for pay-day, frequenting moving picture shows and constant patrons of the soft-drink stands, and boys who know how to use their hands. After considerable effort young Shelton secured a position with the late firm of C. A. Dixon & Co., on East Trade street, on terms entirely agreeable to him. From October 19, 1889 to January 1, 1890, young Shelton worked simply for his board. Fine! That was an oppor-

tunity to demonstrate his capacity, his energy, his good common sense, his character and his fine fibre of which he is made. The new firm of Leslie & Rogers took over the business of C. A. Dixon & Co., and with this new firm young Shelton remained for five years, grew into the business and with the business, made friends of every one who met him—and his star began to rise.

September 1, 1896, Mr. Shelton and the late Ed Mellon organized the clothing firm of Ed Mellon Company, which has grown into one of the largest gentlemen and ladies' furnishing houses in the whole state. They started with a capitalization quite small, but the success of the business has been so phenominal that the capital today is $50,000.00, with a surplus of over $200,000.00.

Nov. 14th, 1895, Mr. Shelton married Miss Julia Craig, of Gastonia, and they have been blessed with six children, four girls and two boys. A delightful family, which enjoys a wide and deserved popularity throughout Charlotte.

Mr. Shelton, individually and personally, is a most pleasing character. He has cordial greetings for all; considerate of every one's feelings; faithful to every trust; careful and painstaking with every detail of business; and leads a clean and dignified life among his fellow men. Enjoying the confidence of the public, not only for his moral worth in the community but also on account of his safe and judicious business qualification, Mr. Shelton is president of the Morris Plan Bank, and director in the American Trust Co., Chamber of Commerce, and the Merchants' Association; and no man believes more in the safety and the benefits of the B. & L. associations, as town and home builders.

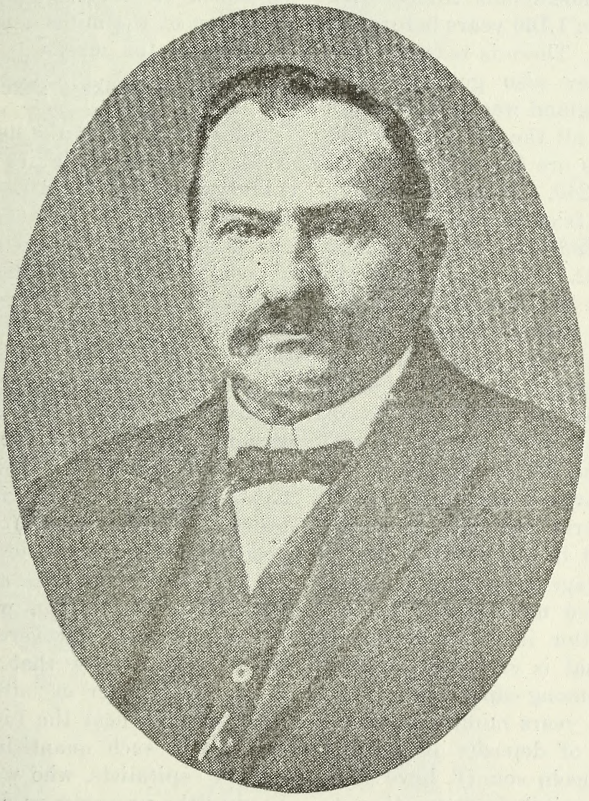
Like the needle true to its course, this man, Shelton, attributes much of his successful life to the precept and example of a Christian mother, who held up always the necessity of thrift, economy and the practice of common sense. Tom Shelton, with an experience of thirty-odd years in a city and there respected and honored by his fellow man, could go back to Mountain Creek Township, Catawba county, where on October 19th, 1869, he first saw the light, and be just as natural, cordial and delightful in his splendid manners and demeanor as he exercises in Charlotte, whether in his store or in the First Presbyterian church—he doesn't know how to put on airs.

Tom Shelton could have deserted his decision arrived at under the Gum Tree, near Conover College, and become a professional man, but it is infinitely better to be a first-class and useful business man than a quickly prepared, ordinary doctor, lawyer or preacher.

We die but once and we die without distinction if we are not willing to die the death of sacrifice. Do you covet honor? You will never get it by serving yourself. Do you covet distinction? You will get it only as a servant of mankind.—Woodrow Wilson.

A NORTH CAROLINA TIN MINE.

Added to the many natural resources abounding in North Carolina, it is now entirely safe to add another and a very important one. When we stop to think how largely tin enters into the affairs of life, in finishing cutlery, making vessels



DANIEL E. RHYNE
Lincolnton, N. C.
President, The Carolina Tin Company, and a large cotton mill owner and industrial developer.

and cups and containers—in fact, one-half of a first-class grocery store is one kind of tin receptacle after another. Without tin, the canning business would have to suspend; and the packing of most things that enter into the furnishing of pantries must depend upon tin; and builders would have to resort to a substitute.

A very common thing, tin; but up to

this date it has been found in paying quantities at but few places. Pure tin is an elementary metal, as much so as lead, iron, silver, or gold. The principal tin-producing country is England. The Phoenicians traded with England for tin 1,100 years before the Christian era. There is reason to believe that they also got tin from Spain; but England was depended upon for nearly all the tin used in Europe until this ore was discovered in Germany in 1240. It was discovered in Northern Africa in Barbary States in 1640, in India in 1740, in New Spain in 1782. Tin was mined in Mexico before the Spanish conquest, and used in T shaped pieces for money, and in a bronze composition for sharp tools, the principal mines being at Tasco. Peru has valuable mines of this metal, so have Australia and Malacca in the Malay peninsula. Tin has been discovered previously to this time in several of the American states, but not in quantities to tempt capital to engage in mining it except in Dakota; and now North Carolina has a proposition in a well-developed tin deposit that is creating considerable interest among capitalists.

For several years mining engineers having heard of deposits of tin in a section of Lincoln county, have prospected but capital was wanting to make a thorough and complete investigation as to the extent of the vein and its quality. About twelve months ago, quietly but determinedly, a party of gentlemen of affairs, nerve and hope, joined in the business of testing out the claims of a tin deposit in paying quantities and qualities in a section of Lincoln county near the C. & N. W. railroad. Options were secured for the property, and practical work in opening and tracing the vein, was begun. Recently, since a thorough survey has been effected, a company, with a capital of $300,000.00, has been organized to bring about an active operation of the mines and throw the product on the market.

General Hoke's Discovery.

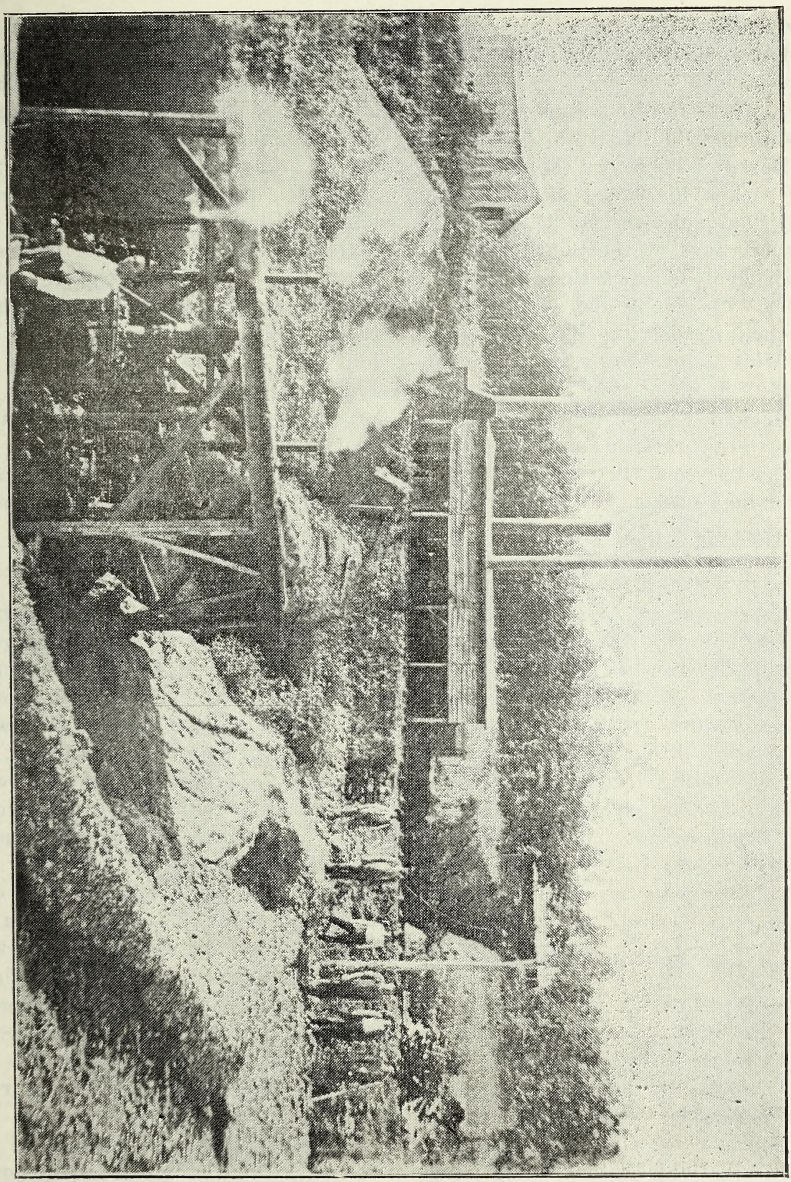
Some years ago the late General Robt. F. Hoke, in taking over what is known as the Lincoln Lithia Springs property, and making excavations for the hotel and the water tank struck a peculiar formation which he afterwards learned was tin ore. The vein is positively marked; and the good old general much of a miner himself, was certain tin existed in that section in large quantities and awaited development. From this very point (property now owned by Mr D. E. Rhyne, a most successful and far-visioned capitalist of Lincoln county) decided and positive evidences of the presence of tin have been traced the entire way to the chief veins of tin which recent operations have uncovered. General Hoke used to say that he had no doubt that sooner or later tin would be discovered near the Lincoln Lithia Springs in such quantities as would attract capitalists, who would in turn operate the property on a large scale.

What General Hoke firmly believed, and with fine reason, has come about. The Carolina Tin Company, recently chartered with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, with offices at Cherryville, is officered as follows:

D. E. Rhyne, Lincolnton, President,

M. L. Mauney, Cherryville, Vice-President.

David Rudisill, Cherryville, Secre-



FORCING WATER FROM CATAWBA RIVER AGAINST TIN-LADEN HILL

tary.

John J. George, Cherryville, Treasurer,
who, with Jacob Johnston, D. R. Mauney, and J. H. Rudisill, compose the Board of Directors. Mr. Johnston, who makes his home at the mines, near Southside on the C. & N. W. railroad, hard by the South Fork Catawba river, is a practical mining engineer with a long and successful experience in delving into the earth, following a lead for various precious metals. A recent visit to the property by the writer disclosed what has been done in a practical and substantial manner to reveal the true character of the tin deposits.

Nothing Taken For Granted.

The practical business men, of large affairs, composing the company, wanted to know the real facts, the character of the ore, the size of the veins, the ultimate quantity, and the feasibility of working the property as a commercial proposition. These they have ascertained; and no sooner than these facts were established, the company began to close its options and to secure fee-simple deeds for the property which is in the neighborhood of five hundred acres.

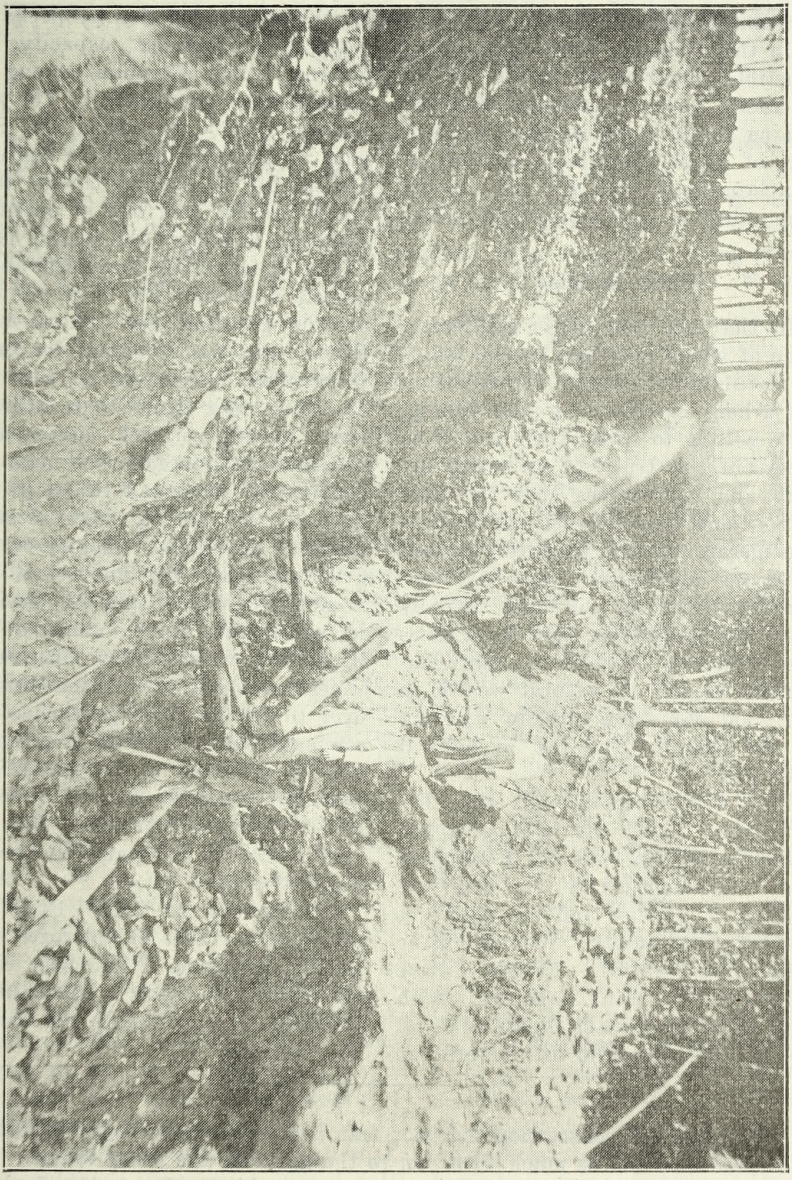
The Method Invoked.

To open up the veins was by means of a hydraulic plant, located on the South Fork Catawba, which included three pumps of 1000 gallon capacity, each per minute, with a discharge of six inches each, making a volume of water equal to 18 inches being played on the crude soil, with the result of leaving the veins of tin exposed. At convenient distances, necessary in forming a proper estimate of the size and character of the ore, these veins were subjected to cross cuts. There are nine separate veins, averaging in width from 50 to 180 feet. A number of shafts from 25 to 160 feet have been driven, and at each there is a cross tunnel. In addition to this extensive investigation, leaving nothing undone to ascertain the true facts, at several points on the veins they have reached with a Keystone drill, one and half inch in diameter, as deep as 900 feet, and the character of the tin ore proved even more satisfactory than that nearer the surface. With the hydraulic system in use the company has been able to remove 2000 tons of crude stuff per day.

An Inexhaustible Supply.

Is evident, for having made certain of a depth of 900 feet, and the veins traced for more than three miles and a half there is no room for doubting the quantity. When asked what the output of tin ore from a ton is, Mr. Johnston said: "it will average twenty pounds of tin to a ton of crude dirt." Entirely ignorant of what is considered as rich or poor tin ore, and showing some surprise that only 20 pounds may be secured from a ton of crude dirt, Mr. Johnston remarked: "At the Cornwall mines in England, which now furnishes more tin than all other tin-producing countries, the average is just one-half pound to the ton, and the operation is regarded profitable."

Various tests have been made and there is absolutely no room for doubting the richness of the ores of the Carolina Tin Company. These tests show that the concentrates carry 71



HOW AND WHERE THEY ARE LAYING OPEN THE TIN VEINS

per cent of metallic tin.

On this property there is an inexhaustible quantity of kaolin, which is chiefly used in making crockery. Mining kaolin in the extreme western part of North Carolina is carried on in a large way, and is a very important industrial and commercial activity.

There is Pride.

In the fact that these gentlemen, none of whom have any special training in tin mining, though Mr. Johnston has a long experience in gold mining, were willing to spend their money to ascertain the truth of so many beliefs and conjectures that the hills of Southern Lincoln were full of precious metals and that tin surely existed in paying quantities. They have rendered a service to the state; and by faith and enterprise, they have demonstrated that there is one more important source of natural wealth in the good old state, already standing at the head of the list in natural resources.

This writer understands that Dr. Pratt, the Chapel Hill geologist, has investigated this company's property and was surprised to find the fine quality of the ore and the apparent inexhaustible supply. Wouldn't it be a fine thing for North Carolina if some practical tin mine operator, with long experience in the handling of all the details incident to tin-mining, could get hold of this property and work it to its fullest capacity, thus placing North Carolina among the leaders of tin production? For years Lincoln county furnished the State with all its iron; and were there necessity for it Lincoln county today could furnish iron ore in quantities sufficient to supply the state's needs.

The phenominally successful and intensely wise man who is at the head of The Carolina Tin Company, Mr. Rhyne, does not do things for fun or for gamble. If he and his associates made up their minds to install sufficient machinery and equipment to work the undoubtedly rich mine on a commercial scale and throw its product on the market, there seems no doubt of the result. They move, however, along another line—their business is primarily cotton mill business, in which they have extensive holdings. But whether they operate the mines themselves or turn the operation over to others, these gentlemen have rendered North Carolina a great service in reducing to a CERTAINTY what for years old General Hoke believed with his wholeheart that Lincoln county at this particular section was full of tin.

In this issue of THE UPLIFT, on other pages, there are pictures showing the beginning of the practical investigation and tests in searching for the truth, inaugurated by the Carolina Tin Company.

There is one consolation the poor man has as his steps begin to falter; he can take just as much with him to the grave as the other fellow. All are born with nothing and all leave with nothing. The path of glory leads also to the grave.—Hickory Record.

THINGS I LEARNED WHEN A FARM BOY.

BY C. W. HUNT.

Number (VI)—Birds.

If there is anything in nature, to a boy or girl, in the cities or in the country, that has more charm than a nesting bird, I cannot recall it now. There is something that thrills at finding a bird's nest; the more especially if that nest happens to be low enough to be reached. It was so with me, it is so with my grandchild. The birds I knew and watched from a child to young manhood on my fathers farm as I can name them off hand, were as follows: Sparrows, two kinds, song and swamp; robin, blue bird, red bird a summer migrator and the tufted cardinal; mocking bird, tomtit, tee-tat, swamp-robin, wren, house and woods; cat bird, brown thrush, dove, quail or partridge, wood-cock, snipe, a summer blue bird, yellow throated warbler, snow-bird, lark, black-bird two varities; jay, lettuce bird, bee-martin, martin, swallow, chimney sweep, kildee or kildeer, king-fisher, bull-bat, whippoor-will, heron, crow and six species of woodpeckers.

Birds of pray: Hawks, four varieties; owls three species. To this should be added the buzzard and the carrion crow. We never saw it in action, but the crow is also a bird of prey under certain conditions.

The little song sparrow was always with us, while the swamp sparrow went to a colder clime in summer, as did the snow bird, and we never saw them nest. However the snow bird nests in the Blueridge mountains of this state. The robin was very plentiful and made more noise about its nest and young than all others, and the young robins' weakness was leaving the nest before it could fly. Their nests were lined with mud, as smooth as if stamped with a half ball of iron. The summer red-bird was double colored, the female being reddish yellow and the male the deepest red, so unlike the male one would take them for different species. The cardinal is at home all the year and very quiet at nesting time. The cat bird and brown thrush both left us as cold came as did the yellow throated warbler, the lettuce bird, bee-martin, the martin, the swallow and the chimney-sweep. The cat-bird, thrush, mocking bird build nests almost identical, a nest unlined, as are many others. Wood-cock, snipe and quail all lay on the ground. The swamp robin makes a nest, as a rule, so low that it can be reached. The jay is a high builder, is fussy, and one of the few that is accused of robbing other birds to feed its own young. The bee-martin we found the hardest fighter, for its nest, of all the birds, being almost fearless. The swallow builds in holes in banks of streams, the chimney sweeps in the chimney, glueing its nest to a smutty chimney wall, and sometimes they fall down in the cool fireplace. The lark and black-birds are ground builders, preferring meadow or boggy land. The kingfisher lives on fish and it and the heron we never saw nesting. The first of all birds to nest is the common blue bird, which likes a hollow tree best of all, and a deep hollow. They are called

"harbingers of Spring," coming and singing at the first warm days of February, and if a warm spell of any length come they would nest in February. Once I saw their eggs freeze, and they had to try it again. They were all killed in this section in 1899, by freezing and was several years before they were able to migrate and raise more. They cannot stand hard cold, and zero weather fixed them. I have found a dozen in a hollow log in a barn on stinging cold nights, as they crowded in there to keep warm. Many of the above built nests that man would have been unable to build Perhaps the yellow throated warbler makes as ingenious a nest as any, as it swings down in forks of two limbs, and is laced to the limbs with bark interwoven as though sewed by the hand of man, and no kind of a storm can upset it or toss its young out. No bird makes a neater or cleaner nest than the song sparrow, it being lined with the long tail hairs of the horse and cow, and always set low in weeds and briars, as does the summer bluebird of a very deep blue color, and very shy. The mocker, cat, thrush, swamp robin, cardinal were fine singers. The robin and blue bird sang also.

The wood-pecker family I divided into six sections, and the tomtit ought to come here, but it is different in shape but builds in a small hole it makes itself. There is a wood-pecker little larger than the tomtit, one a size larger then a good sized one, all three being most identical in color. Then comes the redhead with white and black that lives in town and country and can carry off as many May cherries as a good sized boy, the yellow hammer or flicker and the log-cock; as large as a small duck and very shy, prefering the deep woods. All of these dig holes in soft rotten wood and nest there away from the reach of most of its enemies. All live off tree or bark insects.

The birds of prey are harder to find nesting than the other birds, and are enemies to all other birds and the small animals. The smallest of the hawk tribe is the reddish blue and brown sparrow hawk that generally takes the hole of a larger wood-pecker for its home and raises its young there. They eat more insects and lizzards and mice than anything else, and while about the weight of a fat robin they can swallow a lizzard whole. I had a pair of tame ones once, and fed them on everything that moved that I or they could catch. They learned to follow and beg for food, and when you turned over a plank or rock they would catch every bug and carefully eat it. It kept us busy feeding them. Finally we left them for a day with no food and not being able to fly, we found them eating a small chicken when we came home. The next two sizes of hawks are great chicken eaters, and the large gauze hawk feeds more on rabbits and rats, things it finds flying slowly just above the ground, but it is not above taking a hen if convenient. The owl family was the screech owl that raises boys hair at night by their wails, the night hawk a size larger and the great hooting owl that were bad about robbing hen roosts. Their cry of Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! always made a boy feel like seeking shelter at night. We saw many of them killed in the hen house trying to get a hen

in dead hours of the night. All the owl family nest in hollow trees in the woods and feed the young on such as they can pick up. Hooting owls catch as large animals as rabbits and the smaller ones get mice and insects. None of them can see well in day time, as the pupils of their eyes are too large for daylight, hence they can see by night, which accounts, too, for the size of the eye. All this owl and hawk family pass only fluid through them. The feathers, bones and such as will not dissolve are thrown back by the mouth in balls. This we found by having tame sparrow hawks.

Once we boys had contracted the itch at school and the home remedies they washed us with at night were rougher than the itch; so to dodge this bath one autumn night, we decided to sleep in the pines on a pine straw-bed rather than take the bath. We fitted the bed up and went to it soon after supper, but had been there less than half an hour before one of those large hooting owls lighted right near us and set up its call to its mate: hoo-hoo-hoo-ar-oo? We did not stay to tell him, deciding very quickly that any kind of a bath was preferable to that owl.

It was intended to make this story of both birds and animals, but we find that birds alone have made it long enough; so animals will have to have a chapter to themselves.

The next number will be about Snakes and Lizzards.

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

ANGEL GABRIEL: At those rather infrequent intervals when we feel that to shuffle off this mortal coil would be more or less of a relief, we are reminded of the old negro man who continually expressed himself as being weary of life. The burden of his conversation was that he was tired of this vale of tears, as he was "poly" at best and wushed dat de good Lord would sen' de Angel Gabriel to carry Amos home to his Ole Marster."

So familiar did this dolorous refrain become to those who knew the old fellow, that two of his white acquaintances decided to try out his sincerity. Wrapped in a sheet and with an old cavalry sabre clanking as he walked, one of them advanced through the night and knocked at the door of the old man's shack, while the other watched developments from the bushes.

"Who dat?" came in startled response to the knock.

Silence, and then another impressive knocking with the sabre hilt.

"Who dat?" again in a voice betraying increasing perturbation.

"I am the Angel Gabriel sent to carry Amos home to his Old Marster," in sepulchral tones.

"Law, Marse Gabriel" cried a trembling voice, "Ole man Amos done move 'way from dis heah house two year ago."—Nell Battle Lewis.

It is only the great-hearted who can be true friends; the mean and cowardly can never know what true friendship means.—Kingsley.

MRS. WILLIAM N. REYNOLDS,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Mrs. William N. Reynolds.

By Miss Jenn Winslow Coltrane.

Patriotic and justly proud North Carolinians have many things in which we excel, many things about which our undaunted pride will not permit us to remain silent. And although a state is justifiable in praise of her industrial attainments, her agricultural wealth, her natural beauty and environments it takes real men and real women to make a state great. And truly North Carolina can boast of her products in this respect.

It is only a pity that we as individuals do not have the privilege of seeing into the rare natures of all who are our own. In our journey through life we can only know a few, even though we count them as many, and we count it a rare privilege to try to give you an interpretation of one, whom all North Carolinians are proud to claim. No one can know Mrs. William N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, without knowing she is from North Carolina, for it is one of the first things she tells a stranger. I say stranger, and yet those who meet her almost at once become her friend because of the whole-hearted, genuine welcome all receive who are fortunate to gain her acquaintance. One of her most frequent sayings is, "What would this world be without our friends; we can never have too many, and never a one to spare."

Mrs. Kate G. (Bitting) Reynolds is typical of the real, true, genuine type of American womanhood that is an inspiration to the world. Gentle in manner, tender of heart, fair in decisions always, a woman who is even so modest that the praise of her friends completely overcomes her, often bringing tears to her eyes. Conscious of her obligations, fulfilling her engagements with the greatest punctuality, forgetful of self, thoughtful of others, and those who suffer are not alone in being remembered by her, for she revels in reminding others of her joy in their joys. When disagreeable things are repeated to her or slanderous gossip, she usually says, "We must be sure not to repeat that." Generous at all times, but she does not like to have her generosity heralded, an understanding heart which is filled with appreciation; fun loving, vivacious and most pleasing in her impersonation of old-time darkey sayings.

Mrs. Reynolds is a true lover of home. Those, who know her, know that her first thoughts always are of him, who has shared her most intimate life---an example to all women of the inspiration of life a woman has from the love of the one man, who to her is greatest. She is often heard to exclaim "But to spend one's life with Mr. Reynolds is such a rare privilege, his disposition, his ways of thinking---why, he himself makes life a real joy." One often wishes, after being with her that all women felt the same way about their husbands.

Although Mrs. Reynolds has no children she has reared seven, and many boys and girls in the state are obligated to their "unknown friends" for their education. When North Carolina undertook to train

her delinquent and misdirected boys for service to the state, one of the first chosen for the Governing Board was Mrs. Reynolds. And she has been most active in Orphange work. Her duties have been many, and her work by no means confined to the state. She now is Southern Chairman of The National Civic Federation, whose headquarters are in New York. She is a member of the Colony Club in New York, which is the most exclusive Club for women in America.

The Daughters of the American Revolution in North Carolina and nationally have been most fortunate in having Mrs. Reynolds concentrate much of her efforts on their organization. She began her D. A. R. activities in the General Joseph Winston chapter and from there her leadership soon placed her as State Regent of North Carolina. Realizing the great worth and sterling qualties of this fine woman, the State was not willing for her work to end with the expiration of her term of office, and even against her protest the state D. A. R. placed her candidacy for Vice-President General of theNational Society Daughters of the American Revolution. Due to her real worth, and popularity although she was not even present at her election, she was elected by a decided majority.

When her term of office as Vice-President General expired in April 1921, it was with the deepest expressed regrets that the Daughters of the American Revolution all over America saw her go out of office, and due to the pressure brought to bear by many of these women she has consented to aspire for the office of President General in 1923. Mrs. Reynolds, a home lover, is willing to enter a public career only to work for a greater security to our liberty and welfare. She would make a truly earnest and worthy leader of so great a body of women, because she is absolutely conscious of the obligations we owe ourselves and America. Today she is Chairman of the International Relations Committee of the N. S. D. A. R. She is a charter member of the National Officers Club of the N. S. D. A. R. and is a member of the Executive Commitee of the Club. She stands as one of the great women of her day, one who has always had the highest respect and deepest esteem of all who know her, a seeker for knowledge---to learn to be guided---one who has faith in God, that faith that knows God is our Father. She is a woman who is never content to give less than her best, whose blameless life is a continuous record of patriotism and high resolve. She is one who can pass unperturbed out of the strenuous conflicts that grow out of the ambitions of others, for she strives for a perfect consistency with herself, and maintains unswerving and courageous fidelity to her convictions of the right.

If the Daughter of the American Revolution honor her, as well as themselves, by electing her President General they will come to know the untiring energy of this splendid woman and her efficiency, because of her love and devotion for America, the outgrowth of her pure Anglo-Saxon origin and from which nothing but the strongest leadership springs.

YADKIN OR PEE DEE.

(Stanly News-Herald)

"Just where does the Yadkin cease to be the Yadkin and become the Pee Dee?" asks The Charlotte Observer. That paper then goes on to say that "the older people of Stanly hold to the tradition that the point where the Yadkin and Uwharrie come together marks the cleavage, but the geographers claim that the Yadkin loses its name at the point where Rocky River flows into it."

The News-Herald is quite sure that it has at hand ample authority to settle this disputed question. In the first place the fact that the older people of this section hold to the tradition that the river becomes the Pee Dee after the waters of the Uwharrie empty into it should be given serious consideration. Having in the past taken some interest in this question the News-Herald has asked the opinion of some of the older residents, and they invariably have confirmed the tradition generally adhered to throughout this section. We recall when a boy of having talked with a well-informed Stanly County citizen who was at that time about ninety-three years of age. This Stanly County man said at that time that he attended his first election when a boy when William Henry Harrison was elected President of the United States at the end of the noted "Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign." The voting place where he attended this election he said was at "Old Henderson," then the county seat of Montgomery County. (Montgomery then comprised all of the territory now contained in both Stanly and Montgomery.) Old Henderson was located on the West bank of the Pee Dee at the junction of the Yadkin and Uwharrie Rivers. In telling us of this, his first election, the old old gentleman told of the old town of Henderson, its size, location, etc., and in so doing announced this bit of history to the writer. Said he, the Yadkin, the Uwharrie and the Great Pee Dee Rivers were all named by the Indians who lived in that section. They called it the Yadkin down to the point where the waters of the Uwharrie flowed into it, and then it was called by them the Great Pee Dee.

We have further and still more convincing proof than this. Shortly after the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, a very intelligent French physician by the name of Kron came to America. He rambled up the Salisbury road from the Fayetteville section until he reached Henderson, where was the home of a wealthy French landlord, Henri De Lamonthe by name, who lived at that town, which was then the county seat. Hert Dr. Kron met and fell in love with a neice of this wealthy Frenchman and married her. According to his diary, which is now in the possession of The News-Herald, Dr. Kron was professor of the chair of French at the University of North Carolina from 1824 until January, 1827, when he again moved to Montgomery County. He purchased a large tract of land on the Stanly side of the river about two miles from the point where the Uwharrie empties into the Yadkin, and

remained there the balance of his life time. This brilliant Frenchman was a keen student of Indian lore, and his diary reads like one of the old masterpieces. We now come to the point of proving conclusively that, correctly speaking, the Pee Dee commences where the Uwharrie empties into the Yadkin. On November 25th, 1835, Dr. Kron wrote in his diary among other things as follows: "At the landing (speaking of the Ferryboat Landing at Lowder's Ferry) are the frames of those houses which twenty years back formed the bulk of Tindalscille, a town which then promised itself great things from a contemplated improvement of the navigation of the Pee Dee River, FOR THIS IS THE NAME THE YADKIN ASSUMES AFTER ITS JUNCTION WITH THE UWHARRIE, and which it expected would give it an outlet to the sea. On the East Side the Uwharrie flows in almost at right angles at the mouth of the tributary stream. The landing on either side is bad, the ground being soft and sandy and rather steep. For ten cents the ferryman sets you over and tells you funny tales on his neighbor. On the East side of the Pee Dee is another abandoned town, Henderson, equally for once the seat of Montgomery court house now the sole property of one MeArthur and my wife's uncle, Henri De Lamonthe."

This should settle this question once and for always. While it is true that geographers designate the river as the Yadkin until the Rocky flows into it, yet this is incorrect. The Yadkin becomes the Great Pee Dee after the waters of the Uwharrie flow into it. That is what the Indians said about it, and they named all three of the rivers, and they knew.

We may escape from disagreeable companionship without, but we cannot escape from that which is within. No one can run away from himself.—Selected.

Is This Your Home?

How would you like to carry 2,000 tons of water 140 feet from the pump to the house? That is what a Lawrence county, Ohio, farm woman has done during the past 50 years. In making that trip from the house to the well and back she has walked 5,710 miles. Twenty-five dollars spent for pipe and a tank in the house would have saved her all that labor.

Very likely we have many women in Illinois who can beat this Ohio woman's long-distance water-carrying record. Figure it out for yourself, on your own farm.

Would you---we're talking to father now---walk 5,710 miles with a pail of water in each hand for $25? Would you carry 2,000 tons of water from the well to the house for $25?

Mother has only one life to live. Let's make it as easy for her as possible. Let's make it possible for her to have a little time for reading and

recreation, for keeping herself young and up-to-date. Let's make it possible for her to give more time to the children. When the children are growing up they need the care and training that only a mother can give---and mother can't give it when she is worn out doing the job of a pump and a few feet of iron pipe.

Next time you go to town, bring home some pipe and a tank, and a force pump if necessary. You can put in the outfit yourself, and between you and the boys you can keep the tank full. Then mother won't have to carry any more water at half a cent a mile.---Prairie Farmer.

Once there was a farmer who believed the place for advertisements was in newspapers. His pet aversion was signs nailed on and marring the beauty of his trees along the roadside, or painting on his barns and outbuildings. One day, however, a patent medicine man came along and painted on his garden fence of broad upright palings, a two-foot high letter to each plank, BOSTON PILLS. The farmer came home, and of course was mad. But a happy thought struck him. He got his hammer and knocked off the planks with the letters on them and re-arranged them so they read, POST NO BILLS!—Monroe Enquirer.

HOW DID THEY START, ANYWAY?

Nell Battle Lewis, in News & Observer.

We heard of a new superstition on New Year's Day. On the table was a dish of corn-field peas, which hadn't been expected. The cook explained their appearance by saying that it was good luck to have them for dinner on New Year's. We partook of them heartily as an antidote for the rather dismal horoscopes for the year 1922 which appeared in the feature pages of various Sunday papers.

How a superstition as absurd as that originated it would be interesting to trace. A book on the origins of superstitions ought to make entertaining reading. One we have heard tentatively explained is that of knocking three times on wood after boosting. In earlier times when inagination peopled the air with evil spirits which were ever ready to do hurt, it was supposed that any sign connected with Christianity would dispel them and annul their powers. Hence, the the superstitious touched wood in symbol of the Cross, and knocked three times to invoke the three persons of the Trinity.

The late Hon. Kemp P. Battle of Chapel Hill had an ingenious explanation oft the superstition of good luck connected with seeing the new moon clear. He held that it originated among the farmers, and that the industrious, hard-working farmer would be coming home from the fields about the time that the new moon appeared, and would see it from the open, clear of obstructing houses or trees, and the industry which put him in such a position of advantage

would bring him good luck. Whereas, the lazy husbandman who sat indolently on his front porch with his feet on the rail, would be more than apt to catch a glimpse of the new moon through the trees that surrounded his house. And it would be his laziness that would bring the bad luck.

It is rather interesting to discover that the famous painter, Leonardo da Vinci, seemed to believe in ill luck connected with an overturned salt cellar. Either that, or the superstition started from his picture of the Last Supper. If you will notice in that well-known painting, Judas Iscariot has overturned the salt cellar with his elbow. There were also thirteen people seated around that table. The idea of Friday as an unlucky day perhaps may have originated with the Crucifixion.

An explanation of the bad luck brought by a rabbit crossing one's path is said to lie in the fact that in earlier wilder days a rabbit startled appearance from the bushes might indicate the approach of marauders, ready to fall upon the hapless wayfarer.

But think of the hundreds of superstitions that haven't even such a far-fetched explanation as that. Why should it be thought unlucky to give a friend a knife, or for middle-aged people to move into a new house, or for a door to be cut? Why should good fortune be supposed to attach to the bride who wears "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue, and a piece of silver in the heel of her shoe." What lively imagination decreed that the new year would be fortunate if on its eve a man walked through the house; and disastrous, if a woman? What is the origin of the charm that a rabbit's foot will work? Who made the black cat that "takes up" at a house a harbinger of hope? What gave the horse-shoe and the "wish bone" and the four leaved clover such significance. And so on, ad infinitum.

The truest test of civilization is not the census, not the size of its cities, nor the crops, but in the kind of men the country turns out.—Emerson.

The Mysterious Boomerang.

"These savages perform feats which science declares impossible."

That is the report which one scientst made after visiting a Maori camp in Australia, and watching the warriors cast their boomerangs. A boomerang is to all appearance simply a thin, flat piece of hardwood, with a bend in the middle. This bend varies all the way from a right angle to a slight crescent curve. Captain Robert Quinton says that this bend is always a natural crook of the wood. The average length of a boomerang is from two to three feet.

The feats which a black fellow can perform with this weapon are astonishing says Captain Quinton. One man's very common performance consisted in hurling the boomerang in such a way that the under side touched the ground lightly a-

bout forty paces away, rebounded, and continued its flight at an angle of forty-five degrees until it reached a great height, when it suddenly curved again and came back in a streigh line to the thrower. I have seen the same man hurl the same boomerang in such a way that it ricocheted along the ground the way a flat stone will do on the surface of the water. It struck the ground and rebounded three times. The third time it rose almost streight up in the air and sailed back to within a few yards of the man who had thrown it, when suddenly it again changed its course, rose in a curve over his head, and a landed a few feet in front of him.

I have seen a native throw his boomerang in such a way that it rose streight up into the air to a great hight, then it suddenly curved inward, sailing straight over his head; dropped downward, flew outward, and began to rise again, twice as high as before, made another loop rose still higher in the air, and at last decended in a straight line to the thrower's feet. These astonishing stunts are almost endless, and in spite of all scientific theories and measurements the Australian boomerang remains a fascinating and mysterious problem.

Nevertheless, the Meoris are changing with the times, like the American Indians. The time is soon coming when the boomerang will become a curiosity and a tradition, like the Indianbow and arrows. Even more so, for no one will know how to make or cast a boomerang. —J. Mervin Hull in "Young People."

"Howl if you must, but don't whine."

WHO IS THE RICHEST MAN?

By Richard Spillane.

Philadelphia, Jan. 7.—Just before dinner Mr. Ford said to his wife: "Remember 17 years ago? Seventeen years ago when you and I tramped the streets of Detroit to get a chicken for our Thanksgiving dinner and none of the stores would trust us?"

Ford was quiet for a moment and then said in a semi-undertone: "Seventeen years ago . . . and I paid Uncle Sam $76,000,000 in taxes last year."

From Babson's report of his interview with Henry Ford.

It used to be common for people to refer to John D. Rockfeller as a billionaire, but not now. He may have had that much money at one time but it is questionable. At any rate, he has disposed of so much of his fortune through various channels that it is considerably reduced. Nine or ten years ago there was a dispute, with the authorities of Cleveland as to his tax bill. At that time one of the foremost statisticians of America was employed to investigate and report as to Mr. Rockefeller's wealth. His estimate was $600,000,000. Since that time Mr.

Rockefeller has given away a very large amount of money.

In the first year of the war taxation it was reported semi-officially that the largest individual tax paid that year was somewhat less than $36,000,000. The supposition at the time was that it referred to Mr. Rockefeller. Possibly it was Henry Ford.

Is Mr. Ford the richest man in America? Is it possible that a man who couldn't get credit for a chicken for his Thanksgiving dinner 17 years ago is today America's one billionaire?

A tax expert has figured what that $76,000,000,000 in taxes paid for 1920 represents and his finding is that Mr. Ford's income for the year in question was $103,050,240.10. That would mean about $282,329 a day, Sunday and holidays included.

But is Mr. Ford a billionaire? Opinions differ as to what constitutes a billionaire or a millionaire. A man with an income of $103,050,240.10 a year might be considered a billionaire by some persons but after paying $76,000,000 out of his income to the government he would have only $27,000,000 left and that it is not consistent with a billionaire income.

Under the present rate of taxation it doesn't seem possible for a man to be a billionaire.

Ford struck the right note in his Thanksgiving day reverie. There was no suggestion that he grudged the paying of the $76,000,000 but rather was humbled by the marvel of man who 17 years before could not get credit in his home town for a Thanksgiving day dinner, having come to colossal wealth in such a short time. That's the great lesson, the lesson of opportunity. America no doubt offers more of opportunity than any other land under the sun but it is present in every land and in every clime for those who are fitted to respond to it when it calls.

And there is another great lesson in Ford's millions. The Niagaras of dollars that poured in upon him in the last 17 years have been clean dollars. They have come from furnishing the multitude something that has added to human progress and human betterment. His tremendous wealth refutes the libel that no man can be a millionaire and be honest.

To Henry Ford and not a few other men of great wealth money does not mean ease or luxury but rather spurs them on to higher achievement. Some of the very rich men work hardier than day laborers. So far as creature comforts are concerned there is no difference between $1,000,000 and $1,000,000,000.

If nothing else Henry Ford's story is a classic in the great tale of America's selfmade men, for it is a tale of opportunity well used and never abused.

"Woodrow" Wilson was walking with his friend, Joe Kennon once, and they passed a jewelry store where there were a lot of precious stones in the window. "Would you not like to have your pick?" asked Woodrow. "Not me pick but me shovel," said Joe.---The Leader.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

James Suther was the only boy to receive visits Wednesday.

Miss Eve Greenlee, of First Cottage, has taken charge of the new school room that was opened Tuesday a week. Now we have three rooms opened.

Rev. T. N Lawrence, of the Episcopal Church, of Concord, preached an inspiring sermon at the Auditorium Sunday afternoon and chose for his his text: "And Christ Increased in Widom and Statue, and in Favor With God and Man."

When a person knows a good thing or place, how hard it is to keep away from it. This must have been the case of H. Sarvis, of Bessemer City, who was paroled last August and who is making good. Mr. Zeb Teeter was also avisitor at the School at the same time. He was formerly an officer of this School. Of course, they can't stay away, so we expect them soon again.

Waldo Shinn has left us for his home, having made a very fine record while at the school. He is missed by the boys in the cottage as well as on the play-ground. His short stay at the school was only seventeen months, but while he was here he made numerous friends among the boys and officers. He carried the good wishes of all with him and we believe he will make his mark in the world some time in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Cloer, whose arrival at the School has already been spoken of, are now making head-way fast. Mrs. Cloer is matron in Mecklenburg Cottage, and Mr. Cloer, being a carpenter, is running the wood-shop. He and "Red" Harvell have already put out several good jobs. All the boys admire and respect Mr. Cloer, he is not aloof from the boys; he jokes and plays with them as if they were his own sons. Mrs. Cloer is also kind and motherly to the boys.

Cottage No. 6, or Guilford Cottage, is now opened. There were 25 boys who were proud to feel that their conduct has been of such merit that they have been placed n this cottage as a reward. It is located just below the new school building. The boys in this cottage will try to their utmost to keep it new and clean so that the confidence in them will not be misplaced. Two other cottages are located just below this one so of course, it won't be lonely or out of place. This event has been looked forward to by a great many of the boys.

RETURNS ALL IN.

Several weeks before Christmas came, THE UPLIFT modestly invited any one who felt like it, to aid us in giving the boys at the Jackson Training School a Christmas commensurate with their appetites and desires. The response accomplished the purpose. If all the boys in the institution are surfeited as the printer boys, candy, nuts and such like would hold no charm for them at this time—but how soon youngsters get over things.

The complete list is as follows:

Mr. W. E. Parker, Charlotte,..$10.00
Col. F B. McDowell, Charlotte..5.00
Mr. J. C. Crowell, Charlotte....5.00
Mr. E. B. Grady, Concord.....5.00
Mr. John R. Query, Concord.....5.00
Col. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury,....5.00
Mr. R. S. Huntington, Green-..
ville, S. C.....5.00
Prof. Chas. L. Coon, Wilson....10.00
Mrs. Edna Yorke, Concord.....10.00
Mr. J. R. Fairchild, New York...10.00
Cash Concord,..... 10.00
Mrs. Myrtle Freeland, North..
Wilkesboro,.....5.00
Junior King's Daughters,....
Concord, ...5.00
Senoir King's Daughters, Con-
cord, ...10.00
State King's Daughters,.....15.00
T. M. Shelton, Charlotte,.....10.00
Chapel Hill King's Daughters..10.00
Mr. D. H. Pitts, Concord,.....10.00
T. J. Fetzer, Wadesboro,.....10.00

Mr. G B Caldwell, Monroe, five boxes of oranges.

Mr. Morris Leftkowitz, Salisbury, 40 ibs. candy.

Mr. J. A. Fasnacht, Charlotte, one pound candy each for every boy.

Concord Steam Bakery, 100 lbs. cake.

Mr. J. M. Hendrix, Concord, two boxes apples, two bunches bananas, two buckets candy.

Mrs. J. P. Allison, box oranges.

Mr. G. L. Patterson, one box oranges and 250 paper bags.

Albemarle Grocery Company two boxes of apples.

Box of Christmas, Greenville King's Daughters.

Box of Christmas, Durham King's Daughters.

A victrola from Col. F. P. Hobgood, Jr's. Sunday School class, First Baptist church, Greensboro.

Showing their appreciation every boy at the institution has written into "his little book" the names of all these delightful friends. THE UPLIFT rejoices that each one had a full Christmas, and wishes for all these generous and thoughtful friends a prosperous year.

Death of Esq., John A. Barnhardt.

On the 7th, in No. 5 township, at the age of 83, Esq. John A. Barnhardt, an upright, conscientious and most worthy citizen, passed away. He was eloquent in attending to his own business and perfectly dumb when that of others was involved. He was, in his day, one of the most practical and successful school-teachers in the whole section. When his pupils closed their three-months school term, the teacher receiving the munificent salary of twenty-five dollars per month, they knew all the capitols of the states, could read intelligently American stories about worthwhile things, could spell splendidly, knew the multiplication tables (up and down), kept their books tidy and guarded well their thick slates (a luxury of the day), put in never less than six hours at genuine study, became familiar with the ten commandments, heard the scriptures read every morning followed by the Lord's prayer in which they joined. What have we today?

The old man, early in life, had lost an eye; but with that one eye always in action and backed by the courage to do his duty, John A. Barnhardt did much valuable service for his fellow man, and left a fine name for the joy and comfort of a crowd of splendid

children.

Of A Local Nature.

Concord had a sane and sober Chrsitmas. * The Concord National Bank holds its 33rd annual stockholders meeting on the 10th.* The Citizen Bank & Trust Company is having the old Dove & Bost Store room torn down, preparatory for the rection of a modern banking house.* Ninety teachers attended the Teachers' meeting on Saturday. * Mr. F. H. Webb entertained officers of the local Rotory at a dinner on Monday evening. * Dr. W. H. Wadsworth is taking treatment in a Charlotte hospital. * Mr. J. F. Goodman, confined to his home for two weeks by illness, is improving. * Ninety teachers attended the Teachers' meeting on Saturday. * The total tax of Cabarrus county, not including the income tax that goes direct to the state, is $123.132,82. * Farm Demonstrator Goodman is conducting a campaign of fruit-tree pruning in the county. *

Judge Bis Ray is holding Cabarrus Superior Court. It's a two-weeks term. Civil cases deferred to another court in order to give time for the trial of an unusually heavy criminal docket. Dan Widenhouse had filled up the jail with whiskey folks, and some of his subjects were out on bond. Some of these days the lawless will awake to the idea that the law means business and fooled with long enough may let loose a real sting Hasten the day.

RATES AND FARES CUT.

Atlanta, Ga., January—Removal of the war taxes of eight percent on passenger and sleeping car fares and of three percent on freight charges which became effective at midnight of December 31st will mean a substantial reduction in the cost of both freight and passenger transportation.

A statement issued by the Southern Railway System calls attention to the fact that, as these taxes applied universally, their elimination will result in a material cut in the bill the American people have been paying for transportation.

Under the ruling of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the railways will not be permitted to make refunds of war taxes paid on unused portions of tickets or mileage books or of such taxes paid on freight overcharges. Refunds of taxes will be made only on direct application to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Washington, and application must be accompanied by certificates from the railway agents through whom refund of the railway charges was made.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD N. C. JAN. 21, 1922, NO. 11

The Method Of Going.

"Do you think a man could get to heaven without joining the Church?" asked three good men of a preacher.

"I think he could."

They laughed, patted him on the back, and called him broadminded.

"Let me ask you a question, and I want you to answer me just as quickly as I answered you," said the preacher. "Why do you want to go to heaven that way?"

They were speechless.

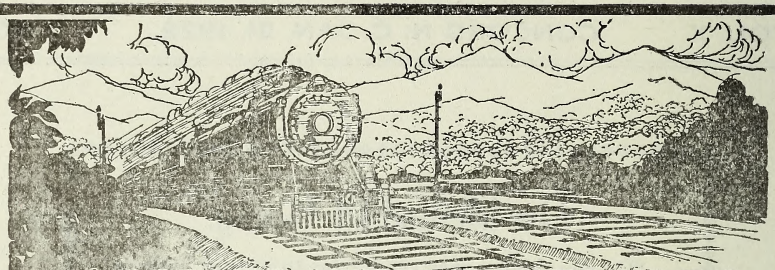
"Why don't you ask me another question?" suggested the preacher. "Why don't you ask me if a man could get to England without going on a boat?"

"Well," they said, "we will ask you that. Now what is the answer?"

"I see no reason why a man could not get to England without going on a ship, provided he was a good swimmer, tied some food between his shoulders to eat on the way, had strength to buffet all the waves —if a shark did not get him. And suppose you did get to England without a ship, do you think you would get there much ahead of the man who goes by ship?"—Selected.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	ATLANTA, GA. Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	High Paint, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.05AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.10PM	BALTIMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Trrining and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879

TELL ME.

If the whole world copied YOU---
Copied to the letter---
Would it be a nobler world,
All deceit and meaness hurled
From it altogether?
Would selfishness and envy fade,
And in the room their absence made,
Would love come into view?
Tell me, if it followed YOU---
Would the world be better
---Selected.

LEE AND JACKSON.

Lest we forget.

Today is the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Johnathan Jackson; and Thursday last was that of Robert Edward Lee. Impartial and correct historians give to these Christian men and gallant soldiers and masterful generals high places for patriotism, unblemished character, matchless bravery and brilliant records. There are those, however, even among our own, obsessed with their knowledge of pedagogy and the artfulness of teaching, with loose-fitting regard for the greatness and sacrifices of the past, who are willing that there be placed into the hands of the children books that declare Lee and Jackson and their heroic followers were "traitors" and

the cause for which they most honestly and bravely contended was "rebellion."

Because certain teachers and certain officials wear so loosely their sense of partiotism and gratitude, it is fitting that the Daughters of the Confederacy and those who honor the memories of the heroes of the 60s should jealously grasp every opportunity to keep forever alive the spotless names of Lee and Jackson and the brave men that followed them.

Elsewhere in this issue of THE UPLIFT are to be found articles in reference to each of these beloved men, who tendered their all in defense of the South. We only honor ourselves and do a simple duty when in loving memory we strive to keep alive the patriotism of those, who gave their all for their cause, our cause.

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ACTIVITY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

The Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the South recognized the anniversary of the birth of Commodore Matthew F. Maury (Jan. 14, 1806), the great scientist, who first made charts of the sea and wrote a Physical Geography of high merit. The activity of the Daughters in insisting that books in the hands of our children shall do justice to the South and her heroes has been criticised by some whose toes have been stepped on. In fact a most reputable newspaper, edited by one of the finest men of the whole state, actually gave publicity to the slanderous remark that the Daughters of the Confederacy were influenced by a campaign fund contributed by a rival publishing concern. The very authors of that slanderous statement against the patriotism and sincerity of our women, are past masters at the business. Years ago, for business reasons, they impugned the honor and integrity of Major Finger and John C. Scarboro because they could not control them.

This is a very fine reason why the Daughters of the Confederacy, honest, clean and patriotic, should tighten their lines and keep themselves on the watch-tower. Their's is a most important duty and service.

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"THE CALL TO KNOW NORTH CAROLINA."

A year or more ago, Major Bruce Craven began what he was pleased to baptize "Seeing North Carolina" which occasionally runs in the Greensboro News. Later on when Mr. J. F. Hurley, of the Salisbury Post, was president of the North Carolina Press Association. he eloquently and forcibly

outlined a programme to the editors, who, if they undertook its execution, could do a world of good under the slogan, "Know North Carolina."

The Press Association very properly endorsed the fine suggestion of President Hurley, and a committee, composed of Clarence Poe, L. R. Wilson and E. C. Branson, was appointed to suggest the subjects and the doctors to handle each. This committee has performed. From the Chapel Hill News Letter, we learn that the business this campaign contemplated has begun. It starts off with an extract from the Inaugural Address of Hon. T. W. Bickett, when, on Jan. 11, 1917, he took the oath of office of Governor. And this is Bickett's Dream:

"Gentlemen of the general assembly, ladies and gentlemen: I have endeavored to visualize my dream of a fairer and finer state. I have outlined the means by which I hope to make the dream come true. And the means all reach out to a single end---a larger hope, a wider door for the average man than he has ever known.

"With a six-months school guaranteed to every child; with the forces of disease routed from their ancient strongholds; with the curse of rum lifted from every home; with our fields tilled by the men who own and therefore love them; with our harvests free from the crop lien's deadly blight; with modern conveniences and wholesome diversions within reach of every country home, our dear old state, released from her bondage to the blood-kin tyrants of Ignorance, Poverty, Disease, and Crime, will begin to realize her finest possibilities in riches and grace; will assume her rightful place in the march of civilization; and from the blue of the mountains to the blue of the sea there will spring up a hardier, holier race, not unlike the giants that walked the earth when the sons of God mated with the daughters of men"

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The Movies taking out two million dollars of insurance on the life of Mr. Will Hayes leads one to believe that they think they have come into the possession of a ruby.

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Great is the joy of our boys in the entertainment they are getting out of one hundred and fifty Victrola records donated by some good people in Greensboro, at the instance of Miss Nita Gressitt, teacher of mathematics in the Greensboro High School. The Seniors of the Greensboro High School sent a lot of fifty, and the Business & Professional Women's Club contributed one hundred. Nothing in all the world equals the thoughtfulness of a genuine friend when in action. If Miss Gressitt inspires the young Seniors and the Business & Professionals Women's Club to make us a

coveted visit, the boys will show them how they can play the records, and how quickly they even have picked up the songs and learned the impersonations. And this generous gift came at Christmas time, too!

THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

It happened that a Fox caught its tail in a trap, and in struggling to release himself lost all of it but the stump. At first he was ashamed to show himself among his fellow foxes. But at last he determined to put a bolder face upon his misfortune, and summoned all the foxes to a general meeting to consider a proposal which he had to place before them. When they had assembled together the Fox proposed that they should all do away with their tails. He pointed how inconvenient a tail was when they were pursued by their enemies, the dogs; how much it was in the way when they desired to sit down and hold a friendly conversation with one another. He failed to see any advantage in carrying about such a useless encumberance. "That is all very well," said one of the older foxes; "but I do not think you would have recommended us to dispense with our chief ornament if you had not happened to lose it yourself."

"DISTRUST INTERESTED ADVICE."

Guilford Makes Official Visit.

Wednesday, January 11, was a most delightful day, despite the weather, at the Jackson Training School. This was the day set by the County Commissioners of Guilford, accompanied by deeply interested others, to visit the institution, inspect the new Guilford Cottage and officially turn it over to the institution with, as the meeting proved, their entire satisfaction and blessings.

Among the representatives of the Commissioners were Mr. J. A. Rankin, the chairman, Mr. W. C. Jones, Mr. J. G. Foushe, together with Mr. W. C. Boren, who was chairman of said Board when the appropriation for the building was made, and who since has become the chairman of the County Road Commission, and is a master at the business. Mr. and Mrs. Mason W. Grant, clerk of superior court and Juvenile Judge, were present. Mrs. Blanche Carr Sterne, the capable and efficient superintendent of county welfare and others were among the visitors from Guilford.

The visitors, after luncheon in the Guilford Cottage and a minute inspection from basement to garret---all declaring it perfect---the visitors adjourned to the chapel, where the boys had assembled, together with a number of interested friends from Concord, Judge Grant presided, and after scripture reading and prayer by Rev. R. Murphy Williams the editor of THE UPLIFT extend a cordial welcome to the distinguished visitors and thanking most earnestly the forward-looking county of Guilford for the material aid contributed to the institution in working out its plans. Mr. E. D. Broadhurst, one of the leading lights of the Greensboro Bar, responded, making a timely and forceful address which impressed the audience, especially the boys for whom his splendid remarks were primarily intended. Messrs. Rankin, Jones and Foushe of the Commissioners made pleasing remarks, all expressing pride and happiness over their having the opportunity extended them as officials to aid materially in the great work of the institution. Mr. Boren, the former chairman, a genuinely sincere and practical business man, made a few remarks; and Mrs. Sterne was radiantly happy over the fact that she now had a strong, right arm assistant in her great work of reclamation. Rev. Williams, whom everybody in Greensboro regards as the big brother, of the average boy was very happy in his timely remarks. Throughout the interesting exercise the boys sang a number of songs, which delighted the visitors; and Master Taylor recited Dr. McGeachy's "A Man May be Down, But He's Never Out." The meeting was closed with the benedcition by Rev. T. W. Smith, the institution's unselfish and devoted friend.

At the close of the meeting the ten boys, from Guilford county, were invited to come up on the stage and personally meet the Guilford delegation---that meeting was of the purest and deepest friendship, the boys seeing that the folks back home have

a regard and interest in their welfare, and they were deeply impressed thereby.

Mr. W. E. Stanley, the County Welfare Worker of Durham, happened in on this occasion, having accompanied a boy to the insitution.

The exercises set him on fire and said he: "Look here, I'm going to bring Durham down here andpull off a meeting just a little better when our Cottage is opened." Brother Stanly may just as well begin to line up his folks, for in a very few days the Durham Cottage will be thrown open.

With reports coming from Paris that this was the "gayest, wettest, and costliest" Christmas that the French capital has ever experienced and with the French representatives at the Armament Conference demanding that France have a free hand in the construction of submarines and other auxiliary crafts of war, isn't it about time for America to demand payment of the interest on that war debt, rather than continue so much maudlin talk about cancelization of the debt? We object very strenuously to America canceling the war debt of a people who seem unduely anxious to prepare for future wars and has money for gayety and carousal. Let the money spent for champagne go to the payment of the honest debt to a nation that has written the law of temperance in her constitution.—Christian Advocate.

REMEMBER THE PATRIOTS.

Robert E. Lee's father, General Henry Lee, who was called Light Horse Harry, was a famous calvary officer in the Revolutionary War. He was often sent out as a scout to learn of the enemies' plans. His troopers were called the eyes and ears of the army. His work was highly commended both by Congress and General Washington.

After the war he was governor of Virginia, and later became a member of Congress. It was while delivering Washington's funeral oration in Congress that he said, "Washington is first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Charles Richard Lee, the paternal great-great-grandfather of Robert, came from England to Virginia during the reign of Charles the First. He was akindhearted man, of good stature and good sense, and in many ways was like his descendant who led the armies of the Confederacy.

Robert's mother was Anne Hill Carter, from one of Virginia's best families. Stratford House in which Robert was born is a fine old mansion, which stands not far from the banks of the Potomac River near the birthplace of Washington.

He had two brothers—Charles and Sidney—and two sisters—Anne and Mildred.

Robert was very fond of horses and dogs, and spent much of his time around the stables. He enjoyed out-of-door sports, especially hunting. In this way he developed that great

strength which enabled him to endure the hardships of the campaign.

As his father's health was failing, the family moved into the city of Alxander when Robert was four years old. When he was at the age of eleven his father died. His mother was not strong and finally became an invalid, unable to get about at all

noon he hurried home from school to take her for a ride. He carried her to the carriage, wrapped her up comfortably and did all he could to cheer her up while they rode.

Lee attended private schools until he was eighteen. He then entered West Point, for he had decided that he would be a soldier like his father.

alone. Her oldest son was at college, her second son, in the navy. The older daughter was very frail and the other too young to do much about the house. Hence to Robert fell most of the responsibility of overseeing the housework and caring for his mother. He was very strong for a boy of his years and could easily carry her about in his arms. Every pleasant after-

He had grown to be a handsome, well-developed young man, five feet eleven inches tall. He was scrupulously neat in his dress as well as in everything he did. He was very kind and courteous to all whom he met and became a great favorite both with his instructors and classmates. He was a devoted Christian and every one of felt the influence of the strength and

purity of his character. During the four years he was at West Point he never had a demerit mark. He graduated in 1829, standing second in a class of forty-six.

Net long after his graduation his mother became very ill. He sat at her bedside day and night, giving her food and medicine with his own hand, but care and love could not save her, and he was soon bereft of her to whom he said he owed everything.

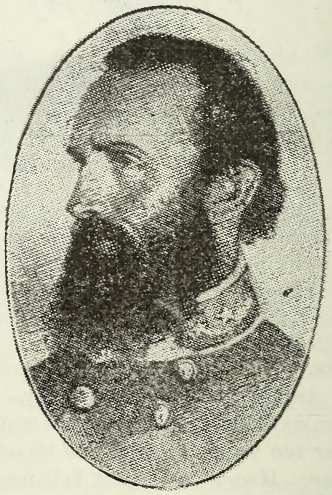
They say that man is mighty
He governs land and sea.
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be.
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.—Wm. Ross Wallace.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Thomas J. Jackson was born Jan. 21, 1824, in the mountains of western Virginia. The home of his childhood, near the Ohio river, was not far from the early homes of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. Jackson's father was a lawyer, but long after the birth of the child both the father and mother died. The blue-eyed boy, with the hair so long and fair and voice that was quiet and sweet, went to live on a farm with his uncle. He worked hard on the farm; he liked to ride horses and make them gallop fast over the hills; and he knew well how to cut down trees and drag them out of the great forest to the sawmill.

At West Point.

In 1842, when young Jackson was eighteen years old, he presented himself at West Point, on the Hudson river. He wore a suit of coarse stuff woven on the loom at his home A few other articles were packed in a pair of old saddlebags. He was about six feet two inches in height, his hands and feet were large and his way of walking was awkward. The other boys at the military school tried to play jokes on him, but they soon gave it up. He was full of courage and



plenty of common sense. It is true that he was bashful and had little to say to any of his comrades, but his heart was overflowing with kindness.

When any one of them was in trouble, Jackson was the first to help him. He was polite to every one, and always loved to speak the truth.

Rather Slow at First.

Jackson was slow at first in learning from books. He had to work hard to keep up with the other boys. But he kept at it. After the hour for putting out the lamp in his room,he would often lie down on the floor and study his lesson by the light from the burning coals in the fireplace. "You can be whatever you resolve to be," he said. He was terribly in earnest and meant to win success as a soldier. Slowly he worked his way up in the class, and so had nearly reached the head of it when the four years were finished.

In the Mexican War.

Then he went to fight in Mexico (1846) as an officer of artillery. His eyes fairly blazed when he took his cannon into battle. . At Chapultepec, in front of the city of Mexico, the roadway which he held was swept by the enemy's cannon balls. In order to keep down the excitement among his men he walked back and forth in front of them and said very quietly, "There is no danger. See! I am not hit."

Jackson's Life as a Teacher.

After the Mexican War Jackson became a teacher in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va. His life there was very quiet. Every morning regularly he arose about six o'clock; after kneeling in prayer he took a cold bath, and this was done even on the iciest mornings in winter. A brisk walk followed, and then, at seven, family prayers and breakfast. Then came his work in teaching, and after that the study of books. The Bible was always first in this course of daily reading, and then history of the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte. Sunday morning found him regularly in seat at church. Every Sunday afternoon he managed and taught a Sunday school attended by the negro slaves of the community in which he lived. He always did what he thought to be right, no matter what it cost him. With all his might he hated a lie. His anger always blazed out against the man who did wrong to another. And yet he lived the peaceable life of the man of God. In his own home there was always tenderness and affection.

The Call to War.

When Virginia left the Union, Jackson was ready to defend his native commonwealth. One Sunday morning the governor's message came. Jackson called out the soldier boys whom he was teaching, had religious worship conducted in their presence, and then, at one o'clock the same day, led them to battle. Jackson himself was made colonel and was told to hold Harpers Ferry on the Potomac River. He still wore the plain uniform of his school. His worn and faded cadet cap was always tilted over his eyes. He went in and out among his men without noise or bustle. He rode a quiet old horse, but he kept his men at work and kept his eyes open for the coming of the enemy. Jackson talked very little with anyone, and never told his plans, not even in his letters to his wife. He wrote to her about

the roses that were climbing over the house in which he was staying, and then sent to her this message from his heart, "My sweet little sunny face is what I want to see most of all."

Jackson at Manassas.

Another Sunday morning came, and now it was the month of July, 1861. Jackson had under his command an entire brigade made up of five regiments of Virginians. He had four cannon also. These were directed by a minister of the Gospel who had become a Confederate soldier. For this reason the four big guns were named by the men Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Jackson still wore his hat pulled down over his eyes. Ears and eyes were open, as usual, however, on this beautiful morning, because Jackson saw a strong Federal army coming against him. This army had started southward from Washington to capture Richmond. The Confederate army met it near Manassas, south of the Bull Run in Virginia. The Federal soldiers crossed the Bull Run at a point above, and came down along the bank against the end of the Confederate line. Jackson was near that end, and when Bee, the Carolinian, said, "They are beating us back," he replied,"Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet." This filled Bee with hope, and he called out to his men, "Look! there is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians.

The First Great Confederate Victory.

From that hour Jackson was called Stonewall, and the men who fought under him there were known as the Stonewall Brigade. While the bullets were flying thick, he rode slowly up and down in front of them, just as he did Chepultepec, saying in a quiet way, "Steady, men, steady! all's well!" When the enemy came nearer, he rode to the center of his line and said, "Reserve your fire till they come within fifty yards, then fire and give them the bayonet; and when you charge, yell like furies." The long gray line of heroes obeyed his order. Suddenly they leaped from the ground where they had lain, fired into the very faces of the foe, and then with wild yells charged through shot and shell and battle smoke into the enemy's line. That line waved back and forth and at last gave way. The rest of the Confederates came to Jackson's aid, and the Federal army turned back in a mad rush for Washington. It was the first great battle of the war and the first great Confederate victory.

The Great Valley Campaign.

Early in the year 1862, Stonewall held the Valley of Virginia with sixteen thousand Confederates. Three different Northern armies, containing in all about sixty thousand men, were sent against him. Hidden ways of marching and sudden rushes brought him against his foes at places where they did not expect him, and one after another he defeated the three armies in five well-planned battles. Then like a thunderbolt of war he moved from the Valley to the James River and fell upon McClellan's army in front of Richmond. "Stonewall Jackson is here!" was the glad cry that ran along General Lee's line of soldiers. Then the Confederate soldiers all advanced through the swamps and forests and

drove McClellan from Richmond.

Jackson's Last Victory.

In the last half of the year 1862, Jackson won the victory of Cedar Run and fought beside Lee on the glorious fields of Second Manassas, Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. On the 2nd of May, 1863, Stonewall's men were marching in a long column through the thick bushes at Chancellorsville. The commander was in the lead, and the soldiers were in fine spirits. "Tell old Jack, we're all a-coming. Don't let him begin the fuss till we get there," was their frequent call as they moved forward. At half past five o'clock in the afternoon, Jackson sat in silence on his horse, Little Sorrel. His old cap was drawn down over his eyes his lips were tightly closed, and his watch was in his hand. The troops were getting into place in the rear of one end of the Federal army.

"Are you ready, General Rhodes?" said Jackson.

"Yes, sir," replied the brave Alabamian.

"You can go forward, sir," said Jackson.

Rhodes gave a nod, and the note a bugle rang out. "Boom, boom," roared out two large guns in the roadway. Then the fierce "rebel yell" came from thousands of throats, and Jackson's men rushed forward through the woods into the Federal camp. The Northern soldiers threw down their guns and fled. It was the last victory won for the Confederacy by Stonewall Jackson.

Death of Jackson.

That night he rode forward in the darkness. Through mistake his own men fired, and Jackson fell. For a week he lingered. "I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead," wrote Lee to the wounded man. Jackson said of his last battle, "I feel that God's hand led me—let us give Him the glory." When the end was at hand he said, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees," and the soul of the great Christian soldier went to be with his God.—(Dr. White's Beginner's History of the United States.)

STONEWALL JACKSON: When on the plain, he drilled no eagles to perch on his banners, as the third Napoleon was said to have done. But one thing he did, he impressed his men with such an intense conviction of his unselfish and supreme consecration to the cause for which he had periled all, and so kindled them with his own magnetic fire as to fuse them into one articulated body—one heart throbbing through all the members, but spirit animating the entire frame—that heart, that spirit, his own. It was his sublime indifference to personal danger, to personal comfort, and personal aggrandizement, that gave him such power over the armies he commanded, and such place in the hearts of the people of the Confederate States. Dr. Moses D. Hodge.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright
Flashed the sword of Lee
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave, in the cause of right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long
It slumbered peacefully—
Roused from its rest by the battle-song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, and avenging the wrong—
Gleamed the sword of Lee!

Forth from the scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky,
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore i ,tknelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! All in vain!
Forth flashed the sword of Lee!
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

—Father J. A. Ryan.

"I know no better way to define the word 'education' than to say it means being like Robert E. Lee."—Dr. E. C. Branson.

THIRTEEN SCHOOL TRUCKS USED.

Thirteen specially built school trucks are now in use in six consolidated schools in Davidson County, and in addition, it is reported, are being supplemented by probably as many as four regular automobiles trucks. About eight hundred boys and girls from tots to high school seniors are being taken to school each morning and returned to their homes each afternoon. These are all protected from cold and rain and add both to the comfort and health of the pupils, it is said. Nothing in the history of the public schools of the county has proven more popular perhaps than the transportation of pupils. In the districts where the trucks are operated there are no long distances to school, for those living two or three miles away are within a few minutes of the school house doors.

The trucks are being used at Arcadia, Welcome, Reeds, Tyro, Churchland and Linwood, all of which were consolidated during the early months of 1921. Linwood was the last of these districts to be consolidated, now havng a good four-teacherl school under Principal Fussell and is doing splendid elementary and high school work.—Lexington Dispatch.

Why are the children of rural Cabarrus and some other counties not enjoying equal advantages? Are they not just as good and as worthy as the children of Davidson? There is a reason for this difference in educational advantages, and somebody is responsible for the inequality.

Washington, Jan. 12.—There is much astonishment being expressed here at the discovery today that the late Senator Boise Penrose, of Pennsylvania, had $236,100 in idle cash in a safe deposit box in one of the banks here. The deputy register of wills of the District of Columbia had been requested by the executors of the Penrose will to open the safety deposit box and in it he found $236,100 in cash, this in five $10,000 notes, the balance in denomination of $1,000, $500, $100 and $50 bills. How long this big amount of idle money had been laid away in the deposit box without drawing interest has not been made known and utterly without the power of service to any cause, whether industrial, commercial, political or religious. Terrible selfishness!

Modern School Building

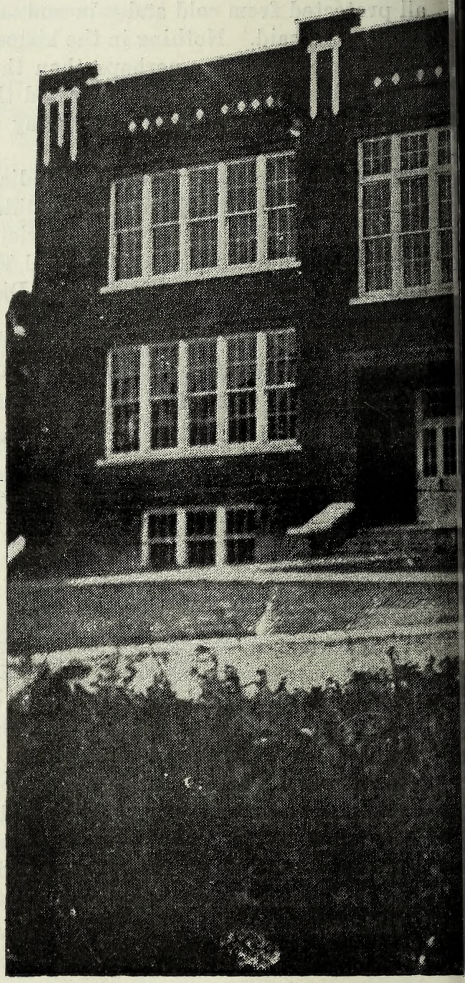
This is the picture of a modern school building, containing twelve recitation-rooms. This is the outgrowth of a deep educational interest that was cultivated by certain educational leaders in Rockingham county, chief among them being Mr. U. Leland Stanford, a young and prominent lawyer, about whom THE UPLIFT in the issue of the 7th carried an appreciation.

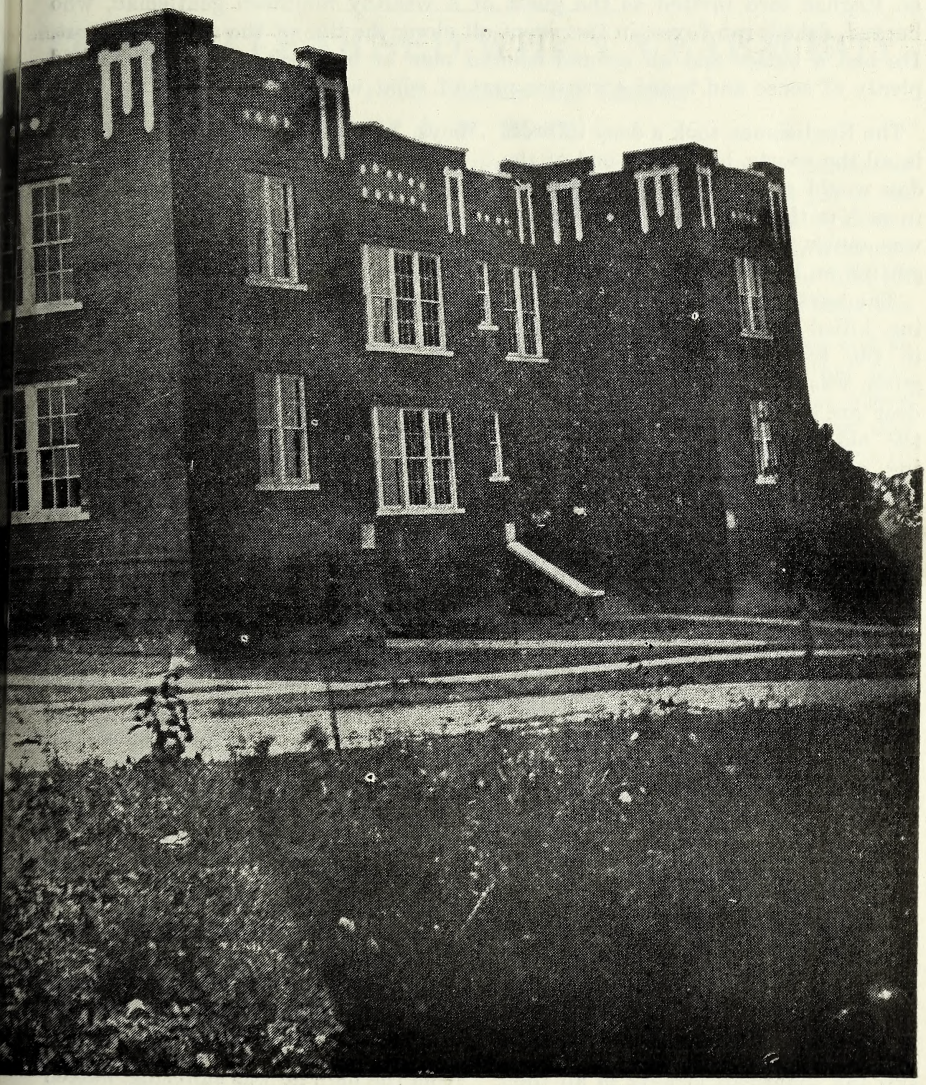
The building is in the small village of Stoneville with less than 500 inhabitants, but it serves the school-children of three consolidated districts, with the probability of two other districts to join this consolidation. The building, entirely modern in every respect, cost with the equipment $100,000.00.

In conveying the children to and from there is in use now one truck. When the two other districts are added, the services of three other trucks will be employed.

The enrollment of the school is 314; the school term is eight months; and Prof. Robert M. Scott is the principal.

This is one of the superb accomplishments of the school officials of Rockingham county, which enjoys the able, wise and tireless services of Prof. L. N. Hickerson, as superintendent, backed up by a forward-thinking and alert Board of Education.





There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

THE AMERICAN BEDBUG: It is told that once upon a time there was an English lord invited as the guest of a wealthy Southern gentleman, who hunted, fished, ran foxes, in fact went all along the line of the all round sport. He had a butler and all around colored man at his beck and call, who had plenty of sense and heard a greater part of what went on.

The Englishman took a deep interest in all the sports, but at the end of the day would say: "but it is not equal to such in the old country." William was quick to see this and was soon getting on his nerves.

The next day they went deer hunting, killed half a dozen fine deer, but in the conversation that night the guest was heard to say: "but these deer are not as large as they are in the old country." They went fishing, caught an unusual string of fish, but that night William heard the guest remark that: "These fish are not 'alf as game as fish in the old country." And when William was waiting on the table next morning where these fish were being served, and the fineness of the flavor was being remarked on, the guest was heard to say: "but they do not compare with the flavor of the fish in the old country."

The next day a drive was taken to another plantation of the host to see the cattle hogs and sheep. All agreed that their host had a fine lot, but the Englishman was again heard to say: "These are fine, but, la! you ought to see the cattle and sheep in the old country, they are far ahead of these." William looked at the guest with utter disdain, but said nothing.

The next day they went to the races, saw the American jockeys in all their glory but William heard the Englishman say: "yes, they are pretty clever boys, but, my, they are not like the English jockeys."

William saw that his boss was not going to insult his guest, and felt that the prestage of this country was trailing in the dust. Just by accident one of the black boys came up with a real live snapping turtle of medium size; and William bought it for a dime and hid it away, saying nothing. That night, as was his usual round of duty, he went to the guests room, bringing water and such, then getting his turtle, he carefully stowed it under the cover, right where he knew the Englishman's feet would go when the light was out, and he got into bed; William having bid his guest goodnight and gone where he could listen; and not for long. The guest had not fairly settled in bed before the turtle took a thunder hold upon his toe, and with a yell that wakened the household, he rolled out of bed and went hobbling round and round the room, the turtle holding fast and flopping on the floor at every jump, while the Englishman was yelling murder, fire, help. William was the first to reach him with a light, throwing the guest to the floor and taking hold of the turtle prized it loose from the toe.

When sufficiently recovered to speak, and between sobs and moans, from the pain he was suffering, looked pitifully at William, saying: "William, O, William, and for the love of

my country, and what is it, William?''

William rising to his best appearance, and facing the guest with his best bow, said: ''that, my lord, is an American bedbug; can you beat it?''

—Contributed.

THINGS I LEARNED WHEN A FARM BOY.

Number (VII)—Snakes and Lizards.

BY C. W. HUNT.

If there was ever a farm, in civilization, that furnished as many snakes as did my father's farm in Franklin county, in my boyhood days, I have yet to see it (excepting my present home) Abont ten years ago a car load of Charlotte people were sidetracked in Monroe, awaiting a connection. It was late and men were quiet. Dr. W. H. Wakefield and I were discussing early farm life, all alone. I was telling my friend about going hunting for snakes on the farm one summer day, and netted even 40 killed. I was not aware that any one was listening until R. Kent Blair, away at the end of the car, called out: ''Hunt, what brand had you been drinking?'' The whole car roared, to my discomfit. But there were snakes there. The streams had fish and snakes too, water snakes, while the old fields and woods had upland snakes galore. We had a dog that was the only wild turkey dog I ever saw, and he hated snakes as he did no other thing, and he was a help in killing them. With the dog and four boys always looking to kill every one we saw, yet they seemed to never grow less.

These we named were: the copperhead (we called it highland moccasin); Adder, red and black spotted; garter, green, ground, black, king (it killed all other snakes) pilot or bull, water moccasin, the spotted and striped, the latter we called mud moccasin. Of all these the copperhead was considered the most dangerous, though we classed both the water snakes as poison, and we knew the king was dangerously poison; all talk and natural history to the contrary. We saw it bite the dog and he came as near dieting from that bite as any it ever had, and it was bitten by many we never saw. This dog would bay a snake until you came to kill it, unless it was bitten first.

The black and the king were ratters, and lizards were a favorite diet for the black, but it was some job to catch a lizard on the fence. The adder family we put in about same class for poison as the copperhead; and they liked toads best of all things. The garter snake is striped and never grows large, but they are poison also. The ground and green snakes ate worms and bugs, and they were often eaten by large hens. Fish were favorite diet for water snakes. Then the streams were full of fish, which would make a pile of gravel on a shoal and lay eggs on the small stones. A snake would stretch itself under water, lie still with head about the fish bed, and catch an unsuspecting minnow spawning.

Three of the snakes named above carried their young inside of them when they were as long as 12 inches. Supposedly they hatched eggs in the sun then took them inside. They en-

tered by the mouth, and were seen to crawl in when danger came. Many times I have killed the mud moccasin with young inside, which would crawl out a hole cut in the mother snake. These were the moccasin family all three. We saw the king kill a water moccasin on a hot day. We found them fighting in the water and inserted a stick in the coil of snakes and brought them out. The king would uncoil, take the moccasin by the jaw, knot itself about it and squeeze. When satisfied it was dead it dragged it to the shade. We came back in two hours and found a very large king snake in a comatose state, it had swallowed the water snake, but by evening it was gone. We never killed the king, except for robbing bird nests. Most snakes will not trouble you if let alone. The black snake will chase you at nesting time. We found a very large one one day that showed fight. A boy threw a rock at it, the snake made a dive for us; all ran; as I turned it hit me about the thigh. That was the only time I ever ran so fast I felt that I was flying. A few days later we took the dog there and soon put it out of business.

Lizards.

The lizard family we knew as four kinds, the common tree or fence lizard, the male being reddish brown and the female of a grayish color. The striped or "sand-skeeter" as we called it, also known as "sand-swifts." They have a forked tongue like a snake, and I have had them lick out the tongue as a snake does when it is found. This lizard was the swiftest thing for its size of anything that moved on the ground. Both these lay eggs just under the soil, are hatched by the sun, and take care of themselves from the beginning. The other two we called scorpions, but the scorpion of natural history is a stinging reptile. There were two of these. A small, long, sleek, striped with blue and yellow, with a blue tail. They liked to stay about houses. The other was much larger, short, pinkish red in color, lived in hollow dead trees. Have seen them 12 inches long, and as we thought they were poison and would bite, we feared them more than snakes. We had to have the advantage to tackle them. Our favorite way was to shoot them. I doubt now if they were any more harmful than the common scaly lizard we handled as we did bugs. All this tribe lived on insects, such as they could catch, were prolific raisers, and were able to stand all the slaughter they were subject to, and come back next season as plentiful as ever. We did not kill them as we did snakes, but they were a fine thing for a boy to chase.

Both the snake and the lizard hibernate at the first approach of cold, and generally burrow into such places as not to be found in winter by man. Nature provides them with the knowledge of how to take care of self. They lie dormant all winter, coming out at first warm spring days, apparently none the worse for their long sleep.

The next number will be about Animals.

ROTARY PRINCIPLE A TEXT.

BY R. R. CLARK

Reading a report of a meeting of a Rotary club I noticed that the principal talk was on the "Eighth principle of the Rotary Code of Ethics," which is; "To hold that true friends demand nothing of one another, and that any abuse of the confidence of friendship for profit is foreign to the spirit of Rotary." I was especially interested in the first clause: "To hold that true friends demand nothing of one another." That statement seems a little extreme, but taken in connection with the latter clause, "abuse of the confidence of friendship for profit," I think it is an ideal definition of real friendship.

There are varying ideas of friendship and its obligations; and some very loose ideas of what constitutes friendship. With reference to the Rotary definition it could be said that true friendship does demand loyalty. But it does not demand loyalty under all conditions, if loyalty is meant that oud friends should stand by us under all circumstances. That is an exaggerated idea that is really foreign to the meaning of true friendship. It is encouraged by those who cultivate friendly relations for profit. I believe it is a duty, as well as good policy, for one to show himself friendly; to cultivate a courteous and good natured attitude toward those with whom he comes in contact. I mean of course to adopt this attitude within reasonable limits. Some folks in their efforts to be friendly slop over. They are so gushing that their sincerity is naturally called into question. Life is made pleasant and sweetened, the rough places are made smoother, by agreeable manners. I believe this a duty to one's fellows, not a matter of policy. It is good policy, a splendid asset, if it is so evidently sincere that it is not cause for suspicion. But good manners should be cultivated as an obligation we owe to our fellow travelers on life's highway and not as an asset for gain. "Honesty is the best policy," runs the old adage. But one should be honest because it is right, not simply as a matter of policy.

"One who would have friends must show himself friendly," says the Good Book; and it is also recorded in the same that "He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him." I have an idea that the last quotation was intended for those who overdo the profession of friendship, seeking gain. Some there be who are honestly ignorant of the limitations of friendship. Their idea of the loyalty of a friend is one who upholds them, who goes to their rescue under any and all conditions. They may have outraged public decency and the law, may have shamed their friends, but he is no friend of theirs who does not go his full length for them no matter what they have done. It seems not to occur to such people that one can forfeit friendship by misconduct; that while a friend may sympathize with them and seek to aid them so long as his own character does not become involved, he is not called on to become a crook or to have the appearance of upholding a crook simply because he

made the mistake of giving his confidence to a crook. One who demands that sort of sacrifice on the altar of friendship is to be avoided. His idea of friendship is profit, and those who cultivate friendships solely for profit are not to be trusted. But many there be who do just that. They strive to impose obligations on persons whom they think may be useful to them, knowing that when they call for payment, which is their purpose, the recipient of their favors will be embarrassed in refusing; and sometimes that very embarrassment causes one to violate principles, ideals of honor and integrity, rather than seem ungrateful.

The other day Gov. Morrison, who has manifested exalted ideals of the administration of the law, deemed it necessary to publicly announce that applicants for executive clemency would not profit by attempts to influence him through personal and political friends. I do not believe that any one thing has contributed so much to the abuse of the administration of the law as personal and political influence. Personal friends and persons of standing and influence, political supporters, are often sought to plead with judges to impose light punishments, and with Governors to commute sentences and issue pardons. Sometimes this influence is sold for money; more than often it is given to oblige or for a return obligation that may be of profit. Often those who exert themselves in such behalf have no concern as to the merits of the case. They are using friendship, which should be sacred, for what is in reality a dishonorable purpose. For unless they concientiously believe in what they espouse, they are seeking, through friendship, or appeal to the sense of obligation, to force a public official to violate the high trust imposed in him. There are of this type not a few. They cultivate public men to corrupt them; for while professing to be their friends their purpose is to establish a "pull" to get what they may want regardless of the merits of the case, or whether it is right or wrong. Gov. Morrison knows there are folks who thus prostitute friendship and he has felt called on to give notice that it will not avail. Glory to the Governor! He who attempts to prostitute friendship for profit is a false friend and the sooner one is quit of him the better.

Goldsmith must have had in mind the kind of friends mentioned in the foregoing when he was moved to observe:

"And what is friendship but a name,
A sham that lulls to sleep?
A shade that follows wealth and fame
And leaves the wretch to weep."

But Robt. Blair had real friendship in mind when he said; "Friendship! Mysterious cement of the soul, sweetener of life and solder of society."

"The condition which high friendship demands is the ability to do without it," Emerson contends.

La Rochefoucauld is somewhat cynical in his view. He says: "Friendship is only a reciprocal conciliation of interests and an exchange of good offices. It is a species of commerce out of which self-love always expects to gain something."

But the best of all is from Hovey:
" * * * * friendship is as God,

Who gives all and asks no payment.''

That is no doubt the idea of friendship set out in the principles of the Rotary Club.

Julius Rosenwald, the managing genius behind Sears, Roebuck & Co., the big department store of Chicago, though a very rich man and an ideal philanthropist, doing great good with his wealth, has come into a great fortune—a prize was offered by a Chicago newspaper for the best motto, and Rosenwald won it, which was $5.00. It was a quotation from Robert Ingersoll as follows: ''I WOULD RATHER BE A BEGGAR AND SPEND MY MONEY LIKE A KING THAN A KING AND SPEND MY MONEY LIKE A BEGGAR.''

How Gypsies Get Married.

The following account of a Gypsy marriage, taking place at Raleigh Fair Grounds and reported in the News & Observer, gives a vivid picture of the customs and habits of a peculiar people:

Romance on the Romany Road begun three years ago in New York culminated yesterday in the picturesque wedding festivities of Anna Dorcha White and Mike Demetro which were held in one of the big tents of the encampment of the three bands of Gypsies now at the Fair Grounds. The celebration began early yesterday morning and continued at full tilt until sunset to the exhaustion of the lungs of the promiscuously recruited band, the general hilarity of the participants and the gaping interest of a good crowd of townfolks and college students.

The romance of the occasion may have been somewhat tempered by the fact that the opulent brother of the bridegroom, who is chief man of his band, has paid down a cool $2,500 to the father of the lady of his brother's choise in exchange for her hand, and had thrown a $500 wedding celebration into the bargin.

MOTLEY CROWD MAKES MERRY

At the gate of the Fair Grounds the blare of a band blowing out sprightly dance music guided spectators to the tent where the party was being held. Inside, among the dingy shadows a motley crowd was making merry. About fifteen swarthy women, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow thrown together with heedless bravado were the main figures in a lively dance, in which several greasy, grimy and less picturesque men joined with spirit.

In the middle of the tent a little iron cook stove was red hot in its efforts to prepare the wedding feast to whose menu emtpy tomato cans and a great tub of chicken feathers on one side of the room bore careless testimony. About the stove were grouped the women, also in gala attire who were doing the cooking the men-folks of the bands who were

either less sociable or more rheumatic and the crones of the tribe. Dirty children, some of the wedding garment and some in dingy rags, were underfoot everywhere taking occasion to beg pennies from the assembled spectators.

One old patriarch was superintendending operations. His whiskers grew free and unstrained to a good length. He wore scarlet silk skirt and stock, corduroy trousers and bright leather comic-opera boots. He smoked a long curved pipe that look as if it had been picked up along the banks of the Rhine.

THE GYPSY BRIDE.

In this wild medley where every woman present seemed to be wearing all the Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes in her wardrobe there was some difficulty in picking out the bride. But the veil that hung down her back from the wreath of artificial flowers and fruit and gold coins around her black hair marked her. She seemed about eighteen, comely as her race goes, vivid in a cerise jacket trimmed with wide white lace with bells on the flowing sleeves, with a skirt of red and a satin overskirt of dark blue figured with brilliant flowers. Around her neck hung scores of gold coins, and several strings of colored beads. In her ears were rings of gold of mammoth proportions, and on her brown bare arms exquisite bands of chased gold almost three inches wide. She tripped the light fantastic in a pair of high-heeled patent leather shoes.

THE UNSOCIAL BRIDEGROOM

But where was the bridegroom? Not entering into the dance but hovering uneasily on the outskirts of the crowd according to the most approved modern form. A dark little fellow with an inconsequential growth of black hair on his upper lip, white glistening teeth, a brown velour hat, natty belted grey tweed suit, navy knit tie, patent leather shoes, thin gold watch chain across his vest and lots and lots of rings. As he chewed uneasily on the end of his banded cigar he presented a striking contrast in his modern outfit to his bride her orthodox Romany regalia. It appeared upon conversation with the bridegroom that he scorned the more picturesque attire, even the gay silk shirt, and that he danced only American dances.

The dance in progress in that tent was not American. What it was no one knows. You got into it and grabbed whoever you wanted to and let your conscience, if you had one---be your guide. Your feet proceeded according to instinct, not rote. Every now and then a woman with a brilliant yellow shawl and skirt would brake loose and lead the crowd around the room in a yelling snake-dance. The women who had babies and they seemed in the majority, didn't let that deter them. With babies in arms and cigarettes dangling from their mouths they stepped as lively as the rest, and it was all one to the baby.

WATCH THOSE WOMEN SMOKE.

Modern women with ten inch holders in which they daintily stick a perfumed "Milo Violet" cigarette should go learn how to smoke from those Gypsies. The old crones around the stove, with faces as wrinkled and as hard as flint, handl-

ed a cigarette like a soldier or a civil engineer. They stuck it into their faces and left it there, exuding lungfuls of smoke. And they held it with an unconscious nonchalance of as if it were a tried and familiar friend, about whose acquaintance there should be no formality. Evidently they acquired the habit early in life, as the two foot youngster smoking with the carelessness of a veteran testified.

The wedding feast was served about two o'clock on long tables. Following the feast, the crowd took up the dance again, and continued it at intervals until the sun had set. In the evening there were tribal incantations without melody or rhythm and obviously thickened by too much liquor.

The Gypsies now at the Fair ground are of three tribes. the Russian, Hungarian and Brazilan. Mike Demtro, the bridegroom is a Hungarian, and his bride a Russian. Their marriage represented an inter-tribal alliance.

It appears that only at this season of the year can marriage feasts be celebrated among the Gypsies.

Louis H. Beck is a Georgian who is building monuments to his name while he lives. He has established trust funds to the amount of $75,000 which is to be applied to the education of boys who are not able to pay their way through college—and in doing so he has set other prospective philanthropists a brilliant inspiration.—Charlotte Observer.

The War Debt.

(Charity and Children.)

Our allies in the late war owe us about ten billion dollars. A strong sentiment has developed in certain influential quarters in favor of the cancellation of that vast debt and two reason are urged in favor of cancellation. One of them is that Europe is in such straitened circumstances that she never will be able to pay us except in goods and if the debts are paid in goods it will mean the stagnation and wreckage of American business. The other reason is that if America does not cancel these obligations she will never be able to convince these friendly nations that she bore her share of the load in the prosecution of the war. This argument was recently made by Justice Clarke of the Supreme court of the United States. We fail to see any particular force in either of the reasons. The manufacturing business may be somewhat jarred by the importation of European goods into this country but the consumer would enjoy the benefit of the reduction in price that would inevitably follow: and the consumer is entitled to some consideration as well as the manufacturer. The other reason is about the veriest nonsense ever submitted to reasonable beings. This debt was honestly contracted. We loaned our neighbors money, and sold them material.

When the time came we sent our boys across and turned the tide of battle. Now, we are told, if we do not make the allies a present of ten billion dollars, besides the stupendous sacrifice we made in giving our money and our men to the cause, these allies will never think so well of us again. Perhaps not. That is quite human. The man in debt never loves the creditor who makes him pay, but does that justify the cancellation of the debt? If so, the debt problem would easily be solved! The process of collection is not pleasant, but it goes on every day just the same. Time should be given the prostrate nations to be sure, but they ought to be required to meet th ir honest obligations just as individuals are repuired to do. The sentiment that we should buy the favor of those who owe us by wiping out their debts is silly. But it will probably be done.

It is the dictate of patriotism to sacrifice yourself if you think that that is the path of honor and duty. Do not blame others if they do not agree with you. Do not die with bitterness in your heart because you did not convince the rest of the world, but die happy because you believe that you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul.—Woodrow Wilson.

Public Office Is A Public Trust.

By John C. Calhom.

So long as offices were considered as public trusts, to be conferred on the honest, the faithful, and capable, for the common good, and not for the benefit or gain of the incumbent or his party, and so long as it was the practice of the government to continue in office those who faithfully performed their duties, its patronage, in point of fact, was limited, and could, of course, exercise but a moderate influence either over the body of the community or of the officeholders themselves.

But when this practice was reversed---when offices, instead of being considered as public trusts to be conferred on the deserving, were regarded as the spoils of victory to be bestowed as rewards for partisan services, without respect to merit; when it came to be understood that all who hold office hold by the tenure of partisan zeal and party service---it is easy to see that the certain, direct, and inevitable tendency of such a state of things is to convert the entire body of those in office into corrupt and supple instruments of power, and to raise up a host of hungry, greedy, and subservient partisans ready for every service, however base and corrupt.

Were a premium offered for the best means extending to the utmost the power of patronage; to destroy the love of county, and to substitute a spirit of subserviency and man worship; to encourage vice and discourage virtue; and, in a word, to

prepare for the subversion of liberty and the establishment of despotism, no scheme more perfect could be devised; and such must be the tendency of the practice, with whatever intention adopted or to whatever extent pursued.

Pat was standing on deck one morning pulling up the anchor-rope. He pulled and pulled and pulled, until he lost patience. Then he yelled out: "I belave someone has been down there and cut off the end of the rope. I cant foind it."

An Alligator's Home.

By Sidney Lanier.

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha River, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy saurian, of good repute. A little cover of water, dark green under the overhanging leaves, placid, curves rounds at the river edge into the flags and lilies, with a curve just heart-breaking for the pure beauty of the flexure of it. This house of my saurian is divided into apartments---little bays which are scalloped out by the lily pads according to the fantasies of their growth. My saurian, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere: he will find marvelous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily petals; and the green disks of the lily pads will straightway embroider themselves together above him for his coverlet.

He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kithen, and his one housemaid---the stream---forever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories there under the glass of that water are ever and without labor filled with the enchantments of strange underwater growths; his parks and his pleasure grounds are bigger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see. Regarding fire, as he does not employ its slavery, so he does not fear its tyranny. Thus, all the elements are the friends of my saurian's house.

It is not the whirls and eddies that tell the course of the river, but the steady flow of its current. It is not the occasional effort that tells what our lives are, but the trend of the common days.—Forward.

The Land Of Tne Beginning Again

"I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes, and all our heartaches
And all our poor selfish grief
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unware,
Like a hunter who finds a lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the ones we misjudge, and the ones we begrudged
Their moments of victory are here.
Would find in the grasp of our loving hand clasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door
And never put on again."—Selected.

What Would You Like To Do?

If you want to know what you can do well find what you like to do. A young woman who announced her intention of studying to be a trained nurse, happened to be with a camping party when a young man who was peeling potatoes, cut his finger. The candidate for the training school caught sight of the bleeding finger and dropped in a faint. A young woman with this sensitivenes would have a serious handicap in fitting herself to be a trained nurse and it is unlikely that she would ever really enjoy that profession.

A brilliant young man after graduating from college, was offered a place in a business firm. His employer had a strong personal interest in him and was ready to advance him in every way possible. But this young man enjoyed teaching, while the routine of business life was to him drudgery. After trying the latter for a year he gave it up and entered the comparitively ill-paid occupation of teaching. "I am positive," he said when explaining this action to his friends, "that I can never make a real success of work I dislike." And in that he was absolutely right.

The trouble with some people is that they do not know what they do like, and they resemble sailors adrift without a compass. If you do not know what you like to do, the chances for doing it satisfactorily are poor indeed. Such young people need more than anything else to make a business of self-discovery. It is a pity to be an unknown continent to yourself. After you have found out what you like to do you have something to go by but up to that point yon are utterly in the dark. ---Selected.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Boys have been cutting wood for the past week.

A water pipe leading to the barn has been completed. This is a very important job.

Claude Coley and Keith Hunt proudly escorted their parents around the school last Wednesday.

The boys are sausage hungry, therefore we had 1565 lbs. of hog killed and dressed to gratify this appetite.

Edgar Cope and a friend of his visited us Monday. Cope was a boy at this school but now he is succeeding in his new life.

Frank Thomason went home on a visit to his home folks and proving himself worthy of the confidence placed in him came back.

Lonnie Walker, who took part in the Christmas entertainment, has gone home on an honorable parole to begin his new mode of living.

Mr. R. B. Cloer of 5th Cottage

has offered a prize to three boys in that cottage who have the best conduct from now until July. This is a fine proposition.

As a result of the opening of 6th cottage new boys are arriving at the school. New boys necessitate more commitments and records. We are working hard in the printing office to get out these jobs.

Gradually we are teaching more advanced studies. Resulting from the opening of the little room, more room and time for these studies is available. Civil Government and Beginners Study of Agriculture is now being taught

Gaston county, because she believes that the Jackson Training School was worthy of it, is building a cottage, which is now the 9th cottage. It makes one feel prond to know more people are beginning to believe in the school.

Last Wednesday was a day memorable in the hearts of all Guilford boys for on this day the Guilford Cottage was dedicated. A service in the Auditorium was held and the boys certainly enjoyed the speeches made. But this is spoken of elsewhere in this issue of THE UPLIFT.

For the first time in a good while Rev. Rawling of Concord spoke to the boys. As he said, he didn't preach, because his topic, "work," wasn't a fit subject for a sermon. Just the same the boys enjoyed this as much as if he had preached. The boys hope that he will accept their cordial invitation of returning soon.

Last Friday brought the hopes of all boys—snow. Early that morning it began to snow. Flakes as big as a dime came down. It snowed for a half-hour more or less, then disappointment reigned. It stopped altogether. Visions of snow balling, sleigh riding and skating vanished with a pop! Now we live in eager anticipation of another longer and deeper snow.

Friday afternoon, when the command "Fall in" was given, Fred Blue was reported missing. Investigation revealed that he after making a fine record at this school had returned to his home on an honorable parole. He did his full duty at this school and discharged his duties to such degree that he deserved and received the admiration and respect of his companions and teachers. It is up to him.

After school due to the cold weather, the boys run around the lawn. Usually in the summer when it is hot they run around once, now after school the call is "twice around." Immediately eighty-some boys are running to see who wins. Arvel Absher who is nick-named "Pat" is always at the end, for to bring in 200 lbs. of weight is no easy job. But he believes in the smile. You never see him without the smile on his face.

An interesting debate took place in 5th cottage last Friday night. The society of this cottage is doing fine. Soon it hopes to rank above all other cottages. Creasman, Davis, Butler, Shipp, Hart; Absher and Willard helped make its program for that night better than it has ever been. Judges have been appointed to keep tally on the boys to see who has the best essay, debate or

declamation and the one who they decide is best, his name will be published in this paper.

Our Dairy Barn.

Following the advertisement calling for bids for the erection of a Dairy Barn, the Executive Committee met on the 18th and took up the consideration of the matter.

The contract for the erection, including the installation of the equipment and two silos, was let to Mr. John R. Query, a local contractor who made a very satisfactory proposition.

This building will be the "last word" in dairy barn construction and equipment. Its capacity will accomodate 40 milkers, having also six maternity stalls, feed rooms etc.

Work will begin at once.

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THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD N. C. JAN. 28, 1922, NO. 12

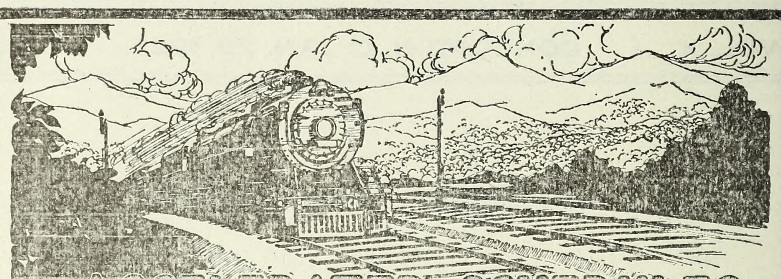
Esse Quam Videri.

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—Alice Cary.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA.		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Terminal Station (Cent. Time) ar Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C. lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C. lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C. lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C. lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C. lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C. lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C. lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA. lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va. lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va. lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA. lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C. lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys. lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Trrining and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879

"KNOW NORTH CAROLINA"

Carrying out the expressed purpose of the North Carolina Press Association to urge upon the membership to "carry on" for a year or more on subjects selected by a committee to bring about a study of what the State has, what she aims at, what she is doing and hopes yet to do, THE UPLIFT here reproduces the second selection which that committee has chosen. It's Aycock's message. Aycock is dead, but he still lives, as good, patriotic men, who seek to aid their fellow men, will live in the hearts of men and on the pages of their history.

AYCOCK'S DREAM: "We have indeed gone far in North Carolina. A recent writer has declared that the progress of a state may be determined by things which are now done as a matter of course which used to be the subject of debate. Tested by this standard North Carolina has advanced rapidly.

The right of every child to a public school education is no longer a subject of controversy, but is acknowledged by everyone.

The duty and wisdom of adequatd, excellent bublic roads is not only acknowledged by everybody but has recently been emphasized by by the mud through which we have slowly dragged ourselves to the market of the state.

The right of children to be safeguarded in the time of their growth and development against overwork in factories, is a right which no one now disputes.

The duty of carying for the afflicted, whether due to age or infirmity, has been translated into so beautiful an application and has been performed with such steadiness as to render one who would now

deny it contemptible in the sight of all the people.

And no more does anyone, whatever may be his view about the efficiecy of prohibition, ever expect to see again the dominance of the barroom and whisky still in the civic and political life of this great State of ours.

We are entering upon a new day---the day of equality of opportunity. EQUAL! That is the word! On that word I plant myself and my party---the equal right of every child born on earth to have the opportunity 'to burgeon out all there is within him,'"

* * * * * * * * *

WATTS ETERNALLY RIGHT.

Commissioner of Revenue Watts, of the State Tax Department, has ruled that all state officers including the judges are liable for the income tax. Why not? It occurs to a layman and most any man up a tree that it was an unsound privilege taken with the law heretofore that the law has not reached those on salary in the service of the state.

We contend for the equality of people before the law. That sounds good, and is good; but such is not the case when a class may not have to respond to the requirement of a law that touches others. Watts is right; and paying his own income for the first one of all of the thousands of people subject to the law and who have the qualification of being in such happy environment and condition, Col. Watts has set an example O. K.

* * * * * * * * *

THE STATE GENUINELY AMERICAN, ALMOST.

The United States census keeps on revealing matters in which North Carolina is justified in taking great pride. The total population is 2,599,-123, of which 1,783,779 are white; of these 1,665,379 or 93.4 percent, are natives of North Carolina. 6.2 percent of the whites are natives of other states of the Union and only four-tenths of one percent of the white population are of foreign birth. No other state in the whole country can surpass this.

Where North Carolina is, is always at the head of the table.

* * * * * * * * *

PITY THE EFFECT.

For days a conspicuous trial has been going on in which a man's life is being sought for the taking of the life of another. In all hard-fought cases, where able and astute people are striving for their sides of the question, there is bound, under the pressure and the excitement of examination,

direct and cross, for statements to be made that are not true or are very much colored.

But when in the course of the trial things of off color, or suggesting the sordid things in life and conduct, are about to be touched upon, we cannot understand why a woman, who is not required by order of court to be present, should desire to sit in such an atmosphere and environment. While this feature is hard to understand, it is infinitely more difficult to reason out why a teacher would head a class of school children in their teens and carry them into such a setting.

We are drifting, and drifting. Back to your tents!

* * * * * * * * *

Pope Benedict, of the Roman Catholic Church, is dead. He was the head of the church; he stood high among men---beloved by his followers and esteemed by the masses. Though occupying the higest ecclesiastical place within his church he was just a man. There is, however, something peculiarly engaging to follow up the pomp and ceremony attending the death of this high dignatary of the Roman church, and how man brings about his successor to the throne. It is already figured out that the successor will be an Italian, because the Italians outnumber in the College whose business it is to find another Pope.

* * * * * * * * *

Their distinguished predecessors, who forced on the State Board of Education, by virtue of being in the majority, a set of "obsolete school books," will, if the recent brilliant findings and recommendations of the recent Text Book Commission, after a year's incessant and expert investigation, are closely followed, have the satisfactory laugh on the work of their successors---that is, if the effects were not so serious. More and more the child is being forgotten, to play homage to the tyranny of theory which changes nearly as frequently as the seasons.

* * * * * * * * *

A fine insight into the spirit that animates their organization, and into a knowledge of the quiet and steady accomplishments of the faithful band of women, known as The King's Daughters, may be gained by the reading of the President's address and the Secretary's report, at the recent meeting of the Convention. These interesting papers are to be found elsewhere in this number of THE UPLIFT.

* * * * * *

If the people in Watauga about Blowing Rock and at various places in

the "lost provinces" do not, when the time comes (and may that appropriate time be removed scores of years hence), rear monuments to the memory of Col. Wade Harris, for the manifestations of his abiding interest in and love for their sections, in fine old summer times and even in the dead winter, they are not the kind of people we take them to be.

* * * * * * * *

"Inner Mission-- What Is It," reproduced in THE UPLIFT, is a perfect answer to a life that would dedicate itself alone to its own and its immediate family connections. It is a challenge to mankind, which happily, as the years pass, is seeing more clearly the call and is learning how to heed the call.

AVARICIOUS AND ENVIOUS.

Two Neighbors came before Jupiter and prayed him to grant their hearts' desire. Now the one was full of avarice, and the other eaten up with envy. So to punish them both, Jupiter granted that each might have whatever he wished for himself, but only on condition that his neighbor had twice as much. The Avaricious man prayed to have a room full of gold. No sooner said than done; but all his joy was turned to grief when he found that his neighbor had two rooms full of the precious metal. Then came the turn of the Envious man, who could not bear to think that his neighbor had any joy at all. So he prayed that he might have one of his eyes put out by which his companion would become totally blind.

"VICES ARE THEIR OWN PUNISHMENT."

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

NATCHITOCHES IN LOUISIANA: This is a State College town, where Louisiana maintains a school for the education of its young women. It occupies—the city does—a site along by the banks of the Red River This river in time, when on a rampage, changed its channel, taking another course through the loose and made-up or filled in soil of that section. When I saw this spot, there was a deep, wide and dry channel, with a splendid iron bridge spanning it. The stream went off and left the bridge. But that bridge serves a good purpose, connecting the old part of the city with a newly developed settlement on the other side of the deserted Red River channel.

But this channel is not altogether useless. When during the early Spring the streams of that very moist state become swollen from the usual heavy precipitation, water is backed up into the old channel. Then it is that smart man gets busy. He has cargoes of goods, farm supplies and other necessities shipped into Natchitoches through the old channel then a raging river with an enormous depth of water. The city by virtue of this secures a very low rate of freight.

So much for the city in the centre of the State of Louisiana. I started out with another purpose in view. Though under the head of "Anecdote," I want to tell a real story about a real occurrence. Cleverer people than the Louisianans never lived. They have peculiarities, of course, that belong to them; but this may have changed since I saw their doings some fifteen years ago. It was during the worst snow storm of the very few that ever visited that state, when, one Sunday night, I blew into Natchitoches (it took me a day to learn to pronounce the city's name.) I went to a hotel, whose first or lobby floor was on a level with the pavement, at what I afterwards found was a most prominent corner. I registered. Just one room left. It seemed to be a busy night, and the guest were numerous. Having been assigned to my room, I returned to the office. I tried to engage the clerk in a conversation, but his interest seemed to be rivetted on a corner of the office where five or six men, in full view of the passers-by on the street, with piles of "chips" on a flannel covered table were, as I afterwards ascertained, continuing a poker game that had been going on the entire day.

I asked the clerk to let me have a cigar. "Can't do it; the law does not allow us to sell cigars on Sunday," the clerk informed me. "What are those men doing back yonder in the corner," I inquired. "They are playing poker," he innocently and freely answered. "Why, this is in public, before people returning from church and Sunday, too, how's that?" That clerk looked at me as if I was from the very heart of ignorance and replied: "Don't you know the law does not forbid poker playing in Louisiana?" I didn't.

To tell a free-born man that he dare not have a cigar, but he may play poker in public, and on Sunday night, was

very disconcerting, or words to that effect.

I saw a talking machine on the show case. Aimlessly but possibly following the cravings of the inner man, I picked out a record, "Home Sweet Home." I dropped in my nickle and started the thing to grinding, when suddenly the clerk rushed angrily towards me, exclaiming: "Don't you see that sign? My father (he was the owner and proprietor of the hotel) died two weeks ago and mother and I decided that out of respect to his memory, we would keep the talking machine quiet for thirty days." Beautiful sentiment! But it never occurred to that young man and his mammy that maintaining a gambling table in the lobby of their hotel was disrespectful to the memory of a departed father and husband. Queer folks!

Going down the railroad that leads from Lake Providence, which is some steen feet lower than the bed of the Mississippi River, and headed for a point to cross over the Mississippi to Natches, my seat companion happened to be a young Deal, formerly of the Enochville, Rowan county, settlement. I was telling him of what I saw at Natchitoches, and making comments predicated on what was regarded correct custom and moral behavior in North Carolina. An old gray whiskered gentleman, seated just across the aisle, seemed to be taking no little note of the drift of our conversation and our open condemnation of certain practices that we saw in the great state of Louisiana. When I remarked, "If I were to go back to North Carolina and do just one time what I see folks do here frequently, I would be ruled out of polite society." This was too much for the old gentleman, and he broke in, "I beg your pardon, but may I join your conversation? I heard what you said about being ruled out of good society in North Carolina, and I wish to say that if you lived in Louisiana long and did here like folks in North Carolina are accustomed to do, you would be ostracised here."

The old man said he was a Judge of the Court, that he was then enroute to hold court, that he himself had the night before been in a social poker game at his own home, with a neighbor, from whom he had won twenty dollars. The law does not forbid it, and the old timers regard it the great social game." "By the way," having closed the poker subject, the old Judge asked, "How far are you from Davidson College?" I told him. Then he remarked, "I had a son to graduate there in ———, with high honors. He became a doctor, and connected with the U. S. Health department went to the Philippines for a government service. I had noticed two weeks ago that he had died and that his body was now enroute home." Just then I saw big, sad tears trickling down the old Judge's cheeks, and when he left the train at the next station he bade me a cordial goodby with an urgent request to stop over and spend the night with him on my return. He wanted to talk about Davidson College and Charlotte, which he had visited and admired.

I didn't get back that way, but I was impressed with the smallness of this country. To meet a Rowan boy, who had read my own paper and quoted things from it years after-

wards, either funny or serious, and remained with him; and to meet an aged Judge, deeply interested in local matters in this section from a personal contact, why, it was real fascinating.

"When every farmer in the South shall eat bread from his own fields and meat from his own pastures, and disturbed by no creditor, and enslaved by no debt, shall sit amid his teeming gardens, and orchards and vineyards, and daries and barnyards, pitching his crops in his own wisdom and growing them in independence, making cotton his clean surplus, and selling it in his own time, and in his chosen market, and not at a master's bidding—getting his pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharges his debt, but does not restore his freedom—than shall be the breaking of the fullness of our day."—Henry W. Grady.

Reciprocal Love And Interest.

There were many children in this home---the house was filled to its comfortable capacity: but in the mother's heart there was room for one more. A little six-year old girl left homeless and motherless had been taken in by this tender-hearted mother as her own until other arrangements for the care of the child could be affected.

This mother, like all well-to-do rural folks, had her chickens and on this occasion she had her time pretty well taken up in looking after a drove of young turkeys. One hot, sultry afternoon an angry-looking cloud formed in the west. Forked lightening had already begun to flash across the heavens, and the wind was blowing a stiff gale. The frugal house-wife thought of her turkeys. and in haste she sought to get them to safety before the storm broke in all its fury.

The little girl followed her adopted mother to the door, and, realizing that there was something out of the ordinary and that excitement prevailed, she put her head out of the door that stood just ajar and with her little blue eyes turned heavenward as the stiff winds pressed back her brown locks about her cherub face, cried aloud: "Oh, God, p l-e-a-s-e don't let it rain till my mama gets her turkeys up." When the drove of turkeys was safely housed and the motherly woman had reached her domicile, the downpour began, and to this day the old folks speak of the terrific rain that visited that section. The kind-hearted, motherly woman stooped and kissed the little orphan and said: "well, Annie, I believe your little prayer was heard."

There was a period when orphan homes did not exist, but there were mothers who did the part of departed mothers---a beautiful service of unselfishness and Love.

"Merely being rich doesn't get a man very far in North Carolina these days."—Greensboro News.

Bermuda

By Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman.

An ocean voyage of forty-eight hours from New York brings us to this veritable paradise. Within three miles of Hamilton, the Ocean Liner transfers her passengers to a Tender, which bears us through the shallow water to the dock.

Looking over the boat rail into the bluest water you ever dreamed of, one is wont to think of the winged chariot of the God of Day gives this wonder blue for night here; and the ship in casting her anchor has bumped against the moon. The reflection of white sail bespeaks the poetry of motion; blackened weather beaten hulls add tragedy and pathos to the song of the sea.

By the water's edge, nestling on the hillside, and in the valleys are seen cottage, villa and mansion dotting the green landscape of curving coasts, cedar groves and palmetto crowned hilltops. Among the tree tops chimneys and sloping roofs appear as if covered with new fallen snow; and water sheds built of coral on the sides of the hills, look like a sheet of writing paper on a green felt cloth.

There three hundred and fifty-five islands, divided and broken in the blue waters of the Atlantic, are built upon the summit of a submarine mountain.

Bermuda was settled by the English in the early part of the seventeenth century, immortalized by Shakespeare in the "Tempest" and later by Tomas Moore, the Irish Poet, who lived there several years.

During the civil war the harbor was a busy center. Supplies for the Southern States were here transferred to the blockade runners, and if not captured, a return cargo of cotton was brought to Bermuda to be reshipped to England, the most abiding visual impression of Bermuda.

The sweet scented air, delicate tinting of the sky, bewildering shades and color of water of flowers welcome the tourist. Hibiscus, laden with crimson blossoms Rubber trees sixty feet high, with wide spreading branches, fill you with wonder; Nasturtiums, Bougain-villed and Geraniums, make terraces and stone walls a riot of color.

The "Sea Gardens" are visited in a glass bottom boat. This glimpse of Nature's wonderland you have is a fantasy in minature. Coral branches wave, like grass is a meadow blown by a zephyr wind; sea fern, brain and leaf coral from tiny hills and vales. The waving tendrills appears so unreal and so alluring, that the diver at the request of many, secures the specimen we so eagerly select. That! a green colored smelly branch of coral out of its natural environment, becomes a withered wreath. People---like coral away from the environment they love sicken and die.

The captain of the boat, a native said, (s he held a small stone in his hand) "They are digging an artesian well on the Island, at six hundred and eighty feet they find this, it is not silicate, but limestone. The lime that was thrown up by

volcanic action is so porous that fresh warter has never been found. I bought an Italian abandoned vessel once, sunkened on a reef. Against the judgement of divers, I decided to go over the boat, fully accoutred, descended, wandered in and out of her rooms, when I found myself a prisoner. By securely fastening the cord that furnished me air, I kept alive five hours and with signals given by jerks, help was sent me. I found the upper deck had a large hole burned in her, and could never be raised."

These coast are called the graveyard of the Atlantic. Old ships decay; the tiny torridi worm boring in the wood, each worm making a different path, reduce the wood to a pulp and die; the decay of it and the insect, are making the coral reefs.

The tourist, passing fields of Ascension Lilies, revels in their beauty, and hears the mighty paen of the Resurrection Morn their blossoming ever sings.

Sunny land of contentment, where fish sport in blue waters and flowers of every hue that bloom on land, answer back to the ages that Solomon was not arrayed like one of us.

These expressions of God's love bring the tourist to Bermuda; welcome the overworked and aged with the living semblance of youth and strength in the flower festival of the island, caressed by blue waters, protected by fir trees, dark and defiant, kissed by the sun and lulled by the silver moon in the world of silent revelry.

So does Nature's God keep open the gates of her everlasting hospitality to him who visits the island.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered, for they are gone forever.—Horace Mann.

PATCHED HIS BACK WITH LEG BONE

Running the risk of jarring the sense of professional ethics whose tyranny often enslaves and creates embarrassing situations we are taking a story from the front page of the Monroe Enquirer, of last week, a story about a marvelous surgical operation performed on the contributor of that article. He names the hospital, the chief operator, the doctor that diagnosed his trouble and sent him to the right place—it's a human interest story and every word sounds like the genuine truth.

The hospital can not announce the wonderful accomplishment— it would be unethical; the surgeon can not publicly announce his masterful opperation—it would be unethical, and to do so would cause his explusion from the medical society; the doctor at Monroe, coming in for much praise for his judgment and skill, as he clearly deserves, could not go about in public proclaiming that he discovered what was ailing this man Hinson—it would be unethical, and he'd suffer a charge of unprofessionalism. Oh,

such tyranny. There may be hundreds of others in the state suffering and wasting away just like Hinson was, but they don't know where to go or what to do. Out of the gratitude he holds for those who brought relief to him, Hinson publicly calls names out in open meeting, as he ought to have done.

Speaking of the tyranny of professional ethics, a peculiar circumstance came to light recently. An old hysterical and poverty stricken subject was crying aloud for a doctor. Charitable folks offered to go to her rescue; the county health officer was sought—he was away; then another physician was called but he declined even for pay, because the case belonged to the county officer; but under the law, as now written, there was no obligation even upon the county officer. So the suffering case went unattended, all because of the lameness of the law, on one hand, and the absurd tyranny of man-made ethics on the other hand. But just see what Hinson has to say:

As the operation that I have recently subjected myself to at the Presbyterian hospital at Charlotte seems, to a great many people, one of the wonders of the age. I feel that it is my duty to humanity and the operating surgeons to make a few statements in regard to my condition before and since the operation:

For the past five or six years I have suffered untold agony. Consulted several physicians of acknowledged skill in diagnosis of human ills. Took medicine from same as well as some patent medicines, all to no relief. I dieted myself and tried to get relief that way, but failed. I had heart, lung and kidney tests all made and these organs pronounced in good shape by supposed medical experts. My condition all the time grew worse. Could scarcely get my coat on without help. Almost more than I could do to turn on bed or get off the bed. Was not able and could not do manual labor. My body all the time becoming more and more stooped and turned to the left. My appetite remained good all the time.

Laboring all the time under the delusion or belief that it was rheumatism and did not know any better until the 17th of last November I went to the office of Dr. Edd J. Williams, of Monroe, and asked him to make a thorough physical examination of my body. He diagnosed my case, located the trouble and advised having some X-ray pictures to be taken. The X-rays were made and his diagnosis of my condition sustained. The next and only thing that was held out to me, with any reasonable degree of hope of bettering condition by Dr. Edd J. Williams and Dr. W. M. Scruggs, of Charlotte, was an operation requiring the most practical and mechanical skill.

I'll admit that, to me, it was a most trying dose. It seemed that it was a choice between an operation and something worse. I chose the operation. So on the morning of the 28th of last November at the Presbyterian hospital at Charlotte I turned myself calmly over to the care of Dr. W. M. Scruggs. I was under the operation two hours and a half, during which time a piece of bone, I judged, three-eighth of an inch thick, one inch wide and 12 or 14 inches long from the shin of my left leg was taken and

grafted into my backbone. The backbone being grooved out, one inch in depth for the graft.

I revived in one hour from the effects of the eher, and was not sick from it. I was in bed for thirty-seven days and was able during all that time to turn myself from one side of the bed to the other, could move my leg at any time from one place to another without pain, and was never sick five minutes while in the hospital. Sit propped up in bed at pleasure for six or eight days just before leaving. Began walking around in my room Thursday evening and on the following Saturday made the trip to Monroe on automobile with Dr. Scruggs. Have been at home just a little over a week. My general condition is much improvd.

I have written this without solicitation on the part of any one. The object being to give my friends and the inquiring minded a concise statement of facts in regard to my particular case.

Where the graft was taken out of my leg was filled in full and complete in four weeks.

In closing I feel that I would not show myself appreciative and fail to give due credit to Dr. Edd J. Williams if I did not give him a tip for his diagnosis of my case. For at that time I saw nothing but a miserable existence for me. It seems to have been the breaking of a new day for me. Thanks to and for the skill of Dr. W. M. Scruggs.

THOS. L. HINSON.

New York's motion picture commission has sent out 477 scenes during its first year, 85 as indecent, 54 as crime-inciting, and 61 as immoral. It is to be hoped that all the other states get the benefit of the activity of the New York censors. But do they?—News & Observer.

Beware The Nullifiers Of The Law

BY R. R. CLARK

Recently one of our Superior Court judges, instructing the grand jury referred to the agitation for the abolition of capital punishment, and emphasized the fact that it was neither the duty of the court nor of the jurors to discuss the merits of capital punishment, but that it is the duty of courts and juries, so long as the law is on the statute books, to see that it is enforced and enforced all the time.

That judge was doing no more than his duty, but under the conditions now prevailing he deserves commendation for emphasizing a fact which there is an apparent, determined and well-organized effort to becloud. I refer to the well-organized propaganda in this State for the abolition of capital punishment through the nullification of the law. I might as well say here that I favor capital punishment and believe that it is both just and

necessary. But I repeat what I have often said in discussing this matter, not by way of apology but simply out of regard for liberty of opinion, that I have no quarrel with those who would abolish the death penalty so long as they would abolish it by changing the statute, in the regular, orderly way and not by nullification. I have little patience with the extremists who have recently discovered that the death penalty is contrary to the law of God, and assuming to speak for the Almighty brand as murderersthose who execute the law and all who approve its execution. But I have not come to discuss the death penalty per se. I am calling attention to the persistent and insistent attempts to nullify the law and the dangerous tendency of the proceeding.

The agitators will probably, deny that their purpose is nullification and contend that they seek abolition in the regular way. That is of course their ultimate purpose, but in the meantime all newspaper readers have observed the strenuous and determined efforts to prevent the execution of the law. Every execution is written up as a horror and facts are ignored in the appeal to sentiment and sympathy. The whole State witnessed the violent and vicious assault made on the Governor not long since when he refused to commute a death sentence. A powerful and determined effort was made to force the Chief Executive of the State to set aside the law, regardless of his conscientious conviction, and with a weaker man it would have succeeded. The stand of the Governor against that fearful onslaught has given the nullificationists pause, and they are not so hopeful of success in that direction as they were. But the judiciary has received and will receive their attention. Reports that judges on the Supreme Court and Superior Court judges were weak on capital punishment or out and out opponents of the law have frequently been reported with manifestations of great pleasure at the accession or possible accession of such influence to the ranks of those opposing the death penalty, along with high commendation of the judges who come out against "murder by the the State." On one occasion at least, if not more than one, justices of the Supreme Court were highly commended for asking the Governor to commute sentences—to do what the justices could find no authority in law for doing.

If the Legislature should abolish the death penalty, well and good, no matter how much I may question the wisdom of such course. Sometimes I think possibly it might be a good idea to give the matter a trial; and in saying that I am convinced that the trial would hardly last longer than another Legislature could assemble. What I am protesting here and now is the apparent and determined purpose to secure abolition of capital punishment through the nullification of the law, this to be done through the judges who are willing to set aside a law of which they do not personally approve, and through the Governor when he can be controlled. It is hardly necessary to say to unprejudiced and unbiased people that a judge who will make no effort to execute a law he does not approve; on the cohtrary uses his po-

sition to nullify it, is not only unfit for judicial position, he is unworthy and is not to be trusted. That will be admitted, I believe, without serious argument; for it must be admitted by all who think that a judge who would nullify one law because he did not approve it would nullify another if it suited his purpose so to do. If his conscience does not permit him to impose the death penalty, then if he is the honorable man he should be he will get off the bench. The use of his position to set aside law would be dishonorable and the man who will do that is not to be trusted.

I am not denying to the judiciary the privilege of opinion as to the wisdom of the laws. They not only have that right, but their opinion, based on their experience in administering the law, is valuable. Neither am I denying the right of the judiciary to suggest changes in the law and to use their influence, within proper bounds, to have changes made. The people I am after are those who are so far gone on this matter of capital punishment that they feel that any effort, any means that can be used to prevent the infliction of the death penalty, is entirely justified and that they are doing God's service in preventing the execution of the law by any means in their power. I don't want men who feel that way about any law on the bench administering the law; and I don't want one of that type elected to the bench.

I am aware that it will be said that our judges or those who may be elected judges are too honorable to take an oath with a mental reservation to observe it only as it fits their preconceived opinions. That would be so ordinarily, but we've got to recognize conditions as they are, not as they should be. I am warning against the danger of having on the bench, or elevating to the bench, men who may be as extreme in their opposition to capital punishment, or to any law, as many of the anti-capital punishment agitators are. The judge who feels that the infliction of the death penalty is a crime, as many of agitators are teaching it is, would consider it his duty to save from the extreme penalty all who came into his court charged with a capital felony. To win judicial honors one who holds such views could easily persuade himself that he was doing God's service if he practiced deception to get on the bench so that he could prevent the execution of a law he abhors.

I don't know of my own knowledge that any of the judges on the bench have reached the extreme mentioned. But in view of the intensity of the agitation and the extreme views of the agitators, it is the duty of all good citizens, no matter what their views on capital punishment, to use their influence to put on the bench men who will not only enforce all laws but enforce them impartially. That should be kept in mind when candidates for judge are named this year and two years hence. Men who are more just than God are hardly fitted to administer judgments here below.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier, or wiser for it. It recommends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people and abominable to the good.

THINGS I LEARNED WHEN A FARM BOY.

BY C. W. HUNT.

Number (VIII): Animals.

The Animals we found on the farm were numerous, and most of them were interesting to study and follow up to find what they did and why? Those fit for game and shooting for food were limited to three in number. But the smaller tribe of rats and such were always present and plentiful, and in spite of the annual slaughter on the part of boys, dogs and cats they were still plentiful and always destroying anything they could eat and cut to pieces for beds.

The animals we knew and called by name were: Rabbit, squirrel, o'possum, mink, weasel, flying-squirrel, rats, mice and mole. The rat and mice family we divided into many sections. The house rat and house mouse, both of which sometimes strayed to the fields and made homes there. The ground or "sloe" rat, with tail little longer than a mole, but about the size of the barn rat, with very short legs and powerful teeth. Its home was in banks of elevated earth, and it liked thick grass, under which it cut paths, so as to travel on the ground. When grass fields were burned we found the paths going in most all directions. The field mice we knew were of four distinct species, two of them rare. One a little different from the house mouse, but very plentiful: A larger bluish drab mouse that infested sedge fields more than elsewhere, making nests mostly of straw, but having burrows also. Once I plowed up a nest of young; the point of the plow killing one; the other three and the mother were turned up on the turf and exposed. As I stopped the mother rat made a peculiar noise, when the three young ones took hold of her fur with the mouths and she scuttled away with the three dangling to her hide. Did any one ever see such a thing? A very peculiar specimen was a mouse we seldom found, but did occasionally find, was about a size larger than a house mouse, with a tail twice the length of its body, a brown back and yellow belly. It was very swift on foot, jumping unreasonable distances. We never saw its young. The fourth was a mouse between the size of a rat and a house mouse, rich brown in color on back and nested in trees, building on the order of a squirrel, except in low trees, and always about hedgerows. It would always come out of the nest if shaken, but would not come down. Had large eyes and ears. We never found the young of this species either. No other of the rat tribe uses trees.

Of all the animals we found the first three named were game animals, and the white tail rabbit "molly-cottontail" was the favorite of all. This we did as boys do now, trapped, hunted with gun and dogs. They are fine food and no animal, then or now, furnished more real life for boys than this rabbit. At this time all farms were fenced and cross-fenced with rail fences, and rabbits, then as now, traveled in paths across the thickets, and where they crossed a fence they gnawed the bottom rail. This told us where to set the traps, made of hollow

logs or planks, as now. A hollow log was the best trap, and the term "rabbit-gum" or "rabbit-hollow" originated with this kind of a trap (made from a hollow gum tree.) They were the most prolific of all animals, raising from five to six litters each season. The nests were always made in a hole in the ground lined with their own fur. The young were placed there and covered so you could not see except you stepped on it or plowed it up in the fields by a stump. There were from three to five young in a nest, and were suckled at night only, sleeping all day. They grow very fast. Just why a rabbit will go into a trap is still a isputed question. Experience taught me that bait is of little if any value, and my opinion is there are two reasons why a rabbit seeks a hole, undisturbed, the first is: they have enemies in the fox and the dog, and when chased until it gets tired will always find a hole to save itself, and it is the seeking for a known hiding place to go to when in danger, that causes it to go in traps. The other is: in very bad weather a shelter is a protection. I have found them in holes before being run. I still trap them.

The common gray squirrel was not plentiful with us. It is a high tree animal, and valued as food and for shooting. It nests in hollows and also builds nests of twigs outside. It raises one or more sets of young each season. The o'possum is a night animal and we had great sport hunting them with hounds at night, which track them until they take to a tree; then the tree is cut and dogs catch the o'possum. They belong to the marsupial family, and carry their young in a pouch from the time they are smaller than new born mice to such time as they are too large. Then they hold on the long hair of the mother, and later twine their tails about the mothers tail and hold fast to hair. We caught many of them with their young. but found that they would eat each other in confinement. Just what age the mother turns them loose, we never quite knew, but we caught the young alone when quite small. They, when medium size, pretend to be dead when caught, coiling up and become as rigid as wood. That is where "playing possum" originated. Old ones fight.

The mink we trapped for its fur, and did it with our rabbit traps; setting them on sand bars in the creek beds, baiting with rabbit heads or a shot bird. When mad they smell like a skunk, but we drowned them very easily under water. The skins were then worth from one to two and a half dollars; a lot of money for a struggling farm boy. No animal furnished more fun than the flying-squirrel; it having a species of skin-wings from the fore to hind legs and a flat tail. These they spread and leaped from a high tree, gliding to the root of another tree; climbing this and repeating. Our cats learned their habits and would wait at the root of a tree and take it in as it lighted. We had tame ones, which we studied first hand. They are a night prowler, and nice pets when small, but as soon as they came to maturity wanted to sleep all day and would bite if disturbed. They would not breed in confinement.

The mole is familiar to most people. I was never able, then or now, to find any eyes. They are the strongest of all animals of their size. Are hard to

catch on account of their hearing. Our dog was great to dig them out. The weasel was the rarest of all the animals, and never killed our fowls; they being a bloodsucking animal, and often kills a whole flock of hens in a night, sucking the blood only.

The next number will be entitled "Many Small Things."

Every farmer in the South should be interested in Henry Ford's purpose in developing Muscle Shoals. Henry Ford proposes to take the nitrates from the air by means of electric current and make fertilizer cheaper than anybody else is now making it. The fertilizer manufacturers say he can't do it, but they are spending thousands of dollars in propaganda to try and prejudice the country against Ford. If they are telling the truth, why are they wasting the money?

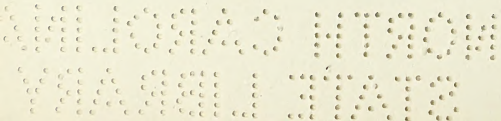
INSPIRING ADDRESS, ANNUAL REPORT

(At the recent Convention of The King's Daughters, held in the Jackson Training School Auditorium, there were delivered several addresses most inspiring and the Annual Report of the State Secretary is of great interest. These have just become available. In this issue of THE UPLIFT we are pleased to give to our readers the "Message of The President," and "The Report of the State Secretary.")

Many hearts beat happily tonight that we are in Concord, commemorating the 32nd Anniversary of the organization of the Order of the King's Daughters & Sons in North Carolina.

We are wearing a crown within whose circuit are joy and thanksgiving, joy in being here with our friends and associates in work, and thanksgiving for the privilege of staying at the School with the Superintendent and his large family and for having with us friends, busy men, who are here for the purpose of helping us. The spirit of thanksgiving hovering over us in this historic part of the State recalls the great deeds of our ancestors who laid for the United States of America the foundation, moral, political and social upon which we are building today. They had heights to storm and lines to break through blinding clouds of doubt and ignorance, and their mistakes as well as their splendid achievements are valuable lessons for us. In reading an article sometime ago, warning against pessimism when condemning modern innovations and drawing a comparison in favor of modern times, between the vices and virtues of the past and present, it seemed to me that the writer lost sight of the fact that our progressiveness, upon which he dwelt, is built upon the conservatism of our ancesters. They were blazing a trail for us and showing us at crossroads which way to take.

Being human they committed errors which we now deplore. In like manner will not our descendants blush



MRS. M. C. D. BURGWYN,

Of Raleigh, is serving her 20th year as president of The King's Daughters and Sons.

at some of the practice and fashions of which we indulge?

The thought that, "Through the ages one eternal purpose runs," is a blessed one, that despite the errors of each era of time, the men and women all ages, may, if they will, help to perfect the divine purpose of creation. The motto upon the Seal of North Carolina "Esse Quam Videri," to be rather than to seem, teaches us the lesson of sincerity and truth, change those words a little, and we read an equally important lesson, seem to be what you really are, or have the courage of your convictions, and live the truth as well as believe it.

The touching and familiar story of the struggles of Christopher Columbus before various sovereigns in Europe to obtain the means of vindicating his theory that the earth was round and that circumnavigation was possible, affords us a memorable instance of the benediction to the world of a man's sincerity and earnestness, and of the courage to abide by his convictions of truth.

Queen Isabella of Spain pledged her jewels to raise money for this enterprise, which was undertaken for her own crown of Castile. May not we, of the royal family of The King of Kings, lest one jewel be lost from His crown, pledge ourselves and our treasures to help our "Brothers Sailing o'er life's solemn main," and watching anxiously for a sight of the New World of peace and joy.

Florence Nightingale through great discouragement taught the world that in peace as well as in war the ministrations of women are necessary. That idea has borne fruit the world over and today Cabarrus County rejoices in an all-time health nurse, a follower of the great philanthropist nurse of Crimean war fame, a follower proving herself thoroughly equipped for high and important service. Sad to say, in contrast to such ideals we see in this day some of the old laws of the land altered, because the standard which they required is too high. Instead of uplifting man and woman the standard of life is lowered to suit their wishes. This is not done in mental or physical contest. Men and women are prepared and trained for business as never before, and work is more strenuous. In physical races and contest every nerve and muscle in the body is strained to win the prize. In the hurdle race the bar is not lowered to suit the indifferent horse and rider, but horseman and horse together practice and labor until made perfect, and the hurdle at maxium height is cleared to the admiration of all beholders.

In the chariot race of old, the charioteer stands holding in hand the reins governing four horses. From top to toe he is tense with exertion and ambition to reach his goal. His faithful steeds catching his spirit, panting and with dilated nostrils press onward until the race is won.

Are our spiritual muscles the only ones which need no strengthening? Or are the prizes of mastery over self, or the victory of the supernatural over the natural, not worth obtaining? Of one thing, we may be sure in our own work of Christian Social Service, great and lasting results cannot be obtained, without Truth, Courage, and Labor; courage to differ from the conventionalities of

MRS. RICHARD WILLIAMS,

Of Greenville, is serving her 7th term as Secretary of The King's Daughters and Sons.

the day and to preserve in public demeanor the independence of private thought.

In a recent address before farmers and farm women, the assertion was made that the whole face of the world will change, when we realize that it is just as much to be expected that a girl should make her living, as that a man should, but the speaker did not add that it was originally intended that they should not be made in the same manner. Man was told that he was to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, women by looking after her household. That sometimes bedews her brow, too in this day. Life has become so complex that now women often have to earn their living as man does, and all honor is due to them for following such a course, but it does not seem to me that they should be taught that this is their first aim in life. I think the best way for a young woman to earn her living, is not to catch, but to be caught by a worthy young man. This is the best sort of give and take that I know of. Our social Service should be characterized by earnestness and personal contact. The touch of the hand and the sound of the voice prepare the way for helping our brother. Bishop Anderson, of Chicago, ended an address made some years ago at a Brotherhood meeting, with a story containing a lesson about personal work which may help us.

There was an American traveling in Switzerland. He wished to ascend one of the mountains. An Omnibus was ready for travelers and there were three kinds of tickets—first class—second class—and third class. The American, being an American, bought a first class ticket. He noticed that the purchasers of second and third class tickets got in the omnibus with himself. He did not like that idea, asked why a person who got a third class ticket rides along side of me who bought a first class ticket. The driver told him to wait and see. They came to the foot of a hill. The driver called out—first class passengers may keep their seats, second class passengers can get out and walk, third class passengers get out and shove.

Fellow travellers, we do not claim to be first class passengers, but we do claim to engage all together in a great work. So, in the words of Bishop Anderson, For God's sake let us all get out and shove.

REPORT OF STATE SECRETARY.

By Mrs. Richard Williams.

Madam President, Daughters of the King and Friends:

In noting the flight of time, I am brought to realize that another year has been granted to us, bringing me to the great privilege of again submitting my Annual Report. It is with feelings of genuine pleasure, deep gratitude and hopeful expectancy that I attempt to make a record of my stewardship as your Recording State Secretary.

In renewing the work of the year, I find that activities all along the line have strengthened and advanced, all the Circles have co-operated in the great work given us to do and have faithfully kept in view that "In His Name," there is scarce a limitation to our accomplishments. I'm sure we all consider it a wonderful privilege, that our Annual Meeting is being held at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. It was indeed thoughtful of the Stonewall Circle of Concord to

invite the Convention to Concord and the Jackson Training School, around which cluster our dearest love and strongest hopes. Seeing such tangible results of our united efforts cannot fail to be an inspiration to each one of us for further service. The dedication of the handsome Stone Bridge marks an important era in the history of our progress and will stand not only, as a memorial to our brave dead, but serve in promoting the welfare of the many thousand noble boys who shall cross it to be instructed in God's word and thereby inspired to a higher life of usefulness, integrity and honor. The beautiful windows portraying the labor of love and loyalty of our departed Sisters is but a fitting tribute to the memory of those who have now passed into the "Great Beyond" and have received the welcome words of "Well done thou good and faithful servants." On our Roll at present we have (26) twenty-six Circles with a membership of many more than a thousand (am sorry I cannot give exact number but several Circles have not yet returned their Membership Blanks.) There are still (8) Junior Circles very active and doing splendid work. These circles should be a great inspiration to us. The largest Circles in the State are the Stonewall Jackson, Concord; Sheltering Home, Durham; Burden Bearers, Chapel Hill; Whatsoever, Wilmington; Relief, Salisbury; and Whatsoever, Henderson.

The Nora C. Dixon Circle in Gastonia lead by Mrs. B. F . Dixon is at present quite small, she, being the only member, but it is soon to be revived and she hopes that the interest may thereby be increased. She is to be commended for her loyalty and earnestness in striving to raise this Circle to a greater membership and wider scope of activities. We are all very proud and grateful for The King's Sons in the State, all of whom are true and loyal members of the Order.

The Whatsoever Circle, Wilmington, has six (6) members on the Cradle Roll. The usual number of Executive Committee meetings have been held, one in Chapel Hill, two in Greenville and the last in the Auditorium of the Sshool, last night, November 7th. I have sent (26) twenty-six Convention Calls besides extra Calls to the State Officers, Members of Executive Committee, Branch Presidents, Silver Cross, New York, and many warm and interested friends of the Order. Letters, postals and etc. written during the year, about Two Hundred and Twenty-five.

Membership blanks were sent to each President asking for a list of the Officers and Members of her Circle, this has been complied with by the majority of the Circles. I would kindly suggest that all the Circles be very prompt in sending in their Reports as it greatly aids the Secretary in her work and making her Report for the Convention. We deeply regret, that after much thought and investigation it was again found "too expensive" to have a Journal printed, giving a full account, including the Officers and Circle's Reports, of the most splendid Convention held last September in Chapel Hill. So through the curtesy of "The Silver Cross" the official organ of the Order, a condensed report of last year's Convention was printed in the January num-

ber, about thirty (30) extra copies of this magazine were distributed among the Circles of the State. I find from the reports the amount of money disbursed by the Circles. The steady increase is most interesting. From 1913 (the year the Secretary's book was turned over to me) the amount disbursed, with the fifty per cent increase which has been the average increase for the past several years, makes the amount now..

..... $116,239.18

The amount disbursed in 1913

..... $7,150.86

The amount disbursed in 1917

..... $9,480.78

The amount disbursed in 1921

..... $14,162.98

This is not the total amount of disbursements, as so many Circles have not sent in any Report; neither is the Silver Offering included in this amount.

While this magnificent showing of figures is very gratifying that our efforts have been so greatly blest in a material way, let us not forget to render our heartfelt thanks to the great Bestower of every good and perfect gift. May this scene be an inspiration to us to go forward in the work and service of our King.

In closing, I wish to extend to all my co-workers my sincere appreciation of their aid and encouragement and that my earnest prayer and hearty desire is, that we may all press onward with renewed energy, untiring zeal, ardent hope and steadfastness of purpose to do even greater things "In His Name," believing that our work shall be as a "City set on a hill, which cannot be hid." That our work, shall be as a shinning light, "Which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." That our work shall be a beacon which shall cast its radiance over the visits of ages and throughout the annuals of time, being expanded, perfected and beautified in eternity.

House Of Dreadful Nonsense.

So long as terrible affliction stays away from us or our loved ones, we are not brought face to face to the needs of tender care being given to those who are sadly afflicted. The picture which Miss Battle paints, only in part, of what she saw and heard on a visit to a North Carolina State institution, given over to the care of the mentally dethroned, touches the human heart in such a way that not a dollar, which the state spends in this direction, is begrudged.

This most gloomy picture makes the thoughtful carefulness of the mother state in what she is doing at Raleigh and Morganton, under the wise guidance of Dr. Anderson and Dr. McCampbell, respectively, stand out to the credit and glory of a state that has learned to carry around its heart on her sleeve. And this is Miss Battle's picture:

On the outskirts of Raleigh, where it does not often come to the attention of normal folks, there is a house of dreadful nonsense. On Dix

Hill is one of the three most deeply pitiful communities in the State. Reason has no rule of order there. Discord most horrible has usurped its place. There, the wild hallucination, the mad frenzy, the distorted dream inspire only to destroy.

In all the wonder of words that is Shakespeare's, nothing is finer than Ophelia's description of Hamlet's madness, when she say that she sees

. . . . . "that noble and most
soveregin reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of
tune and harsh;
That unmatched from and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstacy."

On Dix Hill such "bells" in whose former music friends and loved ones have delighted, now jangle with discordancy harsh enough to break the heart. More powerful incitement to grateful prayer from the normal than those wretched ruins at the State Hospital that ecstasy has blasted, it would be hard to find.

A girl of twenty-one who changed the college for the mad-house raves behind a grated window that looks out upon the beautiful park where free folk pass at will. She is barefooted, clothed in a straight, coarse, canvas gown, with her hair hanging disordered in thin strands about her distressing face, across the broken youth of which wildness and inanity chase each other. In her frenzy, she tears to shreds the bed clothing and whatever garments yield to her fierceness.

All of a heap by the wall, a woman crouches crying frantically day in, day out, against the fire that she believes to be burning her cruelly. A congenital idiot of a dwarf, mis-shapen, terrifying, with a beard on her woman's face like some horribly grotesque figure in a troubled dream, paces up and down, up and down, on deformed and twisted feet with terrible restlessness. A little old lady, white haired, with a good and gentle face, moans unceasingly in her religious melancholia over her soul that she thinks lost from God beyond redemption. A man wrings his hands without rest because of imagined torment that will not be quenched. An elderly fat woman carries a broom for a gun, and belives herself a soldier, a "member of the Home Guard" who has no business in an asylum. An eager-faced mother, who must once have had charm is convinced that she "can throw her voice Japan," and is more concerned over the feat than in the fate of her children left with her stricken husband.

Snatches of meaningless song came down the corriders, jabberings, moan, senseless disputes, and most heart-rendering of all, the weird, wild laugh of madness.

But perhaps even more pitiable than the super-active lunatics are the creatures of imbecile blankness, with faces as hopelessly expressionless as wood, eating, digesting, sleeping often fattening, but seldom moving, sitting almost motionless through the monotonous unvarying hours like great vegetables, no more.

So day after day breaks, waxes, wanes and dies over Dix Hill. So, day after day, the girls-maniac tears her clothes to shreds, the bearded dwarf paces, paces; the crouching woman shinks from the fire about to consume her; the little old lady laments her soul eternally lost; the elderly fat woman marches with her broom-gun; the tormented man

wrings his miserable hands; the eager-faced mother throws he voice to the Orient.

And, by the grace of God, in a world of rational beings, you go about your business that you have the sense to transact, and I write "Incidentally." With all our mental vagaries, we still have wits enongh to know that we should not tear our garments to strips; that earthly fires do not burn without visible flames; that unceasing pacing gets nowhere; that a soul can never be lost beyond redemption from a God of everlasting mercy and love; that, as yet, woman have no place in the Home Guards; and that only the wireless can instautly transmit messages five thousand miles.

It seems to me that always when my path looks steep, I shall remember that girl in her witless violence, jibbering nonsense, rending her clothes to express the turbulent confusion of her mind, running her useless, aimless young hands up and down those dreadful bars that separate her from hope. I shall think of the cruel futility of such a blasted life, and know than Heaven has been kind to me.---Nell Battle Lewis.

Backlog Studies

By Charles Dudley Warner.

The fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England; the hearth has gone out; the family has lost its center; age ceases to be respected; sex is only distinguished by the difference between millinery bills and tailors' bills; there is no more toast-and-cider; the young are not allowed to eat mince pie at ten o'clock at night; half a cheese is no longer set to toast before the fire; you scarcely ever see, in front of the coals, a row of roasting apples, which a bright little girl, with many a dive and starts shielding her sunny face from the fire with one hand, turns from time to time; scarce are the gray-hair sires who strops their razors on the family Bible, and doze in thechimney corner. A good many things have gone out with the fire on the hearth.

I do not mean to say that public and private morality have vanished with the hearth. A good degree of purity and considerable happiness are possible with grates and blowers; al, when we are all passing through a fiery furnace, and very likely we shall be purified as we are dried up and wasted away. Of course the family is gone, as an institution, thought there still are attempts to bring up a family round a "register." But you might just as well try to bring it up by hand, as without the rallying point of a hearthstone. Are there any homestead nowadays? Do people hesitate to change houses any more than they do to change their clothes? People hire houses as they would a masquerade costume, liking, sometimes, to appear for a year in a little fictions stone-front splendor above their means. Thus it happens that so many people live in houses that do not fit them. I should almost as soon think of wearing another person's clothes as his house; unless

I could let it out and take it in until it fitted, and somehow expressed my own character and taste. But we have fallen into the days of conformity. It is no wonder that people constantly go into their neighbors' houses by mistake, just as, in spite of the Maine law, they wear away each other's hats from an evening party. It has almost come to this, that you might as well be anybody else as yourself.

Am I mistaken in supposing that this is owing to the discontinuance of big chimneys, with wide fireplaces in them? How can a person be attached to a house that has no center attraction, no soul in it, in the visible form of a glowing fire and a warm chimney, like the heart in the body? When you think of the old homestead, if you ever do, your thoughts go straight to the wide chimney and its burning logs. No wonder that you are ready to move from one fireplaceless house into another. But you have something just as good, you say. Yes, I have heard of it. This age, which imitates everything, even to the virtues of our ancesters, has invented a fireplace, with artificial, iron, or composition logs in it, hacked and painted, in which gas is burned, so that it has the appearance of a wood fire. This seems to me blasphemy. Do you think a cat would lie down before it? Can you poke it? If you cannot poke it, it is a fraud. To poke a wood fire is more solid enjoyment than almost anything else in the world. The crowning human virtue in a man is to let his wife poke the fire. I do not know how any virture whatever is possible over an imitation gas log. What a sense of insincerity the family must have, if they indulge in hypocrisy of gathering about it. With this center of untruthfulness, what must the life in the family be? Perhaps the father will be living at the rate of ten thousand a year on a salary of four thousand; perhaps the mother, more beautiful and younger than her beautified daughters, will rouge; perhaps the young ladies will make wax work. A cynic, might suggest as the motto of modern life this simple legend, "Just as good as the real." But I am not a cynic, and I hope for the rekindling of wood fires, and a return of the beautiful home light from them. If a wood fire is a luxury, it is cheaper than many in which we indulge without thought, and cheaper than the visits of a doctor. made necessary by the want of the ventilation of the house. Not that I have anything against doctors; I only wish, after they have been to see us in a way that seems so friendly, they had nothing against us.

"Well, the editor of the Record is a North Carolinian, reared in a stone's throw of this splendid county of Chatham. He has cast his lot among some mighty good folks. He is interested in the general welfare of Chatham county; the precedent has been broken, the unwritten code violated and, inasmuch as the pie is spoiled, we expect to continue to do our durndest to eradicate the liquor evil from this section of our native state. Thanks."—Chatham Record.

The Inner Mission---What It Is

By Mrs Charles P. Wiles.

One day as a young lad was reading his copy of "Young Folks" he came across the words "Inner Mission." "What can that mean?" he said to himself. He had heard his pastor and his Sunday-School teacher talk a good deal about Home Missions and Foreign Missions and he thought he understood what those terms meant, but Inner Missions was new to him.

Calling his older brother, he asked for an explanation. Step by step the brother led him. Since a missionary is one who carries a message a foreign missionary must be one who carries a message to people in foreign lands. If we speak of Home Missions, we mean taking the message to the "Heathen" in our own land. Putting "Inner" before the word "Missions" means carrying a message, just the same, but primarily, to those within the Church who may need a Gospel message, or a message in deeds.

The younger brother was made see that deeds of mercy to those less fortunate than ourselves must be done if one is a real Christian. If we do not give service such as that then we are deceiving ourselves and have not real religion.

While home mission work means the gathering in of those in our own land who are without the Church and perhaps indifferent to it, looking also to the orgrnizing of churches, inner mission has all forms of charity work as a leading feature Inner mission should, and do, carry the Gospel message, as do home missions. In the latter the preaching of the Gospel is foremost, while in inner missions it is one, but not necessarily the ontstanding feature.

ITS ORIGIN

We sometimes hear inner mission work spoken of as if it were a new idea. It is not a discovery of our time. The early church is a model for all time in this line of work. "The world before Christ came was a world without love." Christ taught that the acid test of discipleship was having love for others in the heart.

Such teaching was foreign to heathenism. Heathen philosophers taught such things as this: "He does the beggar but a bad servics who gives him meat and drink; for what he gives is lost, and the life of the poor is prolonged to their own misery." While here and there among heathen writers we find noble sentiments express, Plato taught that all beggars should be driven out; that sick people should not receive any consideration, and that when a workingman became so worn out that he was not good for any thing any longer and became ill, he should be used to experiment on.

While the government in those early days distributed grain to the poor, yet it was done in many cases to prevent uprising among the people if their sufferings became unbearable. Is it any wonder that the heathen were impressed when they saw how the early Christians loved each other? The Church, in that time, was like a big family. If

any one was in need, he was helped from a common fund, for "they had all things in common."

There were no institutions of mercy in those early days, for none were needed. Everywhere the houses of Christians stood open for the care of the needy breathren or for the entertainment of strangers.

"Destitute orphans were reared by widows or deaconesses under the supervision of a bishop. Often children that had been abandoned by the the heathen---and there were many ---were received and given a Christian education."

Then, also, when in times of pestilence the heathens abandoned their sick, and cast the dead and dying into the streets, the Christians cared tenderly for those still living and buried the dead. Christ had given them an example that they should follow in His steps, for everywhere His preaching and teaching were accompanied by works of mercy.

WHAT THE INNER MISSION DOES

The work of the Inner Mission is both varied and far reaching. "Here we behold asylums in which children are sheltered from destitution, there, houses of refuge in which men are helped out of moral ruin; here homes in which travellers are preserved from temptation; there, institutions which provide a home for female servants; here the navvies on our railroads have the privilege of hearing the Gospel; there, the emigrants are visited that they may take a message from the Word of God way with them; here oversight is given to the prisoners; there, the sick and wounded are cared for. And so the work goes on."

THE FATHER OF THE INNER MISSION

was Johann Heinrich Wichern, born in Hamburg April 21, 1808. Conditions in Germany during the years of his boyhood were deplorable. As soon as his university life was closed he associated himself with a Sunday-school in his native town, the first school of the kind in Germany.

In his work as a visitor he became familiar with the life of the poorest day-laborers, the side of the population that is the great feeder of the criminal class.

He came to know not only the spiritual and moral wretchedness of the families from which the children in his school came, but he saw the physical wretchedness of the poor as he had never seen it before. It seemed to him almost idle to attempt to change conditions. "If only the children could be rescued," he thought. The evil influences that surrounded the child during the week quite over balanced the instruction given on the Sabbath. He saw that it was almost useless to try to influence them for good as long as they were exposed to daily vice. To train them at the Sunday-school while they lived in their old haunts was like rolling a stone up hill during the day, only to let it roll back at night. It seemed to him that for any real benefit the children should be taken out of their environment and kept entirely away from former companions.

The need was great. The increase of juvenile criminals was 70 per cent. above the increase in population. There were fifteen thousand boys in London between the ages of eight and twelve who lived by theft. Separation was necessary, and a shelter

for the children.

The desire to relieve the situation became his uppermost thought. Accordingly, on October 31, 1833, he, with his mother and sister, moved into a small house in a suburb of Hamburg, and here a child saving institution was established. It was not to be an orphanage nor a ragged school, neither a beggar's asylum nor a house of correction, but a Christian household.

Very humble were the beginnings. It is said that bread, salt and the Bible were all that the dining table in the living room had to offer. This institution became the pattern for many similar institutions not only in Germany but in other lands.

The "family system" was characteristic in Wichern's child saving work. He would have no more children together than would make one household. They would have a household head or "housefather" and household ways.

Possibly the most important day in Wichern's life was the day on which he made his fervent speech before the Church Congress, September 22, 1848

In his fervent speech he called for the whole church to unite in an effort to stay the tide of evil. The time had come for the entire church to make the Inner Mission her works and show her faith by her works of love. The effect of his earnest plea was instant and resulted in the organization January 4, 1849 of the Central Committee for the Inner Mission of the German Evangelical Church. Naturally, Wichern was the leading spirit.

It will be seen, then, that the Inner Mission idea is by no means new, that it grew out of the teaching of Jesus Christ, and that it is the continuation of the ministry of Him "who went about doing good."

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Dirt is being hauled and leveled in front of fifth cottage.

Lockwood Pickett, of Durham, has received an honorable parole as a reward for his fine services and behavior while at the school.

Wednesday was a peculiar and rare day in that it brought not a single visitor from home to see the boys here.

Mr. J. D. Haney, electrician, of Charlotte, has been working on the big motor which runs the machinery in the shop building.

Rev. T. W. Smith, of Concord, brought to the boys the Sunday message. They all extend cordial invitation for his early return.

The President of the literary society of No. 5, the Shaw Literary Society, has written a letter to Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, announcing to her that the 5th cottage Society was pleased to adopt her name as theirs. Miss Shaw is a member of the Board of Trustees of this school.

Sunday, being a very pretty day, invited all the boys out into the open, so a few cottages took walks up and down the highway. This was a fine day for walking and having just a small touch of Spring, with its reawakening the boys spirits rose consider-

ably. Laughter bubbled from every part of the ranks. The boys came back to the school feeling tired, but nevertheless very happy.

New boys are arriving at the school night and day, and sometimes two and three at a time. It seems as though an officer's prophecy that five hundred boys are to be sent to the school, is going to be fulfilled. It is to be hoped for the more boys started on the right path, means a feather in the cap so to speak of the school. The boys are happy to see new boys arrive for each new boy that comes, means a boy turned to the straight and narrow path.

Thanks to Mr. J. E. Latham's generosity, the band instruments, while not in use, are kept in the rear room of the pavilion, a living monument to his name. It is more convenient more readily accessible, to Bandmaster Lawrence and the boys. The old place of keeping the instruments was in a vacant room of the school buildign. As Charlotte's motto is: "Watch Charlotte grow," so our motto is: "Watch our Band grow."

A smile on every boys' face last Friday was very much in evidence. Why? Usually the boys wear a smile just for a good habit, but one look at the eager expectancy on the would-be musician's face makes you understand that something very pleasing to them is about to happen. Your deduction is right. The band-master is starting on his new journey to train boys for the honorable and glorious position of musicians. The band was revived after a period of dormancy. When the school section prepared to go to school, Mr. Lawrence called out the names of the lucky new ones. Of course, there were boys who regretted that they didn't get in the band, but all are happy because we have a band.

Boys, sometime in your existence you will come to a fork in the Road of of Life. Before you are two roads in imagination, let us follow the road to the left. How fine and nicely paved it seems, as we travel over it, however, after a few miles, holes and bumps bgin to appear in it. They become more frequent. The road narrows considerably. Bumps and jolts break in our reverier of a "get-rich-quick" scheme. The road becomes unbearable. We come to a small cabin. It contains but one room. We ask who lives in this place. We are told that Mr. So and So, the forger, lives here. At the very end of this road we come to a dilapidated hovel. Upon asking who lives here we are told that Mr. So and So, the murderer, abides here. So this is the ending of the fine appearing road. But now let us turn to the other road. The first stretch of it appears hard to travel, but it is different with the other road. After a time it becomes smoother and smoother. What is it that shines clearer and clearer just over the hill? As we near it glory covers us and we find that it is Success. Let us hope that Fred Blue is not deceived by these two roads in the climb of life.

State Library

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

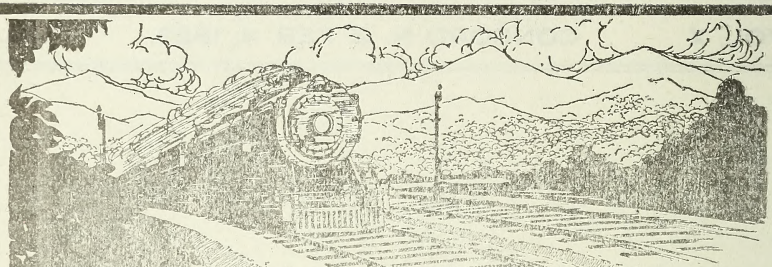
VOL. X . CONCORD N. C. FEB. 4, 1922, NO. 13

Shuts In And Shuts Out.

A man was standing in a telephone booth trying to talk, but could not make out the message. He kept saying, "I can't hear, I can't hear." The other man by-an-by said sharply, "if you'll shut the door you can hear." His door was not shut, and he could hear not only the man's voice but the street and store noises too. Some folks have gotten their hearing badly confused because their doors have not been shut enough. Man's voice and God's voice get mixed in their ears.—S. D. Gordon.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.30AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penns. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director Printing Department

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879

PLANNING FOR NECESSITY.

There have been up to this time so many things needed to facilitate the work of the Jackson Training School that we hesitated to avail ourselves of the usual generosity and responsiveness of the public in the interest of a certain epuipment, that could be deferred until other things were installed.

Up to this good day, we have had the basis of a small library, together with magazines and other suitable periodicals, in each of the cottage homes. Now, that we have suitable Library Space in our new School Building (the centre of the plant) and a number of friends have indicated their desire to aid in supplying this room with a collection of books and the gift of money to the end that we may collect a Library, which will not only contribute to the pleasure of the boys but be of genuine aid towards a proper education, we have decided to take the public into our confidence.

Mr. W. J. Swink, a public spirited and successful business man of China Grove, always a lover of books and who knows their value, has sent in one hundred dollars as a starter. We confidently expect others, who are interested in carrying to the less fortunate the great benefits of good books, to aid in this benevolent cause.

We are aware that there are in all homes, where culture has not been ignored, a book or books, which no longer serve a purpose in said homes and in some instances an object of care to home-keepers, that could be placed in our library and become an active agent for good and service. We desire

reference books, encyclopoedias, atlases, books of travel, history, science, fiction, philosophy, biography, classics, orations---all kinds of books that have any value whatsoever, except the Jesse James type of literature. If out of the goodness of your heart you have a money contribution, or a book or books, send along, simply addressing the letter or the package: LIBRARY, Jackson Training School, Concord. It will find the right place, will be properly looked after and will be acknowledged.

This is an opportunity within the reach of most every one---the good will be unending; and will be like "bread cast upon the water," returning to bless you.

* * * * * * * * *

GOT A HEAD AND USES IT.

When the great snow of last week covered the state, there was a man with a head and who uses it to the advantage of the state and to the benefit of her citizenship. This terse telegram, on Friday the 27th, was sent out to three hundred maintenance gangs, whose business it is to look after the State's public roads:

> This snow gives you an opportunity to prove efficiency of your maintenance organization. Condition of your roads two weeks from now will prove how good you are, Let's go.
>
> FRANK PAGE,
> State Highway Commissioner.

Chairman Page will not have to wait two weeks to see "how good" his organization is. Saturday morning, taking just one road, typical of others, it was snow everywhere, the only way of locating the road was by the cuts, fills and ditches on either side. Saturday afternoon, there was a perfectly clear track the organization had effected; and Sunday the road presented as good and dry appearance as it does in Summer.

If you doubt it, Mr. Chairman Page, start your high-powered roadster on the Raleigh-Albemarle-Concord-Charlotte highway---seeing is believing.

* * * * * *

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Twice a month there comes out from the North Carolina College for Women an eight-page paper, bearing the head-gear of "North Carolina Community Progress." It is edited by a foreign-born gentleman of brilliant attainments and who entertains very original notions about things heretofore as accepted and established facts.

In the latest number of that paper is an article, "Recreation and Tne

Sabbath," purporting to be the drift of a discussion carried on by a "small group" of ministers. Whoever the ministers may have been, they would have been accomplishing more good for humanity and the cause of which they are the ordained heralds, by studying the problem of how to stop idle loitering, how to get some of the little heathen into the Sunday Schools and many of the big heathen into the habit of attending divine worship. Instead of these important and necessary acts, the ministers, it is alleged were debating how to carry on many every-day and wordly sports, base-ball and other things, during the "leisure" hours on Sundays.

"REMEMER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY" seems just as bounded upon the people of this century as it was when uttered ages ago. Probably some of these ministers and their sympathisers may question the authority from which this command comes, and, like some others, look upon the Great Book in which the command to "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy" is recorded as the work of a brilliant writer and not the inspired word. But here is the story of that meeting from "Community Progress:"

"Some time ago a small group of ministers gathered for a day's discussion regarding the problem of Sunday leisure time. Those who took part in the discussion were largely young ministers who were face to face with one of the vital issues of our day, namely the constructive use of leisure hours. The secretary of the gathering kept notes on the discussions and conclusions, and his report follows:

1 The Sunday leisure time problem is unsolved. It challenges the genius and statesmanship of the leaders of religious life in our communities.

2 The policy of the church has been too largely that of prohibition. A constructive progrm is essential.

3 The leadership element looms so large in the problem of recreation that the church must recognize it as incumbent upon the religious leaders to lead the community recreationally also.

4 Those planning such a program must be governed by the obvious needs of the community more largely than by the prejudices of some few persons of good religious standing who might be inclined to introduce traditional objections.

5 The pastor, by reason of his leadership, is under primary responsibility for such a program. He should if possible work behind the scenes, the nominal leadership being committed to laymen.

Types of Sunday Leisure Time Activity

The following were among the types of purposeful activity suggested as

valuable for Sunday afternoon when directed by Christian leader.

1 Hikes. Groups for nature study.
Boy Scouts.
Sunday School Classes.

2 Lawn gatherings for young people. Miscellaneous programs.

3 Pageantry.

4 Story hour. For story telling and dramatization,

5 Hand work. For boys and girls.

6 Adequate social life in juvoir and senoir B. Y. P. U.

7 Baseball. Promoted by and attended by Christian leaders.

8 Auto trips. Planned with a view to making them educationally and socially valuable.

9 Supervised play on playground or in gym.

10 Public library open Sunday afternoon.

11 Neighborhood visitation.

It was suggested that ministers should poineer in this field to discover methods that would conserve the values of play and recreational life---at the same time promoting the intrests of the Kingdom."

* * * * * * * * *

WORK FOR THE DEPARTMENT.

The late issue of Charity & Children, making note of certain requirements demanded of the teachers by the authorities of the Mocksville Public school, makes this observation:

> "In a series of resolutions adopted by the school board of the Mocksville district the 4th article reads as follows: We insist that our teachers, whatever may be their private opinions in regard to Sabbath observance, card playing, theatre going, dancing. unchaperoned automobiling riding, especially at night, immodest wearing apparel, etc., shall during their stay in Mocksville conform to the teachings of their respective churches on the subject of all questionable amusements. That is a very sensible deliverance and the request to the teachers employed to train the children committed to their care is entirely reasonable."

Controlling absolutely the certification of their qualification and the amount of the salaries, it is passing strange that the educational autocracy under which we are living in North Carolina has not prescribed a code of conduct for the teachers, thus relieving the several communities of the task. Again, this would tend toward a uniformity and a standardization, two loving twin pets constantly and affectionately nursed.

THE DOUBLE STANDARD.

There is not a shadow of doubt that woman, herself, is responsible for the existence, prevalence and toleration of the double standard about which the moralists write so much The double standard is all wrong, is reprehensible and promotes much of the sin amongst us.

The other day, a man's wife became involved in a cloud of scandal---the man put her away, deserted her. Her sin was not condoned for a moment, and she had to take her medicine, which included disgrace and banishment. A little later a woman found her husband in the toils of the law---there was rife all manner of reports about his conduct, his practices of a sporty life. The climax came along in due time. Did the wife desert him, send him away? She grew closer to him; and the tighter the outraged law closed in around him, the closer it drew the little wife. And when the court was appealed to for mercy, the husband gave way to tears, then the little wife "moved closer to him, and they sat shoulder to shoulder." This is the way the woman has of doing---a way that the man never practices.

The double standard will cease only when woman decrees it, not before. Will that time ever arrive?

* * * * * * * * *

OUR BOYS

Taking note of the raising of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation Fun, ex pressed a desire to make a contribution themselves out of the little bank account they carry with the institution. Accordingly Messrs. Johnson and Crooks and Miss Greenlee, our teachers, permitted the boys to have their way in makin g this childhood expression of love and esteem. The boys fun thus raised amounted to six dollars, which will go foward to the State Chairman, Mrs. Josephus Daniels, by way of the Concord Tribune.

* * * * * * * *

"The President of the United States authorized the writing of a letter to the editor of the Biblical Recored, explaining that modern dances are not permitted in the White House and that Mr. Harding has not shaken his foot but once in twelve years. We fancy that Mrs. Harding dictated that letter as it is not at all like the good natured President."---Charity & Children. Now, brother Johnson, are we to understand that you think that the "first lady" of the land is not exactly "good natured?"

* * * * * * * *

The UPLIFT has arranged a clubbing arrangement with The Progressive

Farmer, that great farm and home journal, which Dr. Clarence Poe has made the leading home paper in the country. The subscription price of The UPLIFT is two dollars per annum, and The Progressive Farmer is one dollar per annum, but we have arranged so that both may be had for just two dollars and fifty cents, cash. The Progressive Farmer is of such a character that it appeals to all classes of people in search of knowledge, the professional man and the mechanic, as well as to the farmer.

* * * * * * * *

Though we had gotten used to hearing of the terrible loss of human life during the world war, the terrible calamity that overtook the theater party in the Knickerbocker theater in Washington, on Saturday evening, when the roof collapsed killing more than a hundred men, women and children, and probably fatally injuring hundreds of others and maiming for life scores of others, strikes awe to the American heart.

* * * * * * * *

It is proclaimed that the recent snow-storm is the severest within a period of twenty-three years. It is the first time that the Southern Railway was ever unable to operate a train out of Washington for two days on account of snow. There were at one time eleven trains tied up between Washington and Alexandria, Va.

THE FISHER.

A Fisher once took his bagpipe to the bank of a river, and played upon them with the hope of making the fish rise; but never a one put his nose out of the water. So he cast his net into the river and soon drew it forth filled with fish. Then he took his bagpipes again, and, as he played, the fish leapt up in the net. "Ah, you dance now when I play," said he. "Yes" said an old Fish:

"WHEN YOU ARE IN A MAN'S POWER YOU MUST DO AS HE BIDS YOU."

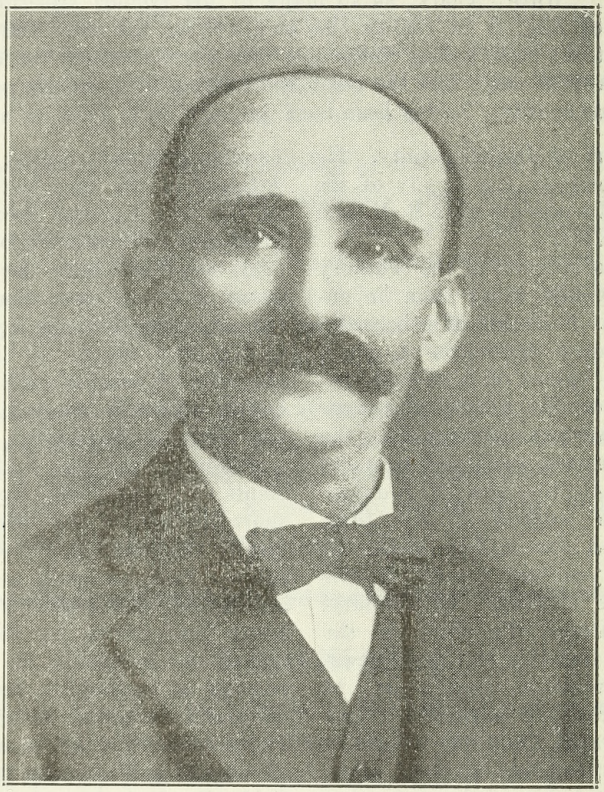
RUFUS REID CLARK.

The subject of our sketch furnishes an exception to the Biblical statement, which we so often hear, that a prophet is not without honor save in his own community. "Rufe" Clark, as so many of his friends affectionately think and speak of him, is in reality the architect of his own fortune, and he burgeoned it out right among the people who knew him and his folks for generations. And he came into the business of living at a chaotic period in the affairs of this country, having been born January 24th, 1864, on a farm in the southern part of Iredell county. He was the youngest of a family of six children. His parents were R. H. and Sarah Hill Clark.

There is nothing out of the ordinary in Clark's youth, other than he encountered, as hundreds of others did in those times, a stagnation of opportunities, the curses of a re-construction period at the hands of hungry and unscrupulous foreigners, the darkest of futures, want, suffering and doubt. Up to the age of fourteen young Clark worked on the farm and attended for a few weeks or months each year such country schools as the times afforded. In January, 1879, he entered the office of the Mooresville Gazette, the first newspaper published at that place, to learn the trade of a printer. Two years afterwards the paper ceased to exist—no fault of his—(a thing many papers had a habit of doing in that period,) and for six months during 1881 young Clark did the mechanical work in the office of the Lamp Post, a paper published at Marion. I have a fancy for this unique name for a newspaper. The very name carries volumes of history. In those days it was an aristocratic and progressive name, announcing to the world that Marion had passed beyond the reign of lights from pine knots and tallow candles and had entered into the enjoyment of the very last word, then, in the best lighting thing that progress and civilization afforded. Whatever may have been the fate of the Lamp Post, I know that Clark returned to the farm for a year, but his system had become so charged with the odor of printer's ink that at the end of a year he entered the office of The News, at Darlington, S. C.

Following up the youthful movements of young Clark, we find that a short period in the commonwealth just to the south of us convinced our subject that he could never become acclimated and make a regulation South Carolinian, so following his tastes and judgment he accepted a position at Statesville, the capitol of his native county, in the office of The Landmark, then a weekly and edited and published by the late J. P. Caldwell. It is here, beginning with September 1st, 1883, that Rufus Reid Clark discovered himself and began to develop into the useful, capable, sterling man that he is recognized to be by hundreds throughout the State and so held by his neighbors and fellow citizens.

In the landmark office for nine years, continuing up to January 1st, 1892, when Mr. Caldwell went to Charlotte to take charge of the Chron-



RUFUS REID CLARK
Statesville, N. C.

icle, which later became The Observer young Clark directed the mechanical end of making of that paper, the then ablest and best printed weekly newspaper in the whole state. During this period, he gave to Mr. Caldwell valuable assistance in news editing, local writing and proof-reading, in all of which he became practically a master. When Mr. Caldwell removed to Charlotte, Mr. Clark purchased a half interest in The Landmark; and in a short time converted The Landmark into a semi-weekly, and about ten years later became sole owner of this most excellent and valuable newspaper and its equipment.

Digressing just a moment, I am constrained to remark upon the wonderful influence of Mr. Caldwell's method of thinking and analyzing a subject or a cause upon the many young men, who served with and under him. It was not many moons before the public was utterly unable to locate the author of an editorial in The Landmark, whether it was Caldwell or Clark, and the two themselves were often puzzled unless the original copy was produced in evidence—anybody, who has ever seen "Rufe" Clark's handwrite, would never pause in at once placing the credit or the blame, if you please. The like occurred in the case of Howard Banks in his editorial work on The Charlotte Observer. Caldwell's influence was so strong, and Banks' powers so marked, that the principals had to appeal for the copy at times to make sure of the daddyship of an article.

Though physically not robust, Mr. Clark is endowed with a wonderful mentality and no writer on newspapers during a period of thirty years in North Carolina has proved a more logical and forceful writer than our subject. And for his positions on all questions he had a ready and strong reason; and having decided his course or position on a matter, he had that courage which wins the admiration of lovers of the brave and the constant. His arriving at a conclusion was the result of an impersonal reasoning Friendship, personal influence, hope of gain or reward, were helpless and useless agencies in shaping his conclusions—they came from deliberate reasoning and the high sense of justice and right, these alone always influnced Clark as an editor and as a man. Feeling that the strain of directing the fortunes of The Landmark was sapping his strength, he sold his entire interest in The Landmark, July 1918, to Mr. P. A. Bryant, who came into the most valuable weekly newspaper property in the state.

Clark's fine judgment and business qualifications were so recognized, that his fellow citizens made draft upon him for his services as a member of the School Board, 1895-99; mayor of Statesville, 1899-1903; member of Board of Aldermen of Statesville, 1907-1911; appointed by Gov. Kitchin January, 1911, member of the Board of Directors of the State Hospital at Morganton, and Mr. Clark continued under reappointment in that capacity being secretary of the board and a member of the executive committee, for near ten years, when he resigned. It was fitting that Mr. Clark was called to service in behalf of this institution, to which he gave a most loyal and capable service, just follow-

ing up a distinguished service which for years the late Joe Caldwell contributed to the institution.

I am aware of a certain fact that Mr.Clark, while he has been called often to positions of honor and public trust, has never been in the remotest sense a candidate or an aspirant in the slightest manner. The positions sought him, and rejoiced in his faithful discharge of every obligation. Mr. Clark made no struggle for the position of postmaster at Statesville, which he now holds. He simply won the appointment under a competitive examination, being appointed by President Wilson in February, 1920. He took charge of the office March 1st, 1920.

November 16, 1886, Mr. Clark was married to Miss Nolie Roseman, of Statesville, and this union has been blessed by two daughters, talented and attractive young ladies who are a joy to their devoted parents and very popular with a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who recognize their sterling worth and attainments.

I am unwilling to leave my subject at this point without making an observation or two. Here is a man, in his native county, who built up an agency that contributed very largely to the best interest of his state, rendered a valuable service to the cause of society, good government, indusrial and commercial development, and which, reflecting a rugged honesty, conservative course, marked ability and tireless energy, carried to a large clientele the inspiration for correct living, honor and integrity, through The Landmark, which enjoyed a high place in the esteem of the state And yet he, himself, never enjoyed the benefits of High School or College advantages. Though lacking these advantages, Mr. Clark educated himself in the finest school-house in all christiandom (the printing office), supplemented by careful and studious habits and a wide reading of the very best literature. Be it far from me to minimize the advantages of collegiate instruction, and I would delight to see all our colleges strengthened and more largely patronized by North Carolinians; but I make bold to declare that any young man or woman, with average intellect, an honest purpose, with a sustaining ambition and a proper enviroment, can and will become educated. Lives of all, who trod this road, have cast a peculiar glory on democracy and proclaimed to the world the opportunties and possibilities under the benign system of American government.

Through on this good day an active servant of Uncle Sam, to whom he renders an efficient and loyal service, Mr.Clarke has not succeeded in getting away from the fascination of newspaper making and the soul of this choice spirit among us today may be as white as snow, but his fingers show today and will ever show how tight printer's ink cling to mortals, when once completely initiated into the newspaper world—a world of its own.

Penitentiary Inmate Has A Heart.

As long as mankind can safely subscribe to the belief that none are wholly bad, and that none are wholly good, we are safe in believing that there are people inside of prison walls no worse than many on the outside who have gotten by with their devilment. There are times, too, when stories from the inside get to the public ear and touch one's sense of interest and appreciation.

The News & Observer tells of an act by Jack Hall. If his offense against law and order were not too bad, this writer would, if he had the power, voluntarily issue him a complete pardon by special delivery. A man, in or out of prison, who harbors in his bosom the kindly feelings that Jack Hall's letter make testimony to, cannot be wholly bad and deserves at least a reduction of his sentence. But here is the story, and kind reader, what do you think of Jack Hall:

Jack Hall, seving a term in the State Prison, has sent to Lionel Weil, State chairman of the Jewish Relief organizasion, a check for $5.00, half of it to go to the Jewish Relief Fund and the other half to the Near East Relief.

The gift of Hall was accompained by the following letter:

"Having read two articles in today's News and Observer about the condition of the Jews and also another article of the Near East Relief, although I am of neither nationality, I realize that although a prisoner, I am better off than these people.

"So, for humanity's sake, I herewith enclose $5.00, wishing at the same time that you please place $2.50 of it with Mr. George H. Bellamy or Hon. Josephus Daniels, to be used for the Near East Relief, the remaining $2.50 to be put to the Jewish Relief Fund.

"This money is not commutation money. It is some that I have earned since being here. I am a musician, and, of course, when out on a road camp I made a little money playing for visitors. I earned around $45.00 or $50.00 while in Chapel Hill, N. C. But this will conclude what I have kept of it, or I would send more. However, I hope this will help a little. Wish you would 'phone my wife and tell her that I wrote you, instead of her tonight, or she will worry about not hearing from me. You can reach her asking the clerk of the court's office there at the court house. Would greatly appreciate it if you would notify her as mentioned above."

A community is not rich because it contains a few rich men, it is not healthful because it contains a few strong men, it is not intelligent because it contains a few men of learning, nor is it of good morals because it contains good women—if the rest of the population also be not well-to-do or healthful, or intelligent, or of good morals.—Walter H. Page.

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

CYRUS B. WATSON: For quick, cutting repartee, few men ever equalled the late Cyrus B. Watson, of Winston-Salem. About the year 1878 or 1880 the republicans of that senatorial district nominated one Geo. B. Everett, a brilliant man, with plenty of brass and gift o'gab; a graduate of Trinity College, great in debate and had become an uncompromising republican. He soon set a new pace in campaign speeches.

The democrats had nominated Dr. W. A. Lash, now dead, a wealthy business man of Walnut Cove, who had neither taste nor talent for joint debate. This condition called for action. Some one must canvass for Dr. Lash that could "hold a hand" with Geo. Everett, and Cyrus Watson was assigned the place. Everett professed great umbrage at his opponent refusing to meet him and was making capital out of that fact, saying "such pop-guns as Cy Watson" taking the place of Dr. Lash."

A little later in the campaign it was arranged for a joint debate in an open grove, in what is now a busy district of Winston-Salem. There was a great crowd present. The county, then, was always close, and when the large negro element was marshalled to the republican ranks the county went republican. The democrats of Winston highly resented this negro element in politics and were fully alive at this time. Everett and Watson were the main speakers of the day, Everett had the first speech, making a fine impression, rubbing it into Dr. Lash for having "such pop-guns as Cy Watson" to meet him on the stump; his crowd giving him an ovation.

Watson came to reply and to discuss things in general, and Everett's heelers and leaders in particular. Mr. Watson waxed warm, goaded on by the cheering democrats. The day was hot, and Mr. Watson had forgotten to bring a handkerchief with him. His face dripping with prespiration, he turned to those behind him on the platform, saying, "will some one lend me a handkerchief?"

Everett was quick to his feet, saying: "Have mine, it is somewhat wet, but it is wet with true republicanism." Mr. Watson took it, turned to his audience as he spread it, saying: "I see it is pretty black." To this moment it had been republican day, but those six words, with the laugh that went up made it democrat day. But Everett was elected, and was later appointed collector of the fifth North Carolina district.—Contributed.

TEACHING THE BIBLE: The only solution of the problem which would be in keeping with our religious professions would be to adopt a plan that is being tried with success all over the land. Each church should arrange to have its young people spend a certain time in the study of the Bible, under the direction of its pastor, and then credit should be allowed to these puplis in their grading for the regular examination.—Presbyterian Standard.

Complaint Of The Much Abused Boy.

[*NOTE: The late Mr. Monroe Melchor, who was among the very best and most honorable citizens of Cabarrus County, had a sense for the humorous and the ludicrous. The plaint of the "Abused Boy" struck his fancy. He carried it in his pocket and was often seen to read it with great relish and a hearty laugh as no doubt you will. Though an old bachelor, Mr. Melchor knew for more than eighty years just what appealed to the average boy.*]

I'm going back down to granpa's
I won't come back no more
To hear the remarks about my feet
A muddyin' up the floor,
They's too much said about my clothes,
The scoldin's never done---
I'm goin' back to granpa's,
Where a boy kin hev some fun.

I dug haf his garden
A gitting worms fer bait;
He said he used to like it
When I laid abed so late;
He said that pie was good for boys,
And candy made 'em grow,
Ef I can't go to granpa's
I'll turn pirate first you know.

He let n e take his shotgun,
And loaded it fer me
The cats they hid out in the barn,
The hens flew up a tree.
I had a circus in the yard
With twenty other boys---
I'm goin' back to granpa's
Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair
But once or twice a week;
He wasn't watchin' out fer words
I didn't orter speak:

He told me stories 'bout the war
And Injuns shot out west.
Oh, I'm goin' down to granpa's,
For he knows wot boys like best.

He even run a race with me,
But had to stop an' cough;
He road my bicycle and laughed
Because he tumbled off;
He knew the early apple trees
Around within a mile,
Oh, granpa was a dandy,
An' was in it all the while.

I bet you granpa's lonesome,
I don't care what you say,
I seen him kinder cryin'
When you took me away.
When you talk to me of heaven,
Where all the good folks go,
I guess I'll go to granpa's;
And we'll have good times, I know.

THINGS I LEARNED WHEN A FARM BOY.

BY C. W. HUNT.

Number IX:—Fishes and Eels.

When I wrote number nine I was supposed to be done with the nature stories, but a second thought brings to mind fishes and eels, and I feel that the series will not be complete until I tell you something of the finny tribe, that brought so many half holidays to a hard working farm boy.

In the snake story I mentioned that there were three streams running across the farm; one we called a creek, known as Cedar creek; the other two were what we called branches heading from bold springs in wooded land, and clear and cool. Fifty years ago, before the erosion of the soil (gullies across farms) filled such streams with silt and muck, there was no end to the small fish in them. With what we called "fly" hooks just large enough to hold a very small bit of fish worm, we caught them by the half gallon. Branch minnows, sun perch, occasionally a cat fish or an eel Then there were raft and holes, and it was in these holes we caught the

large one occasionally a "horney-head," a small fish belonging to the sucker family.

As we grew larger and more fearless of snakes we took to the "dip-net," a net in shape of a butterfly net, with strong handle. With this we went into the stream, and dipping into the holes we caught all there was therein. Often we would go home with a gallon bucket filled with these small minnows, which were cleaned, salted and fried after rolling them in corn meal, and cooked until they were so brown there were no bones to bother you; and they were fit for a King.

These branch minnows were interesting as well as good for food and sport. One seldom sees it now, and many a grown man would not know what he was looking at if he saw a minnow's spawning bed, made of stones. When the weather is well warmed up these minnows come out of the holes and roll stones from the bed of the stream into a pile, in a shoal like place where the water is four or five inches deep, and fasten the eggs to these stones, and take care of them, so far as other fish were concerned, until the small ones hatch. Then it is live or die as best it can.

A freshet would wipe out all these fish beds, destroy all the young in the muddy water if it came at the right time, but like other things in nature they went to work to rebuild or make new nests. That was the branch minnows way of propagating its species. The larger fish stick their eggs to rocks and stumps and such things as they find under water. Several varieties that inhabit ponds make a bed in sand near the bank, where the water is warm, lay the eggs there and stay with them until hatched to keep the pond minnows from eating them. The fish we called sun-perch nests this way, and one can have fine sport following the banks, in May and fishing in the eddies and secluded spots for this fish. Always on the lookout for enemies, you only have to drop a baited hook near a nest, and the mother and father fish take it at once. Not a proper sport, at that season, for you kill those that are making more fish.

On Cedar creek there were two mill ponds, well stocked with many kinds of native fish, and it was to these we went when seeking larger "fry." Here we caught with hooks the perch mentioned above, cats, eels, a mill pond fish called a "shad-roach," named for its similarity in shape to the shad on the market in spring, for which the coast waters of North and South Carolina are noted in the spring of the year. But with us the fish we prized most was silver-perch, very much like the sun perch except it is silver bright, a game fish that bites live bait. It is still a favorite in eastern North Carolina. The upper pond on this creek was the property of the late George Whitfield, and was our favorite place to fish in day light. In this pond were more sun-perch, at one time, than I ever saw anywhere. Sitting on the bank with these fly hooks, when the day was right one caught them until he was tired of it.

When we wanted something larger we went to the Norman Long pond, two miles or more down the creek, where we caught large cats and eels with hook after night. We built a

bon-fire on the bank, which made light to see the cork; here we fished and played. Then we had what we called "trot-lines," a long strong line with a hook fastened to a short line about every four feet. These we baited with cut bait (fish or meat cut up) and fastened each end of the long line to a strong stake driven into the mud. About every hour or two we fished the lines. This we did with a boat, taking off the fish and ells that were hung on the hooks and rebaiting them. The fish mostly caught were cats. Father and I were fishing these lines one night, when a large black snake that had been run into the water took refuge in our boat, but the boat was too small for three; we killed it with the oar. That was not a very good feeling, in a small boat, in deep water, with a big snake.

The eels made lots of fun in fishing, both with the hook and with the "dip net" or seine. I caught many that weighed five pounds, and it took some work to land one of these strong and slimy fellows. They bit hooks well, and when they went up the streams in the summer we found many in the creeks and killed them in shallow water with sticks. One of the branches headed in a quagmire and swamp covering as much as two acres, and we found many large eels near this in summer. We supposed they went in that place to spawn. The eel is too snake-like for many people to eat, but they are as fine a fried fish as one could ask.

A favorite fishing sport was what we called "going gigging." In the spring a fish from the ponds that would not bite a hook, that was called a "mullet," ran up the streams either seeking food or breeding places, that we killed with "Gigs," a three pronged iron, like rake teeth, which was fastened into a staff. Armed with these and a turn of fat-lightwood," (rich pine) which we burned for a torch light, we waded these creeks at night, finding the mullets on shoals, lying still, no doubt placing their eggs on the stones. They seemed unable to see, and we drove the gig into them. Some of them were a pound in weight. Sometimes the eel happened to be out and it got the same dose. Occasionally we had to reckon with a water snake, but it had a poor show when a gig was handy.

What Is Muscle Shoals?

Why so much talk about Muscle Shoals? What is it? Where is it? Questions of this type are frequently heard, and it is doubtful if many persons have an accurate conception of the importance of this project

Muscle Shoals is a series of rapids or shoals in the Tennessee River near Florence, Alabama.

The shoals extend a distance of 37 miles, and the fall in that distance is 134 feet.

The width between banks varies from 1000 to 9600 feet. The current is very rapid, the slope is as great as 15 per cent in certain places.

The U. S. Government constructed a nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals

during the War. The plant was operated with coal on an experimental basis; it required 1500 tons of coal per day to run the plant.

Wilson Dam was begun with the expectatation of utilizing the water power instead of coal. The Tennessee River is 652 miles long and drains 40,570 square miles of territory; of this area, 30,514 square miles are above the dam. The discharge of water at Florence varies from 8200 to 499,000 cubic feet per second. It was anticipated that the nitrate plant would use only a portion of the power generated and the remainder might be used in nearby cities such as Birmingham, Memphis, Nashville. Chattanooga and numerous smaller cities.

The earth excavation for the locks is 344,437 cubic yards. The rock excavation for the locks is 220,000 cubic yards. The locks will require 80,000 cubic yards of concrete. The pool above the dam will cover 14,987 acres of land, and the depth of the water at the dam will be 101 feet but the apron extends 59 feet farther down stream thus giving a total base width of 160 feet. The power-house will contain 18 generating units. Each unit is directly connected with a turbine. The first four of these wheels will generate 30,000 horsepower each, while the remaining 14 will have a capacity of 36,000 h rsepower each giving a total of 624,000 horsepower.

In the construction work it was necessary to construct 27 miles of railroad track. The rolling stock comprises 23 locomotives, 79 box cars and 109 flat and dump cars. The sand and gravel for construction is dredged from the river nine miles below Florence and brought to the dam in barges. The dredging capacity is 2.000 cubic yards daily.

Compared with other large dams of the world, the order would be as follows: (1) Wilson Dam; (2) Assouan Dam, Egypt; (3) Kensico Dam, New York; (4) New Croton Dam, New York; (5) Keokuk Dam, Iowa Illinois; (6) Olive Bridge, New York; (7) Tonsa Dam, India; (8) Poons Dam, India; (9) Roosevelt Dam, Arizona; (10) Barren Jack Dam, Australia. This order is based upon size of masonry.

How Trouble And Fear Affect People.

BY R. R. CLARK

The newspapers have been printing a story coming from Glasgow, Scotland, to the effect that a religious wave is sweeping over the fishing villages on the east coast of Scotland, the result of the failure of the herring fishing season. The failure of the fishing season, a very serious matter to the fisher folk, the same as a crop failure to the farmers, is believed to be visitation of Divine displeasure for unrighteous living. Whereupon the fishermen, we are told, are parading the highways, singing hymns, testifying, and in other ways manifesting religious fervor.

The story is probably true, for it is very characteristic of humankind to call the Lord when in touble and forget Him in days of posperity. The

small boy expressed it when, being asked why he said his prayers at night and omitted them in the morning, replied that any smart boy could take care of himself in daylight. The grown-ups, many of them, proceed on that theory, although they are not ascandid about it as the boy, illustrating the truth of the adage that "only fools" and children tell the truth."

While the Scotch are not different in this respect from other folks, the foregoing recalls a story of two Scotch fishermen who were driven out to sea in a small boat and finally gave themselves up for lost. Then they agreed it was time to pray, and while one continued the effort to keep the boat afloat the other lifted up his voice in supplication. First he made confession of sin, and after telling the Lord how wicked he had been he was beginning to pledge reformation if only he and his companion were delivered from the peril then encompassing them. But before he had well started in the enumeration of the evil deeds from which he would refrain if spared, his companion, who was keeping the lookout, called to him: "Don't commit yourself o'er far, Tammas; I think I see land."

That illustrates some more. If the danger is about to pass there is less desire to make promises that would be hard to fulfill.

The earthquake that shook up this part of the country in 1886 produced much religious fervor for the time. While the old earth was trembling, and for some days afterward, while the feeling of insecurity lasted, there was a mighty calling on the Lord for help and protection. The callers were very much in earnest for the time, but it is probable that many of them left off praying as soon as the ground felt firm under their feet. A meeting was in progress at a church in Iredell county when the shake came. Special effort had been made to reach one of the unconverted in the congregation, but he had resisted all appeals. But when the earth trembled, the building rocking on its foundation, and one of the preachers called attention to it as a manifestation of the power of the Almighty, that hardened sinner made a rush for the altar with such haste that thy had to give him clear track. He needed no urging when he was terror-stricken.

I am reminded here of a story the late Judge Armfield of Statesville used to tell. Some of the older people may recall that many years ago a mountain—Bald Mountain emitted rumblings that suggested volcanic eruption. And as in the case of the earthquake in later years, many of the residents of the countyside became alarmed and proceeded to call on the Lord for help. Judge Armfield said that an old minister, a good man, who lived in the vicinity, had a "bound-boy" (a boy he was rearing) who was much given to profanity, much to the good man's distress, and the boy continued to swear despite all efforts of the old man to break him of the habit. One night the rumblings from Bald Mountain were particulariy loud and terrifying. Aroused from his sleep by the noise, and believing that the end was probably at hand, the boy rushed from the room where he slept, screaming infright. Coming into the presence of the preacher, he found the latter sitting as quietly by his hearth-

stone as if nothing had happened. Quaking with terror the boy asked the old man if he thought the end of the world had come. Quietly the good man, serene in the faith, answered that he didn't know, but if it had there was no cause for alarm; nothing to be accomplished by getting excited. Exasperated by the lack of comfort he found in the answer the boy's ruling habit asserted itself and he cried out: "Yes, blank you, you know you are prepared to go and I ain't."

It's all right to call on the Lord when we are in trouble; we are invited to do that but the practice of going to Him only when we are in dire need and ignoring our obligations when things are going well with us, can hardly be commended or defended. It is somewhat like the practice of the heathen, who make special effort to propitiate their gods when calamity befalls, on the theory that their troubles are a sign that the gods are angry. But many there be no doubt who regard the Almighty only as a help in time of trouble and proceed on the theory of the fellow who, imploring Divine assistance to get out of a tight place, reminded the Lord that he hadn't bothered Him much recently.

"More than sixty years ago at Tunis on the northern coast of Afrisa the American consul died and at that place was buried. He was not great as a statesman, jurist or warrior—he had never led in council, court or field. Why was it then, that the bones and dust of John Howard Payne, that had lain so long on the far off shore of the Mediterranean were brought back home to rest in his native land?

And why, now, were these honors without parallel in human history paid his memory? Ah! How well you know the answer! How quickly your swelling hearts respond! He wrote one song in which he embodied and embossed the most precious desire and the most undying emotion of the universal heart of man, woman and child. He wrote "Home, Sweet Home." There are but fourteen lines to this blessed song including the chorus, but it will live as long as our blue mountains stand. Home, Home! Sweet, Sweet, Home! Its strains have visited all lands and encicled the globe; they have ravishd the ear in the palaces of royality and wealth, and in the pleasant's lonely hut, John Howard Payne sang the song of home. He interpreted the human heart. "There is no place like home", the poet cries, and the whole world cried in unison "be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."—From Hon. O. Max Gardner's Speech before the N. C. Society of Philadelphia.

Cordelia's Adventure With The Burglar

The dull grey mist that had enveloped Mount Tom all day came sweeping down in sheets of rain through the valley. As the twilight deepened, the clouds hung oppressively low and night came quickly on. It was that swift approaching darkness that roused Cordelia from her story, and made her glance apprehensively out of the farmhouse window. For the first time that day she fully realized that she was alone, and the sudden sense of isolation filled her with vague fears.

"Mother and I will be home before dark unless some accident detains us," had been her father's last words as he drove down the road to Springfield that morning. But the darkness was falling, and, strain her ears as she might, Cordelia could hear no sound of the approaching wheels that must bring them home. There was only the steady drip, drip of the rain from the eaves. The sound oppressed her. What if there had been an accident? What if they should not return until morning? But they *must* come. She pressed her face close against the window pane, only to draw back, frightened by the deepening shadows and the moaning of the wind through the pines. For one moment, she was half detirmined to go to her friend, Helen Simpson, who lived on the nearest farm. The next, she shrank away pith dread from the thought of the long mile of lonely road she must travel in the darkness and driving rain.

The story she had been reading only added to her uneasiness. It was about a young girl made prisoner by a burglar who had passed himself off as a friend in order to gain entrance to the house. Cordelia shivered. Fear was taking tight hold of her and she must shake it off. She closed the book and put it away. Then she lighted the lamps in the living room and the kitchen. That made things better. She busied herself with preparations for supper, and as the occupation restored her courage somewhat, she sang a little to assure herself that she was quite at ease. When supper was ready to be placed on the table, she returned to the living room and took up her sewing. The storm was increasing, and the rush and drive without only made more palpable the silence within. She tried desperately to laugh at the fears that settled upon her once more.

Hark! There was the sound of wheels splashing through mud and water-- then a sudden halt. She picked up the lamp and ran to the door. A carraige had driven up to the gate, and a man stepped out. Cordelia saw at once that it was not her father. She drew back into the shadow of the door, intending to close and bar it. But she was too late. The stranger was coming rapidly toward her. As he advanced, she saw him take a keen survey of the house aud its surroundings. At the door, he held out his hand to her and exclaimed, "Why, how do you do, cousin? Time does fly. I expected to see a little girl, and I find a yong lady."

Just then a driving gust of wind

and rain blew out the light. She hardly knew how it happened, but the next moment found her and the stranger in the cheerful living room. He noticed her agitation, and said reassuringly, "It's all right. I am your father's cousin Harry from the West. I suppose he has told you about me and my business here?"

"No, father never spoke of any cousin in the West," said Cordelia, as she mentally contrasted his dark hair, black piercing eyes, and thin, wiry form with her very blond father, who tipped the scales at two hundred pounds.

The stranger laughed good-naturedly, and falling into talk about his home and his friends, at last almost convinced her that he was her cousin. But she could not keep her attention from wandering, and much that he said was wholly lost upon her. She wondered if she ought to offer him the supper fast drying on the kitchen stove. She thought of his horse out there in the storm, and marveled at his indifference. What could it mean? Was he holding it in readiness for flight when---? Would father and mother never come? Conversation lagged, and the stranger, falling into a deep study, sat with his head resting on his hand. Cordelia was faacinated by the long, slender fingers. Had they ever---her hand went unbidden to her throat; the thought was too horrible to be finished.

A blast of wind came shrieking around the house. The shutters banged back and fourth. The rain fell in a fresh torrent. It was an awful night.

Suddenly the visitor asked, "May I look at the heirlooms that I have come to so far see?"

For a moment Cordelia's heart stopped beating. The heirloom! How did this strange man know about great grandmother Cordelia's diamond necklace, hidden in mother's closet? He had posed as her father's cousin as a ruse to get into the house. But how had he found out that she was alone with the heirloom?

"Oh! we keep them in the village bank. Father doesn't consider them safe in the house." She managed to reply.

The stranger's eyes narrowed and he looked curiously at her "Oh! he knows! he knows! "she moaned aloud.

"Well, then, cousin," said the stranger, "I am very tired, if you will show me the way I'll put my horse up and then I'll retire." "Cousin, indeed!" thought Cordelia. What could she do? She dare not allow this strange man to sleep in the house; Yet how could it be avoided? Wishing to retire so early, too, and without waiting for father to come home! And that pretense of looking after his hoase! It was all an excuse to throw her off the scent and to begin his predatory search.

She took the light, and going with him to the door, pointed the way to the stable in the rear. As he disappeared with his horse around the corner of the house she closed the door softly, shot the bolt, and turned the key in the lock. Then she stood with her back against the wall, panting, trembling. She was rid of him at last. But not for long. He would return in a few minutes. Perhaps he would break down the door. He might get in at the window. But he should not find what he

sought.

Swiftly she fled up the stairs. Her heart was in her mouth, but she was determined to find a hiding place for the precious old necklace. From the closet in her mother's room see took the jewel case, and standing breathless looked about her for some place of great security. The rain beat against the pains faster and faster, as the wind whistled down the chimney. Yet how quiet the house was! And how the minutes dragged! The solemn tick-tock of the ancient clock on the stairs seemed to be marking time for eternity.

"It must be nearly midnight," thought she. Hark! The clock was striking. she counted the strokes---only eight O'clock.

If the stranger should return and try to enter the house just then, Cordelia knew that she should shriek. Listen! was she dreaming? No, that was the sound of wheels coming to a halt. There was the sound of voices---her father's voice; yes, and Mr. Simpon's, their nearest neighbor. They were speaking loudly that they might hear each other above the storm. With a mad rush Cordelia dashed down the stairs, threw open the door, and ran out of the house.

Past her mother she darted, and reaching her father, thrust the box into his hand. "He's there," she cried, pointing toward the stable. "After it; after great grandmother's diamond necklace!"

A hurried explanation followed and her father vehemently declared, "I'll shoot him!"

"Father, father," protested his wife, "be careful."

"Father, let Mr. Simpson go with you," cried Cordelia frantically, as her father started in pursuit of the burglar.

The neighbor was already on the ground, prepared to lend his aid. As the two men went toward the stable, the stranger came harmlessly enough around the corner of the house.

Face to face with the two men with their heavy sticks, he exclaimed, "Why, what's all this row? I came halfway across the continent to buy two family heirlooms, a Sheratton sideboard and a chippendale table from my cousin. What does this treatmeut mean."

"Your excuse won't keep you from jail, although it did fool my daughter," exclaimed the irate farmer. "You're no cousin of mine, you rascal."

A burst of hearty laughter from Mr. Simpson interrupted the hostilities. "Why, it's my cousin Harry from Omaha!" he exclaimed. "You landed at the wrong place, Harry; I live a mile further on." ---Selected.

A man rushed down the platform just as a train was a puling out. He frantically waved one of his twenty-five-pound grips in his effort to induce the brakeman on the rear of the train to signal the engineer to slow down. For a hundred yards he sprinted, only to give up the race. A sympathetic bystander drawled out to the limp, exhausted figure, "Were you trying catch the train?" "Oh, no," grasper the traveler. "I was just chasing it out of the yard."

Chickens

By Gail Hamilton

Mary A. Dodge, better known as "Gail Hamilton," was born in Hamilton, Mass., about 1838. She was a very popular writer. Among her works are "Woman's Worth and Woman's Worthlessness," "Battle of the Books," "Sermons to the Clergy," "Gala Days," and "Country Living and Country Thinking." The following sketch will give a good idea of her style. She was a very bright and piquant writer.

A chicken is beautiful and round and full of cunning ways, but he has no resources for an emergency. He will lose his reckoning and be quite out at sea, though only ten steps from home. He never knows enough to turn a corner. All his intelligence is like light, moving only in straight lines. He is impetuous and timid, and has not the smallest presence of mind or sagacity to discern between friend and foe. He has no confidence in any earthly power that does not reside in an old hen. Her cluck will be followed to the last ditch, and to nothing else will he give heed.

I am afraid that the Interpreter was putting almost too fine a point upon it, when he had Christiana and her children "into another room, where was a hen and chickens, and bid them to observe awhile. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her head and her her eyes toward heaven. 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up.'"

Doubtless the chick lift her eyes toward heaven, but a close acquaintance with the race would put anything but acknowledgment in the act. A gratitude that thanks heaven for favors received, and thens runs into a hole to prevent any other person from sharing the benefit of those favors, is a very questionable kind of gratitude, and certainly should be confined to the bipeds that wear feathers.

Yet if you take selfishness from a chicken's moral make-up, and fatuity from his intellectual, you have a very charming little creature left. For, apart from their excessive greed, chickens seem to be affectionate. They have sweet, social ways. They huddle together with fond, caressing chatter, and chirp soft lullabies. Their toilet performances are full of interest. They trim each other's bills with great thoroughness and dexterity, much better, indeed, than they dress their own heads, for their bungling, awkward little claws make sad work of it.

It is as much as they can do to stand on two feet, and they naturally make several revolutions when they attempt to stand on one. Nothing can be more ludicrous than their early efforts to walk. They do not really walk. They sight their object, wave, balance, decide, and then tumble foward, stopping all in a heap as soon as the original impetus is lost---generally some way ahead of the place to which they wished to go.

It is delightful to watch them as

drowsiness films their round, bright, black eyes, and the dear old mother croons them under her ample wings, and they nestle in perfect harmony. How they manage to bestow themselves with such limited accommodations. or how they manage to breathe in a room so close, it is difficult to imagine They certainly deal a staggering blow to our preconceived notions of the necessity of oxygen and ventilation, but they make it easy to see whence the Germans derived their fashion of sleeping under feather beds. But breath and bestow themselves they do. The deepmother heart and the broad mother wings take them all in.

They penetrate her feathers, and open for themselves unseen little doors into the mysterious, brooding, beckoning darkness. But it is long before they can arrange themselves satisfactorily. They chirp, and stir, and snuggle, trying to find the softest and warmest nook. Now an uneasy head is thrust out, and now a whole tiny body; but it soon reenters in another quarter, and at length the stir and chirp grow still. You see only a collection of little legs, as if the hen were a banyan tree, and presently even they disappear. She settles down comfortably, and all are wrapped in a slumberous silence.

And as I sit by the hour, watching their winning ways, and see all the steps of this sleepy subsidence, I can but remember that outbust of love and sorrow from the lips of Him who, though he came to earth from a dwelling place of ineffable glory, called nothing unclean because it was common, found no homely detail too homely or too trivial to illustrate the Father's love; but from the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, the lilies of the field, the stones in the street, the foxes in their holes, the patch on the coat, the oxen in the furrow, the sheep in the pit, the camel under his burden, drew lessons of divine pity and patience, of heavenly duty and delight.

Standing in the presence of the great congregation, seeing, as never man saw, the hypocrisy and the iniquity gathered before him--seeing too, alas, the calamities and the woe that awaited this doomed people, a godlike pity overbears his righteous indignation, and cries out in passionate appeal' "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

AN ABIDING INFLUENCE.

In making a long journey, for pleasure or otherwise, we usually pass many mile posts before we begin to grow retrospective and think over the things seen and the miles traveled and the time taken to make the trip.

Of course, you have observed that old people after passing many mile posts in the journey of life begin to live and think in the past. This little journey of life may have been all pleasure, without an incident to shadow it; or it may have been interrupted and annoyed with jolts and

troubles; but let that be as it may, there is one outstanding thing in every life that in a subconscious manner becomes a part of us and is carried through life and, at times least expected, has its influence.

Despite the fact there are disappointments for us all we endeavor to choose the road of least resistence and the one that pleases the most. Can you, gentle reader, who have passed many mile posts in life's journey recall one impressive incident while under parental training that served you well when far removed from the home fireside and protection and guidance of parental love? Surely so, for I believe all children, girls or boys, let the home be as it may, will reflect the character of the home.

A man, then passed his fiftieth birthday, remarked, "do you know my father always made me look him squarely in the face when addressing him for he said, 'a liar or dishonest fellow would drop his eyes'" This man is obsessed with this belief of his now sainted father.

A woman of mature years, with a varied experience in the activities of life, in a retrospective mood said, "as a young lady out in the world making my own way I never received gentlemen callers in the evening that I did not hear, as I did when at home, the voice of mother say, '10:30, daughter.'" 'Yes, 10:30, daughter' was the still small voice of a loving and tender mother, and this mother left her imprint and continued to wield an influence over her girl several hundred miles away."

About The Raven

By Harriett Wilbur.

"Raven' dreamy flake of night,
Drifting in the eye of day."
—William Morris.

They say that when a French modiste has created what she calls a "work of art" she always adds a finishing touch of black to "make it perfect." Nature has done the same thing, and a bright sunny landscape, whether in summer green or winter white, touched it up wonderfully with the introduction of a raven perched conspicuously in the foreground, or winging his way slowly accross midway between the blue above and the earth beneath.

The raven seems to be the same bird wherever he is found; this was the opinion of Audubon, and though some bird-students have tried to find enough differences between the Old World and the New World birds to class them as separate species, modern naturalists agree with Audubon, and let the slight dissimilarities pass for geographic races.

This glossy black member of the crow family is a native of northern Europe, Asia and America, though it is now practically exterminated in the eastern states.

Probably many observers do not distinguish between the raven and "a large crow." Raven is about two

feet long and similar in build to the crow; the plumage is compact, glossy black, with violet and greenish reflections, the feathers of the chin and thoats in particular are unique to the species, being long, stiff, narrow, even bristly, and with very distinct outlines. The female is slightly smaller than the male, but in other respects is his double.

Once found over the entire continent of North America, from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico, the raven is now seen but occasionally in many of its former haunts. In the Rocky Mountains, where men are scarce, it is holding its own fairly well, but from the more accessible and more thickly populated regions it is slowly passing away. The same story is true in Europe; it has almost entirely disappeared from the British Island. One writer comments on this loss as follows:

"The American Raven probably will be safe in his Rocky Mountain haunts for years to come, but he is so far removed from man's habitations that his picturesquenes, his oddieties, his gravities and his croakings virtually are lost to the world. It is a hard state of affairs when individuality in animal life brings persecution and death."

The individuality of the raven is by no means abhorrent. The bird is generally seen singly, or in pairs, except perhaps in small family flocks after the breeding season. Though naturally aloof and lonely it is easily domesticated by kindness, and becomes much attached to its master, following him like a dog; it can be taught to imitate the human voice and to pronounce a few words with great distinctness. In short, it is a very sagacious, courageous and powerful bird, yet though wary and distrustful by nature, it is docile and affectionate when domesticated.

"The bird is not altogether bad," runs one comment. "It does rob the nests of other birds, and it is this trait of character which has lost it life and caste in England. The gamekeeper there shoots it on sight, and in recent years, because of the growing scarcity, the museum collectors have been hunting the raven in all places where it is reported to have dared to show its head. The probabilities are that the raven does more good than it does harm. It kills thousands of young rodents that would grow up to become pests of the field; voracious to the point of eating anything and everything that can be called food, it is particularly fond of carrion, whether of flesh, fish or fowl, dead from disease or from accident, so it is also valuable as a scavenger. It will even attack an animal the size of a sheep that is helpless or dying." The habit is referred to by the poet:

"And vast confusion waits,
As doeth a raven on a sick-fallen beast."

---King John

"And there between me and the sun,
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait 'till both should die,
Ere his repast begun;
He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before;
I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit
I could have smote, but lack'd the strength."

---Lord Byron.

800 Skeletons.

Bristol, Va.-Tenn., Jan. 25.---Discovery of approximately 800 human skeletons in a cave in the mountains about 15 miles from Bristol was made today by Professor Henry Woodman of this city, who made an inspection of the cave at the invitation of mountaineers.

An opening which runs 40 feet straight down in the earth was found several days ago by people living in that section. Upon making investigation they found several human skulls. The skulls were brought to Bristol and newspapapermen and college professors were asked to enter and inspect the interior of the opening.

Upon descending the tunnel by means of a rope Professor Woodman found a heap of human bones 30 feet high and about 80 feet wide. Indian hatchets and beads were also found found. The cave has several tunnels reaching off on the sides and is in the shape of a huge crevice in the earth. The bones were partly covered over by earth which is thought to have fallen in from the opening above. The peak of the heap is directly under the entrance and this leads to the belief that the Indians thew their dead into the cavity.

The heap is cone shaped and contains an assortment of every bone in the human body. Professor Woodman declares experiments show that some of the bones have been in the cave for about 1,000 years. A number of experts and archalologists are planning to spend a night in the cave to continue the investigation. The cave is located in a spot in the mountains almost inaccessible.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Johny Wright received a visit from his home folks last Wednesday.

The boys, whose business it was to bottom chairs, have had an idle-period. Now, they are resuming their work.

Rev. Mr. Osborn, of Concord, who preached for us Sunday filled the boys with admiration and nice resolutions by his fine sermon on the trial of Christ.

The total of 200 boys has at last been reached, This is the result of the opening of sixth Cottage. Soon we hope the seventh Cottage's doors will be thrown open.

Because of some possibly overlooked precaution, the pipes of cottage No. 3 froze Friday night and bursted. The result of this was to flood the boys sitting room. Everything is now all O. K.

In a combat of physical prowress, the printers overcame the shop boys in a short but hot contested match of strength. Mr, Cloer's offer to give kindling to start fires was the great incentive in the contest.

Saturday, a day which all the boys look forward to is the day of all matches, such as spelling, buzz and

multiplication matches etc. In the big room, as this is the name the boys have given it, not because of its size but for its most advanced books, had a spelling and buzz match to take up the 2 hours of school time.

Mr. Cloer, of No. 5, is making book cases for the new school room presided over by Miss Greenlee, and for Cottages No, 5 and 6. The boys are grateful for this because book shelves have been a much need ed convenience. Thanks are extended the Mr. Cloer.

In talking of a debate they heard in No. 5, Miss Teague and several other matrons requested that this question be debated, Resolved: that women should have the right to enter into all political business. They will attend this debate when it comes off next Friday, and will doubtless be highly entertained.

Well, folks, it's arrived at last. Doubtless you know that of which I am speaking of---snow. "It never rains, but what it pours," is a faithful and true saying. This snow wasn't hard enough, consequently the boys, although they snowballed to a great extent, did not have a holiday.

When a position of importance is vacant, usually it has to be filled satisfactorily and quickly. The other night, due to sickness, Mr. D. A. Corizine was off his duty as night-watchman. Some one had to take his place, no officers was available at this time, therefore it was dicided to use a boy at the school. Richard Johnson was chosen. He filled this responsible position creditably to himself and satisfactorily to the institution.

The boys of the Guilford Cottage organized a Literary Society some weeks ago, and when searching for a name they decided to name it after some great friend and benefactor of the school; so they named it in honor of Mr. E. P. Wharton, of Greensboro. This fine man is a member of the Board of Trustees, and they could nsme their society after no better man. The boys of this cottage are proud of their society.

Inevitable.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." The Buffalo Evening Times says:

A policeman was standing on a corner in New Orleans. Up stepped a man and asked why the street car didn't stop when he signaled them. He didn't get the kind of answer he expected, for the policeman recognized him as "one of the cleverest passers of bad checks ever known, wanted in many cities." The law gets nearly all of them, in the long run. Master minds, among criminals, exist only in detective-story fiction.

We hear much criticism of the agents of justice for failure to apprehend criminals. Yet instances are numerous of men committing crimes and indefinitely escaping punishment. One would have thought that Matthew Bullock, wanted in Warren on the charge of inciting to riot, was tolerably safe in Canada. But not so. A letter to his relatives in Warren couuty revealed to watchful Warren officers his whereabouts

and when tne Canadian officials realize that they cannot refuse to turn over to North Carolina authorities a person charged with crime in this State, he will be sent on here to stand his trial.

Men need not commit crime thinking that they can get away with it easily.

The Steady Grind

The fellow who knows how to grind gets there in the end.

Some people are always looking for sky rockets. They believe human affairs are guided by the genius of luck. They believe in a Santa Claus for adults. They expect to wake up some morning and find themselves wealthy, famous and powerful. But the chariots of fire never appear. The golden lands that lie at the end of the rainbow are never reached. Across their firmament the meteors of great success never flash.

It's the steady grind day after day in the face of ups and downs that makes a fellow's dreams come true. Constant application, persistenly and dogged determination are the qualities that win at last.

Shaking dice with fate is a fool's game. History records the victories of no man who was not a day laborer in life's harvest field.

Good luck is the rarest flower that blooms and it blossoms mostly in the gardens of imagination.

If your rival is a steady grinder, look out for him.---Selected.

$2.50 will secure the Progressive Farmer and THE UPLIFT for one year. A saving of fifty cents is made by using this club arrangement. Try it.

State Library

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., FEB. 11, 1922 NO. 14

"Bottom Rail Gets On Top."

Some one tells of coming back to the place she had lived as a child. Passing a fine big house she read a name on the brass plate upon the door.

"Who is Dr. Joseph Walker?" she asked

"Why, don't you remember? He lived in a little house close to yours."

What! Joe Walker who used to pick berries for us in the summer?"

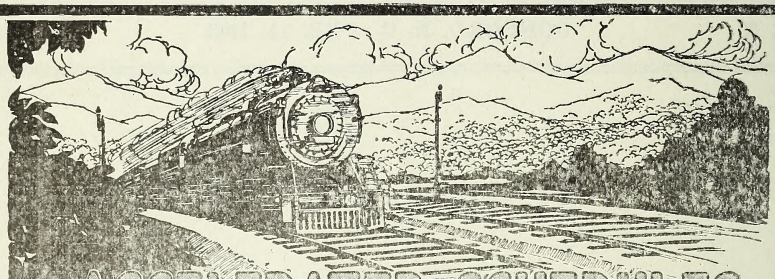
"Do you remember anything about him?"

"No, except that my father said the berries Joe picked never had to be gone over a second time, and he never wasted a moment."

"Well, that's just what they say about him now. That's how he has got on."—The Evangelical.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Ast of March 3, 1879.

SOUNDING THE BOYS.

Col. Al Fairbrother, of Greensboro, has always been deeply interested in the growth and development of the Jackson Training School. More than that he has always manifested a brotherly love and concern for the "under dog." He has always fought for consistency, for a chance and an opportunity for all men, who are struggling for existence, life, happiness and an equal chance.

Quoting from a letter of Feb. 4th Col. Fairbrother has this to say:

"I have just finished reading copy of THE UPLIFT bearing this date, and the same mail brought me a copy of 'North Carolina's Child Welfare Programme'---issued by the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare. In this pamphlet is a picture concerning the wealth of North Carolina in a bunch of bright boys at the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

"This thought has occurred to me: each one of those boys must be doing some thinking---must be wondering about the great big world which is before him when quitting your institution. Wonder what he thinks about? Is his mind in the right channel? Is he seeing ideals worthwhile---or is he just moving on?

"I want to give a little inspiration to the boys, and want to offer

$5.00 for the best,
4.00 for the second best,
3.00 for the third best,
2.00 for the fourth best, and
1.00 for the fifth best

Three or four hundred word story on the subject, "WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO, and WHY I'D LIKE TO DO IT, When I Finish At The

Jackson Training School."

"Of course, I take it that you would print the letters in THE UPLIFT. The judges of the merit of the letters would be selected by you, and each one submitted should receive attention and to those who didn't get into either one of the above classes it should be pointed out WHY."

Col. Fairbrother will please accept this as an answer to his letter and an acceptance of his appreciated proposition. He may rest assured that the boys will go about this little business, search their hearts and their minds, in an enthusiastic and honest spirit. The policy of the management and the inclination of all the officers have all the while been one of the Big Brother manner of dealing with the youngsters. It is rare that a day passes that a bulk of the boys are not confronted with a suggestion of a study of themselves, what they aspire to and why. But we have not gone so far as to ask them to submit their aspirations and the reasons for such aspirtions to black and white. The idea of Col. Fairbrother is most capital, and we send word to him by these presents that the word has been sent down throughout the cottage homes to 200 boys, telling them what a friend, though absent in person but always with them in spirit, desires of them.

And this is the way Col. Fairbrother had of getting into THE UPLIFT some real good and choice reading matter. We know his game.

* * * * * * * * *

STRIVING FOR CONSISTENCY.

A grand jury in a certain county of Georgia, manifesting just as good a spirit as a rattlesnake, has served official notice on the ladies of the county that games of chance shall stop, that playing for prizes is just as much gambling as the negro's sport in shooting dice, and must stop or else an indictment will lie forthwith against them.

It is a strain of the idea of consistency to deny a crowd of idle men the privilege of sitting around a covered table and play for "chips," which represent a money value, and then applaud and publish in the Society Column of the Sunday paper that Mrs. So and So gave a swell whist party (ever so many tables) and that the beautiful, charming Miss Sallie Jones received the capital prize, which was a pair of fine silk "pick-a-boo" hose, and that Miss Virginia Snobbins received the consolation prize, which was a "lip-stick." In this case the stockings and the lip-stick represent nothing in the world but the "chips" and "chips" represent money.

We are not so extreme as to believe that such practices will lead to perdition, disgrace or cause one to become a social outcast; but the very char-

acter and reputation of the women, who pull off these prize contests, give to a game of chance a certain dignity that the average youth is easily persuaded that there is no harm whatever in it. And yet there is, and here is where the women are setting a bad example to the young.

Gambling, and all games of chance are gambling, is just as much harm in the parlors of an elegant home, brilliant with the presence of finely dressed women and gaudy decorations, as urchins sprawling on the ground "shooting craps," and even worse because of the publicity and the high standing of the participants.

* * * * * * * *

When our friends come to see us, there is one feature they must not overlook seeing. In full blast is our new modern Bakery. Clean as a pin, orderly as a clock, and turning out some of the most splendid bread in all creation. The pies that come from that charming little bakery as Mr. Hilton and the boys direct and manage it, would make most any one feel somewhat pious. Stop for a thought. The business of a community bakery has become a live one. Nearly every town of any size needs and wants a bakery, but the question of securing an expert to manage it has been a most difficult proposition. In our case we are serving a fine purpose, making bread for ourselves, and training boys into a live, worthwhile business.

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Can't "Know North Carolina" this week. The committee, which was going to lead the campaign and keep ahead, week by week, through the Chapel Hill News Letter, comes up missing the third week. At any rate nothing has come this way to indicate any activity on the part of this honored committee. We started with a toast by the late Gov. Bickett, and followed it with a prophecy by the late Gov. Aycock, and there it hangs.

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The record of Mr. Taylor, whose picture we carry in another part of this issue, is an object lesson. When a man with his uneven chance, from a natural lacking, can accomplish what he does, issue weekly a live, creditable paper for his county, get out an industrial issue of fifty-six pages, splendidly illustrated, keep his family going and his head above the water ---why, that's a man.

* * * * * * * *

Governor Morrison is insistent on his campaign for better and more gardens, pig and cow. He is eternlly right. We have come in possession of

wo pigs, one cow and have a place for the garden---but who, in this fickle world, is going to make that place look like a garden?

BELLING THE CAT.

Long ago, the mice had a general council to consider what measures they could take to outwit their common enemy, the Cat. Some said this, and some said that; but at last a young mouse got up and said he had a proposal to make, which he thought would meet the case. "You will all agree," said he, "that our chief danger consist in the sly and treacherous manner in which the enemy approach us. Now, if we conceive some signal of her approach, we could easily escape from her. I venture, therefore, to propose that a small bell be procured, and attached by a ribbon round the neck of the Cat. By this means we should always know when she was about and could easily retire while she was in the neighborhood."

This proposal met with general applause, until an old mouse got up and said: "that is all very well, but who is to bell the Cat?" The mice looked at one another and nobody spoke. The old mouse said:

"IT IS EASY TO PROPOSE IMPOSSIBLE REMEDIES."

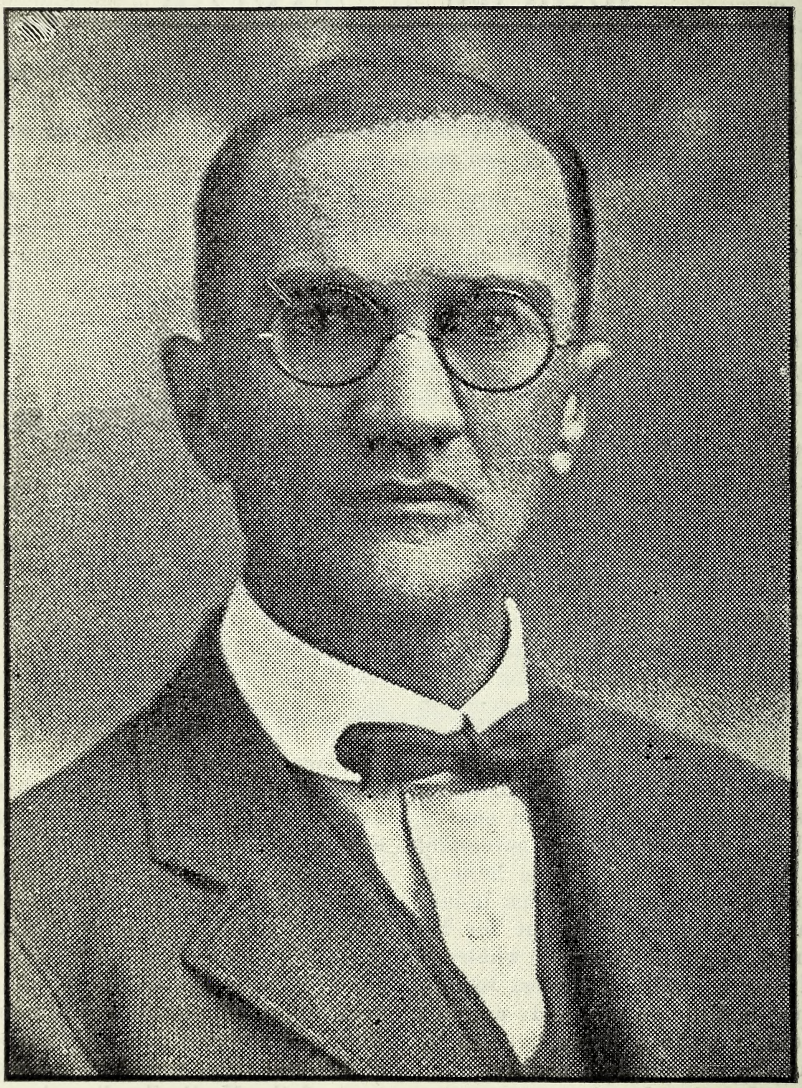
ROBERT S. TAYLOR

There is no end of examples where men and women, inheriting some physical misfortune, or, in the course of time, becoming the victim of an accident leaving them somewhat maimed, have made such achievements in the affairs of life as to merit the praise and applause of the public.

I recall a friend of my youth, returing from a faithful service in the War Between the States, having lost one leg. The limb was shot off just as close to his body as was possible to do. He carried around with him a bright and cheerful spirit at whatever he was called to do. Returning after the surrender, with nothing in the wide world except his honor and his indomitable will, he went about the business of cheating starvation. To cut a long story short, this one-legged Confederate veteran married himself a wife, reared fine children, owned his own home, stood high in his community, lived an honorable and correct life, dying a few years ago with not a single enemy on earth but with the esteem and respect of all who knew him. This in itself is not so remarkable, for hundreds and thousands, maimed equally as bad, made good and successful fights but this Confederate hero to whom we refer had a brother-in-law. That kinsman never fought for his country, rendered no service whatever, had perfect limbs, a tireless tongue, a busy-bodied nature, and couldn't or didn't make a living, trusted by none—he was simply a nobody.

But the other day there came to my desk a Special Edition of the Duplin Record, published in the small town of Warsaw. It contained 56 pages well prepared reading matter that told in a fine way of the accomplishments and the ambitions of the people of Duplin county. A little further on we discovered the reason for this really brilliant piece of work. At the head of that paper is a man, whom nature started off in life under a handicap, a very serious and a lifetime disadvantage. But while nature does some peculiar stunts in the distribution of powers among her children, she makes compensation in a majority of cases in abundantly handing out blessings in another way.

Mr. Robert S. Taylor, the subject of this sketch and the editor and publisher of the Duplin Record since November, 1915, was denied from birth the faculty of hearing. Is this handicap? To most men it would be; but not to Taylor. Evening up this misfortune, there was given an unusual intellect, a fine vision, a superb will and a total ignorance of what laziness is. Mr. Taylor was born in Duplin county. He is a B. A. graduate of Gallaudet College, the National College for the deaf, at Washington, D. C., and is also honored by that institution with the degree M. A., in recognition of certain post-graduate work and achievements. He has been at different times president and secretary of the North Carolina Association of the Deaf, and member of the executive committee of the National Association of the Deaf. It is said that his activity and enthusiasm for the advancement of the educational



ROBERT S. TAYLOR
Warsaw, N. C.

interests of the Deaf has given him an acquaintance and high standing throughout the country.

It is pleasing to the craft, it goes without saying, that Mr. Taylor's success in a difficult field of activity, such as newspaperdom offers, is regarded no small achievement; and all will rejoice in knowing that this admirably supported Special Edition of The Record gives unmistakable evidence that his neighbors, his fellow citizens throughout the good county of Duplin, hold him in high esteem and liberally sustain him in his splendid efforts to weekly sing the praises of Old Duplin.

How do the aimless and the bunch that are looking for "something to turn up" feel in the presence of the records made all around them by such fine spirits as our old one-legged Confederate soldier and this man, Robert S. Taylor, and their innumerable class?

Abraham Lincoln

To-morrow is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, who was born February 12, 1809 in a log cabin of the rudest sort in Kentucky. He had the elements of so much greatness, overcome so many obstacles that would have defeated the average youth, rose to such eminence, and placed his name so high in American annals, that it is worth our while, annually to review the life and course of Lincoln.

LINCOLN IN CONGRESS

While the Mexican War was going on a tall, lean awkward man was offering himself to the voters of the Springfield district in Illinois as a candidate for Congress. Just as the war closed, he took his seat in the House of Representives at Washington. Day after day he sat in the House, and had little to say, but his voting always showed that he was not pleased with the war against the Mexicans. His name was Abraham Lincoln, and this was the only term that he ever spent in Congress. During this same period Jefferson Davis, who was afterwards opposed to Lincoln in war, sat in the United States Senate, nursing the wound which he had received in fighting his country's battles among the hills of Mexico.

THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN

When Lincoln was seven years old his father moved to Indiana and made a rough "camp" in the woods for his family to live in. This home was a mere shed of poles open to one side, and covered with leaves and branches. A year later a new log cabin was built with four sides and a door and windows. A floor made of split logs kept the family off the ground. Abe slept in the loft on a bed of leaves.

ABE'S SCHOOLING

Young Lincoln went to a log school in the woods just long enough to learn a little reading, writing and cipliering. He managed to get a few books, however, such as "Robinson

Crusoe," and "Aesop's Fables," and these he read over and over again. At night he sat in front of the fire, and by the light from the blazing logs he worked out sums in arithmetic on the flat wooden fire-shovel. His pencil was a piece of char-coal. When the shovel was covered with figures, he would take a knife and shave it off clean, and begin his ciphering again.

LINCOLN SPLITS RAILS.

When Lincoln grew up to be a man, he was six feet four inches in height, and as strong in his arms as a giant. On his first journey away from home, he helped to take a big flatboat down the Mississippi River to New Orleans When he returned his father put the family into an ox-wagon and took them to Illinois. A new log cabin was built there on the Sangamon river. Abe helped to split rails for building a fence around a large cornfield. After that he worked in a store; then he was chosen captain of a company of soldiers who marched away to fight Indians in the Black Hawk War, but, as Lincoln said, they did not find anything to fight except mosquitoes.

AN ILLINOIS LAWYER.

Lincoln read a number of law books at home, and at last he became a lawyer. He told a great many stories that made people laugh, and everybody liked him. Four times he was sent to the legislature of Illinois. Then he went to the town of Springfield, and the people of that district elected him to Congress.

For more than ten years after his term as a lawmaker at Washington, Lincoln kept at his work as a lawyer in Springfield. Then in the year 1860 he was elected to the high office of president of the United States. It was a great step upward for the railsplitter and flatboat man. His triumph over the difficulties of early life was one of the most marvelous accomplishments of all ages. It shows that he had great strength of mind and wonderful knowledge of men.

Many stories have been told about him and his family; and no end of anecdotes and feats have been credited to this wonderful man, but many of them Lincoln probably never heard of or dreamed of. How he whipped a man full of fight and afterwards became friends is a sample. It is probably manufactured, but it could have been true and fits the character so well that we here reproduce it:

While showing goods to two or three women in Offut's store one day, a bully came in and began to talk in an offensive manner, using much profanity, and evidently wishing to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln leaned over the counter and begged him, as ladies were present, not to indulge in such talk. The bully retorted that the opportunity had come for which he had long sought, and he would like to see the man who could hinder him from saying anything he might choose to say. Lincoln, still cool, told him that if he would wait until the ladies retired he would hear what he had to say, and give him any satisfaction he desired.

As soon as the women were gone, the man became furious. Lincoln heard his boasts and his abuse for a time, and finding that he was not to be put off without a fight, said: "Well if you must be whipped, I suppose I may as well whip you as any man." This was just what the

bully had been seeking, he said, so out of doors they went, and Lincoln made short work with him. He threw him upon the ground, held him as if he had been a child, and gathering some "smart weed" which grew upon the spot, rubbed it into his face and eyes, until the fellow bellowed with pain. Lincoln did all this without a particle of danger, and when the job was finished, went immediately for water, washed his victim's face, and did everything he could to alleviate his distress. The upshot of the matter was that the man became his fast and life-long friend, and was a better man from that day. It was impossible then, and it always remained for Lincoln to cherish resentment or revenge.

Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which must command success.—Austin Phelps.

Living Under Christian, Not Mosaic Dispensation.

BY C. W. HUNT.

(Writer's Note—For fear that some one will say that I am criticising the Governor, let me say here before you read a line, that not a word is to be so construed, and he is mentioned here solely for the purpose of getting my facts in shape.)

My friend Mr. R. R. Clark, discussing the matter of an effort being made to do away with capital punishment and the nullification of the law through influence or the Governor of the state is a timely matter. We need to read such timely topics, and without crossfiring Mr. Clark in any way, I want to discuss this matter from the standpoint of one who occupies a middle ground, if such can be.

Little, if anything was doing toward abolishment of capital punishment, in the open, as I saw it, until the matter of J. T. Harris' life or death was brought to the public view, as it was by ex-Judge Frank Carter of Asheville; a bright man whose weakest point is going to an extreme. I do not quite know if I am utterly opposed to capital punishment; for there comes up ever and anon cases that are not entitled to even a trial, when we consider the grade of the crime, wrong though such a thought is: I thought I read unprejudiced and fairly all that passed in those days before Harris was executed, and all the leading papers of the state to the contrary, I never saw or felt that the Governor had been unduly "assaulted," and to call the hundreds and hundreds of good people who went to the trouble and expense to write the Governor a "Mob," was, I thought, unfair. I was not one of them, but would have been had I had made any move at all. This is what I understood made ex-Judge Carter appeal to the

people; he thought Governor, Morrison had made up his mind before he heard Carters case. My appeal to the Governor, had it been made, would have been based on just two things; insanity in Harris' family, and the division in the supreme court, where two wise and good men as the three said Harris had not had a fair trial. I believe in trying cases on the evidence as brought out, and not on sentiment; and there being two causes for doubt would have made me ask leniency from the Governor; further I feel sure that 75 per cent of those who asked leniency were actuated by what I have stated here. I am in no way trying to excuse Harris, but discussing a case that provoked a state wide discussion. Harris is dead, right or wrong. And, too, I do not feel that the men and women who asked leniency here represent those who may be working hard to do away with legal killing; nor do I see what they could possibly gain by trying to elevate to the judgeship a man opposed to legal execution, especially while the law , as it is, stands.

What is punishment for? To deter men from violating law, of course. But a very large majority of the killings are done in passion, a time when there is no time to contemplate punishment and its consequences. This reminds me of a conversation I had many years ago with the late Augustus Leazer, on a train from Charlotte to Greensboro, when he was superintendnt of the penitentiary at Raleigh. I asked the question, as to how and what class of prisoners were those there for killing? And was told that they gave less trouble as a rule than any others, saying so many of them had killed a fellow man in passion,, prior to which time they were respected citizens, still possessing, many of them, the instincts of gentlemen. Does any one claim that carrying out the old Mosaic law and slaying these men would have made the world or society any better?

The question that would weigh most with me, in making a decision as to whether I am ready to repeal the law is: has there been an increase in murderers in states that have done away with the death penalty? If there has not it is more than North Carolina can say.

Unfortunately have not the figures before me at this time. I have not said half there is to be said here, but this is long already.

We are living under the Christian dispensation, not under the old Mosaic, and Christ did not teach taking of human life by law or otherwise.

I may be a long way off the right line of thought, but the very fact that a lawyer appealing to the people to use influence to save the life of one who shot down a valuable man, when he was nothing to them, save a weak human being, shows one of two things; these people thought this man needed further attention before electrocuting him or the feeling that none should be killed, by law, has grown beyond the knowledge of the general public.

Several years ago there was a man shot on the streets of Charlotte. The jury found the man who did it was insane at the time, and he escaped death. I often see that man, and have talked with him about this, and I find that he is striving harder than

any one I ever saw to live exactly right. To use his own words, practically: "I have committed such a horrible crime, I feel that I must do all the good, in living, I can, so as to atone and get forgiveness for what I have done." None will say he is not an exemplary citizen; yet even the newspapers cried aloud for his life.

"When the farmer can't buy, the manufacturer can't sell and if the manufacturer can't sell, labor can't find employment, and if the farmer can't buy the manufacturer can't sell, the railroads can't make much hauling nothing both ways!"—William Jennings Bryan.

DISCUSSING WEATHER SIGNS.

BY R. R. CLARK

The 2d of February continues to attract notice as Ground Hog Day, although it is probable that very few people really believe that the character of the weather on that day is a forecast for the next 40 days. Even if the sign was dependable we are often at a loss to classify the day—whether foul or fair— for the reason that the weather is so often a mixture of sunshine and shadow on that day as on other days, and as nobody can say positively as to the time of the ground hog's appearing we may not know whether he saw his shadow or not.

The 2d of February, as most people know, is Candlemas Day in the Church calendar. Originally it is ascribed to heathen origin. The Romans, it is said, were in the habit of burning candles on that day to the goddess Februa, the mother of Mars. The lighted candles were supposed to have the effect of frightening the devil and all all evil spirits away from those who carried them and from the houses in which they were burned. Pope Sergius, so the story runs, feeling that it would be impossible to break up a practice of such long standing, turned to the use of the Church by enjoining a similar offering of candles to the Virgin Mary. Therefore in the Church calendar Candlemas Day is the feast of the purification of the Virgin Mary, when the child Jesus was presented in the Temple. When Simeon, whose life was spared until he had "seen the Lord's Christ," took the child in his arms and blessed Him, he announced his readiness to depart, "For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all thy people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." "A light to lighten the Gentiles" is believed to have given rise to the Church festival, which is celebrated in the Roman Catholic Church with many lighted candles, which are blessed for the service.

In Scotland Candlemas day is one of four term days appointed for the payment of interest, taxes, etc., the other three term days being Whitsunday,

Lammas and Martinmas. There is a tradition in most parts of Europe to the effect that the weather on Candlemas day forecasts the weather for the ensuing forty days. In Scotland the prognostication is expressed this way:

"If Candlemas is fair and clear,
There'll be two winters in the year."

Which means that winter will continue for a season. Another couplet has it that if Candlemas day be foul half the winter is gone at Yule; which means that the winter was half done at Christmas and the other half being finished at Candlemas, there will be but one winter instead of two supposed to be forecast by a fair Candlemas day.

Just where and when the ground hog, or woodchuck, got so mixed in with the Candlemas day weather forecast as to effectually obliterate the origin of theday, its purpose and even its name, Idon't know, but the ground hog sign is peculiar to some sections of the United States only. In Europe, where the observance of Candlemas day runs far back, they wouldn't know what meant by the ground hog sign and would probably resent it as irreverence toward sacred things. The theory of the groundhog sign is that the animal, having spent the winter in his den, comes out on this particular day, February 2nd, to see if the winter has passed; and that animal instinct tells him by the condition of the weather if the winter is or is not ended. If he sees his shadow in the sunshine he returns to his den and remains six weeks; if he doesn't see his shadow he stays out in the open, which signifies an early spring. Authorities say the groundhog hibernates, passing the winter in its burrow in a lethargic state; "going to its hibernation in late September and often coming out in March, before the cold and snow have ceased, when many starve or freeze to death." If that authority is correct it destroys the ground hog's reputation as a weather forecaster. It is noticed that he is said to come out in March instead of February 2, as popularly supposed, and that if he gets out before the cold weather passes he may freeze enough to go back to his winter home and stay until warm weather comes.

Ground hogs are common in the North Carolina mountain region and there be those familiar with their habits who say that they do not hibernate at all but come out frequently during the winter, especially on pleasant days. And as Mr. Dooley would say, "There ye are." I do not undertake to settle the dispute, but I make bold to suggest that the ground hog's habits may be governed by the climate in which he lives and moves. In the colder climates he may hibernate from late September until March; in the milder climates he may come out frequently during the winter.

But however that may be, there is nothing, so far as I know, to sustain the theory that he comes out on the 2nd of February and stays out or returns to his home as the condition of the weather may indicate. The ground hog sign, therefore, can't be recommended as a reliable weather forecast; but the idea that the weather on Candlemas day indicates whether winter is or is not over is probably as dependable as many other weather signs, which are not dependable at all in all seasons, for "all signs fail in dry

weather,'' you know. It can be said, however, that the wild creatures, or many of them, know by instinct, in many cases at least, as to the weather and prepare for it accordingly. The instinct of the wild creature would be more dependable, if he could publish it abroad, than many of the signs of the weather prophets. But sometimes the wild creatures may miss it and in our urban settlements, where we can't observe their habits, it is safest to depend on weather bureau forecasts.

There are few people who would have attained a higher greatness under the handicaps which Lincoln experienced. He did not complain of his lot.

THINGS I LEARNED WHEN A FARM BOY.

BY C. W. HUNT.

Number X—Many Small Things.

Having finished the subjects I promised to write about there has appeared, as I wrote, a number of interesting small things; not large enough for a chapter, yet, many of them, as interesting as anything that has been mentioned. Such being true, I am about to write a number composed of a great variety, making almost, if not quite as interesting a chapter as any that have gone before.

RED-ANTS:—On the sunny pasture hill side we located a Red-Ant hill, that was not for a year, but for many years, in mid summer, an interesting place, as we watched these red ants bring all manner of insects they had captured far from the ant hole. Sometimes singly, sometimes as many as six pulling and tugging at the same worm or bug they had found, and all went the same way, down that hole. We wanted mighty bad to see inside, but had gumption enough to know we would not be able to restore the house as they had made, had we dug in. For hours at a time we have searched for bugs of all kinds, grass-hoppers and such, which we placed in reach of the ant hill and saw the ants tackle anything from a toad down. If too strong for them, then we turned the bug down the hole, which would soon come back dragging all the ants that could get hold. But if unable to drag them out it stayed in. It was hard on the frog, but we often held a toad on the ant hill until covered with biting ants; then free it, and with about two swipes of its hind legs there would not be an ant on it. If we caught a terrapin and wanted to save its pretty shell we only had to kill it and place it by the ant hill, and in a few days there would not be a particle of the meat there, the shell clean and white inside.

COW-KILLER:—This belongs to the stinging ant family, in fact in an ant almost as large as a cricket, as hard as soft wood; grows to an inch in length, is red and brown and has a stinger as long as it is, in fact a three

pronged stinger. What named it "cow-killer" we never knew, we got the name from tradition. We had a desire to make them sting something to see if the thing lived, but we never were able to get a subject when we had the cow-killer. We were told its sting would kill a cow, and while we took chances on being stung, handling it with sticks and such, we never allowed one to escape.

TICKS:—As far back as I can remember there were ticks to bite everything that walked the earth. All cattle ran on the "commons," that is you had to fence your fields and every body's cow went where they desired, even breaking down your fences. And it was a common thing to find cattle running at large covered with ticks so you could take a knife and scrape them off by the thousand? They stunted young cows and made old ones poor. As they filled with blood and become the size of a grain of corn, they fell off and from them came the "seed-tick", an infantismal tick, that crawled up on the grass and got on to any thing it could. Nothing was more irritating to the flesh than a lot of seed ticks; and if you got one you would likely get fifty. They were worse than chiggers.

KING-HORNET:—There was a stinging insect we called the king-hornet, though it was as large as ten hornets; propagated itself on the order of the ground dirt-dauber by catching the "jar-fly", killing it by the sting then leaving it alone. No doubt it put the egg in at time it stung the fly. We handled a few of them, and they had a sting about equal to the "cow-killer".

HORNETS:—The hornet furnished many lively tilts with the boys. Most of my readers know a hornet's nest, built somewhat in shape of an acorn, and in size up to a foot in diameter, made from wood fibre like the wasp and yellow jacket use. They are useful in catching house flies, but will always sting if troubled at the nest or if they happen to hit you about the face when chasing flies. We always broke them up if we had to burn them at night.

YELLOW-JACKET:—is in same class as the hornet, builds in the ground, makes a nest like the wasp for rearing the young, and are the worst of all the small stingers; and fight till all are killed. We so often found them where we wanted to plow. They would sting the horses, making them unmanagable. As small boys we have fought a large yellow-jacket nest a whole summer. They were fond of fruit and would come to a cider mill from all directions. Not satisfied with one sting, they keep on stinging as long as in contact.

BUMBLE-BEE:—Most boys who read this will need no introduction to this insect; for most of them are already acquainted with it. They were as mean a thing as we ever came upon in a nest; and they, too, we always found where work had to be done, and could not be done until we killed them. After all at home were fixed, then we had to fight those away from home as they returned, and found us about the place we had robbed them of. They lay up a little honey for winter.

TADPOLES:—They are an embryo frog. They are an amusing thing. The small black tadpoles are the offspring of the toad which, while a dry

land reptile cannot raise its young except in water, and they hatch into small black tadpoles by the thousands, in stagnant water, preferably, and will turn to a small frog the first season. A single heavy rain will destroy all the hatch by washing them away as trash. The large gray tadpole of running water is the offspring of the bull-frog of the mill ponds and swamps. We never quite knew how long they are in the transformation, but they get quite large and have both four legs and a tail; but sometime they drop the tail and learn to swim with legs instead of tail as does the fish, and then to jump.

SNAPPING-TURTLE:—This was a water reptile that was prized by most old people as food, and is said to have flesh like pork, beef, chicken. They grew to 12 inches across the shell and were found in ponds and creeks. They come on land to lay eggs, making a small hole in the ground with a hind foot then tunneling a large opening slightly under the small hole where the foot is inserted and the dirt scraped out. In this they lay an egg without shell, in number according to size of the layer, placing them in a circle or circles until the nest is full. This is covered and the sun does the rest. Once I found a nest that had hatched, and tracked the young ones in the sand to where they went into the water, and found a number about the size of a man's thumb nail. Later I found one in the act of making a nest and laying.

TERRAPINS:—These are both land and water reptiles. The water terrapin resembles the snapping turtle, but will not fight like the turtle, which is dangerous. They have habits like the turtle, and raise the same way. The highland terrapin is strictly a dry land reptile and like its half brothers the turtle and the water terrapin lays eggs and hatches them in the sun. They are one of the few things that has a shell that opens and closes so no ordinary enemy can hurt it. They are everywhere, and have been known to live fifty years, by marking them. I once saw one digging a hole for a nest with a hind leg, but quit on being discovered.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—Garfield.

IN MICA PRODUCTION

(B. G. Leiper in the Asheville Citizen)

Whether you operate your automobile or your electric iron, stove or heater play your phonograph or stoke your parlor stove, decorate your Christmas tree with imitation snow or put down a composition roof upon your home, you are using things in the making of which some form of mica was likely used.

And when it is realized that in the mining of mica throughout the United States, North Carolina has long taken the lead, producing in the western section four-fifths of the entire domestic output, one begins to realize how important a home industry is that which collects from upward of 500 scattered mines this valueble, glittering mineral.

The story of the mica industry in this territory, while it begins principally in the counties of Avery, Mitchell, Yancey, Haywood, Jackson and Macon, is linked especally to Asheville because of the locetion in this section of the Asheville Mica Company, handling such a large portion of the valuable mica crop of Appalachia. There are also manufacturing plants of smaller size in Avery and Mitchell counties. While mica deposits are said to lie fairly deep in Buncombe and are therefore commercially less favorable, there are now mining operations getting out mica near Candler and Swannanoa.

Vast Mica Desposits in Mountains.

The mica deposits of this section extend in a belt 75 miles wide, approximately, and 150 miles long. Sheet mica of commercial value is found only in certain dike rocks, known technically as pegmatites. The predominating commercial variety of western North Carolina, and of the entire United States in fact, is muscovite, obtained only from the quartz-feldspar pegmatite dikes. And while mica is one of the commonest minerals, there are only a few regions where the earth's crust seems to have been specially stable, geologists point out, so as to withstand the folding and faulting earth movements for long periods of geologic time. Among the few places where such resisting formations occurred in the American piedmont, abutting against the Appalachian mountains.

Since money talks, a definite idea of what the vast mica desposits mean to the mountains dwellers of Appalachia may be gained when it is learned that productions grew from a value of $256,549 in 1912 to $473,380 in 1918, at which time the nearest competitor, the State of New Hampshire, produced mica valued at $113,240, or less than one-fourth the North Carolina output.

Notable Increase in Production.

Of the Old North State output the latest compiled U. S. geological report asserts: "North Carolina produced in 1918 the largest quantity of sheet mica since 1913. Although the quantity was 46 per cent greater than in 1917, its value was somewhat less owing in part to the large quan-

tity of punch mica mined in 1918. The increase in production for the State is a notable one." The same report shows in that year a falling off for New Hampshire, but a decided gain for Georgia. Other States producing commercial mica are listed in order of output as Virginia, South Dakota and Alabama, all other States of the Union combined producing but 6 per cent of the domestic output.

Although the 1920 report of the geological bureau has not yet been compiled, local authorities upon the mica industry estimate the total western North Carolina output for that year at 540 tons of sheet, valued at $410,000, and 3,000 tons of scrap, valued at $90,000, or a total value of $500,000, which is a decided gain even over the 1918 totals. This is regarded with particular favor, since the 1918 figures take into consideration the abnormal demand for mica products brought about by the war industries for various types.

Foreign Competition Is Enormous.

The total production of the United States for 1920 is estimated as worth $714,000, against the foreign production of $3,574,000 imported within that year, giving a total consumption in this country of mica valued at over $4,000,000, of which domestic mines supplied but 16.1 per cent.

But while a preference was formerly expressed by the trade for much of the foregin mica, by reason of the extra trimming given it at the hands of cheap labor, it is interesting to note how more and more the fact is coming to be recognized that the North Carolina mica, as well as some produced in other States of the Union, is of similar high quality.

While 75 per cent of the sheet mica produced here is of relatively small sizes, it is equally true that 75 per cent of the consumption runs that way and that the same percentage in small sizes holds true of production the world over. India and South America are the great producers of mica, being able to put their produce upon the American market in a large assortment of classifications and grades, carefully knife-trimmed, by reason of the cheap labor obtained in those countries.

Principal Use For Insulation.

The uses to which mica is put in the sheet form are many and varied, but the principal demand for sheet mica comes from the makers of electrical supplies in which insulation is required. This accounts for fully 86 per cent of the entire output of the world, and since no satisfactory substitutes have ever been found for such insulation, and since high voltage equipment is being installed with ever increasing demand for such insulation, the geological survey of the nation holds the belief that no producer of sheet mica need fear a lessening in the market for his wares.

The history of the uses of mica runs well back into antiquity. The name comes from the Latin word for "particle" or "crumb," probably influenced also by the verb "micare," meaning to gleam or shimmer, a property for which mica is well known, as all who walk upon the face of Appalachia can testify. The Romans used sheets of mica

for mirrors. The Indians have long used it for decorative purposes and for a fancied medicinal property. The mound builders in Ohio have left behind in their unusual works samples of mica used for decorations.

Throughout the mountains, too, mica has had various local uses, ranging from window lights in days when the commercial value was not so well known to the adorment of picture frames with rounded scallops in dust-catching patterns and covering of mementoes upon silk, ornamented with fancy needlework about the edges.

In a comparison of properties, the North Carolina green mica, as it is often called, is considered the hardest produced in the world, while the ambler or phologopite mica of Canada takes rank as the softest found. Hence, the manufacturer of stove "isinglass," as many term it, finds the local variety particularly adapted to this commercial use.

I feel about a nation as we feel about a man; let him not say anything he cannot make good, and having said it, let him make it good.—Teddy Roosevelt.

WHAT IS YOUR INVESTMENT?

(Contributed)

"Save, save, save," sometime becomes a family slogan, and at times the word and its every synonym are overworked, because the idea of economy is studied and practiced until the victims become penurious and reach that frame of mind that wherein a dollar is saved to the detriment of a human soul. This is a rather hard theme because it is difficult to maintain a happy medium, and to understand the essential expenditures as well as the necessity of teaching frugality.

Recently I was in a country church —in a community where first-class schools for generations had been enjoyed—and the preacher's theme on that special occasion was "Education". In his own peculiar and rather pleasing nasal tone, he earnestly exclaimed, "brethern and sisters, don't hold your dollars until they become rusty with age but use them ingiving your children the best advantages; and if you have no child of your own, help some worthy boy or girl, who is hungering and craving for an education." This preacher was most eloquent in his earnestness and sincerity, and if I had been in a Methodist church possibly I would have heard numerous "amens" for the congregation was deeply interested It is true that the best manner of investment of God's talents given us is to spend them for the training of those made in His image—for the duties and privileges of this life and for the glory of the hereafter.

Notwithstanding the outstanding educational advantages enjoyed by this community, there were some who refused the blessing. I have heard of

one family in particular, a family that had a good birth behind it, with good property and a fair income; but they say there was something lopsided in the management of the home. The boys, fine specimen physically, were made to work like beasts with the hope of gaining more, leaving no time forself and mental improvements and thought that lead on to the inspiration for purer and better lives. These boys, now men, have become (to use as gentle language as possilbe in a description) a brazen offense to decent society, and, instead of occupying the social position their blood would warrant, they are classified with lawless element and are indeed social outcasts. This is a sin and a crime against humanity—perverting the human soul for gain rather than for the glory of Him in whose image creation was made.

I know of a case that is out of the ordinary. It is an oasis in the desert of ignorance and stinginess—it is the overcoming of a handicap and in spite of it. There was a young girl with an ambition to dedicate her life to a service of mankind. She had finished with credit to herself the local schools and simply made appeal for assistance for just one year in college. Her wish was denied for the money on hand to be used for "busi- tion in this instance was sacrificed ness," and thus the most vital ques- for business aggrandizement. The goal of this young woman's ambition was for a finished education, perfer- able to the flippant finery. Th aid could have been given,, for a small estate remains today in tact and so far no one has been the beneficiary of a single return. But it is pleasing to know that this girl, undaunted in her heroic purposes, went boldly to her mission to blaze her own way—in the wake of her travels and her efforts she has given inspiration, a hope and an ideal to many a blighted youth.

Economy for the sake of saying "I OWN" is the very worst form of penurinousness—it is hoarding—it is sin—it is crime. If you yourself can- not make up your mind to give a life of service, then give of your worldly goods so that someone can be your PROXY.

Live and feel that you may assist some one with their troubles; hope and believe you can and you will.

NIGGER AND NEGRO

Heywood Broun, literary critic of the New York World, in his daily column of chat recently had the following paragraphs:

Carl Sandburg expressed himself about something yesterday which we had been turning over in our mind. He thinks that one of the necessary steps in the progress of the American negro is for him to accept the word "nigger" and make it his own.

To be sure, the word had its origin in contempt, but acceptance itself would serve to rob "nigger" of all sting. Some such process has gone

on in connection with "Yankee" and no Confederate soldier minded being called a "Reb" after he himself had began to use it.

From the standpoint of language there is much to be said for "nigger." "Colored man" is hoplessly ornate and "negro" is tainted with ethnology. More than that, it is a literary word. "Nigger" is a live word. There is a ring to it like that of a true coin upon a payment. Nor are all the connotations of the word shameful to the negro race. Something of the terrific contribution of physical energy which the negro has made to America is inherent in the word "nigger." To our mind it brings up a vision of a man wrestling with great burderns and conquering them. Blood and sweat and tears have all combined to make "nigger" stark and, simple. Among namby-pamby words it looms like a great rock. It is basic but not base.

Mr. Broun errs in one important particular. The word "nigger" did not have its origin in contempt. On the contrary, it is perfectly good English, much better than the Hispanic "negro." According to Webster, it is the English adaptation of the French "negro" (with a grave accent over the first "e",) which itself came from the Spanish-Portuguese "negro," which in turn, was derived from the Latin "niger." Thus while "nigger" has been taken into English embodied in English by having its spelling and pronunciation changed to conform to English rules, "negro" is still no more than a loan-word from the Spanish. Incidentally, it is much closer to the original Latin "niger" than is the Spanish "negro."

English writers of the best class used the word long before they had ever heard of "negro;" and English writers use it to this day much more frequently than Americans. In this country the violent prejudice of the blacks against the word has relegated it to the category of terms of contempt; but it is their hatred of it—an ill-founded hatred, it seems to us—that has made it contemptible. It was not so in the beginning. —Greensboro News.

Life At Central Hospital

Fred A. Old, in The Friend

The writer has had quite an intimate acquaintance with the Central Hospital for insane and Epileptics for the past 50 years. When a youngster he used to go there with legislative committees and perhaps knows the institution better than any other outsider. It has grown wonderfully. It was built for 300 patience, and now has over 1,400. It was for many years after its completion in 1856 the "North Carolina Insane Asylum." It is now being enlarged so it can accommodate many more patients. There are 1,150 insane and 200 epileptics. It receives the latter from all over the state; the insane from the eastern half of the state.

Many stories have been written about its farm, industrial plants, gardens, arts and crafts department, and various other features, but this one is to be about its church and Sunday school. Church services are regularly conducted every Sunday morning, in the assembly hall. Many people express surprise when they here of church services at such a hospital, but a fourth of the 1,150 insane patients are quite normal at times. These are the ones who attend the services. They manifest much intrest, sing well and enjoy the music and take an active and alert part in the services. Many of the patients are very familiar with the Bible and have memorized hymns.

It is interesting to know that men and women of all the walks in life among the patients attend these church services, which are conducted by the chaplin, or preacher in charge, Rev. Philip Schwartz, who is a young man of attractive personality and well read. He was until a few month ago assitant pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Canton Ohio, and before that time was connected with the Methodist church in Western North Carolina in the Centenary movement. He has had even four year's experience in Epworth League work in the western part of this state and is now the secretary of the Raleigh district of the Epworth League, being a memqer of Edenton Street church, Raleigh.

Many of the physicans, nurses and attendants are at these services; these of course being of great value in the work. Mrs. Kate Hays Fleming directs the music and the regular choir is composed of nurses. Mrs. Fleming is an accomplished pianist and conductor and the patients are very fond of her. The singing is hearty and among the patients there are some good voices. Among the patients who regularly attend these services are a former Methodist presiding elder and ex-captain of the United States Army. It is really a splendid congregation and demands the best thought and expression a preacher can give.

Every Sunday afternoon there is Sunday school for the inmates. This is not only attended by the patients but by a number of nurses and attendants. It is conducted by Dr. Thomas M. Jordan. of the hospital staff, who is now in charge of the epileptic colonies. Dr. Jordan makes the Sunday school work very interesting and gives a concise exposition of the leading features of the lesson for the day. The singing is a feature aiso. The service does not differ from that in the ordinary Sunday school. Neither at this or at the church services is there anything to dffierentiate the audiencs from those in the ordinary world. Excellent manners, close attendance an participation in the work are all illustrated.

On a recent Sunday afternoon Dr Jordan invited the Sunday school to march to the front of the main building, near the great portico of the entrance, and there the members were photographed on a terrace. One of the inmates, a Confederate veteran, widely known and popular, who has been in this hospital over 50 years, is in the group thus pictured. He is found of the Sunday school and has a perfect score in point of attendance.

The Boy Who Couldn't Help It

By Emma Mauritz Larson

He was an American lad, born in New Orleans this Johnny Audubon, though his father was from France and took his son to that country early in his life. Father Audubon had made his fortune in America, but became in France a naval man, and he had a fine idea in his head for his son. "Johnny must study hard at Mathematics and such studies and be a soldier or sailor. Perhaps his name may even become famous," he said.

So when he returned home from a voyage and asked Johnny what he had been at, he wasn't much pleased that the boy had been wandering around the country, collecting eggs and nests of every sort of bird and filling the house with plants and mosses and stones. "It is rather a good collection for a boy," he had to admit, "but we shall see---."

"I'm afraid Johnny conldn't help it," said his stepmother. "It seems just bo n in him."

But t. ld seaman carried his son away fro. ome the next dayt taking him to Nantes, where he had his own h dquarters, a four days' journey, and during all that time he said hardly a word to Johnny. When they reached the town he turned the boy over to strict masters, and he had a hard year indeed at difficult military subjects. But somehow or other, Johnny Audubon escaped for a few minutes each day to the woods or fields and found his friends the birds as thick as they had been around his home town. He began to draw their pictures, and before long he had two hundred drawings made. He couldn't seem to help it. He thought of birds by day, and dreamed of them by night, and when his drawing master set plaster cats for him to copy the drawing on his sheet was as likely as not to turn ont a bird instead.

When his father appeared again, he said, "you seem to be hopeless for a soldier. You will never make our name famous. Perhaps you can manage my farm and mi l in Amerıca." So the young man came to Pennsylvania and found Mill Grove a "blessed spot," where he could hunt and fish and draw beasts and birds all day long. The place yielded enough for him to live on and there seemed no reason why he shouldn't be happy with so much leisure for the things he couldn't help doing. He filled this country house with a collection of wild life, and though he was so new to America he got a great idea in his head. "I will be the first great naturalist of America, and draw and paint all the birds of America."

It was a big idea, and he had a real start when he came to know his nearest neighbors and to love their daughter. He was living simply as to diet, as he tells us in his diary, on fruit and vegetables and fish, and though he loved handsome clothes his income was enough for him to get what he needed. But when he wanted to marry Lucy Bakewell her father suggested that a business-man son-in-law would suit

him better than one who just studied and drew birds.

So John Audubon tried again to be like other lads and went to New York to work in a counting house. In his extra time he couldn't help hunting in this new state for bird life and his room was filled with bird skins drying for his stuffing. The neighbors objected to the odor and sent a pliceman in to complain. So John Audubon left his irksome job at the counting house, and went back to Mill Grove, where "a man could do simple natural things like stuffing a hundred birds without the neighbors objecting."

"He couldn't help it," loyal Lucy Bakewell said, and persuaded her father to let her marry the young naturalist. In return for her faith in him John Audubon sold Mill Grove farm and invested all the money in goods, moving west to the new country of Kentucky. "I will be a storekeeeer and make plenty of money for my family-- and once in a while I will go hunting birds and draw them and paint them," he said.

They travelled down the Ohio in a flat-bottomed boat that they called an ark. It moved so slowly that it took twelve days to get to Louisville, but they were wonderful days for the young man. The boat travlled slowly enough to let him see bright-colored birds on the shore, and he was eager to draw each new one. In the city of Louisville too, he was very happy, for he could sometimes leave his store with a partner and go far and wide on hunting and fishing trips.

One day an odd thing happened. The naturalist Wilson came into the shop trying to sell a copy of his own book of bird drawings. When he had showed the to Audubon that young man mentioned that he had done a thing or two along that line himself and the older bird man was greatly astonished at the drawings the young man from France had made. It came as a surprise too to Audubon that his great idea of drawing all the birds of America was shared by another man.

But he decided that there was room for two bird-lovers and painters in the big country of America, and his wife encouraged him constantly. When the business went badly on account of war she offered to go back to her father's for a year with her baby son and leave Audubon free to find a better location to sell his goods and to go on with his bird work.

Strange times followed, money losses, hard journeys through all seasons to the edge of the wilderness, but Audubon met every bit of hardship with zest and interest because it gave him a new chance to know the out-of-doors. He camped with the Indians, and traveled by canoe or foot up and down the Mississippi, alway with his notebook in his pocket of his rough clothes and a scrap of paper to draw birds on.

His shoes wore out, and taking a mate whose boots were almost gone too, he found the shoemaker of a little town. "I will draw a portrait of you if you will make boots for my friend and me," he offered and the shoemaker accepted the offer. The old drawing master in France had done something for the boy Johnny in teaching him to draw well. After that there were many times when he got his next meal through drawing of faces. In New Orleans

he really set up as a portrain painter and made something of a success of it, so that he was able to bring his wife back to the south to live.

She helped valiantly, through many hard years, when Audubon tried to go on with his great work of drawing American birds, by teaching and tutoring.

The old father in France died, and even though his son had not followed his wish and there seemed little chance that the name of Audubon should ever be famous, he left John $17,000. But he arranged that his son must collect it personally from a merchant in Virginia, proving his identity first. The word travelled so slowly out to John in his wilderness travels that a year had elapsed before he knew of it and could start east. And just before he reached the merchant's town to claim his inheritance that gentleman died and his business partners claimed to have no knowledge of the sevnteen thousand dollars that would have enabled the young naturalist to go on with his work and be sure that his wife and two sons would not suffer want.

It was a piece of bad luck indeed, but Mr. and Mrs. Audubon turned back with the same old courage to their western home and travelled around on rude little arks gathern more information and drawings of Kentucky birds and coming to know all the other wild beasts like neighbors. Audubon drew them too, otters and racoons and deer, and later when he was in London trying to get his bird drawing published he drew many natural life picture of the wild animals of America and sold them to pay his way along.

He met Daniel Boone, the studry woodsman, saw him drive nailes in with bullet shots and snuff candles in the same way. And the bird artist proved to be no mean second to most of the shooters. If Mrs. Aubudon had little money to manage with she could always be sure that John would bring home a wild turkey or a duck or eveu a bear for their table. So the years of strnggle went on until the Audubons had gatherd enough money to take John to England. Here his enthusiam over his book was so great that he made friends who could help him raise the one hunderd thousand dollars necessary to pulish it.

The Royal Society recognized his work and before long "Birds of America" had made Johnny Audubon known over all the world. It wasn't in the way his father had dreamed of, but no military fame could be more enduring and no tash could be more worthwhile than this one of recording with drawing and biography the story of American bird life. He came back to America to wander from Main to Florida, up and down the whole land, finding in the woods the wild life too shy for most men to see, and putting it down on paper for all to see. And America is proud of the boy who "couldn't help doing it," who didn't abandon his big idea of drawing all the birds of America through years of opposition and learn years of little income.

High Sounding Words.

Mistakes in using words are often ludicrous. No misuse of them is so dangerous as that arising from a knowledge of the form of the word without a realization of its meaning. In the play called *The Rivals,* Sheridan has created a character whom he names Mrs. Malaprop. Here is one of her speeches;

Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to become a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes or such inflammatory branches of learning---neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. ---But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;-- and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; --but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; ---and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Measuring Time

The sun-dial was doubtless the earliest device for keeping time. The clepsydra was afterward employed. This consisted of a vessel containing water, which slowly escaped into a dish below, in which was a float that by its height indicated the lapse of time. King Alfred used candles of a uniform size, six of which lasted a day. The first clock erected in England, about 1288, was considered of such importance that a high official was appointed to take charge of it. The clocks of the middle ages were extremely elaborate. They indicated the motion of the heavenly bodies; birds came out and sang songs, cocks crowed, and trumpeters blew their horns; chimes of bells were sonuded, and processions of dignitaries and military officers, in fantastic dress, marched in front of the dial and gravely announced the time of day. Watches were made in Nuremburg in the fifteenth century. They were styled Nuremburg eggs. Many were as small as the watches of the present day, while others were as large as a dessert plate.

They had no minute or second hand, and required winding twice per day. How different they were from the present-day luxuriant time keeper!

THE OTHER FELLOW

By William Hawley Smith.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in every one of us there are two persons. First, there is yourself, and then there is the Other Fellow! Now, one of thse is all the time doing things, and the other sits inside and tells what he thinks about the performance. Thus, I do so-and-so; but the Other Fellow sits in judgment on me all the time.

I may tell a lie, and do it so cleverly that the people may think that I have done or said a great or good thing; and they may shout my praises far and wide. But the Other Fellow sits inside, and says, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!" I tell him to shut up, to hear what the people say about me; but he only continues to repeat over and over again' "You lie! you lie! You're a sneak, and you know it!"

Or, again, I may do a really noble deed, but perhaps be misunderstood by the public, who may persecute me and say all manner of evil against me, falsely; but the Other Fellow will sit inside and say, "Never mind, old boy! It's all right! stand by!"

And I would rather hear the "well done" of the Other Fellow than the shouts of praise of the whole world; while I would a thousand times rather that the people should shout and hiss themselves hoarse with rage and envy, than that the Other Fellow should sit inside and say, "You lie! you lie! You're a sneak, and you know it!"

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Instead of going to school, Mr. Johnson's room cleaned and oiled up the floors, woodwork etc., of the school last Saturday.

The boys are glad to see new boys arrive at the school fast, as they are now. It means more boys to the right path transformed.

Mr. Fisher is planning to have a printers apron made for each of the boys so as to keep their clothes clean of the ink, dirt etc.

Every Wednesday, parents and relatives visit the boys. Wednesday brought visits to the following boys: Marion Butler, Hubert Orr and Thomas Moore.

After several weeks suspension of work on the well, Mr. J. T. Ankers has returned from a visit home and has resumed work on the well. The depth of 232 feet has been reached. This is a fine report.

Rev. Mr. Myers, keeping his

promise of bringing a message to the boys every first Sunday, came out Sunday and preached an inspiring sermon, which the boys enjoyed very much.

A long felt need in the Printing Office has materialized---a file cabinet. All THE UPLIFTS that are left are stored away in this cabinet over. When an UPLIFT is wanted, all of them won't have to be torn up. This cabinet will be a convenience to the Printing Office.

THE UPLIFT Printers are now getting out two jobs --one for Mr. W. J. Swink, of China Grove and the other is the rules and regulations for the Jackson Training School. Mr. Swinks job is "The Much Abused Boy," which was in the last week's issue of THE UPLIFT. The boys at the school derived much pleasure from reading this selection.

Monday night when the seventh cottage was opened, the bakery was also opened. On this day it baked one thousand rolls. These were distributed to the various cottages. Visitors at this school remark upon the beauty and the magnificent view of the school. Such meals as these make the bulk of Arvil Absher and when they see him their remarks are changed to: "What a healthy place this must be."

Supt. Boger was hailed Monday with a happy cheer by the boys when marching to the tree---A place where the lines meet and change sections. They knew on this day that the 7th cottage doors would be thrown open, and that thirty more boys would change their way of living. Four boys were taken out of each cottage, making the total of 24. They are taken there to show the new boys how to act, live and prosper.

It seems as if prosperity is hard to be kept away from the Training School. Not as if we wanted it away from the school, but if we didn't desire it, it would be hard to keep down. We have opened seven cottages (the seventh having been opened this week) and have a backery in operation, it having been opened this week, also. As a celebration of its opening it baked one thousand rolls, and each boy received five of them at supper Monday night.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Harry Ward, James Honeycutt, Henry Faucett, Fred Blue, John Moose, Vass Fields, Lonnie Walker, Ervin Cumbo, Jake Willard, Sylvester Sims, James Watts, Harry Reece, Jack Frazier, Thomas Oglesby, Luther Grant, Murphy Jones, Walter Taylor, Raymond Scott, Carlton Hagger, Paul Kimmery, Thomas Moore, Jack O'Neil, Alvin Cook, Lee Bradley, Moses Fasnacht, Crawford Poplin, Nomie Williams, Chester Shepherd, Robert Holland, E. Carlton, Eunice Byers, Walter Mills, Ernest Carver, Charlie Stone, George McMahan Grover Cook, Awtry Wilkerson, Dick Johnson, Johnie Branch, Charlie Jackson, Clebourne Hale, N. McNeil, Avery Roberts, Roy Cudill.

"B"

Sam Dixon, John Hill, Sanford Hedrick, Connie Loman, William

Wilson, Edward Clever, Robert Watson, John Hughs, Malcolm Hollman, Bertram Hart, Floyd Huggins, Swift Davis, Doyle Jackson, William Evans, Allie Williams, William Gregory, John Wright, Anderson Hart, Ernest Jordan, Rufus Wrenn, Charlie Bishop, Dohme Manning, and Steve Mercer.

Guard Against Impurity

It these days when a large percentage of the moving pictures are suggestive of immorality and even make heroes and heroines of those who lack in virture, we need to lay much emphasis on the instruction concerning purity of body and soul. The secular press is full of questionable stories and of sensational accounts of divorces and domestic scandals. The youth of this age are thus led to look slightingly on the sacredness of the marriage vow and to assume an indifferent attitude toward the daily evidences of loose morals and the growth of social vices. There is reason for all, especially the young, to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Avoid evil company, obscene books, pass the door of the moving picture show which makes a mockery of marriage and encourage the the moral lexness of the age.---Selected.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

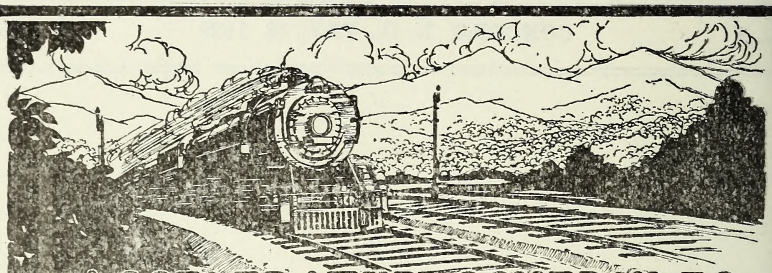
VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., FEB. 18, 1922 NO. 15

Get the Good Habit

Knocking is a habit, and it is one so easily acquired. I believe with a determination to think good things about your neighbors and acquaintances and friends, you will find yourself saying clever things—"for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh." When you find yourself searching out for defects in your friends and acquaintances simply "presto change" and look for some outstanding good charactsristic or virtue and comment about these. You will feel better, for there is some good in the worst of us, and some bad in the best of us and it does not behoove any of us to talk about the rest of us.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar	5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Ast of March 3, 1879.

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.—George Washington, Sept. 17, 1796.

WHAT THINK YOU?

The boys of the Printing Class join the management and the editor in the belief that this number of THE UPLIFT will prove of unusual interest to our readers, who are gratifyingly increasing every week. No little care and effort are exercised in the planning of each number, to the end that choice literature, pieces pointing to a moral, and others calculated to inspire hope and aspiration, ever eschewing that which smacks of immoral deeds, the back alleys and murder, may fill its columns.

This number is almost entirely George Washington, the anniversary of whose birth will be observed on the 22ond by all, in their own individual ways. If anything is eternally fixed in history---that which is mortal---it is the fact that George Washington is the truly outstanding figure in American annals. We are proud, therefore, to have in addition to our own matter, including the pictorial part, contributions from well-posted and patriotic individuals, who give pleasing touches to the local history concerning Washington.

After all, the history of a town, a section, a state and a nation---that which we best remember and find most engaging---is the history, personal and collective, of men and women, who accomplish things, establish a

truth, render worthwile service and make the world better by having lived in it. If this be so, the more we hold up the example of brave, courageous men and women with right ideals, the greater will be the incentive to right action and right living.

It is hoped that our readers will enjoy this number in that measure that characterized its making. Fortunate is that people that have so many subjects to whom it may point with pride, and keep green their memories and their worthy deeds.

* * * * * * * * *

INTELLIGENCE IN SPOTS.

The acceptance by Mrs. T. W. Bickett of the position of Head of the Educational Section of the New Maternity Bureau, made possible by the passage of the Sheppard-Towner bill will carry delight to the hearts of North Carolinians. The selection of Mrs. Bickett, a godly and unselfish woman, of superb ability and engaging personality, is a most happy one.

Ten thousand babies died last year in North Carolina before they were a year old, because of lack of intelligent care of the mothers before they were born, and to neglect at the time of birth. Special effort will be made to teach that class of mothers who pass through the twilight zone without medical advice. It is largely in this class of mothers that the infant mortality rates in North Carolina mount to such staggering totals.

The battle against this ignorance has been going on in a number of counties with splendid results. In Cabarrus a fine field and a most capable and efficient nurse have met. Arrangements for the continuance of this noble work in the county are making. The broad-minded forward-looking county commissioners have appropriated five hundred, and the equally progressive Board of Aldermen of Concord have appropriated five hundred dollars to the fund; and the County Board of Education whose schools today and in the future will largely profit by the wise influence and intelligent services of the county nurse, have been requested to make a similar appropriation. What will this board do? Their treatment of the cause will decide its fate.

They have the broad powers to do so, and a moral obligation makes it a duty. No law specifically authorizes the purchase of stamps, little office appliances, and personal services by name, yet these be necessary; and wise men always exercise their rights in such matters without hesitation. Then, why expect a law already flexible enough for wise and progressive acts, to specifically mention this particular cause, which must prove as serviceable to the cause of education today and in the future as any one individual act.

Will the Board of Education, exercising a prerogative that certainly lies with it, give the people a stone when it is crying for bread? This, in the light that is breaking all about us, is no time for any "passing of the buck."

* * * * * * * * *

"PASSING THE BUCK."

House on fire---no sensible man will stand back for orders before he throws a bucket of water; a person is drowning in a mill pond---refuse effort of rescue until the permission of the owner of the mill-pond is had to enter on the premises; death and ignorance stalking all about, and even weaving a coil around those yet unborn---an organized authority with ample power and unquestionable reasons to lend a helping hand, even if unmindful of a reciprocal service, "passes the buck" to a stranger and an outsider, who is lacking in every qualification to see the local setting. But life is made up of just such akward kinks, shadows and indecisions.

* * * * * * * * *

The Washington Conference is over. One has to be obsessed with an abundance of optimism to see any permanent good growing out of it. It puts out of business thousands of workmen in the navy yards, stops construction on war vessels. But when the war-like nations that go about with a chip on the shoulder have had time to catch their breath, the accomplishments of the Washington Conference will not amount to a last year's bird nest in preventing war. What is to prevent the scores of other nations not in this conference from a little secret conference of their own? Some of these days the necessity of the League of Nations will appeal even to the doubting Thomases.

* * * * * * * * *

Dr. Henry A. Cotton, a former North Carolinian, now superintendent of the New Jersey Hospital for the Insane, made an address at Dix Hill, in Raleigh, in which he declares that "surgery is a cure for most insane." Dr. Cotton startled the physicians present with the statement that the record in his institution showed a cure of ninety out of a hundred during the first year after the introduction of his methods. Insanity, he claims, is not hereditary, but due to some physical defect at some point in the body, most often in the teeth, less often in the tonsils and sometimes in the intestines. We have just begun to find out things.

* * * * * * * * *

Recently several prominent and reputable physicians have been hailed in-

to the Federal Court for an alleged violation of the narcotic law. The testimony against them was so miserably flimsy, that the presiding judge took the occasion to say some very pointed things to the officers who compassed the arrests. There is enough to do in running down the old gray rats that are making a foot-pad of the prohibition law and those who are ignoring out-and-out the narcotic law, without offering insults to reputable men and upright physicians. Judge Connor's remarks may tame the wild asses.

* * * * * * * *

News came out from Raleigh last week that State Treasurer Ben Lacy was critically ill. It disturbed the people. Happily for the great service he is performing for the state and for his friends, Mr. Lacy rallied and is recovering. There is possibly no greater sufferer, and yet always strenuously engaged, than the earnest little man that fills this important office.

* * * * * * * *

"Half the human race is without physicians and rotting with disease. There are 3,000,000 people ill all the time in the United States, half of whom don't need to be." This is the comment of the Commissioner of Labor and Industry of Pennsylvania, and he's a phyiscian. The old villian, ignorance, collects annually a fearful toll.

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH

An old laborer, bent double with age and toil, was gathering sticks in a forest. At last he grew so tired and hopeless that he threw down the bundle of sticks, and cried out: "I cannot bear this life any longer. Ah, I wish Death would only come and take me."

As he spoke, Death, a grisly skeleton, appeared and said to him: "What wouldest thou, Mortal? I heard thee call me." "Please sir," replied the woodcutter, "would you kindly help me to lift this faggot of sticks on to my shoulder?"

'WE WOULD OFTEN BE SORRY IF OUR WISHES WERE GRATIFIED."

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

JOE H. FREELAND: For thirty or forty years prior to 1905 or 1907, Joe Freeland was a well known and respected citizen of Charlotte. He was a native of Alamance county, and went through four years of the war of secession with barely a scratch. With him, as mess mates, were G. W. Anthony and ex-sheriff J. H. Hamilton of Burlington and the late Armstrong Tate of Graham, who always said they belonged to "Jackson's foot calvary.'

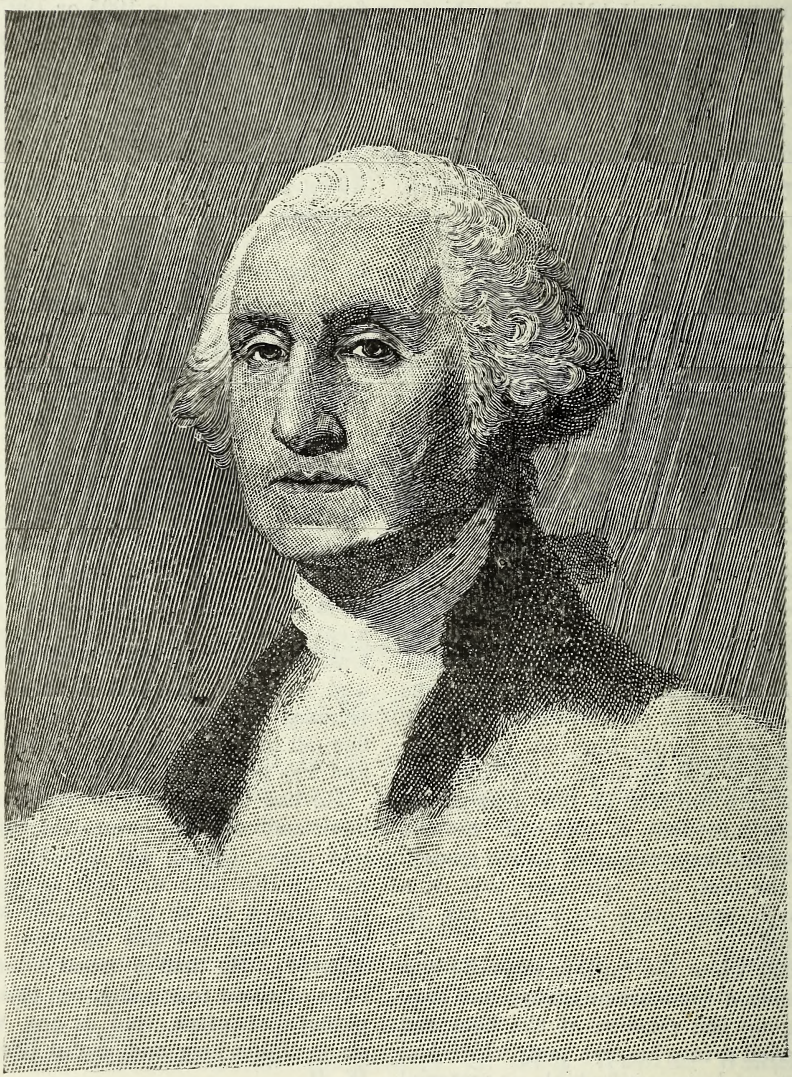
These four were boon companions. The writer has heard all of them talk separately and together of things that happened in those terrible days. Freeland developed the nack for getting something to eat if anything was "going" that resembled eatables, and no doubt his mates depended upon his resourcefulness when rations were slow, and that was often in the Confederate army. Aside from the afore mentioned ability to provide, Freeland was full of jokes, practical jokes, great on a tussle and playing pranks.

This being so he early won the dislike of his captain, who developed the habit of charging Joe with any devilment that might be done in the camp. Once it leaked out and reached the captain's ears that Freeland and his pals were living high on a country ham that had by some crook found its way into the tent of this quartet. To make sure that it was well hidden, they had kept it buried in the ground of the tent, and felt sure that if a search was made it would not be found.

But when the captain came he was prepared for most anything, and soon dug up the remains of the ham and carried it into his own tent, which had been made as comfortable as material would allow, even to a mud and stick chimney, a little higher than a man's head. Freeland was at many places he was never supposed to be, and knew full well many of the habits of the captain. On a bitter cold winter night, soon after being robbed of the ham, Freeland decided that it would be a good time to "even up" with the captain. After all was still in the camp, the men doing as best they could to keep warm, Freeland crept forth to the captain's house-tent: peering in, he saw the captain in bed, his feet from under the cover, toasting them by a bright fire, burning low. Like a cat after its prey, Freeland got him a stone about the size of a man's head and carefully dropped it down the chimney on the bed of coals, which flew all over the captain's naked feet and was gone like a flash.

He had barely time to get into his bunk and cover up before the captain was there, calling for Joe Freeland, who by this time was fast asleep (?) and proved by all three of his mates that he had not left the tent that night(?) He had a great store of tales of those four years, but this was perhaps as often told as any other story of his long and useful life.—C. W. H.

The D. A. R's will find a very engaging story, in which their organization plays a part, in "The Jumel House" appearing elsewhere in this number. Much history radiates from this house.



"THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

GEORGE WASHINTGON

One hundred and ninety years ago, on next Wednesday, occurred the birth of George Washington, whose life and services in the affairs of this continent make of him the greatest outstanding figure in American history.

It is fitting that each recurring anniversary of the "Father of his country" should be appropriately observed that the children of men, who are striving for wealth, social position and ascendancy, may know the true reasons why George Washington became the man he was, the leader he was, the statesman he became, and why he yet, ages afterward, is revered.

WASHINGTON CHRONOLOGY:

Born in Virginia February 22, 1732; on first surveying expedition March 1748; commissioned adjutant-general, with rank of major 1751; sails for the West Indies with his brother Lawrence Sept. 1751; commissioned lieutenant-colonel 1754; appointed aid-de-camp to General Braddock 1755; Braddock's defeat July 9, 1755; elected to the House of Burgesses 1758; marries Mrs Martha Custis January 6, 1759; member of the first Continental Congress 1774; member of the second Continental Congress 1775; appointed commander in-chief of the American armies June 15, 1775; takes command at Cambridge, July 3, 1775; Declaration of Independence July 4, 1776; battle of Long Island August 22, 1776; battle of Trenton Nov. 16, 1776; Flag adopted by Congress June 14, 1777; battle of Brandywine Sept. 10, 1777; battle of Germantown Oct. 4, 1777; Ratification of Treaty with France May 2, 1778; battle of Monmouth Court House June 28, 1778; arrival of French fleet July 1778; Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown October 19, 1781; takes leave of army Nov. 2, 1783; resigns his commission Dec. 23, 1783; presides at the Constitutional Convention 1787; Chosen first president of the United States 1789, inaugurated April 30, 1789; chosen for second term 1793; issues Farewell Address to the people of the United States Sept. 15, 1796; retires from presidency March 4, 1797; nominated Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States July 2, 1798, Dies Dec. 18, 1799.

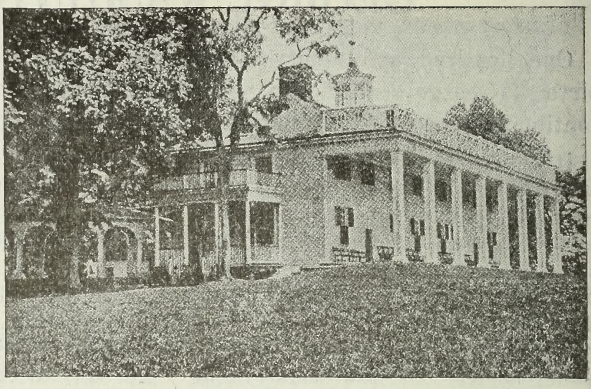
MOUNT VERNON.

It is memorable as the residence and the burial place of George Washington. It is on the right bank of the Potomac river, in Virginia, fifteen miles below Washington, and reached by boat or trolley. In 1858 the mansion and the surrounding property were saved from the auctioneer's hammer, and secured as a national possession. It is a beautiful spot, and perfectly kept.

A visit to Mt. Vernon, while an evidence of one's patriotic regard, provides in fact a great history in a nut-shell. There are many things there that Washington used and are preserved as he fixed them to suit his ideals of living in his day.

The tomb is guarded. The ebony black negro, whom we met there as the guard, lacks the politeness and the affability one is accustomed to find in the old-time negro. The

way he orders folks to take off their hats as they approach the tomb of Washington ---a very proper thing to do---smacks of the authority of a monarch and makes the old negro appear rather contemptible, jarring the solemnity of the occasion.



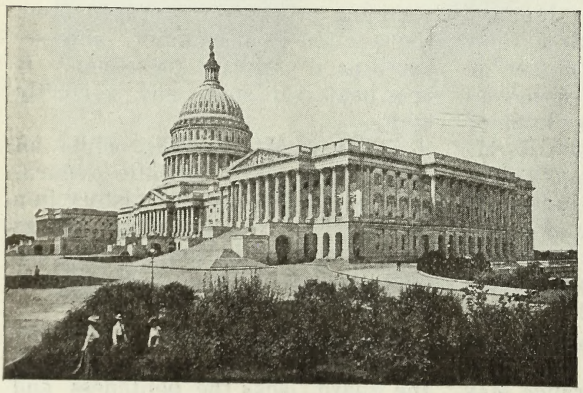
Mount Vernon.

CAPITAL BUILDING

Began to take shape during Washington's first term as president. The design of this most magnificent building is said to have been the suggestion of John Quincy Adams. The corner stone was laid 1793 during Washington's second term as president.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Notwithstanding the fact that the plan of a monument to General Washington was approved by Congress in the latter part of December, 1799, nothing was done in the matter until 1833, when an association of prominent persons undertook the raising of the needed funds by subscription, and on July 4th, 1848, had so far succeeded in their undertaking that the corner stone of a monument was laid, and during the succeeding eight years the shaft was carried to the height of 156 feet.



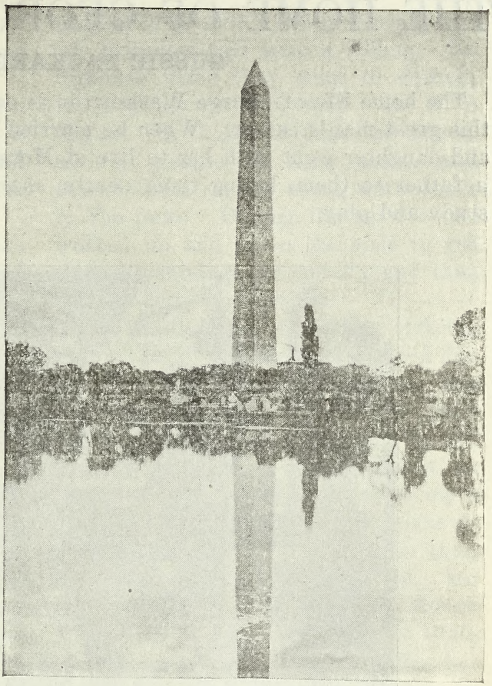
The Capital.

Work at this period ceased, because of the War Between the States and for other reasons. In 1876 Congress undertook the completion of the monument. It was completed August 9. 1884. The time consumed in carrying out this project of a memoral to the first president of the United States covered a period more than a long life.

The shaft is 555 feet high; including the fouudation it is 592 feet, and at the base is 55 feet, 1 1 2 inches square. The monument was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on February 22, 1885, just eighty-six years after the project was authorized. Its cost was about $1,500,000. Adminstrations go and administrations come, but this monument remains an eternal testimony of love and gratefulness of a great people to the "Father of his country."

Built of white marble, and standing in the cluster of a beautifuly kept park, this monument is an object of wonder and delight to the thousands, who annually visit it and go up to it's supremest height, either by the stairway or the elevators.

Approaching Washington this monument is the first of this grand city to greet the eye.

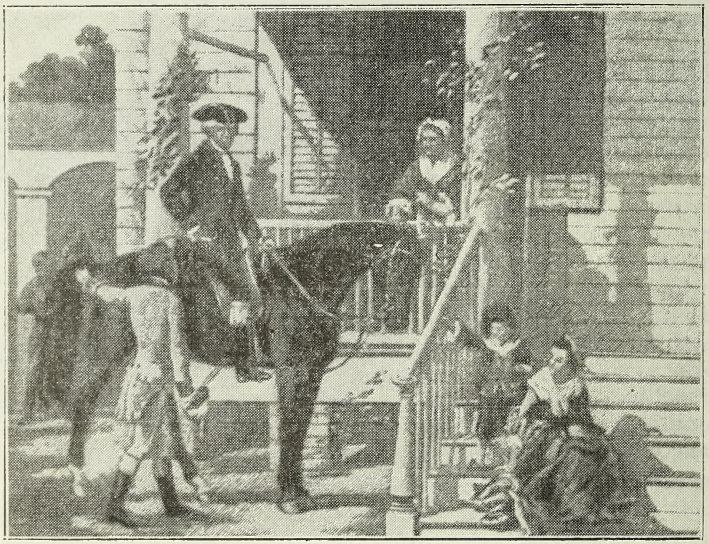


When one thinks of the unsullied career of George Washington as a soldier, a statesman, a patriot; when one reflects upon the antique virtues of the man, causing him to fall easily, as of right, into the company of the Alfreds and Godfreys and Leonidases, one is more inclined to cling to the ancient faith of an overruling Providence guiding the affairs of nations.—Dr. E. A. Alderman.

THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

GUSSIE PACKARD DuBOIS

The home life of George Washington is one of the most pleasant aspects of this great man's career. When he married Mrs. Martha Custis, her little son and daughter went with her to live at Mount Vernon. Washington was like a father to them, loving them dearly, sharing their troubles and joys, their study and play.



John Custis was six years old, and Washington soon taught him to love outdoor life. They rode miles together on horseback over the Virginia hills. The little boy learned to sit his horse well, for his stepfather was a splendid horseman. There were long canters or gallops, when they rode away to attend to some important business. Then there were the duties of a soldier to be learned, how to ride in line, wheel his horse and keep in place, ride erect, and halt or advance instantly at a word, as if horse and rider were one.

All this John enjoyed, but he liked best the long hunting trips, when the stately General was as good company as another boy would have been. General Washington taught his young companion how to set traps and snares, how to come up to the game softly that he might not frighten it away, and many other things that are of real interest to a boy.

In his pictures, the Farther of our Country always seems to us very grand and solemn; and so we love to think of him enjoying the company of this little boy. We feel better ac-

quainted with him than we do when we read only of his great deeds as General or as President.

Wasshington always kept a dairy, and one day he wrote in it: "Went a hunting with Jackey Curtis, and catched a fox after three hours, chase. Found it in the creek".

Martha Curtis was only four years old when her mother married General Washington. She was a very quiet, ladylike child, dressed like a little woman, her hair done up in rolls and trimmed with ornaments and feathers or ribbons. At that time, all the fine clothes had to be brought from England, and in a long list which General Washington ordered for Martha when she was six years old, we find frocks of lawn and of fine cambric, satin shoes, silver shoe-buckles, and a coat made of fashionable silk. We are glad to know that in the same list are two dolls, and a box of gingerbread, toys and sugar images.

In those days little girls were not given much education; so Martha never went to school, but studied with her mother, worked on her sampler, and practiced on the harpsichord.

Mount Vernon was a grand old plantation. There were wide grounds like great parks, planted with fruit trees and flowers. The house was filled with fine furniture and curiosities new to the children.There was a long gallery to play in on rainy days, and a high hill running down to the river, where they could race and run, or play in the water.

When the Washington family traveled, they went in a huge chariot drawn by four horses, and with postilions in livery. Little Martha was dressed in satins, and John wore silver shoe-buckles and a colored coat, and his hair was tied with a ribbon. On Sundays when they went to church, as they always did, they rode in a chaise. In those old days the sexton showed people to their seats, and locked them in, for there were doors to the pews. During the services he walked up and down the aisle to see that the children sat quietly and that their elders kept awake.

Martha died when she was sixteen, and not only her family mourned for her, but all the servants on the plantation used to weep when they spoke of her, for she was loved by all.

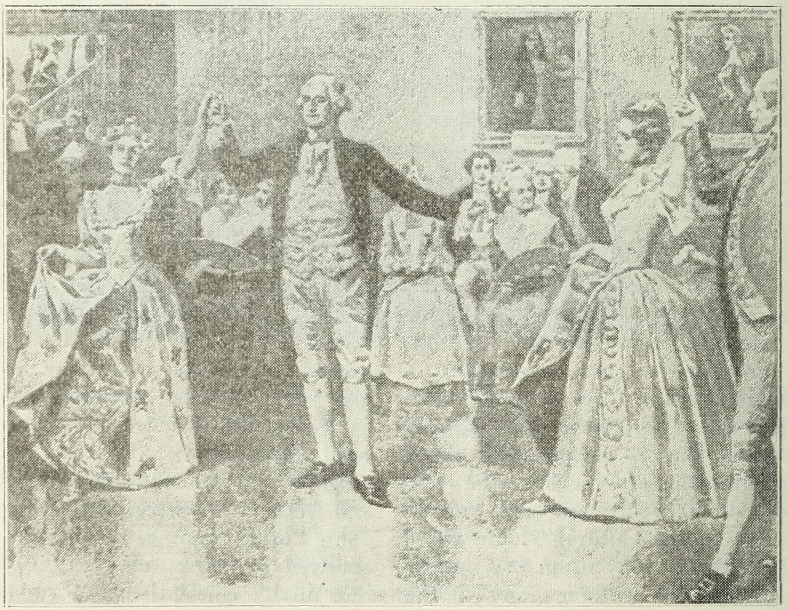
John was sent to Annapolis to be educated, and afterwards to King's College—now Columbia. He remained in college only three months, then he came home and was married. He still spent much time at Mount Vernon with his wife and the little children who came to them. He became of great use to Washington as aid-de-camp, and died of a fever just as the news of the victory of Yorktown was being carried through the country. His step father was heartbroken at his loss, and when he saw his "dear Jackey" breathe his last, he threw himself on a couch and wept like a child.

Mount Vernon was very lonely now, and General Washington begged Mrs. John Custis for two of her four children to bring up as his own. She finally consented, and two more children, a girl and a boy, came to Mount Vernon to live. These were Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis. The latter was familiarly called Washington.

Eleanor was two and a half years

old, and not at all like the quite little girl Martha had been. She did not like to have her hair dressed with ribbons and feathers. She did not like to sew or practice, though her grandfarther, as she called him, bought her a new harpsichord, costing, a thousand dollars. She was General Washington's favorite companion and loved to go with him on long rides and walks. Little Washington came in for his share of lessons, but his grandmother tried to make them as light as possible. And so between study and play, these two children whom Washington loved grew up strong and happy and each lived to be more than three score and ten.

We often read of the first President of the Uuited States as the busy planter, looking after his plantation, as the grave general, the wise statesman, or the man of society; but we love sometimes to remember what a kind, loving father he was to those four children who knew no other father, and how he loved them, and cared for them, sharing their troubles and their joys.



The Ball in Washington's Time.

This is a picture of probably the last dance Washington engaged in. The court dance of the Colonial period and extending into the nineteenth century was The Minuet, and the music was martial, smooth and the time was marked by the precision of a metronome. It required no

ordinary grace on the part of men and women of that day to tip-toe to the minuet and make the courtesies in perfect unison to the music.

Dancing in those days was an accomplishment in grace and demeanor in those days and the music appealed to the finer impulses---rythm, courtly bearing, grace and precision. Imagine the consternation in one of these graceful and orderly gatherings if one of the modern-day couples of jazz dancers would have appeared, coatless and the young dame with her short skirt, and pulled off the "bunny-hug," "turkey-trot," and a few other modern stunts that had their origin---WHERE?

On the 30th of April, 1789, in the little balcony of Federal Hall, overlooking the present Wall Street, in New York, Washington took the oath of office, becoming the first President of the United States. All of the streets as far as the eye could reach were packed with spectators. Washington was a fine-looking man as he stood there erect, more than six feet in height. He was dressed in a suit of brown cloth, with metal buttons that had an eagle on them. He wore white stockings and silver knee and shoe buckles, his hair was gathered behind in a large silk bag, and a sword hung at his side.

Washington's Visits In 1791

Some years ago the writer was at Gatesville, at the United States Hotel, and was very gravely assured that George Washington had spent a night there, in the tour of the State he made in 1791; in fact "Washington's Room" was shown, on the second floor; at the moment occupied by the county superintendent of public instruction. At three or four other places the writer has been shown places "where Washington had slept," some "where he ate" and at least two "chairs he sat in," writes Col. Fred A. Olds.

Now where did Washington stop on that journey from his home, Mt. Vernon, near Alexandria, Virginia, to Georgia? At Halifax, where he spent Saturday night, April 16 the following day and night; on the 18th dined at Slaughter's hotel, and spent at Tarboro; on the 19th dined at Greenville and slept at Allen's; on the 20th breakfasted at Col. Allen's and dined at New Bern; there he stayed until the 22nd; on the 22nd dined at Trenton and slept at Sbrin's hotel; on the 23rd dined at Foy's hotel and slept at Sages hotel; on the 24th arived at Wilmington at 2 o'clock and remaining there untill the morning of the 26th, breakfasting at Ben Smith's hotel and spending the night at Russ' hotel; on the 27th breakfasted at William Gause's hotel, and crossed the line into South Carolina at 12:30 o'clock.

General Washington went to South Carolina and came back into North

Carolina in the piedmont region, his trip southward being through the costal plain. May 28th he reached Charlotte at 3 o'clock, dined there and spent the night; on the 29th he dined at Col. Smith's inn and slept at Maj. Phifer's inn; on the 30th reached Salisbury for breakfast, dined and slept there; on the 31st breakfasted at Young's hotel on the Yadkin and at 3 o'clock reached Salem, where he remained until June 2nd, when he and Gov. Martin went to Guilford Court House battlefield and dined there; on the 3rd of June breakfasted at Troublesome Iron Works and slept at Gatewood's hotel, on the Dan river; on the 4th crossed the line into Virginia.

The great Washington was an early riser, a thorough farmer, in fact the best one in the United States and by far the most advanced. So he often on this notable journey was up and away as early as 4 o'clock in the morning. "Early to bed and early to rise" certainly made that greatest of Americans "healthy and wealthy and wise."

IN SOUTH CAROLINA

When leaving Georgetown, S C., on his Southern trip in 1791, Washington's heavy coach was drawn by four horses. The roadway led him through the rice fields of the Santee county. On and on at a rapid pace he dashed, crossing the three branches of the Santee. At 11 o'clock in the morning he came to a handsome county house whose portoco was uplifted on tall pillars. Beneath the portoco stood Mrs. Pickney, mother of Charles Cotesworth Pickney. By her side was her daughter, the widow of Daniel Horry, one of Marion's brave men. Around these two were assembled other fair women to welcome the President. Their sashes had Washington's portrait painted upon them.

The President came down from the great carriage and met the greetings of his friends with a stately bow: The entire party entered the large room which was called the ballroom and took their seats at a long table. A little army of colored waiters came trooping in from the kitchen with heavy covered dishes. A long time was spent by the President at the breakfast table. Then he bowed farewell to his hostess, the driver cracked his whip, and the great carriage rolled away towards Charleston.

WASHINGTON IN CHARLOTTE.

BY WADE H. HARRIS

George Washington got into "the trifling town of Charlotte" at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of May 28th, 1791. He was on the homeward leg of a journey on which he had set forth from Philadelphia in March of that year, and which led through Newbern to Wilmington, into lower Georgia and back through South Carolina by way of Columbia and Camden. He spent but one day at Charlotte, and found nothing to make note of except a dining with "General Thomas Polk and a small party invited by him, at a table prepared for the purpose," and of "a school (called a college) in it at which, at times, there has been 50 or 60 boys." Leaving Charlotte for Salisbury, he "dined at Colonel Smith's 15 miles off, and lodged at Major Phifer's, 7 miles further." This Major Phifer was a son of John Phifer, one of the leading patriots of Mecklenburg County,

whose body rests at "Red Hills." This is the old Revolutionary graveyard on the road hill near Dodson's mill, on the land of Mr. John P. Allison, and not far from the scene of the blowing up of the British powder wagons by the celebrated Cabarrus Black Boys. This information about John Phifer is added by the writer to the notes from Washington's journal of his visit, that given in quotations being all he had to say about this locality.

But in the library of the late General Rufus Barringer is a biography of CharlesCaldwell, M. D., in which there are given a few personal reminiscences. Doctor Caldwell was one of the party that went out to meet Washington as he was coming to Charlotte. He notes that the General rode "a milk white charger, a present to him by Frederick of Prussia near the close of the Revolutionary war," and the stepping of the horse was "measured and proud, as if the noble animal was conscious of the character and standing of his rider." Doctor Caldwell "posted" Washington as to what to expect in "a small town through which we shall pass, where Lord Cornwallis lay encamped when he swore that he had never before been in such a d——n——d nest of Whigs, for he could get neither chicken nor bread for his table nor oats for his horse." "Pray, what is the name of that town?" asked the General.

"Charlotte, sir," replied Doctor Caldwell "the county seat of Mecklenburg and the place where Independence was declared about a year before its declaration by Congress." Doctor Caldwell proceeded with the further information that Washington might be prepared for a great reception there, as large numbers were already assembled "and the crowd was increasing rapidly." The people had come "in large, well-covered farm wagons, for their bed chambers, and enough of substantial food already cooked to last a week. Others had put up tents in the midst of a beautiful and celebrated grove, where a victory had been won by a company of militia over a party of Tarleton's dragoons."

Washington expressed a desire to meet at Charlotte some of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, but Doctor Caldwell informed him that his father, one of the signers was dead, that Doctor Brevard, the author of the Declaration was also dead, that of the members of the convention still living he knew personally only two—John McKnitt Alexander, who was the president of the body, and Adam Alexander, his brother, who had been its secretary. These two, he told Washington, "are far advanced in life and lived some distance from Charlotte," but Doctor Caldwell assured the president that "their evergreen spirit of patriotism, united to their strong desire to see him, would bring them there, should they be able to travel." It is not related whether the desire of Washington to meet these signers was realized.

It was between Charlotte and Salisbury that Washington made note of the best land he had yet seen, "very fine, of reddish cast and well-timbered, with but little underwood" and the first meadows he had seen since starting out from Virginia. He had passed through what is now known as the

sandhills of North Carolina, and found it "the most barren country I ever beheld, no other than a bed of white sand." He believed if "the ideas of poverty could be separated from the sand, the appearance of it is agreeable." Wonder what Washington would exclaim now if he could once more traverse the sandhills and take in the sights around Pinehurst and Southern Pines, with the great tobacco fields and peach orchards covering the sand from which, indeed, the "ideas of poverty" have been effectively separated!

WASHINGTON IN CABARRUS, 1791.

By J. P. Allison

General Washington's trip through this section, in 1791, was before the county of Cabarrus was taken from Mecklenburg, two years later. At that period, there was no town, or even village, in what is now Cabarrus county. It was a wooded country, with clearings here and there, called farms.

One of the best of these was called "Red Hill Farm," (Around it centres much interesting history of the affairs of upper Mecklenburg and particularly of some notable early settlers, who contributed of their patrotism and valor to the cause of American freedom. Of this THE UPLIFT hopes at an early day to have a full account. --Editor) three miles west of Concord, and was owned by the Phifers. On this farm was a general muster-ground, and the famous "Black Boys" spring. This spring was a popular camping ground for travelers; and it was at this place that the British powder was blown up by a number of patriotic men, in 1771, who blacked themselves to conceal their identity, thus giving them the name of "Black Boys," and with a determination to destroy this wagon train journeying from Charleston, S. C., to Hillsboro, loaded with powder, for the purpose of killing "traitors." The most daring and patriotic deed is too well known at this day to be repeated here.

Col. Martin Phifer who lived at Red Hill Farm at this time, had served in the Continental army, under Gen. Washington, and saw hard service with him, and especially in the Valley Forge campaign, recorded as the severest in the seven years' war of the Revolution. Col. Phifer was promoted to Colonel toward the end of the war, but he was known by his friends and neighbors as Major Phifer, as he served longer as Major than Colonel, but the latter is his official title in the war records.

The anticipated visit of Gen. Washington to one of his esteemed fellow soldiers. Maj. Phifer, was a great event to the latter. There is no record, however, of how the great general was entertained, but it is sufficient to say that he fared sumptiously, as the Major had large possessions and was proverbial far and wide for being a "bountiful provider"---his a private home noted throughout the whole section for its hospitality.

The coming of this distinguished visitor was heralded by his host, throughout the country, inviting the people to come to the muster-ground to meet the great soldier general; but it was a tremendous disappointment to them, as they gathered in great numbers, at the muster-ground, expecting to give him an ovation, to learn that Gen. Washing-

ton was gone. He announced on his arrival that his time was so limited it would be impossible to remain longer than the night. (Here we vividly see the lack of facilities of communication of that period. Such an occurrence could not happen in this day, for the whole countryside could be informed in few minutes, and they would swarm about Major Phifer's premises in the nighttime rather than miss such a pleasure and privilege.---Editor). He was scheduled to breakfast in Salisbury, twenty miles away.

On his way, May 30th, to Rowan's capitol, she topped at a farm-house about two miles above China Grove, and was met at the door by a little girl who informed him that none of the family was at home excepting herself---that they had all gone to Salisbury to see General Washington. He asked her if she did not want to see him, too. She replied that she did, ever so much, but there was not room for her, so she was left with the servants. The General told her he was hungry and if she would give him a glass of milk and a piece of corn-bread, she should see General Washington first; and she soon brought the desired refreshment, whereupon he said. "I am Gen. Washington." The name of the little girl was Betsy Brandon. The old house still stands in the most dilapidated condition, and will soon be a pile of debris unless sentiment and patriotism assert themselves towards it rescue. This house was the home for many years of the late Montford McKenzie.

WASHINGTON IN SALEM.

THE UPLIFT requested of Dr. Howard E. Rondthaler, president of Salem Academy and College, at Winston's Salem, N. C., to briefly tell of Washington's stay and entertainment in Salem. Dr. Rondthaler's interesting story follows:

George Washington's visit to Old Salem has always been cherished as one of the most interesting events in the history of this ancient town.

For many years verbal tradition retained a lively interest in his visit, and recently the tavern at which he was entertained has been permanently memoralized with a handsome bronze tablet. President Washington was entertained at the old Salem Hotel, still standing and occupied, and the room which he made his headquarters is still designated as the Washington room and has undergone but little change since his visit.

He was met by the officers of the Church and Town and in a carefully prepared address which is still preserved in the Archives, he was welcomed most heartily to the Community. He responded formally in a written address, the original being preserved also in the Archives where it is held amongst the most cherished papers.

While here he visited with great care the busy and thriving Community which then numbered more than a thousand people and he expressed his amazement and delight at the substantial character of the Community, commenting on its large practical buildings which surpassed anything in Western Carolina at that time, and being particularly impressed with the fact that the Town, though not a generation old was supplied with water in all parts, this being carried in conduits under-

ground constructed in part of terra cotta and in part of logs bored through.

Mr. Washington attended divine service in the Moravian Church and expressed his pleasure and edification. In the evening he was serenaded by the Church Band and the music prepared for this occasion is still preserved in the Historical Museum at Salem. With great heartiness, accompanied by the Band, the citizens sang, "God Save Good Washington" to the tune "America."

He visited the Salem Academy which was already in its 20th year, having been founded in 1771.

During the later hour in the evening he was further enertained at the Hotel by a musical program including piano music on a harpsichord which is likewise preserved in the historical collection of the Salem Museum. Mr. Washington was deeply impressed throughout his visit and gave frequent expression to his delight in the Community life here and to his interest adn confidence in the future of Salem.

When President Washington went out of his house he rode in a large cream-colored carriage, drawn by four horses and sometimes by six. Every Tuesday afternoon he held a reception called a levee. At three o'clock the doors were opened and the guest entered. There stood the President in front of the fireplace. He was dressed in black velvet, had yellow gloves on his hands, and was holding a three-cornered hat under his left arm. The hilt of a sword was sticking out from beneath his coat. With his right hand behind his back he made a bow to the company in a dignified but rather stiff way. Then he walked around the room and said something to each visitor. He did not shake any one's hand.

The Famous Jumel Mansion

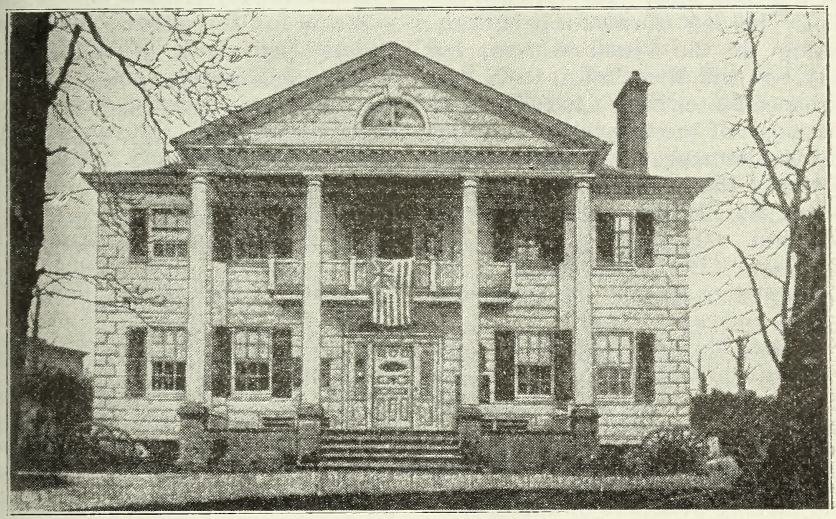
By Julia W. Wolfe.

Every young person coming to New York City should visit the Jumel Mansion.

This old house was purchased by the city of New York in 1903 for $235,000 and is now maintained as a museum of relics of the Revolutionary period by the Daughters of American Revolution and this house is the sole survivor of the many historic ones that once graced Manhattan Island. It stands at 160th street and Edgecombe Avenue, near High Bridge, at the northern limit of Manhattan Island, in the midst of the scanty remains of a once fine park of 130 odd acres, overlooking the city and river and the varied Winchester plains. It was built for Miss Mary Phillipse by her father, Frederick Phillipse, lord of the manor of Phillipseburg---now Yonkers---who gave it to her, together with 500 acres of land on Manhattan, as her dowry.

Mary Phillipse was a much courted belle of New York society of 1756. It has even been asserted that George Washington, who had met her at the home of his friend Beverly Robison during one of his frequent visits to New York, was so taken with her charm that he became a suitor for her hand. He had a rival in the person of Roger Morris, a Captain in the British Army, which, was then garrisoning New York and Washington was soon called to the frontier by the Indian Wars. Some months later a friend wrote him "Morris is laying siege to Miss Phillipse," and that if he had any interest in that quarter he had best visit New York at once, advice which Washington did not accept. Not long afterward the betrothal of Captain Morris to Miss Phillipse was announced and their marriage soon followed.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the two former rivals found themselves in opposing armies, Roger Morris, being a Colonel with the British forces and George Washington commander-in-chief of the colonists. Mrs. Morris occupied her home until the British attact on the city in August 1776, when she hastily left it, never again to return, and found a refuge with the Tory people among the highlands.



The Famous Jumel House.

A few days later General Washington arrived and made the house his headquarters during his operation on the island. His occupation lasted only a short time, however, and during the summer of 1777 Lieut.-General Sir Henry Clinton used it as the British Headquarters. In the summer of 1778 Lieut.-Gen. Baron von Puyphausen and his German

staff occupied the manor, and in the last year of the Revolution Lieut-Gen. von Losberg lived in it.

At the close of the war Mrs. Morris's estates, together with those of other Tories, were confiscated, and she went with her husband to England.

In July, 1790, Washington, who was then President, visited the house for a second time. He writes of the visit: "Having formed a party consisting of the Vice-President, his lady, son and Miss Smith, the Secretaries of State, Navy and War and the ladies of the two latter, with all the gentlemen of my family, Mrs. Lear and the two children, we visited the old position of Fort Washington and afterward dined at the house lately Col. Roger Morris's, but confiscated and now in the possession of a common farmer."

Captain Mariner, incidentally, was a noted character of the Revolution, in the course of which he had engaged in "whale-boat warfare," which consisted chiefly in making night descents on the enemy's coast and making prisoners of such prominent persons as came in their way. At the conclusion of the war he became a famous caterer, and it was in this capacity that he prepared the dinner to which Washington alludes.

The house was much too fine to continue long in the possession of a "common farmer," and in 1803 it came onto the market. Among the most famous of prospective purchasers was Col. Aaron Burr, who was then living in the splendid way he affected at Richmond Hill, on Long Island. A letter from his daughter Theodosia in regard to his possible acquisition of the house is of interest both as shedding light upon Burr and his ambitions and as showing what one of the "most charming and accomplished women of her day" thought of the home, she writes:

"The exchange has employed my thoughts ever since. Richmond Hill will for a few years to come be more valuable than Morris's and to you, who are so fond of town, a place so far from it would be useless; so much for my reasons on one side and now for the other. Richmond Hill has lost many of its beauties and is daily losing more. If you mean it for a residence, what avails its intrinsic value? If you sell part you deprive it of every beauty save the mere view. Morris's has the most commanding view on the island; it is reported to be indiscribably beautiful. The grounds, too, are pretty. How many delightful walks can be made on the hundred and thirty acres; how much of your good taste displayed! In ten or twenty years hence one hundred and and thirty acres of New York Island will be a principality, and there is to me something stylish, elegant, respectable and suitable to your having a handsome country seat. So that on the whole, I vote for Morris's."

Nevertheless, Col. Burr did not buy the property at the time, though he subsequently married the owner of it and lived there, meeting a class of law students in the room formerly occupied by Washington as his bed room.

Stephen Jumel bought the place in 1810, and left it for a time in 1815 to go to France, with the purpose of pursuading Napoleon to come to America. After Jumel's death, in 1832, Mme. Jumel married Aaron Burr, but the union was of short duration. Among the distinguished

visitors during the Jumel reign were Louis, Jerome and Joseph Boneparte, Mme, Jumel died in 1865.

A niece of hers by the name of Chase lived in the mansion nearly fifty years after her death.

The home is filled with relics of Revolutionary days and is an interesting place to visit.

One day when the French and Indian War was over Washington was riding towards Williamsburg. Near the Pamunkey River he stopped at noon to dine in the house of a friend. He bade Bishop, his servant, have the horses ready for the afternoon ride, because his business at Williamsburg was pressing. When Washington entered the house he met another guest, Mrs. Custis, a young widow. After dinner he lingered by her side, for she had won the young soldier's heart. Bishop led the horses to the gate and made them walk back and forth in front of the house until sunset. Then Washington arose to go, but his friend, the master of the house, declared that no guest should leave at an hour so late, so he spent the night with his friend. Very early next morning Bishop led the horses to the gate, but several hours passed away bfore Washington set forth again on the journey to Williamsburg to look after "pressing business." Just a few months afterwards a large company was assembled in an old country church named St. Peter's. George Washington and Martha Dandridge Custis entered the church and stood together in front of the chancel. There they were pronounced man and wife by the Episcopal minister in that parish. The bride and her attendants then entered a large, handsome coach, and six beautiful horses drew them homeward. Washington and his friends rode beside the carriage on horseback. They went to live at Mount Vernon on the Potomac, which became his property after the death of his brother Lawrence.

LET THERE BE PUBLICITY

BY R. R. CLARK

A "Tax Inquiry Meeting" was held in Charlotte a few days ago, at which certain Mecklenburg citizens, disturbed by the size of their tax bills, made inquiry as to "how come" taxes so high. Fortunately for those who desired light,, Mecklenburg has a county auditor, who was on hand with the facts and figures. The auditor could tell them to a cent the amount of the county's indebtedness, what the bonds were issued for, the interest rate and about the other affairs of the county which require money, and a big bunch of it, to carry on. This information doubtlees did not satisfy all the inquirers, but it was fortunate for them and the county government that there was one official who could furnish the exact facts from the books as to the county's standing financially. In the great majority of the counties, so loosely is the county's business conducted, it is doubtful if any official

could be found who, on short notice, could give a statement of the county's financial condition. In many cases it would take days to get the facts and figures together and then there would be no assurance that they were correct. This isn't mere assertion; recent official examination in many counties has disclosed that state of facts.

But this isn't to be a discussion of county government. It is simply to call attention to the complaints about high taxes which are becoming vocal, of which more is due to be heard when the orators get on the stump next summer and tell the sovereigns just how down-trodden and oppressed they are. The meet of the "Son of the Signers" in Mecklenburg, which did not announce a new declaration of independence, was a symptom, or a symbol, whichever you may call it. The average sovereign (and by that term I mean voter and taxpayer) in this land of the free and home of the brave, is a rather curious mixture. He gives little or no thought or study to public affairs. When public improvements are proposed, if he is inclined to be progressive he is for 'em; or he has doubts about the cost and the ability to pay he will usually be carried along with the tide of popular enthusiasm, fomented by the ultra-progressives, who convince themselves and all others who listen to them without stopping to think, that we can have what we want without its costing anybody anything to speak of, so long as we can borrow the money by issuing bonds. So long as money can be borrowed, something bought on credit, an astonishingly large number of the sovereigns will cheerfully go the limit and put the thought of pay day behind them. That, they think, is a matter for others to worry about. But presently a large amout of debt is accumulated and the interest charges require a large sum of money annually. There is but one place to get the money for the interest and for all other public purposes and that is out of the pocket of the sovereign. Then when the tax bill comes in there is a yell that is heard from Dan to Beersheba. The sovereigns are sure they are being robbed and they denounce without limit the high taxes and those who impose them (calmly ignoring the fact that they advocated, demanded, or assented to the things that made the high taxes necessary). They can't understand, they say, why taxes are so high and they want to know about it. They are very much like not a few people who will buy everything in sight so long as it is sold to them on credit and go cheerily on until payment is demanded; then they declare that the bill is too big; that they didn't get the stuff, or that it wasn't as represented; in fact make themselves believe that they have been badly imposed on and that they will be justified in repudiating the account if that can be done

It is my private opinion, publicly expressed, that some blame attachesa to all concerned in this matter of complaints of taxes. Some of the complaints are unworthey of notice, for many there be who will complain at any taxes at all. What they want is to get everything and pay for nothing. But while the mass of the people generally are to blame for not studying public affairs, keeping posted and exercising a directing influ-

ence, public authorities are more to blame for not keeping the people fully advised as to their affairs. The people are frequently misled by not being told the whole truth; and then when the facts dawn on them through the size of their tax bills they are ready to declare they have been deceived. As a matter of fact there has been, as a rule, no deception. They didn't take the pains to get the facts, which they might have had for the asking. The point I am making is, that to avoid this recurrent dissatisfaction, to prevent any possibility of misunderstanding, the people should be told the whole truth at all times. When a bond issue is proposed for streets, or roads or schools or any public improvement, instead of making pretense that the cost to the taxpayer will be negligible, the public officials,on whom the people depend for leadership and guidance, should make a clear statement of the exact facts; the people should be told what they owe, the cost of operating the government and what the additional expenditure will add to their taxes—told so plainly that the wayfaring man can understand and none may find excuse to say they were misled; and not only should statement be issued when additional expenditure is proposed, but be kept on hand at all times, fully up to date, so that every taxpayer can have, by request, the exact information as to what the tax is levied for and how it is expended. There is and always has been too much disposition to avoid publicity in the transaction of public business. Public officials proceed on the theory that it isn't best to let the people know everything; that if they are told all about matters there would be a lot of unwarranted objection. Not only do the taxpayers have a right to know all that is done and all about it, but I contend that it is good policy to tell them. Publicity allays suspicion. If there is something they haven't heard about the people naturally think something is being put over on them.

I contend then that the people are first to blame in not informing themselves and demanding that they be informed; and their public servants are more blameworthy in not seeing to it that all the people are told all about their affairs, in form and language easily comprehended. The average statement issued by public officials, when one is issued, tells little; it does not explain to the masses. I am aware that if the people always clearly understood what the cost would be to them many measures for public improvements that have been put over would have been defeated for the time. But better that than a dissatisfied citizenship feeling that they have been deceived and are unduly burdened. There are potentialities in such dissatisfaction to which it is high time somebody should give thought.

To keep the record straight, let it be said that I have supported about every bond issue proposed. But along with that support I have not only insisted on publicity as to all the facts but I have insisted that the time has come to stop the issue of bonds that do not carry with their issue a provision for their retirement. Anybody who knows enough to shut the door must know that to go on issuing bonds with no provision for retirement, with the expectation of renewing the

note will not only mean paying the principal over and over in interest, but will soon accumulate interest charges so heavy that a revolt of tax payers will be inevitable.

To these modern ages George Washington has become, in all lands, the apostle of noble character preaching in his life and his grave utterances the high doctrine that immortal fame and immeasurable service may be rendered more enduringly by integrity, honor, and the quiet virtues, than by eloquence, or logic, or superhuman gifts.—Alderman.

OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

By Milton Bronner

LONDON, Feb. 6.—Five hundred thousand dollars runs into many millions of marks at present rates of exchange.

But an offer of that amount by American movie producers has been spurned by the God-fearing villagers of Oberammergau, Bavaria, though they are all but ruined by the war, the revolution and post-war economic troubles.

The American movie producers wanted exclusive rights to film the famous Oberammergau Passion Play. The villagers thought acceptance of the offer would be commercializing their holy drama.

The Passion Play will be enacted on the huge stage at Oberammergau next May, just as it has been performed every 10 years since 1863.

This information comes to me direct from Oberammergau and should set a rest the wild rumors that have been current to the effect that no Passion Play would be given.

These rumors were based on the supposition that the villagers feared a boycott of the play by nationals of the countries formerly at war with Germany and that the old players could not perform.

It is true that if spectators remained away from the Passion Play, it would spell ruin for almost every family in Oberammergau. For the savings of the whole villages are thrown into the production.

But there's no danger of such misfortune this year. Already more than 60,000 applications for seats have been received from Americans and Englishmen.

Le Cri de Paris, a flippant French anti-German weekly, recently said:

"The 'Holy Virgin' has married; the 'Christ' married far from Oberammergau; 'Judas,' a private soldier, fell before Verdun, and 'Joseph' a fervent communist, was killed at Rosenheim by the white guards.

There's only one element of truth in all that.

Ottilit Zwink, who played Mary in 1910, was married the following year. Hence she's ineligible for that part this year.

But "Judas"—Johann Zwink—was not killed in the war. And Anton Lang, Christ of 1910 and 1900, will play in the same role again this year.

Here is the cast, as is officially announced.

Christ ..... Anton Lang
Peter ..... Andreas Lang
Judas ..... Guido Mayr
Annas .....Sebastian Lang
Herod .....Gregor Breitsamter
John .....Melchoir Breitsamter
Caiaphas ..... Hugo Rutz
Pilate ..... Hans Mayr
Mary .....Martha Veit
Mary Magdalene.....Paula Rendi

George Lang, a sculptor, will act as director. Nearly 700 will take part. One hundred and twenty-two will have speaking parts. There will be 58 musicians, 41 singers, 25 scene shifters, 60 ushers and 50 carpenters.

Most of the players in everyday life are farmers or woodcarvers. Anton Lang impersonator of Christ, is a potter.

One cannot read the Farewell Address (of Washington), for instance, in a thoughtful mood, without genuine and lofty emotion. The words of this writer are the words of the creator of a new nation now grown into the colossal Republic of the West. We do not discern in it the classic simplicity of Caesar, or the fiery eloquence of Napoleon, or the meditative philosophy of Marcus Aurelius. His style, like his character, is high, serious, balanced, purposeful; but back of the style always is the man.—Dr. Edwin A. Alderman.

PENNILESS GIRL STARTS A HOME

From a penniless little country girl to the owner, at thirty years of age, of a home for elderly ladies in the largest city in North Carolina is the story of Miss Gladys Posey, who has done all this without financial aid from anyone, says the Winston-Salem Journal.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Club this week Miss Posey presented her work for the first time publicly, not asking for financial aid which she decidedly does not desire as long as she is in good health, but she appealed to the ladies that they help spread abroad the news of her home. She is sole owner, manager, housekeeper, and nurse at the "Invalids' Home," formerly the residence of A. E. Holton in Waughtown. This is a home for elderly ladies—a home which breathes forth the very atmosphere of the word "home" and a place where elderly ladies can board for life if they so desire. It is a home for ladies of culture and refinement, and the four ladies who now board there seem to be exceedingly happy. The residence can accommodate 25 people and Miss Posey is anxious that it be full, so she appealed to the club yesterday to spread abroad the news of her home which is under a North Carolina charter.

Born in Pfafftown

Miss Posey was born in Pfafftown and is a daughter of the late Charles Posey and Mrs. Mary Posey. She lived with her parents and five little brothers and five sisters until she was thirteen years old,

then she found friends in this city who took her into their home, letting her help with housework after school hours. There she stayed for five years when she returned to her home full of the desire of becoming a trained nurse.

The idea of entering the hospital for training met with the bitterest opposition from her parents. Remaining for a year at home she was unable to gain their consent so she came to this city and remained for a few weeks with a friend who helped her (not financially) to get ready and enter the hospital at the first vacancy that arose. She remained there until the death of her farther then gave up her training and retuned home for a while.

A call came to nurse a dear little old lady who was then in her declining years. Miss Posey could not refuse to nurse this lady of culture and friendly understanding so she accepted the case. Her patient was a great inspiration to her and it was while they were together in the Tennessee mountains one summer that she discussed freely with her patient her plans of a home for elderly ladies. And the remarkable thing about it was that she did not want and would not accept any financial aid from anyone.

With the money Miss Posey saved that summer from nursing in Tennessee, she purchased a place in Pfafftown. She bought this little house and grounds from a second cousin thereby securing same at a smaller price than she would otherwise have had to pay. No furniture, no curtains, no money to do over the inside of the house she realized the impossibilty of making elderly ladies comfortable so Miss Posey decided to take children . Miss Annie Grogan, head of the Associated Charities, was consulted, and was happy to find a place for some of the little youngsters of the city who needed just such a home. Those were the days before the law had been passed that a child could not be separated from its mother in less than two weeks, so Miss Posey took one child as young as nine days old, and another at five weeks doing everything for them. Her home continued to grow and at one time she had forty-five children there ranging in age from the above mentioned weeks to eight years old. She took entire charge of these children, doing all the nursing, cooking, housework and with no assistance from anyone.

Miss Posey kept up the home for the children until the opportunity came that she could purchase the Holton residence. She then sold her country place paying the money on this new home and opened the present "Invalid's Home." She brought with her two of the children—the ones she took at nine days and five weeks old, respectively and will keep them as long as she is financially able. Today she has four boarders and does all the work herself with the assistance of one colored girl. Miss Posey is business manager, housekeeper, companion, trained nurse, and is able to meet every payment on the home when due. Her heart and home are both open to other ladies who wish to join the happy home circle.

MUSIC CHARMS THE COWS

Kinston, Feb. 8.—"Don't curse the cow." This was the advice given here by Dr. C. Banks McNairy, superintendent of the Caswell Training School, who today planned to introduce a phonograph in the school's dairy building at milking time to see what the effect of music would be upon the herd there.

Dr. McNairy is expected to make exhaustive experiments in connection with "music and milk." He told a gathering of professional dairymen and officials here last Saturday that a cow, being a naturally sensitive creature, could not give good results when cuffed, kicked, sworn at and otherwise abused. Dr. McNairy, who is the State's best known eugenist as well as a skilled dairyman, believes "Just Break the News to Mother," "Last Rose of Summer" and "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" and other soothing or gently stiring tunes will increase the supply from the scores of handsome Holsteins at the Caswell school. At any rate, he's going to try it.

(Note: If Dr. McNairy is not pleased with the results obtained by the performance of the victrola on his cows, something with more volume might bring the desired results. If he is determined to fully test out his theory and, finding the victrola is too feeble, we will gladly lend, upon free transportation, the services of our band. If music has any charms on milk cows, we entertain no doubt that Bandmaster Lawrence can take his bunch of young musicians down to the Caswell School and make every milk-can in the institution overflow. This prophecy is predicated on the abundance of milk enjoyed at this institution, and when the daily band practices are going on it is noted that the herd slowly but surely approaches just as close to the music centre as the enclosure will permit.)

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

The ground is being leveled, preparatory to the cementing the floor of the new pump room.

Mr. Kiser and Mr. Hayden Talbert are aiding the boys to bring our silo material from town.

Because tidyness is an essential here, Mr. Boger authorized the giving of three boxes of brushes to each cottage.

New boys are arriving at the school on nearly every train. The latest arrival is Paul Green from Rocky Mount.

Samuel Burnett, of Charlotte, paid us a visit last Friday week. His purpose in coming back was to get a statement from Mr. Boger, to be used in joining the army.

Because of warm spring weather the boys play ball after school. They are practicing for a good team this year. They will meet all comers who would like a good hot match.

Because of the muddy walk down to the 6th and 7th Cottages, the boys have been digging gravel to make clean sidewalks for the matrons and officers to traverse.

The boys who bottom chairs are paid for their work. Two cents on every chair bottom goes to them. Those who have no money in the treasury can thus earn a little.

The signing of the contract to build the dairy, has been noted in a recent issue of THE UPLIFT. Work has now begun. Soon butter and cheese will daily supplement the fare of the boy's menu.

The new school room opposite Mr. Johnson's is still unoccupied. Bandmaster Lawrence, when he teaches the whole band, uses this room, because of the blackboards where he can illustrate his meaning.

Not wanting to disappoint the boys, Mr. Boger opened the 7th cottage on Monday as it had been rumored. Nevertheless the spigots in 7th Cottage still remained to be placed therein. They were put in Saturday.

The boys of No. 5 are raising money to buy a Victrola, one of which all the other cottages own. Many donations to the school have been recorded, and they would appreciate any other donation toward the buying of this machine.

Another fine trade which is being taught here is that of the barber. These three boys cut, and cut very creditably, the hair of our 200 boys at the school: Burtram Hart, William Chalk and Harry Lamb. The boys are proud of them.

New ball goods are in our carrying apparatus to withstand the bufflets, of the oncoming season.

Macolm Holman, Claude Coley and Keenon all were made happy by pleasant visits from their parents last Wednesday week. Always because of the fact that THE UPLIFT is made up on Wednesday, the notice of the boys who received visits from parents and reatives is a week behind.

Mr. R. B. Cloer is making kitchen tables for cottages No. 2 and 3 and for the new cottages No. 6 and 7. His services at this school are invaluable. In the past, when the school needed axe handles, they had to be purchased from town. Now, he saves that expense his chief assistance, as the assistant claims, is Mr. Joseph Kennon.

There is one thing which has long been neglected to mention. This is the behavior in the school-room. Mr. Johnson who is endeavering to learn to play cornet, frequently leaves his room to practise on his horn. When he thus leaves the room unattended, there is no boxing, throwing of chalk or other forms of rowdyism. On the contrary, quiet and order rules supreme.

Usually, the new boys who arrive at the school, are "green," so to speak, in military drilling. Because of this fact, Mr. Johnson, who drills the boys before going to school in the morning, and after school in the afternoon, has formed a new company of boys, comprising mostly of new boys. They are quick to learn, and soon leave the "awkward squad," but other new boys arrive to take their places.

Saturbay and Sunday! These days will remain fresh in the hearts of the boys. Why? Though not late enough, still it is the first of spring in weather. How the calm weather of Spring inspires boys to make new resolutions! Soon time to hear the warbles of beautiful birds which abound here! We try to kill out all of the pests---sparrows. Soon trees will be green again and oh, how comfortable it is to be under the shade of a tree---and think! To direct your thoughts skyward! Spring is in the boy's hearts, blood, flesh and soul. Soon it will be with us. Why does spring make your blood tingle and give you thrill over just the thought of it?

It is almost increditable to believe the rapid growth of this School. Its fame is being spread not only over all North Carolina but over the whole United States. Once our plant needed only one nightwatchman; now we have on duty every night two watchmen. If the growth of the school keeps its present pace before long we will need three or more dependable nightwatchmen. The boys are really interested and pleased by the school's growth and when they leave they wish it all sorts of success. Some, who work in the Printing Office, predict that this will be the most important factor in the school's life. Some predict high success for the sewing-room, carpenter building, bakery, laundry, barn and all other special working forces.

State Library

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., FEB. 25, 1922 NO. 16

Lead---Don't Drive

The deepest pain is a parent's sorrow when the full fruition of his hopes is not realized in the plans and positions selected for the child. It is said that there is a destiny that shapes our ends, and it could hardly be expected that we can change all that nature has outlined. Inheritance and environment must be reckoned with. You too will be more patient and charitable if you stop and ask yourself the simple question, "Did I ever disappoint my parents?"

There is great danger of wrecking a young life by endeavoring to force the child into a channel and a course, for which nature long ago made no provisions, mentally, physically and in taste. Lead---don't drive, whatever you do.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	3.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

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Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

VITAL MATTERS.

That a people may reap the greatest benefits of a growing civilization there are three outstanding fields of endeavor into which they must throw their greatest effort and with a constant concern. These agencies are, in the order of their effect upon the welfare and happiness of any people, religious training, care of the public health and the education of the masses.

In our own state less than fifty per cent of the population is churched, and less than fifty-five per cent is making any effort to get into touch with any kind of religious training; but even with this condition there is an inspiring awakening to the necessity of larger efforts towards a more general religious training of the people. This is encouraging.

In the cause of the education of the masses, speaking entirely of the rural section, the condition is no better than that of twenty years ago, excepting a few spots in a few counties. This situation confronts the state even after an enormous enlargement of the school fund. There seems no necessity for going far for a reason. The overhead has been scrambled with too many expert doctors, each having a spool of red tape to unwind in the diverting of the funds towards handsome salaries and the confusing and the confounding of the men and women down in the sticks. This situation was clearly recognized by the recent General Assembly, which very wisely appointed a commission to diagnose the malady that afflicts the operations of the schools and to suggest a remedy. Let it be hoped that that commission, whatever it may do, will discover as the people, who bear the burdens, have already discovered that one remedy is to wipe out the autocratic centralization that has practically paralyzed all local initiative, effort and local enthusiasm. The centralization has gone so far that a prominent

gentlman, the chairman of the Board of a very important City Graded School, observes that, "the only thing left to our discretion and wisdom is the selection of the negro janitor of the school building."

The state, however, may well feel proud over what has been accomplished along health lines. Recent published statistics warrant a feeling of enthusiasm and hopes for larger results in the near future. Having no other close competitor North Carolina in 1921 had to be satisfied in simply running against and beating its own record of 1920. The total birth registration for the past year in North Carolina reached the handsome figure of 89,623, the largest birth rate of all the states in the union, against which was a total death number of 29,964, which is lowering the death rate in North Carolina over the year 1920.

The net increase in the total population of the state for the past year, that is the excess of births over deaths, is 59,659, or a rate of increase of 2.3 per cent. If these proportions continue, the population of North Carolina at the next decennial census will have passed far beyond the three million mark.

The foregoing showing does not just happen so. It is the direct answer to a sound and sane organization of the Health Department of the State, that takes the general public into its confidence, that treats the public as a part of the game, wins its respect, its interest and its sympathetic cooperation. Dr. Rankin is a genius, a leader and above all is not stuck up and does not consider himself as possessed of infallible powers.

The great work of health activity should go hand-in-hand with the business of education. It would be to the advantage and glory of the the children of the public schools if the controlling powers would extend a halfway welcome and sympathetic support to health activities. The death of ten thousand children under the the age of one year in North Carolina is inexcusable; the defective physical condition of many now in the schools is the result of criminal unconcern, and the sin of it all will lie at the doors of all who make no effort to remedy or prevent the annual recurrence of such handicaps and suffering.

But the light is breaking around us. May old grannyism and old conceit supinely satisfied with a fat salary and ease and comfort, catch a glimpse of this light of hope, a sane, serious interest in advantages for childhood.

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A PRIDEFUL RECORD.

Coming out from the office of Mr. Henry W. Miller, Vice President of the

Southern Railway, in charge of operation, is a very interesting announcement. During the year 1921, the Southern Railway System operated 179,835 passenger trains, many of them being through trains, operated in connection with other lines and covering distances of from 1,000 to 1,500 miles.

Of this large number of trains 172,182, or more than 95 per cent, ran on schedule or made up time while on the Southern tracks; and 166,277, or more than 92 per cent, reached final terminal on time.

This is a proud record in railroading. It speaks volumes not only for the Southern's maintenance of its trackage and rolling equipment, but for the genius of the management and the operating crews. The Southern is exceeded by the great Pennsylvania only in milage and number of trains; and the service lacks lots of surpassing that which the Southern hands out to its customers. The people of the South have just reasons in being proud of this Southern institution, and North Carolinians are, of course, very proud of the astute, tireless and capable Henry W. Miller, a Tar Heel product.

* * * * * * * *

ISSUED A CORDIAL INVITATION.

Prof. C. C. Wright, county suberintendent of Wilkes county, issues monthly a four-column, four page paper, under the title of "Wilkes County School News." The little paper is full of instructive articles that will lead the people to an enlarged thought for the schools, think along health lines and encourage a co-operation.

In the February number is one article in particular that is most attractive. It indicates so much life and interest that we reproduce it:

> "Have you as a school committeeman or teacher thought seriously of the matter of consolidation and consequent transportation of pupils? If so it will be well for you to attend some monthly meeting of the Board of Education and let us talk over the situation in your community. Our board contemplates putting on a campaign for consolidation in the spring and summer. Only a limited number can be taken care of each year, and it is best not to delay action in the matter.
>
> Consolidation, transportation, better buildings and better equipment are the order of the day and we can not afford to lag behind in the procession. Let us hear from you if you are interested in this work."

* * * * * * * * *

It would be a gay old time were it permissable to say to our good friends, the veteran newspaper men, Messrs Clark and Hunt, "go to it." Mr. Hunt took mild issue with Mr. Clark in his position as to checkmating those who

would "nullify" the law, carrying the death penalty. Mr. Clark makes reply in this issue. Both are sincere, and inasmuch as THE UPLIFT, knowing the high character and powers and courageousness of each, is aware that neither could convert the other, it might not be well to carry the discussion further.

* * * * * * * * *

Prof. B. B. Dougherty, the head of the Appelachian Training School, which has done so much for the people of the "Lost Provinces" by the splendid work of his institution, and destined to do vastly more, tells on Col. Wade Harris in this issue. Blowing Rock is the only important spot in all of North Carolina this writer has never had the pleasure of visiting, though several starts up the mountain have been made years ago, but if they set a day for that threatened banquet, hitch Harris up to a subject for a speech, this writer, with or without an invitation, intends to be on hand, if the trip has to be made on foot.

* * * * * * * * *

The admirers of Judge B. F. Long, beneficiary of the confidences and the honors of a sovereign people for twenty years, regret exceedingly that he has gone about the small business of getting out from under the operation of the income law. The People abhor the idea of privileged classes. Here's hoping that Revenue Commissioner Watts will defeat and route his fellow townsman in this cause before the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

* * * * * * * * *

Up to date seven theaters in Washington have been ordered by the authorities closed because of faulty construction. This order grows out of a detailed examination occasioned by the frightful accident at the Knickerbocker. A wag will say, "Locked the door after the horse is stolen." Not so; it is wisdom. It shows an interested concern on the part of the officials, who have the nerve and the courage to do their duty.

* * * * * * * * *

The State Board of Education has finally made the adoption of textbooks for the public schools for the next five years. It reveals a clean sweep. The announcement is accompained by a defensive statement by the State Superintendent that the cost upon the people will be negligible. If this prophecy proves true, it will also prove to be a miracle.

* * * * * * * * *

It was not to be expected that Governor Morrison would lightly pass

over the declination of the Canadian authorities to surrender Matthew Bullock, in order to bring him back to North Carolina to answer a criminal charge. The Governor doesn't turn loose so easily. He has put the matter up to the officials, good and strong, at Washington.

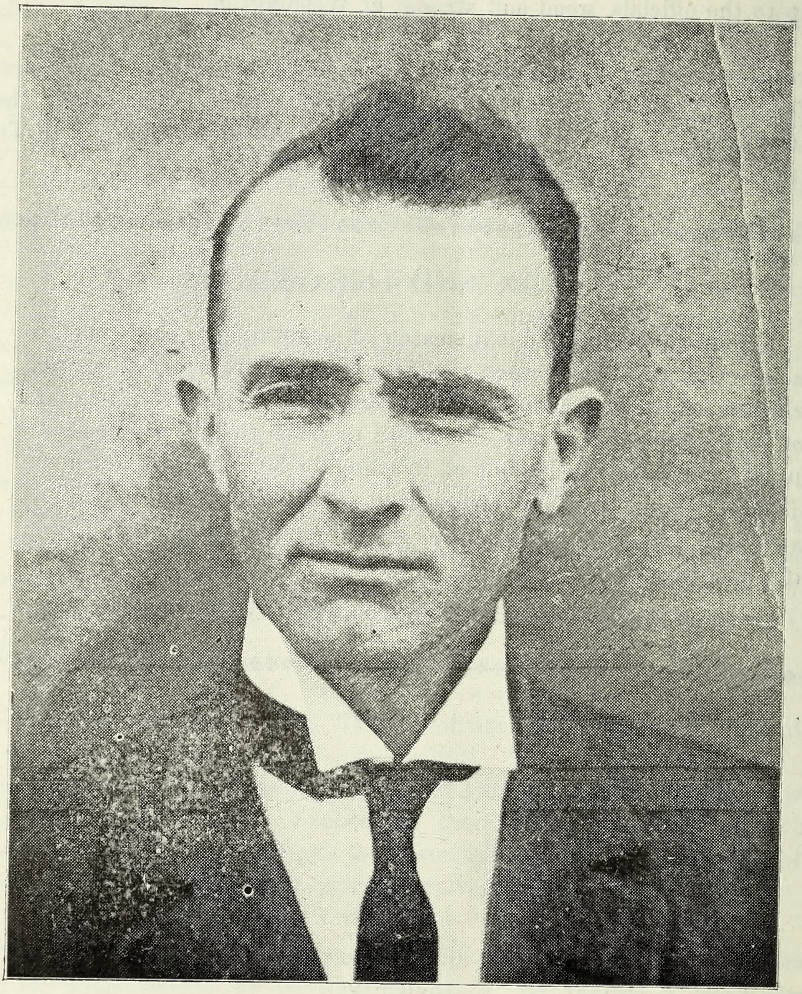
* * * * * * * * *

Irrespective of one's political leanings or views, there is a choice pleasure for him in the reading of the most splendid article, "The Man They Cannot Forget," taken from Collier's and appearing in this number of THE UPLIFT.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A fox, wandering about in search of something to eat, came to a vine that trailed out upon the branches of a tree and bore rich clusters of luscious grapes. In his eagerness, he jumped up to bite off the bunches of grapes, but failed to reach them. He began to jump and jump again, but all in vain, for he could not reach the delicious prize. After all his greatest efforts had failed, he walked away and said, "Those grapes are sour, I would not eat them, even if I had them."

IT IS EASY TO DESPISE WHAT ONE CANNOT GET.



ARCH HUNEYCUTT
Stanfield, N. C.

ARCH HUNEYCUTT

Over in Western Stanly, near the little village of Stanfield on what he loves to call "Lick Skillet Farm" dwells in total seclusion one of the Old North State's sweetest singers, Arch Honeycutt. This "mysterious poet" of the backwoods is a writer who is not only getting out some fine poetry which will live, but he is a poet in the true sense in that he writes for the very love of writing. He loves nature and the finer things of life, but hates shams with all his soul and almost frantically avoids publicity or any effort to get him out from his native lair. He was once a teacher and a minister, but on account of his delicate makeup, both from a standpoint of body, soul and sensibilities he seems to have made up his mind that he has seen enough of the world and to have retired to the life of an absolute recluse to the extent that many who live within a mile or two of him have not seen him in years. He is not yet an old man, either---just a little over forty, but dame fortune has apparently dealt him many hard blows, for all the troubles which have ever come the way of a poet have already passed over him crushing out all egotism, self-pride and worldly ambitions. With his delicate sensitiveness, the repeated crushings and humiliations have apparently made him sing the sweeter. He writes without effort, frequently slinging off a number of his best productions within a few hours. After he has written his best he is already paid, he gets his pay out of the writing itself, and generally cares little whether his poems are ever published or even read by any one else. He doesn't write for money, he doesn't write for glory but simply because he loves to write. It makes very little difference with him whether others admire his productions or not. Upon reading the news of the signing of the armistice his heart went out to the Gold Star Mother whose boy lay buried in Flander's fields and within ten minutes he dashed off the following heart sentiment, entitled "A Mother's Heart:"

"He sleeps beneath the shell-torn fields
Some where in France,
What though the awful war god yields
His bloody lance
To smiling peace, to my sad heart
There is no peace, the burning dart
Still pierces through with fiery sting,
No time, nor age, nor peace can bring
My hope back from the lonely grave
On shell-torn field where poppies wave
Some where in France.

Time may deface the rugged scars

And years advance
Eliminating all that mars,
Age may enhance
And sanctify my awful grief;
But only death can bring relief:
What though in pride I realize
The glory of the sacrifice;
He was my all---who went to brave
The shell, the gas, and find a grave
Some where in France.

Who would repay a mother's loss
With empty praise?
That but reflects a moulded cross
There in the haze
Of mental vision where he lies
Asleep beneath the foriegn skies,
On fields where I can never go
And teach the golden-rod to grow
O'er his lone couch, his humble grave,
On shell-torn field where poppies wave,
Somewhere in France.

Oh offer not a mock relief
Leave all alone;
Mock not a mother's bitter grief
A bleaching bone
May quicker take on life again
Than praise relieve the racking pain
That must be mine; I gave him up,
Mock not the near too bitter cup
Of one who wavered not, but gave
Her only child to find a grave
Somewhere in France.

But his writings are not all confined to gloom. He writes at times like the love-sick swain as our readers will see from his "Down South" which portrays the secret soul of the love mad youth as follows:

Down South

Down South where the bluebird is singing
His love to the blossoms of Spring,
My heart sends a love-message winging
Away where the dream---carols ring,
Where silvery moonbeams are stealing
A kiss from the gold of her hair
While here in my heart throbs a feeling

Of tenderness but to be there.

She's waiting I know
Where wild roses grow
Profuse by the meadow land fair,
And dreaming of me
While I long be
The moon light that's kissing her hair
Oh heaven of bliss
Summed up in such kiss,
'Twere heaven to only be there.

Down South where the Rocky is flowing
And flooding the night with it's rune,
Down South where the peach bloom is blowing
She waits in the light of the moon,
Oh had I the wings of a swallow
To soar on the dew-laden air
The flight of my vision I'd follow
'Twere heaven to only be there.

Mr. Huneycutt can also portray the real sonthern negro as vividly as could Joel Chandler Harris or John Charles McNeil, and many of his productions show almost perfect negro dialect.

This strange personage who refuses to touch elbows with the great outside world was born in Stanly County in September, 1881. From his early boyhood he showed traits of character unlike other boys with whom he associated. The flight of the birds, the fleecy clouds as they float overhead, the thunder storm and all nature with its myriads of wonders and attractions were his daily sources of attention and interest. This trait of character has remanied with him until this day, hence his reputation as "The nature poet."

He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Huneycutt, of Stanfield Route 1, and comes from a family of people physically and mentally sound and strong. He is the second of a family of seven brothers, one of these being an attorney and newspaper man of Albemarle, two others being promising young Presbyterian preachers, one a minister of the Missionary Baptist denomination while the others are teachers and farmers. He is possessed of an extraordinarily keen mind and is possibly one of the best read men in his section of the state. He can quote from memory page after page from Shakespear, Byron, Burns, Longfellow and other masters, Burns being his favorite. He thinks James Whitcomb Riley decidedly the greatest of America's poets. He believes that any one can do whatever he believes he can do and wants to do.

Will Mr. Huneycutt be able to keep himself perminently secluded from the reach of the outside world, and can he continue to turn out such excellent productions and still avoid publicity? To THE UPLIFT that seems an impossibility.

HE STANDS BY HIS GUNS.

BY R. R. CLARK

I have "hunch" that the editor of **The Uplift** does not care to have a joint discussion staged in the pages of this publication, which can be devoted to a more useful purpose. But I am tempted to risk a few observations on the article of my good friend, Mr. C. W. Hunt, appearing in the issue of the 11th, in which I was given a few gentle taps on the wrist, notwithstanding it was stated at the outset that there was no such purpose.

Mr. Hunt cannot see any "assault" on the Governor in the efforts made to save the life of Harris, the Ridgecrest murderer. I am filing now an objection to Mr. Hunt as referee in case I should be attacked. I am afraid he would allow me to be killed before he could be convinced that an assault was really being committed. Gov. Morrison's motives were impugned. He was charged with allowing a man to go to his death for personal gain. Moreover he was bombarded with letters, telegrams and petitions from numerous people who had no actual knowledge of the facts in the case—not all of them at least; but who were induced to appeal to the Governor either by lodge brethren of the condemned man, who desired to save him solely because he was a member of their lodge; or by those personally interested, friends, kindred and attorneys (these are excused so long as they keep within reasonable grounds, for their effort was natural and a duty;) and the greatest force of all was the opposition to capital punishment, which promoted most of the bombardment of the Governor. The assault was in the personal attack on the Governor, the impugning of his motives, and in the very apparent determination to force him to yield his convictions, after he had refused commutation, simply by pressure of force of numbers. If that doesn't constitute assault then I confess inability to recognize the meaning of the word. I have said that with a weaker man the pressure—the assault—would have succeeded. Not so long ago a Governor refused to commute a death sentence and later yielded. In announcing the commutation he distinctly stated that he had not changed his mind but that he was forced to yield to pressure because he was allowed no peace day or night. Maybe that isn't assault, but I call it that. In the case of Governor Morrison the determined assault provoked more determined resistance and failed.

I do not recall that I applied the word "mob" to those who were so persistent in their determination to force the Governor to yield to their will. But I don't mind saying here that the desperate attempt to force the Governor was essentilly the same spirit that results in overriding the law—to work one's will at all hazards. There is no essential difference in overriding the law and refusing the accused a trial, and in attempting to prevent the execution of the law by every means short of physical violence. The spirit is the same. The Governor, being a mere man, is not infallible and may make errors in deciding these

cases. But his is the responsibility and any attempt to force him from his honest judgment by undue pressure of any character is as reprehensible as would be an attempt to compel him to put to death one whom he had decided should be spared. The attitude of the populace is not a safe guide, for not infrequently the clamor of the multitude is due to sentiment, passion or prejudice, or is promoted by well directed propaganda. One judge allowed the populace to make the decision for him and his memory has been execrated for near 2,000 years.

Mr. Hunt can see no danger in elevating to the bench one who opposes capital punishment so long as the law is on the statute book. There would be no danger if the occupant of the bench had the proper conception of his duty—that it was his business to execute the law as he found it, regardless of his personal opinion. The class I warned against—and I know some of them—are those who hold that legal executions are murder, that the taking of human life, even though the law directs it, is forbidden by God. Think you that a man who held those views would allow a conviction for first degree murder in his court if he could help it? And any well informed lawyer will tell you that the presiding judge can have cases go pretty much as he wills if he is amind—not in every case but in most. One who felt that way about capital punishment would feel that he was called of God to prevent executions—put on the bench for that purpose; and if hard headed jury went against him the judge's request to the Governor for commutation would have great weight. Mr. Hunt may not know such folks, may not believe it possible for what I have described to come to pass. I know such folks and I not only believe it possible but probable.

If the opponents of capital punishment can muster the strength in the Legislature to repeal the law, so be it. I have no quarrel with them for opposing the death penalty, notwithstanding I do not agree with them. My objection and my protest is against that holier-than-thou spirit which proclaims itself the mouthpiece of God and brands all as murderers who do not accept the special revelation they claim to have of the will of the Almighty; and I have no more patience with that spirit which would nullify the law while it is yet on the statute books than I have for the mob which seizes and kills the helpless victim without giving him an opportunity to be heard. The spirit is the same. One is as lawless as the other. The former is more dangerous because it proceeds in the open and claims to be directed by the Most High.

'He's lost all his money, but he's just as good as ever!'' was said of a man whose riches were in God. Another man in the same town, losing his fortune, killed himself, for he had nothing but his money. Who wants to be as poor as that?—Young People.

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote.

THE COLONEL LIKED MUTTON: A story is told of a certain colonel in the Federal army in the 60's, who had in one of the companies of his regiment one Silas Green, who early in the days of camp life developed a fondness for foraging. Either by stealth or connivance he had little trouble getting through the lines, and bringing in something fresh from the Michigan farms. His case had been before the colonel several times, but he was a diplomat and Silas had a way of worming out with little punishment. One day it was reported that Silas was absent without leave, and the colonel laid for him, knowing pretty well which direction Silas would come in. He was soon rewarded, for Green heaved in sight with a nice quarter of mutton stowed away in his haversack.

"What have you in that sack, Green?" said the colonel. "Nothing much, just some fruit I picked up," said Green.

"Let me see," said the colonel, and opening the haversack pulled out the mutton, and sent Green on to his captain for punishment in the guardhouse.

Green said he would not have minded the loss of the mutton so much, had he not known the colonel would eat it himself. However he took his punishment good naturedly, and waited some days after being freed before going out again. The next time he went he did not seek for sheep, but rather for a dog, which he found, a good fat one, killed and dressed it, put a nice hind quarter in his haversack, and walked into camp, going right by the colonel's tent, on purpose.

"What have you got there now, Green?" said the colonel advancing; "been killing some ones sheep again, eh? Well, I'll just take it, and you can go to the guardhouse again for your trouble." "Colonel," said Green, please do not take this; I jest felt like I wanted a little fresh meat, let me have it for the mess?"

"None of your talk, move on, I will teach you that you must stay in the camp," the colonel said.

Green moved on to his mess and reported that the colonel had taken his meat again. When his time was out, in prison, Green sauntered up toward the colonel's tent, wearing a broad grin, and was greeted with: "What are you looking for now Silas?" "Well nothing in perticler, colonel," said Silas, "I wus just a going to ask how you enjoyed that dog meat you took away from me last week?"

Grabbing a rifle with bayonet fixed, the colonel made a drive for Silas, who was making tracks toward his tent, roaring with laughter.

It was said that Silas killed all the sheep he wanted after that and was never punished or robbed by his colonel.—C. W. H.

"It takes both grace and grit to get along pleasantly with who 'never make mistakes.' "

HOW MOUNTAINEERS CAN LOVE

By B. B. Dougherty

We have read with much pleasure your comments as to Watauga building a monument to Wade Harris, the distinguished editor of the Charlotte Observer. That very thing has been discussed here, but our people are more interested just now about the health, happiness and long life of Mr. Harris. However, the monument will be built in due time. On it will be these words:

Wade Harris.
(Editor)
"The Friend of the Mountaineers"
His memory will carry the everlasting gratitude
of a thoughtful and appreciative people.

We may have been derelict in expressing our appreciation of our distinguished friend. Doubtless we have talked it more among ourselves, however, than the public generally know, but Mr. Harris is fully conscious of the fact that he is held in high esteem by the Wataugans.

Suppose you are at Blowing Rock, sight-seeing. Likely you would have this experience: You are coming into town on the Yonnolossee; you are opposite the Cone Estate, the finest, except one, in all of North Carolina, ——the mansion, the lake, the orchards, the roads, the lawns, and the ornamental trees****. This is the home of Dr. Vance, the great preacher, of national reputation. That is Judge Gage's place, the former chief justice of South Carolina. Here is the studio of Dangerfield, the great New York artist. Now you detour by Holt's,—"A thing of beauty and joy forever". On the way through town, you observe the old Baptist church, the stores, the local bank, the garage, Tom Coffey's Hotel, and now you pass the entrance to Mayview Park, with her many elegant cottages, her beautifully graded roads through zigzag windings of mountain scenery unsurpassed. On the left is the modern church, with beauties all around, built for the town in memory of his beloved wife, by Mr. W. W. Stringfellow of Anderson, Alabama. On the opposite side of the street, is the road, at right angles, with 30 per cent grade leading far down into the Globe Valley, from whence came so many distinguished men. The automobile is stopped. The guide says: "Do you see that cottage? Wade Harris lives there. See the table in the front room, many of his brilliant editorials have been written on that table. Especially is he gifted in description when writing at that very table the stories about Blowing Rock, her traditions, and her futher developments. The people here love that man. He is a State and National figure We all feel better and safer when he is around."

Had you been in Boone, last summer, you would have seen on the bulletin board of the Commercial Club, this notice: "Big Banquet next Wednesday Night, in Honor of Governor Morrison and Hon. Wade Harris". The men are all talking; the housewives are all astir, and the children on the streets are saying did you

know Governor Morrison and Mr. Harris are coming to Boome? One boy says: "My Papa, thinks a lot of Mr. Harris because he writes so many good things about Watauga". Another: "Mine does too, and he wants me to make a big editor like him." But think of the keen disappointment, when a telegram reads: "Can't come. Letter follows." Though somewhat depressed, but accepting the fates, the managers announce that the meeting is postpone until 1922, when bigger preparations will be made.

The toastmaster had already given the local paper his speeches of introduction. Here they are: "Ladies and Gentlemen I take pleasure in presenting our distinguished and progressive Governor Morrison "******" And it affords me genuine pleasure to introduce to you the man that made Cameron Morrison Governor of our great state,—Wade Harris.

The boy as he is today will be the young man of the next decade; the young man of the present will be the mature man of the next decade. There are none other to make the young men and the mature men of than the boys with us now. That being true in every sense, the future citizenship of this world depends upon what kind of boys we are raising now. That is a fact that even a small boy can see and understand, and every boy wants to be a man, and if he is a good citizen, when a man, he needs to be a boy with an aim in life.—C. W. H.

"AND WHIN I SAW YER FACE."

By. C. W. Hunt

The announcement , in the daily papers that Judge Oliver H. Allen would retire at the end of his present term, made me think reminiscently. I had known the man in general as a judge, for some years but I think it was in the winter of 1905 that I met him at Albemarle, where he was holding court. I was for a few weeks, looking after the interest of the Charlotte Observer, and we and several others, brought there on business, were around a family like fire at the hotel. At this time there was a small amount of feeling existing between the ultras, following Josephus Daniels and the News and Observer at Raleigh, and The Charlotte Observer, under the late J. P. Caldwell.

I never knew why, but for some reason, Judge Allen tackled the Charlotte Observer's policy in politics, knowing I represented it there, and I naturally had to defend it, which I did with no appologies; and for quite awhile, that night, we had it warm enough to interest the listeners. Some of these were surprised at the extreme view the Judge expressed that night, and I must confess that I was a little nettled. When the argument ended, the Judge, all the while enjoying his faithful pipe, turned the conversation to other things, showing a much finer spirit than many of us had thought was in him. I met him the next night at the same place, and at one or more

other courts, and easily learned to love the man. He was liberal in all his dealings with offenders against the law, and companionable.

He told me this incident that came into his court at Greensboro, perhaps the year before. The officers, at Greensboro, had a way of pulling every fellow they found beating the railroads out of a ride, and quite a number had been placed on the roads, as convicts, for no worse offense than beating a ride. They were brought before the Judge, to be tried for beating a train, a young man, a pure Irishman, who had been in jail some days. When the case was called, Judge Allen asked what he was being tried for, and being told for beating a ride, ordered that he be turned loose, and gave the authorities a sound lecture for treating decent men in such a manner. The young Irishman was delighted of course, and made it convenient to reach the Judge and thank him; which Judge Allen received cordially, when the young man remarked:

"Yer honor, and whin I saw yer face, I said he will send me to the gang, but yer didn't, and I thank yer honor."

MORAL: A soft and tender heart may be hiding behind a stern face. You cannot always tell.

Scientist, glancing toward the sky—Meteorological observations, I infer from those aggregations of eumulus, betoken precipitation!
"Does you mean, boss, it's going to rain?"—Farm and Home.

EULOGY OF THE DOG.

George Graham Vest, who was born in Kentucky December 20, 1830, and died August 9, 1904, was once a United States Senator, representing the state of Missouri. No more eloquent orator ever occupied a seat in that distinguished body.

His eulogy on the dog, one of the finest classics in our literature, is recalled by another contribution on the traits and loyalty of the dog, recently appearing in the One-Minute Column of the Charlotte Observer. We here reproduce it, because of its fine understanding of that devoted animal which man is proned to think his very-most loyal friend:

"The best friend a man may have in the world is a dog. The world may turn against him and become his enemy, the son or daughter that he has raised with all loving who are nearest and dearest, those whom we trust our good name and happiness with, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man may have, he may lose, it flys away from him when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment by ill-considered action—the people who are prone to fall on their knees, to do honor be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its clouds on our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world—the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in

poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintery winds blow and the snow drives fiercely in his face—if only he can be by his master's side. He will lick the wounds the master may have encountered with the ugliness of the world. He guards the sleep of his master as if he were a king, or even a pauper. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and fly or reputation falls, the dog is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master an outcast in the world the dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard him against danger, and if need be fight against his enemies, and when the last call comes and death takes the master in his embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all the friends pass carelessly by on their way there, by the master's graveside the noble dog will be found, his head between his paws, eyes sad, but open, in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even unto death."

"You can't tell 'bout a display of authority," said Uncle Eben. "Many a man thinks he's doin' a fine job o'mule drivin' when de mule is jes' hurryin' to get home on his own account."

Unmentioned In Law But Mighty Wise.

The spirit of the age is to give every child the opportunity and the privilege of an education. All will not take it, to the same degree but that excuses no power for not making available the opportunity. Some woods will take a polish, others will not; so it is with some children.

There have arisen in a number cases difficulties in providing for suitable advantages to some children peculiarly located. This trouble has been a live one for twenty-five years. And now Supt. Brooks, of the Educational Department, without the specific warrant of law, but with the consciousness of unlimited power vested in his department, rises to the demand of the occasion and makes a very wise and sensible solution of a trouble that has been very perplexing Dr. Brooks delivers himself as follows:

Tuition calculated on a basis of per capita cost of instruction shall be paid by the county for children living outside of the limits of a specially chartered school but attending school within the district for a period of six months in each school term, and for the remainder of term, the parent of such children shall pay tuition on the same basis.

Such is the rule announced by the State Board of Education yesterday, bringing to an end a source of friction that has existed between city school authorities and county school authorities for years past. The matter has been discussed privately with the State Superintendent, brought on to the floor in assemblies of teachers and school authorities, and has given rise at times to serious disa-

greement.

In almost every county in the State there are one or more specially chartered schools, having eight or nine months school term, with the territory of their districts fixed by law. On the fringe of such districts are families with children who live too far from country schools to attend them. City schools have contended that they ought to pay tuition when they attend the city school.

Under the regulation established, the county will pay to the city school tuition charges for the constitutional six months term. For the remainder of the term the parents of such children will pay tuition in like amount into the treasury of the specially chartered school. The text of the regulations issued yesterday follows:

"1. That the county board of education and the boards of trustees of the special chartered schools should co-operate in providing a six months school term for all the children, as required by the Constitution.

"2. That the boards of trustees of the special chartered schools should admit pupils living outside the boundaries of their districts only upon written order from the county board of education.

"3. That the county boards of education should give an order for the admission to the city schools of children from rural territory only in cases where the children affected live nearer a school within the city district than any school outside the city district offering instrution in the required grade, or where, on account of the location of roads or natural barriers, it is clear that the conveniences of such children would be served thereby.

"4. That the parents of children who are admitted to the city schools, as provided in the foregoing recommendations, no tuition charge shall be made by the city school board for six months school term but that the county board of education shall pay to the board of trustees of the special chartered school tuition for such children for the six months term. The amount of such tuition shall be determined in the following manner: The per capita cost of maintaining the city schools for the previous year shall be ascertained by dividing the sum of the amount spent for salaries and all operating expenses and the proceeds from bond taxes for building and equipment, by the average daily attendance of pupils as shown on the official reports of the treasurer and superintendent of the special charted school. On the basis of this per capita cost for the year shall be determined the per capita for the six months school term. From the six months per capita cost thus derived, shall be subtracted the per capita county apportioment for teachers' salaries, building and incidentals. The remainder shall be the tuition charge which the county board of education shall be required to pay to the city school on or before March 1st of the current year. This per capita may be calculated for the elementary and high school departments separately.

"5. That the boards of trustees of the special chartered schools shall charge the parents of children admitted to the city schools, upon order of the couuty board of educatlon, tuition for the time such children attend beyond the constitutional six months term. Such tuition

shall be payable in advance. The amount of such tuition per month should be appoximately the monthly per capita cost of maintaining the city schools. Provided nothing in this section shall prevent compliance with Section 5477 of the School Law.

"6. That children admitted to the city schools from rural territory shall be subject to the same rules and regulations which govern children living within the special chartered district."---News & Observer.

"There is a story in this paper of a woman that used a telephone for the first time in eighty-three years." She must be on a party line."

THE FUNERAL SERMON

By Morrison Caldwell, in Presbyterian Standard

This article has been suggested by attendance upon funeral services in recent years, and by the fact that the sermons which most deeply affected my life were the old-fashioned funeral sermons of my boyhood. I am profoundly convinced that our ministers are missing a golden opportnity and making a fatal mistake when they so universally use the regulation furneal service which is practically the same for an infant or an elder in Israel, for a saint or a criminal. We see the coffin and hear never a word to tell us as to age, sex, identity or character of the deceased. This may be "good form" in some congregations, but I am persuaded that there is a better way, because I have seen it tried by one of our Presbyterian ministers. He was called from camp to the grave of one of his elders. The man was only a carpenter, but he builded better than he knew in the lives of hundreds of his fellows who stood about his grave while the minister talked to them about "Uncle Jimmie." I saw strong men weep who were not church-goers. His message called upon them to be ready to meet death, even should it come suddenly, It was the best sermon I have heard him preach in that he reached his hearers at the right moment.

Far be it from me to urge a return to the tedious biographies, the fulsome eulogies of the past. My appeal is to avoid the formal scriptural service exclusively, as at present, and to stress that the only thing that counts is our attitude toward God. If we believe that our chief end is to glorify God or to enjoy Him forever, surely we should not neglect to sow the seed of truth when we have such a favorable opportunity. Men come to funerals who never darken church doors; why should they not be warned in the presence of death to prepare to meet their God? Never will hard hearts be so willing to hear the truth, as when they are face to face with the reality that life is uncertain but death awaits them. If this little article shall cause some of our ministers to appreciate the responsibilty of seizing their opportunities I shall be gratified.

WOMEN AND HUMOR

(Christian Advocate)

The editor of the Advocate a little while ago let the following apparantly harmless little sentences slip into an editorial: "Women do not appreciate humor to the same extent that men do. Frequently politeness prompts the female of the specie to laugh at what is really a good joke."

A good friend of the Advocate and of its editor seems to think that such an assertion should be taken with a grain of salt. She writes the editor and refers him to what Dr. Burton, president of the University of Michigan, says in a recent article of his about women and their sense of humor. Dr. Burton writes:

"In the course of my work I have had to address scores of audiences. Many of them were mixed audiences; but some were composed entirely of women, and some when made np exclusively of men. I have found the women are as quick in responding to anything humorous; in fact, they are sometimes too quick! I have to be on my guard, or they will catch the point before I want them to.

"It is perfectly true that men will laugh uproarousiy at some thing. which wont get a smile from womens But it is generally because the joke offends the woman's sense of the fitness of things."

It will be noted that the learned president of a great university admits the very thing the Advocate had asserted, namely, that women will not laugh at some things that to men are uproarously funny. Dr. Burton explains this fact by saying "the joke offends the woman's sense of the fitness of things."

If inclined to argue the question, we should contend that an unexpected jolt to the fitness of things is one of the prime elements of humor and that the explanation offered by Dr. Bruton is really a begging of the question. But we are not going to debate the question, or contend for the accuracy of any statement that has been made upon the subject of woman's relative capacity for humor.

We have at all times admitted that woman is more beautiful than man, that her intuitions are quicker and more accurate than man's reason, that she has greater intellectual capacity than man, that sheis more refined in her sensibilities, has a greater capacity to endure suffering and without bit or bridle can turn man whithersoever she will. And now, since to her has been committed the ballot, which ought to have been done long ago, and since all state and county officers and members of congress are to be elected next fall, we politely and as graceful as possible withdraw any and every intimation that woman cannot appreciate a joke just as much as a man does.

A country is not made great by the number of square miles it contains, but by the number of square people it contains.—Selected.

THE MOVIES UNDER FIRE.

One of the severest and most pointed analyses of the influence and motives of the average movie genius is thus made by a Methodist minister, of California, where recently the public conscience of even the Californians has been aroused. This is the way the preacher, in a recent sermon, talked about the matter:

The attitude of the movie luminaries toward the marriage relation; their continuous "souse" in divorce and scandal; their quarter of a century of screened sex appeal, itself a diagnosis of the condition back of the film; their attitude to those of their number who, like "Fatty" Arbuckle, have insulted and outraged every decent sentiment of virtuous idealism, their insistent demand that they be left unrestricted by the American public to practice their "personal liberty" doctrine in deport ment as well as in the product of their art; the evident looseness that has sprung up among them; their booze parties; their cigarette-smoking beauties; their behavior as reported by scores who live neighbor to their studios; their refusal to brand such men as Arbuckle and kick them out; their disposition to pass over without criticism such a crime as the San Francisco crime; especially their willingness to defend the criminal with their money---all has forced me against my will and over my protest to believe that a majority of the movie crowd are of the same stripe as this comedian and that they see the necessity of saving his hide in order to save their own.

The loaf of bread is censored. The bottle of milk is censored. The factory must face a commission for the protection of public interests. The bank must account to a like commission. We elect a board of education---a censor in our schools. The movie business stands alone today with the unbridled privilege of exploiting for the receipts. The reason is, all they threaten is character, idealism, manhood, womanhood, and here there is no cash value. Money has talked in the censorship fight. Money is talking in the Arbuckle trial. Unfortnnaitely, the movie industry is run on strictly commercial basis. It has no character. It has only a purse.

THINKING ABOUT DOING SOMETHING.

The Concord Tribune, noting the presence in the city of Prof. Blair, for more than twenty years the successful superintendent of the Wilmington Public Schools, now connected with the State Educational Department in the Bureau of Improvement of School Houses and Grounds, makes publication of some very decidedly welcome news as follows:

"Mr. J. J. Blair, of the State Educational Department, who spent Tuesday here with Prof. J. B. Robertson making an inspection of sever-

al of the county schools with the view of making improvements at the schools, left Tuesday night for Salisbury. Mr. Blair specializes in school buildings and grounds, and is an expert in this work. Several schools in the county will be changed and improved in all probability. Prof. Robertson stated but no announcement relative to this work will be made at this time."

"The men who have made world records have done it by breaking their own records."

HOW TO FIND EASTER

Even the youngest knows by this time that Easter does not come on the same day of the month year after year, like Christmas. Here is a rule for finding when it will come:

"Thirty days hath September,"
Every person can remember;
But to know when Easters come,
Puzzles even scholars some.

When March the twenty-first is past,
Just watch the silvery moon;
And when you see it full and round,
Easter will be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full,
Then Easter will be here,
The very Sabbath after,
In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sabbath
The moon should reach its height,
The Sabbath following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

The Man They Cannot Forget

(Collier's.)

One of the permanent posessions of a human heart is the memory of its great enthusiasms. You may have come to disdain and even despise them, but they are never uprooted. Then you reached your highest---and you know it.

When a noble ideal kindness such enthusiasms, that ideal becomes one of those things that without warning, at rare intervals, flare up. And you sit in the light of the flare and ponder. Why did it fail? Not because it was not beautiful---right---desirable. Was it because you were not fit for beauty, righteousness, desirability?

Peoples are like men. They may lay aside their great hopes, but to the end there are hours when they sit with them and ponder.

Perhaps that is the explanation of the persistent, mysterious, unconscious way in which men today draw together around Woodrow Wilson. It requires explanation. Why, in Washington for months now, has the sight-seeing wagon followed his car? Why do the chat-

tering tourists inside grow silent as they pass it? They don't peer. They lift their hats and sigh, and it sometimes takes minutes and striking sights to break the mood the fleeting glimpse of that drawn, long white face has stirred.

Why is it that on Sundays and holidays men and women and children---most of them busy through the week---walk to his house and stand there in groups, speak together in hushed tones as if something solemn and ennobling moved in them? Curiosity? Men chatter and gibe and jostle in curiosity. These people are silent, gentle and orderly. You will see them before the theatre on nights when it is known that Mr. Wilson is within, quietly waiting for him to come out. There will be fifty, a hundred, even sometimes a thousand.

They cheer him as he passes, and there are often chokes in the cheers, and always tenderness, Why do they do it? Nothing more instinctive more uplanned, goes on in Washington. Let it be known that he is in his seat in a theatre, and the whole house will rise in homage. Let his face be thrown on the screene and it will dray a greeting that the face of no other living American receives. And that is not true in Washington alone.

Why should the vast throng that packed Pennsylvania avenue from end to end on Armistice Day have stood reverently, with heads bared in silence as the bier of the Unknown Soldier passed, attended by all the official greatness of the moment---the President, his Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the House, the Senate, the Diplomatic Corps, Pershing, Foch ---why should this great crowd have watched in silence until, quite unexpectly, a carraige far down the line came into view? Why should this crowd, unconscious of what it was doing, have broken into a low outburst.

Woodrow Wilson means something to the people of the United States: something profound, something they cannot forget. People think of him now as the man who was behind the inspiration of their great moments; who stirred them to a fresh understanding of the meaning of words that had become mere patter of many tongues---"democracy," nuion." He made them realities, personal, deep---showed them as the reason of all that is good in our present, all that is hopeful in onr future, the working basis on cry of sympathy and grief: "There's Wilson!" The cry flew down the longavenue.

They saw him as the man who had called into service the boy they honored, who had put the wonderful light in his eye, that light of which a great French surgeon said: "The American soldier is different from all others. I don't know what it is, whether it is God, the Monroe Doctrine, or President Wilson; but he, has something in his eye." Yes, Wilson's place was by the dead soldier, and the people knew it and told him so by their unconscious which men may strive to liberty of soul and peaceful achievement. He made them literally thiugs to die for, lifting all of our plain, humble thousands who never knew applause or wealth or the honor of office into the ranks of those who are willing to die for an ibeal---the highest plane that humans reach.

People are thinking, also, of his

work in that after-war period when the hate, revenge and bitterness that war has loosed have none of the restraints that war compels, and we must, by reason and good will and patience, restore our controls---that terrible period we speak of as reconstruction. There too he kindled enthusiasms. "Now," he said, "let us do what men have long dreamed ---give to each people its chance, cut down the foolish barriers of trade, limit our armaments, enter into a union of all nations pledged to cooperation and peace."

The people of the earth rallied to his plan, pledged themselves. And then the loosed passions began their war on him. Those who wanted peace and believed it easy; those who hated peace and believed it impossible; those who envied his place, differed with his judgments, failed of his favor---these and many more joined in an attack such as few men have ever faced in the history of this earth. He fought to a finish, that he might secure the pledge of the nations to the ideal of world cooperation.

He won---won with the peoples of the world, if not with all of their governments. They look to him as the man who drove that ideal so deep into the soul of the nations that no man or men can ever destroy it. It has become an asset of tormented humanity, a possible way out of slaughter and hate. Through all the future men will be building upon it, adapting, expanding, as men have built on Washington's work, on Lincoln's work, knowing that their efforts rest on something essentially sound and secure.

They are simple people, remember, those thousands whose hearts he had enkindled. They are the people who do the work of the world, and their minds are easily bewildered. "He has deceived you," they were told. "He has given you dreams. Dreams are not for men. You live by realities, not ideals. Out with him! Down with him! As a great nation, you have strength, you have gold. keep them. Stand alone. Do not forget that you do not live by ideals."

And the people withdrew---bewildered. But the shouting over, they remembered their long days of exaltation, of sacrafice, of freedom and boldness, of worthwhileness. Was it only a deception? Was all they had felt a mere magic of words on their untrained minds, the stir of a fleeting passion in their lives? Was there no sense, no reality, in it all?

That is what thousands upon thousands have been asked in these past days. And slowly they are turning to him who led them. His suffering face and palsied side are a symbol of their cripple hopes. "How is it with him," they ask, "a living sacrifice to that faith and that vision? Does he still believe? Has he lost faith as well as strength?"

And so they seek him. He means something to them; they don't quite know what. He is a living link with their noblest phase. Those who destroyed that phase are giving them nothing in its place. What does it all mean? And so they follow his carriage, gather before his house, stand in rain and snow and cold before the theatre to get even the most fleeting glimpse, something that will bid them live again as they did in those great moments.

Looking Like a Million Dollars

By Beth Bernard

For the last hour Miss Mason had been interviewing girls who had come to the office to apply for an excellent stenographic position that was open. As girl after girl proved to be unsatisfactory for the position, the look of gloom on her face deepened. I listened and watched as the girls passed in review.

I heard one girl respond to a question in this manner:

"I haven't had no position for several weeks."

Another girl could not enunciate plainly because of the big piece of chewing gum which she had in her mouth.

A third girl spoke clearly and correctly; but, oh, her appearance! I was almost ashamed that I belonged to the same sex. Her hair was all frowzy and her hands were not clean. And yet she expected to handle expensive stationery!

In the group of eight or ten girls who applied for the position, Miss Mason did not find one who proved qualified for the opening. When she regretfully dismissed the last applicant, she turned to me with a mournful look.

"What's the trouble?" I inquired.

"Oh, gracious! Don't ask me. I'm utterly discouraged.

After a little urging she unburdened her mind. "I'll tell you what," she said, "for you may be a girl who intends to seek an office position at some time in the future."

"Did you notice the last girl?" inquired Miss Mason as she put her desk in order for the night. I nodded.

"That coat must have cost close to one hundred and fifty dollars. I'll wage that she has been going without lunch for weeks, to help pay for it, and I doubt if it is entirely paid for now. The cost of the coat apparently has been such a drain on her pocket book that she cannot afford suitable clothes to wear with it. Did you notice her dress and shoes? Well, I did. They were positively unsuitable to wear with such a coat." Miss Mason banged a drawer in impatience.

"And the worst of it is, there are hundreds of girls in town who are just as foolish. They try to look like a million dollars and end by making themselves ridiculous. Take that last girl for instance. If she had saved her money for a few months, being content to remain more or less shabby for that length of time, she would have had cash to pay for her clothes. Then, if she had been sensible, she would have watched from day to day for sales at the stores and would have bought her outfit a piece at a time, for cash. For the price of that coat she should have been able to purchase splendid shoes, good stockings and gloves, a hat, and a tailored suit of good material, all of which would have given her a well-groomed appearance. As it is, she has shabby shoes, no gloves, a shoddy dress, and —a fur coat!"

As we descended in the elevator, I thought over what my friend had said. It was all true. But she had

not finished.

"Girls like nice clothes," continued Miss Mason when we reached the street. "I don't blame them. I like flouncy garments, filmy lace, and pretty ribbons as well as the rest of them. But they should remember that such things are not for office wear. Why, if I should send some of those girls you saw, into Mr. Thayer's office, he'd—he'd simply throw a fit! He'd ask me where I picked up the movie queen."

We laughed at the remark, but we both realized the seriousness of the matter.

"Girls go to the movies and see the actresses dressed in the height of fashion; then they come out and on their meagre salaries try to dress in the same way. They do not stop to think how impossible it is for them to even approximate the appearance of the screen stars. Yet they try! If only they would be satisfied with good clothes of a conservative cut instead of an extreme style in a poor material. Oh, dear! I'm going to shut up."

She did remain quiet for a minute or two; and then she broke out again.

"Just look at that foolish girl ahead of us."

I obeyed. The girl had on low cut shoes with the highest heels I had ever seen, and stockings as thin as air, almost. And she wore a fur coat bundled up around her neck to keep out the damp chill of the winter evening.

"She has seen a picture of some millionairess who was dressed in that manner, I suppose," said Miss Mason. "And she has wanted to look like a million dollars, like the rest of them. She did not stop to think that Miss Millionairess probably never walked farther than across the sidewalk in such an outfit, but always rode around in a warm limousine?"

"Leaving the question of clothes aside," I said, "what other things do you object to in the girls seeking positions? Or, rather, what things would help them in securing good positions?"

"Well," said Miss Mason thoughtfully, "the dress is a great obstacle in our particular orginization, although in some offices it does not seem to make any difference. But in all offices there is one great drawback to the success of the modern girl. She doesn't seem to care whether she makes good or not. She does not take pains to help the man she works for and with. The girl who was just dismissed from Mr. Thayer's office is a good---or rather, poor---example. If her letters looked nice, she didn't care whether they were right or not. It was too much trouble for her to refer to the dictionary for correct spelling of unusual words; and if she ever had any knowledge of punctuation and grammatical construction, she had forgotten it. Nearly every letter she wrote had to be rewritten before it could be sent out. Spelling and punctuation seem like little things, perhaps; but in a business organization, they are important. Then, there is shorthand. Ninety per cent, of the girls who leave the business colleges are not ready for positions. Possibly they can secure and hold jobs, but not positions that pay real salaries. It would profit any girl to spend several more months in the class room, fitting herself to take rapid dictation accu-

rately, for by doing that she could take up secretarial work instead of being shunted off into a corner to write form letters."

"But really, now, are there secretarial positions for girls."

"Are there? There's Mrs. Hurlburt in the president's office. She knew what she wanted when she entered the business college a few years ago, and she deliberately fitted herself for it. She knew that our business was a growing one, liked the thoughts of engaging in it and had a vision of what she might do in our offices. When she began on shorthand she was thorough. She did not pass a lesson until she knew it. In her spare time she read over our catalogs and other literature to familiarize herself with our vocabulary. She made it a point to get acquainted with some of our people and learned about our foreign trade. When she was through at college, she came to me and told me what she had done and asked me for a chance in our force. I told the manager, and he took her into his office as an extra. She was not an extra very long. Now, she is private secretary to the president. And it would have ended exactly the same if she had prepared herself for any other business. Men are anxious to get stenographers who can work with them and realize the trials and romances of business, and you may believe me, it pays the stenographers well."

We had reached our destination. Miss Mason stopped on the threshold for a moment.

"I have unburdened myself quite freely, haven't I?" She laughed. "However, I feel better. Now, if you can remember what I have said, just write it out for one of those Sunday School publications you like to write for, and tell its girl readers. Tell 'em that when they are ready, to enter the commercial field as full-fledged business women, they should remember to dress as a business woman should and not try to dazzle their prospective employers by trying to look like a million dollars."

SIX MONTHS IN JAIL

"I didn't even know the still was in there until one day my wife asked me about the noise down the branch," declares Ervin Hardin, about 62 years old, who has completed the large part of a six months prison sentence for allowing a still to be operated on his land. He was convicted by the Federal court sitting at Salisbury, and was sent to the Iredell jail to serve his sentence, says the Statesville Sentinel. His home is in Wilkes county near the forks of the Hunting creek, Summer's township.

Friends of the old man say that he is serving the sentence rather than "squeal" on his friends whom he knew were operating the still, but when a newspapr man asked him about that he laughed heartily, and said, "Let's let that pass."

Mr. Harding is typical of the Brushy mountain foothill native. He is stocky, muscular as a wrestler, and has a wildcat gleam in his eyes. He has iron grey hair, glossy as a

Norman, and a face as clear of hardened lines as a Salvation army leader.

"You didn't even know the still was there until it had been there several days?" he was asked.

"Not a word," the old man said. "One day I came in from the fields, and the old woman asked me what that noise down the branch was about. I told her I didn't know, but I'd go down and see. When I went I found out what was being done. The still had been there about three or four days," he said.

"Did you know the men?"

"I ain't telling that, he replied. "Were they your boys?" he was asked.

"I ain't atelling that either," he said.

"Well, how did they connect you with the still?"

"Well, the officers found it on my land, it was within a few hundred yards of my home, and they found some whiskey-making stuff at my barn. They concluded that I must be the guilty one, arrested me, and here I am in jail."

The old man did not know how old he was, but remembered how old he was when he was married, and how long it had been since he was married; so placing the two together, it was found that he was about 62 years old.

"I can't read a word or write a word," he explained. "That's why I don't know exactly how old I am. We have a record, which is kept by my daughter, in the family Bible at home.

"There were no such things as schools when I was growing up," he said using words almost as well chosen as the ones the writer has chosen for him. "I never saw inside a school house, never learned a single one of the letters of the alphabet, and never learned to write a word."

This old man has not laid down his life for a friend but he certainly has laid out six months of it for a group of friends, those who know him say.

"Yes, we know it is a violation of the law to make whiskey," he said, "but you know a feller gets in the habit of doing a thing and he doesn't like to be pestered about it. I'm through with this business of making whiskey, though," he declared, "and when I get out of this I'm going home to the old woman, and we are going to dig a living out of that little farm, and we are going to be happy, and the next time we hear 'noises down the branch' we are going to send the dogs after them, and if they don't move, Uncle Sam has a pack that will make them skeedaddle."—Statesville Sentinel.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Mr. R. C. Shaw, of Troy, has accepted a position here in the printing office. He is stationed at no 7.

Doyle Jackson, Harvey Wren and Harry Lamb composed the "happy squad" Wednesday.

The interior beaver board work of cottage No. 3 has been painted. This makes a big improvement.

The Administration Building is

being repainted on the inside. This will not only give a brighter appearance but will be a pleasure to those who occupy it.

Last Summer, scarcely enough water could be had to supply the needs of the school. Now, we keep a tank full and enough is in the wells to last for a long while.

Mr. John Russel, officer at No. 3 and twirling ace of the local baseball team, is preparing to have a strong team and win many games in the coming season.

Friday at noon, when the boys assembled at the tree, every boy at the school was weighed. Those who had been at the school over three months had gained several pounds.

From a recent visit to the well-digger, this reporter found that the depth of 290 ft. had been reached. This is a fine report. Here's hoping Mr. Ankers will soon strike water.

On account of so much tramping in and out of the school rooms, Prof. Johnson and Crooks had the floors oiled. It is more pleasant now, it isn't dusty, the boys can study at ease.

The boys are organizing a basketball team. Several boys already know how to play the game. Other boys are eager to learn. They are putting all of the enthusiasm and practice they can in it.

Work on the 8th and 9th cottages is being carried on rapidly. These cottages are being built by Rockingham and Gaston counties. The way the counties are building up this school shows that they appreciate the work being done here.

Sunday afternoon, being such a nice, pretty day, the boys took a stroll down to the rock quarry. They sat on the rocks and talked and were pleased to have the sun shine after the absence of six days and rainy weather.

Mr. J. D. Haney, expert electrician of Charlotte, came over Monday to test the transformers and switches at the school. Mr. Haney has been here before looking over the lines and switches to see if they were in good shape.

The barn force is now getting down to work. Under the supervision of Mr. J. Lee White, they are getting ready for planting. Extra land will be cultivated. Almost every year more land is added to cultivation. Not only is the school growing larger with boys, but the farm is growing larger.

Blue Monday is blue indeed at the School, but the blueness will all disappear when the laundry is opened. Since more cottages have been opened and the school growing larger, Monday, Tuesday and sometimes part of Wednesday are the blue day's for the boys on that force. After these days, every boy wears a smile and is cheery; they are looking forward to the day when the laundry is opened.

The Band, which is composed of mostly new boys, is progressing rapidly. It was reorganized the first of February and in such a short time, they play remarkably well. Some say it is because the boys are easy to catch on, but I say it is because Bandmaster Lawrence is such a good teacher. He explains everything dis-

tinctly and thoroughly, so as to let the "Little Musicians" get every little detail.

Rev. Mr. Carson, of Charlotte, was the chosen one to bring a message from God to us Sunday. He is an excellent talker, and the boys like to hear a preacher like him talk. He spoke from the subject: "A friend sticks closer than a brother." He and his wife sang a solo which was enjoyed very much by the boys. He also announced that a minister from Charlotte will preach to us every third Sunday. The boys are looking forward to their next return.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

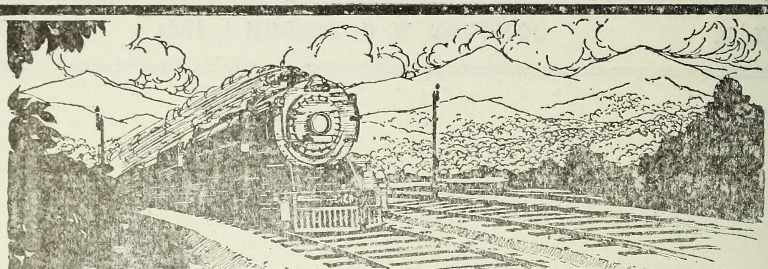
VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 4, 1922 NO. 17

Have Forgotten the Glory

A French naturalist writes: "I saw the other day a tame eagle in a butcher's shop. Growing fat, he cares no longer for the plains of heaven. His eyes, no longer fixed on the sun, watch the fire on the hearth. The golden plumes, once streached above the clouds are dragged in the ashes. That royal bird in the shambles, forgetful of sun, sea and sky, is a close image of thousands of men who, debauched by the grosser pleasures of the lower life, have forgotten the glory of the upper universe. They content themselves with picking fleshly morsels out of the ashes.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time) ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
2.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C. lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C. lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C. lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C. lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C. lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C. lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C. lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA. lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va. lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va. lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA. lv	9.09PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C. lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys. lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

GREAT FUNCTION.

Labor is a man's great function. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, he can fulfill nothing, without labor.—Dewey.

* * * * * * * * *

"THE BRIDE AND GROOM."

In a two column space The Charlotte Observer on its front page prints a picture of a woman and man, which it names "The Bride and Groom." Under the same picture we note this: Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles." This has reference to the marriage of the daughter of the King of England to Mr. Lascelles, charged with being the groom in the case. Miss Nell Battle Lewis, the editress of "Incidentally" of the Raleigh News and Observer, declares that a "groom is a man that tends horses," but if this be true there is no reason in the world why the Viscount could not become a bridegroom with some assistance.

Taking the picture in the Observer as our only means of acquaintance with the "groom" we cannot understand why such a looking fellow could make a hit with such an attractive looking princess. Little Edward, the youthful linotype operator in this shop, seriously thinks "that Mr. Lascelles should have wiped his upper lip before he had his picture taken for The Observer."

It is claimed that Mary's wedding has already "given business a boost in London." This justifies the infallibility of the claim that advertising pays, for in a number of the London papers togs suitable for a presence at that marriage were numerous, and it would be interesting in this period "of democracy" for which England put up such a stiff contest, aided and

abetted by numerous sympathizers, to know just how many of those in attendance at this royal snobbery wore their own clothes or hired ones.

But one thing connected with this marriage that has set society, the world-around, on its ears, that brings a ray of pleasure to these parts, is the fact that King George before the nuptials actually took place appointed the "groom"-to-be a "knight of the Order of the Garter." It appears that in England they use large quantities of cotton in the manufacture of garters, and this act of the King of England seems to have helped the South's King, for in the past day the price of that staple went up one-fourth of a cent. Let us hope that the Knight of the Garter will double the capacity of his garter factories.

* * * * * * * *

UNACCOUNTABLE TASTE.

In noting the shameless character of a show that was permitted to go on unmolested in the municipal theater, at Greensboro, when the women scarcely dressed entertained an enraptured audience with their performance, The Greensboro News follows up with a reference to another show that was going on in the county court house in this language:

> "It grossly outaged the stage proprieties of half a dozen years ago; but anybody could see half a dozen years ago that the proprieties were in process of evolution.
>
> The successive steps of that evolution find numbers of people, who freely confess to old-fashioned ideas about decency, unprepared for their reception. At present, however, our town finds itself under the necessity of making comparisons. Right in the midst of it there has been in progress another dramatic event, which has been for many people a magnet of strong attraction, and it is a rotten show. Little about it could by any stretch of imagination be called beautiful. And it is hard to imagine how any person, youth or adult, can derive many lessons of profit from it, while the possibility of immense evil influence is plainly discerned. It is a free spectacle, conducted on the premises of the county, by the legal authorities."

Without saying so, it is known that women and youths attended this sordid exhibit that was pulled off by the court authorities of the state, in the name of justice, order and the preservation of peace. Five years ago the average woman would have regarded it a calamity were her attendance at the sitting of a criminal court made necessary. Not so today. Real nice, elgant ladies, forgetting the high alooffness of the glorious past, rush into the very midst of scenes of unhappiness, sordiness and viciousness. Recently when a trial was going on near our doors, in which the suggestiveness of

immorality oozed out at every turn, splendid women spent the day in the midst of that court, and, to make secure of their seats, some even carried their lunch.

Something has happened in the heart of society that permits our women, many of them, to stand for things that just a few years ago would not be tolerated. What is that something?

* * * * * * * *

BETTER LOCAL GOVERNMENT

A general revision of county government in North Carolina is contemplated in steps which Governor Cameron Morrison is now taking with the approval of the Council of State, for the preparation of legislation to be submitted to the 1923 General Assembly. Governor Morrison is in process of appointing a commission of a score or more of distinguished men in the state to undertake the drafting of a reform measure which will be submitted to the Legislature as a basis for its consideration.

The governor is satisfied that great improvement can be made in the county governments in North Carolina. The present law under which the counties of the state are governed, says the Governor, is out of date, It has been handed down, in its main principles, from the first county government act adopted after the War Between the States.

The only thing in the world that insures good and efficient government in the counties of the state is the men who are elected to fill the offices, said the Governor yesterday. The law as it now stands, the Governor went on, is submerged in a mass of amendments and special legislation to the extent that even the lawyers in many cases are puzzled. A complete reorganization of the county government and the accounting systems in operation in them is the Governor's aim.

While Governor Morrison was not yet ready to make any announcement of definite plans yesterday, he stated that he was selecting a commission for the purpose of taking the whole matter into consideration and of aiding him in the drafting of a new law for submission to the next General Assebling.---Editorial in News and Observer.

* * * * * * * * *

COLONEL LAMB.

Col. Wilson G. Lamb, of Martin county, whose life with its high dignity and full of faithful service has enriched the generation in which he moved, has passed away. His death occurred in a hospital in Rocky Mount. Col.

Lamb belonged to the old school, the old type gentleman---who knows what that is, who can describe it? Can't be done; they must be just pointed out. Look at Col Penn Wood, of Ashboro; Col. Boyden, of Salisbury; Col. Frank Robbins, of Lexington; Mr. J. P. Alllison, of Concord; Col. Brevard Mc Dowell, of Charlotte; Major Franklin McNeill, of Raleigh; Judge H. G. Connor, of Wilson; Hon. Rufus Daughton, of All ghany;---in fact, every county of the good old state may boast of the presence in numbers of the old-time gentleman, and what a blessing and a legacy from the past are these fine men, who seem to grow stronger and more numerous in this fine atmosphere which is distinctively North Carolina.

Col. Lamb was a brave and courageous Confederate soldier; he was a successful business man; he numbered his friends by his acquaintances; he aspired to no office, but he took a lively interest in matters political; he was, however, chairman for years of the State Board of Elections. Nothing more or higher in offlce ever interested him. He leaves an untarnished name and a service in life worthy of being cherished as an incentive to noble living and doing.

* * * * * * * *

Using the wild story started about the condition of the airship Roma, which went to the bad costing the lives of thirty-four men, as a subject, Mr. Clark in this number contributes a very sensible article about the right function of a newspaper and news-writers. He observes, as many others have, that many writers believe to make their stories readable they must weave into them the sensational spirit, even at the expense of accuracy or the truth. There is no story ever written that outshines or is more interesting than that story of events, deeds and occurrences which takes into account the truthful human side involved---a farfetched embelishment, a yellowish treatment, always leaves in the mind of the reader a ? mark. When actively in the newspaper harness, no man ever lived up to his preachments more faithfully than did Clark in his work on The Landmrak.

* * * * * * * *

It is announced from the office of General Passenger Agent Cary, of the Southern Railway that the Southern will put in round-trip tourist rates to mountain and seashore resorts for the coming summer season at 80 per cent of the double one-way fares. This is a substantial reduction from the rates that prevailed last year. For example, where one-way fare is $10.00, the round-trip rate this coming summer will be $16.00. Last year the round-trip rate was $18.00 plus $1.44 war tax, making the trip cost

$19.44. This reduction of rates is calculated to fill the mountains and the seacoast to overflowing.

* * * * * * * *

A vicious woman of High Point, resenting the persuasive call of Mrs. Carr, the Guilford County Welfare officer, urging her to send her children to school as the law requires, made an ugly physical attack. The gentle, kindly Mrs. Carr, regretting the angry and mean outbreak of this ignorant woman, was disposed to let the matter drop there; but the judge of the Juvenile Court insisted that the woman be prosecuted. The Judge is right. Who, in the wide world, could expect children with such maternal viciousness, appalling ignorance and criminal neglect directing their course to reach a respectable citizenship without the state in some form or other stepping in and taking charge?

* * * * * * * *

The past Tuesday, February 28th, was "Shrove Tuesday." This specially named day occurs just before Ash Wednesday, and its significance lies in the fact that it was formerly customary in England, on this day, for the people to confess their sins to the priest, and afterwards to dine on pancakes and make merry. The customs of eating pancakes and ringing a bell are still kept up in parts of England. The day is sometimes referred to as "Pancake Bell" or "Pancake Day." It is a legal holiday throughout the state of Louisiana, and in the cities of Mobile, Montgomery and Selma, in the state of Alabama.

* * * * * * * *

To the very uttermost corners of the state went the disturbing news that General Julian S. Carr was critically ill at his home in Durham. Anxiously they awaited the news from his bed-side. The latest is that Gen. Carr is improving, and there is lively hope that the State will continue to enjoy and profit by the presence and activity of this genial gentleman, patriotic citizen and captain of industry.

* * * * * * * *

THE UPLIFT rather appreciates and enjoys the sharp comment of Governor Morrison in his resentment of the request a little 2 x 4 magistrate, who sits over a court in the land of Canada, makes pending the disposition of a fleeing criminal that is nestling in the bosom of the Canadian authorities.

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Seeing the accounts of daily accidents and deaths, we are convinced of

the wisdom of this which the Baltimore Sun hands out: "Horsepower has been sufficiently developed in the motor. What we need now is the development of a little horse-sense in the driver."

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Elsewhere in this issue THE UPLIFT is publishing an intensely interesting story about ancient old Hillsboro in this state. It is a story prepared by Mr. Fred Olds for the Oxford Friend.

THE FOX AND THE LION

When first the Fox saw the Lion he was terribly frightened, and ran away and hid himself in the woods. Next time however he came near the King of Beasts he stopped at a safe distance and watched him pass by. The third time they came near one another the Fox went straight up to the Lion and passed the time of day with him, asking him how his family were, and when he should have the pleasure of seeing him again; then turning his tail, he parted from the Lion without much ceremony.

"FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT."

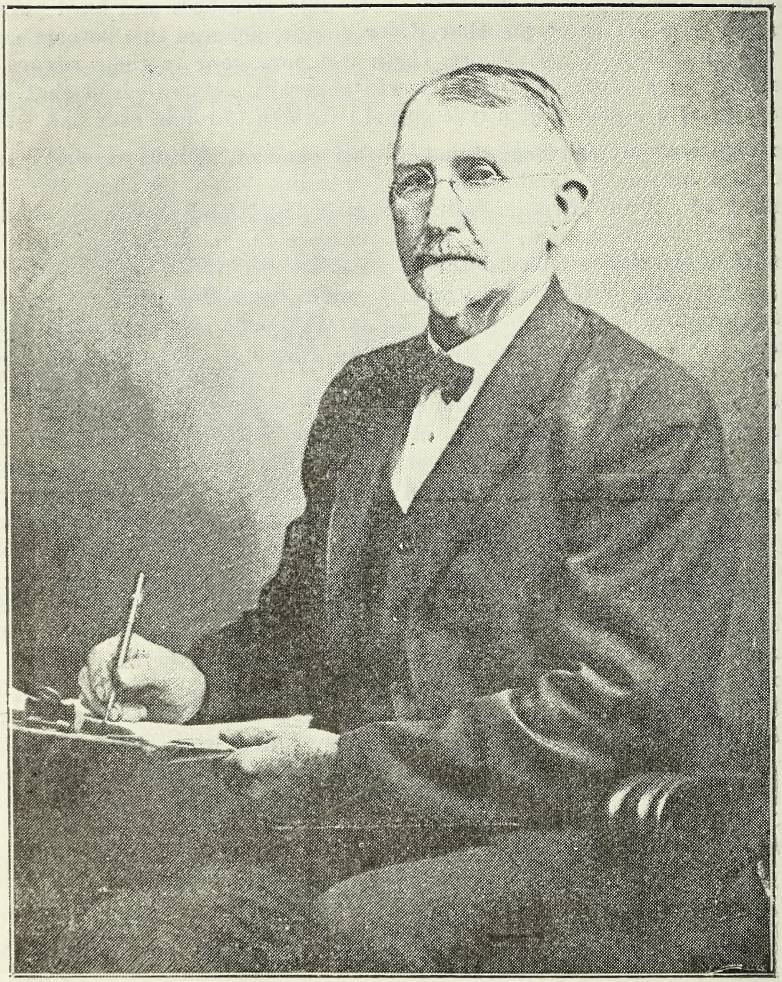
There's Place In Life For The Anecdote

REV. B. R. HALL: The North Carolina Methodist conference once had two Halls, Ben and John, brothers, both able preachers and hard workers. Ben was once pastor of the Haw River circuit, a charge in Chatham county. At this time Rev. W. M. Moore, (both men now gone to their reward) was presiding elder of the district. It was generally acknowledged that Moore was as great a preacher of a true gospel as North Carolina ever had. Travel then was by horse and buggy, and it took good horses to stand what was required of them. Brother Moore had a very spirited animal, that when once out of the stall was bent on play, and hard to get back. On a certain Sunday evening sometime before this incident , this animal escaped, got into a corn field, and work and coax all he would brother Moore was unable to get it back, and the more he worked the more corn the animal tore down. Finally the good man lost his temper, got his shot gun and pulled down on the horse, stinging it severly with bird shot, but landed it in the stall.

While Ben Hall was pastor as above he had a wild unruly animal, that was a fool about being hitched. On this Sunday, after service, the mare refused to come under the shafts, and after several attempts, Hall lost his head and frailed the horse unmercifully, right before the onlooking congregation. So incensed were some at his conduct, it was reported to the presiding elder. A short time thereafter Hall and Moore happened to meet in the road, brother Moore having stopped to water his horse at a branch, and Hall was slowing down for the same purpose. After passing the "time o' day," brother Moore said: "Well, brother Ben, I am mighty sorry to hear that you lost your temper and whipped your horse as you did at Bynum's a few Sundays ago....." Hall knowing a lecture was coming and not being in any good mood for such, shot back: "Yes, Doctor Moore, I did lose my temper, but the mare was so unruly; I think if I had had my shot gun I would have shot her."

"Get up—go long Charlie, go long —go long" said Dr. Moore, as he pulled the lines, while Hall was doing the sam thing, both going a different direction without another word. —C. W. H.

Love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure and a madness of desire—oh, no—love is not that! It is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living—yes, love is that, and is the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest.—Van Dyke.



CHARLES WESTBROOK HUNT

Charlotte, N. C.

CHARLES WESTBROOK HUNT

Charles Westbrook Hunt was born September 26th, 1859, four miles west of Greensboro, near "West-Green" the then famous home of the late Samuel Westbrook. His father, the late Rev. Moses J. Hunt then being pastor of the Guilford circuit; that is how he came to be born there, and was named for a son of Mr. Westbrook, the late Rev. C. W. Westbrook. From the time he was one year old he was on his father's farms in Granville and later Franklin county, where he spent 17 years, and where he imbibed the matter that makes the interesting nature stories, which THE UPLIFT has just concluded.

To get to a school for the family of children, his father moved to Kernersville where he had two years at Kernersville Academy under the tutorship of the late Rev. S. R. Traywick; his earlier education being in the "old-field" and subscription schools of the neighborhood. At the end of two years he refused a college education at Trinity College for the reason that he did not feel that his father could afford it, with nine other younger children; and he took a place with Beard, Roberts & Co., learning the Tobacco business. He always had liked newspapers, (his father took many) and it was here, with Jas. H. Lindsay and T. A. Lyon that he had his first taste of the work, writing locals as an amusement. It was not long before he was getting out the paper when editors wanted to be away.

Just about this time, Dec. 18, 1883, he married Miss Mina C. Kerner, youngest daughter of the late Israel Kerner. Five years later he suffered a complete physical breakdown, having to give up the work he was doing, or anyother physical effort. His like and talent for newspapers served him a good turn, and with less than $100 borrowed money he secured the Burlington News. Here he spent eight years; all the while a semi-physical wreck, but made a paper worth while, and never missed an issue. Feeling that it was unsafe to longer tax the mind and body with the "grind," he sold the plant, at a sacrifice, and in January 1897, moved to Charlotte. A year later he took a place with The Southern Newspaper Union, as a traveling man, and for two years went into five states in the interest of that plant. This work he did so well the manager tried often to get him at it again.

Resigning this job, and all newspaper connection, he has ever and anon contributed to the press of his writings. The old saying that: "You can get a man out of the country, but you cannot get the country out of the man," has been strongly proven in the case before us. He always dreamed of a place in the country, where he could associate with such things as were written about in the series of articles which he furnished THE UPLIFT. The very first time he had a chance to go back, he bought his present home, "Swastika Farm" (Egyptian, means: rest, peace, contentment) and stocked it with white leghorn hens. Here he has found health, after 20 years a semi-invalidism. He has often been heard to say that he has the

apetite of a ten year old boy; and the food tastes as good as it did when wading the creeks or roaming the woods and fields of Franklin County. He and his wife, to whom he owes, he freely admits a greater part of what success has come to him, live alone. They have three grandchildren and an only daughter, Mrs. Frank F. Jones. in Charlotte.

There are men, and I among them, who wonder why one so talented in writing engaging stories, who sees so much good in his fellowmen and tries to be blind to their faults, would not rig up a newspaper plant and start himself again in the active service of running a paper. But unlike the other men, who have noted Mr. Hunt's cleverness with the pen, I happen to know that he likes something far better and a normal man usually follows his choice. Hunt is essentially a countryman, loves to commune with nature, to study the ways and habits of living things that abound in the rural section, and this love cannot be gratified when tied up to the fortunes of a newspaper. I said our subject is a countryman. I am aware that through his native ability, his experince with men and serious things of this life, that he could play the city man quite easily, but he does'nt want to.

Upon the request of the editor of THE UPLIFT, Mr Hunt has just finished a series of nature studies which he kindly consented to write for the pleasure and information of our boys. They have richly enjoyed them; in fact, we have had assurances from many sources that they have been keenly read by many of our subscribers with entertainment and profit. Early after beginning the publication of the stories, the request came to us from various sources to preserve them in order and issue them in a booklet. This is being done in our office, and they will go out to every county, to schools and to all public libraries. All this labor by Mr. Hunt was one of love, and a deep interest in the great work in which the Jackson Training School is engaged.

This man Hunt is a choice spirit among us, is living a life of unselfishness and of great service, a live wire, straight and upright, and a loyal, sincere friend without guile ---in this day, that is much of a man.

Much of the meanness that men do is the result of impulse, haste, immature deliberation. If they had waited a little, those things that brought hurt and untold regrets would never have been done at all. Procrastination is at times a virtue. Do not strive to do today everything that can possibly be done, but rather content yourself with those things that you are fully persuaded in your mind and conscience ought to be done. Leave all the rest over as unfinished business. Time has a way of settling most of the problems of life. It is always wise to allow the old Father with the hour-glass a chance to give one the benefit of his widsom.—Methodist Advocate.

An Echo Of The Past.

In my school days, forty-five years ago, this copy, "Procrastination is the thief of time," was often set up as a copy for the whole school. I admired immensely the symmetry of the penmanship, also the deliberation of the old maid school teacher as she, with measured step, took her position before the blackboard that covered one end of the school-room and wrote the copy so it might be seen by every pupil.

I had no idea in the world what "Procrastination" meant. I didn't know whether it was something to eat or to wear; but I knew that it was a mighty high-sounding word, but never thought it would play any part in my life; but, "believe me," I lost no time in trying to reproduce the copy just as written with precision and neatness in the period set aside for that work. Little did I then realize that I was, by this activity and deep interest in following the copy avoiding the penalty of the very meaning of the word.

This teacher, as I remember her appearance now, I'm sure wore hoop-skirts for there was a certain smooth whirl to her skirts as she walked that gave her dignity and made her appear very wise. In fact she must have been a twin sister, or close kin, of "Huck's" teacher, for as I recall, the resemblance was marked. She also kept a rule on her desk that warranted a profound respect, punctuality, perfect recitations, and, if in either you were not up to the standard, there was an adjustmant of matters after school hours, no questions were in order.

Now, that the light is broken and we have come to fully understand the gravity and greatness of that copy that graced every school-room of the years past, we know that Procrastination is a habit and a bad one; and a person who indulges will find life so crowded with odds and ends of unfinished work until a mental pandemonium reigns and a starting-point seems impossible to find. For instance, take the blackboard in a busy school-room. Don't you erase all writing and figuring at the end of the day's work and start out anew the next morning? Order and system in the school-room, and why not mentally be in the same shape. How refreshing!

You not only lose time by procrastination, but it sometimes makes you lose your temper by being overcrowded with unfinished or put-off work. Moral: DON'T PUT OFF UNTIL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY.—M. N. C.

The teacher had told her pupils to write a short essay about Lincoln, and one boy handed in the following:

"Abraham Lincoln was born on a bright summer day, the twelfth of February, 1809. He was born in a log cabin he had helped his father to build."—Republic Item.

A Good North Carolina Girl In Texas

By Jim Riddick

She grew up in a North Carolina home, where tragedy held sway over the parents and their fortunes for too many years now to account for. Nearly every sadness known to mankind seemed gleefully to invade that home to do mischief---all leaving an imprint that stuck closer than a brother.

The little girl, attractive, of fine spirit and unusual poise, one of the only two of a large family of children that escaped the baneful influence of that most mysterious tragedy that cruelly followed in the wake of that family. She was the friend of everbody, and everybody was her friend. If there were a kindly word to be said, or a graceous act to be done, or a relief to be rendered, the opportunity was immediately grasped by this charming little miss. And this is how she grew up, gaining strength of purpose and will and habit as the days went by.

In all her set, in which she was thoroughly at home, none was more eagerly sought. Wealth did not blind her; immediate advantage of a situation concerned her not. She cooly considered everything from a sense of right and justice; she thought like a man---temporarily advantageous results weighed nothing with her. She was looking towards the future. It is no wonder that such a girl, even in those blessed days of other years, was sought for. Suitor after suitor played a losing court. Something higher, deeper and more enduring controlled the heart of this wonderful girl. "Oh," said she, "It must be glorious to figure as the sweet and attractive bride in a brilliant marriage, but," and she continued, "I must be conscious of the presence of a sterling character, a manly cleanliness and a dependable love, before I take a step that mars or makes a life forever." She had seen the evil effects where these virtues were lacking, and she lived up to her ideals that promise for life the joys, the happiness and the successes of a sensible and well-guarded matrimonial alliance.

Our little North Carolina girl and the man that fitted her ideals met; they plighted and were married in a simple, matter-of-fact marriage ceremony. And off to Texas, taking up their abode in one of the largest cities of the Lone Star state.

Without much wordly goods, without substantial and influenetial friends, they began life together, far removed from their families or former friends. Big business, this beginning without appreciable capital, to lay the foundation for a successful career in a bustling city, where every avenue seemed well-nigh filled. But this is a story of will and determination, of faith and energy, but above all with brains and a high sense of intergrity. And, too, this is a story of a judicous and sensible advertising scheme. To make the story complete I will just say that it was a grocery business these young people started up, but it wasn't. I'd tell just what it was, but I do not care to furnish any evi-

dence that would lead to the identity of this interesting, prominent and very successful family, who stand high in their community and want for nothing---they have whipped the fight.

A store-room, small but sufficiently large, was selected in a certain neighborhood of this large city where no other store existed that handle the same class of wares. The little woman "did all her housework" and whatever else needed immediate attention. Finishing her home duties, this North Carolina girl-wife started out on the street to purchase such things as she was compelled to have. That's nothing out of the ordinary, for hundreds of women, who are not ashamed of their rearing and are not too proud to work when the call comes, go out to marketing. But here is where genius asserted itself, where North Carolina initiative performed in high gear. She needed some gingham---the little woman made the order, requested the package sent to her husband's store with the bill. Seven or eight blocks away she went to place an order for some vegetables ---the package and the bill were to be carried to her husband. Now the little woman, recalling that a window curtain was needed---she went to another part of the city to make the purchase---and the same order about delivery and payment followed. The next day, she dropped into another section of the business houses.

For months this smart North Carolina woman kept np this method of supplying her needs until she had just about given a small patronage to nearly every worthy store in the city. When her purchase and the accompanying bill arrived at her husband's place of business, he politely and courteously completed the piece of business. In a short time these two people ceased to be strangers in that big city; and finding the new comer a very agreeable gentlemen, his place nicely kept and his methods of doing business entirely on the square, folks from every part of the city began to drop into his place and make purchases. Month after month this reciprocity was kept up until this man with a smart North Carolina wife, whom everybody admired and loved during her childhood, became well-known, won a place for himself and his business in the city ---and to-day he is rich in worldly goods and says it is all due to his wife, herself to-day a conspicious social figure and active in welfare and church affairs. It takes a man to make such an ackowledgement in the presence of his wife.

Trust not thy secret to a confidant, for he, too, will have his associates and friends; and it will spread aboard through the whole city, and men will call thee weak-headed.—Firdausi.

ACCURACY AND TRUTH IN WRITING

(By R. R. Clark.)

Following the dreadful disaster to the airship Roma a few day ago, in which 34 lives were lost, came a story from Chicago in which it was stated without reservation that Lieut. Smythe, one of the victims, had following the flight of the Roma to Washington some time previous, written his father in Chicago that the airship was dangerous and that it would be criminal negligence to fly the machine again until the defects were remedied. The Chicago story gave such detail of the alleged letter that on its face there were indications of truth; and many people who read that statement began to berate the officials in charge of the Roma as guilty of criminal negligence. Lieut Smythe's army associates questioned the truth of the story , saying that the dead officer was not the kind of man to write a serious charge like that without making some report of his suspicions to his superior officers, as it would have been his duty to do.

Now comes the father of Lieut. Smythe, to whom the letter was alleged to have been written, and says the story is absolutely false, without any foundation in fact. It had its origin only in the fertile brain of some newspaper writer who wanted to make a sensation; one of the sort who make up a story out of a minimum of truth and a maximum of imagination; or who make the whole story without a scintilla of fact on which to found it.

I don't know whether this sort of newspaper writing is on the increase, but sometimes I am inclined to think that it is. The newspapers have made wonderful advances in some respects in the last 25 years, but I sometimes incline to the belief that the zeal for accuracy hasn't kept pace with some of the other advances in newspaperdom. This may be more apparent than real; I hope it is. The old-time editors were not paragons of virture in all respects. They had their faults and failings, their short-comings. But the modern craving for excitement, for sensation, has created a lot of newspaper men who seem to feel that they must satisfy the demand for sensation even if it be necessary to sacrifice accuracy.

I am not discussing of course the errors that can't be guarded against with the best effort that can be made. As the newsgatherer must nearly always take his information second hand and work under pressure, there are always errors enough which in the nature of things can't be avoided.But I am talking about newgatherers who will not take the pains to verify reports,who do not use their common sense to analyze a story told them and use their judgment in determining its truth; but who on the contrary are glad to have it in exaggerated form if the simple truth eliminates the sensational features; and who are not averse to dressing it up so that it will be readable, if not sensational, without special regard for accuracy of statement. Some of the special writers make a specialty of rumors and speculation. One can make up a very interesting story from rumors and suggestions as to certain possibilities under certain conditions. But pres-

ently it falls out that there was no truth whatever in the rumor, and that speculations founded on the rumor annoyed if not positively harmed somebody or some cause. There are harmless rumors and harmless speculation; but this sort of thing, when handled, should be sent out for what it is distinctly, and if there is anything in connection with it that will do anybody injustice, leave it alone. I know all about the consuming desire to print something that will attract attention; that will astonish the reader; and how difficult it is to leave rumor alone through fear that it may prove to be fact and the other fellow will get it first. But better far to go without the sensations and better far let the other fellow have a scoop occasionally than undergo the humiliation of finding you have circulated a fake and may be one that will annoy or injure innocent people. Better far print the ordinary news of the day (and there is now no lack of sensation in the ordinary news) and have a reputation for accuracy, for printing reliable information, only that which can be depended upon, than to print a paper that has a sensation in every issue but which nobody trusts.

I have met some newspaper writers in my time who considered it a part of the profession to dress up a story, make it interesting and readable if not sensational, without being particular as to accuracy. Somehow they had the idea of fiction stories mixed with real news writing. This sort had a poor conception of their duty to the public and very poor training in the profession. Every individual who engages in newspaper work should get the idea firmly fixed that accuracy is the first consideration; that a newspaper's character is just like an individual's character. If you have an acquaintance who constantly exaggerates, who is always loaded with gossip, sensational rumors which he takes pleasure in circulating without regard to their truth or the harm to innocent people, you may or may not cut his acquaintance altogether—sometimes there are very entertaining liars—but you will lose respect for him and will discount anything he says; and even when he tells you the truth you won't believe him unless the story is verified from some other source. And that is just exactly the way with the unreliable newspaper or the newspaper writer who handles the truth carefully or uses it sparingly; who get the reputation of being unreliable.

If I were giving advice to the younger generation of editors and newswriter (which I am not; I am simply making these observations for whatever they may be worth), I would stress accuracy all the time. Verify the facts as nearly as possible, make prompt correction of material errors (never correct anything unless a libel suit threatens seems to be the motto of some of the modern newspaper-makers), strive above all to make a reputation for reliability so that your readers can depend on what you tell them. Telling the facts as they are, naught extenuate and naught set down in malice, isn't inconsistent with writing an entertaining story or making the story readable. Often the truth is more entertianing than an exaggeraton. Aside from the desire to be accurate for truth's sake is the matter of injustice. A story can

be so colored that it will do a great injustice and leave the wronged without an adequate remedy without telling a downright falsehood. Many news paper-writers do great injustice to folks they don't like by putting them in a false light whenever opportunity offers. He who isn't big enough to rise above prejudices, his personal feelings and be fair, is unfit for newspaper work and should be excluded from the profesion which he dishonors.

The job ahead of us may be like a bitter pill in the mouth; the longer we put it off, the harder it becomes to swallow.—Kings' Treasuries.

HILLSBORO RICH IN HISTORY

By Fred A. Olds

There are plenty of bigger towns in North Carolina than old Hillsboro, and there are older ones, like Bath, Edenton and Hertford, for example, not to speak of others, but certainly Hillsboro has made a remarkable record because of the fact that it has turned out so many noted men, exercising in many cases not only a state-wide but a national influence. What other town or really village, for it has only 1,180 people, ever furnished two United States Senators and that for a number of years, at the same time? Hillsboro did this, in the persons of William A. Graham and Willie P. Mangum, men who certainly made their mark.

Old Hillsboro Town

Hillsboro is only 40 miles from Raleigh, and the casual traveler by train only gets a view of a little of it, including the pretty tower of the court house, the old mill and the ungainly yard around the station, the latter giving about as unprepossessing an entrance to the place as well can be conceived. Now that the automobile has come into being such delightful old towns ought to be places of pilgrimage. The auto has made rural England and rural Europe. In England many charming places not touched by railways were forgotten after the stage coach days until recent years, but the automobile has revived them and they have all their pristine charm.

The Occoneechee Mountain

Hillsboro used to be, "before the war, sir," a mountain resort, for look you, it has a trinity of mountains, the Occoneechee, which rise 900 feet above sea level and 300 feet above the level of the little Eno river, which makes its muddy way at their feet; that stream in which Eno Will, the Indian guide who showed John Lawson the way through North Carolina to the coast, no doubt fished many a time, his tribe living in that vicinity for some time after the early white settlers came on the scene. It was in 1708 that Eno Will acted as pilot and his route led only a few miles north of Raleigh. In those days there was no Wake county or Raleigh, except Old Fort Raleigh on Roanoke Island, which Lawson visited and where there remained plenty of relics of the "Lost Colon"

of 1587 when he saw it.

Memories of Royal Days

In Hillsboro the main street bears the name of Churton and there are Tryon and Wake streets, for this was one of the places which Gov. Tryon greatly liked and he made it a point to go there often. He came to this state expecting to be governor immediately, but the then governor held on several months and Mr. and Mrs. Tryon and their daughter Margaret, (and shall we say the beautiful Esther Wake too) made a horseback journey from the coast to Hillsboro. For Margaret, one of the quaint lanes is named and to this hour it is "Margaret's Lane," perhaps 20 feet wide, running east and west directly in front of the quaint old Nash mansion and by one end of the stately avenue of cedars which extends at its other end to Tryon street, which leads by the front of the courthouse. This latter end is close to the Corbinton Inn, not named for "Ffrancis" Corbin, who built the beautiful "House with the Cupola" at Edenton, (which yet stands, as the home of his bride) in 1758. No, the hotel is named for Mr. Corbin of the Orange county section and not for the fascinating "Ffrancis," as it was spelled.

A Lottery-Built Church

There are plenty of odd things at Hillsboro and the writer made it a point to attend a service in the little Presbyterian church, in one respect easily the most curious in this state, for it was built by the town and for everybody, and by the proceeds of a lottery. The legislature authorized the commissioners of the town, then a borough which elected its own members of the legislature, to have a lottery to raise funds to the amount of $5,000 with which to pay for this church. The lottery was conducted in the style of those days, the money raised, the church built and so it stands to this good hour. A block south of it is a two-story brick building which is the home of Eagle Lodge of Masons. This was built in 1826, also out of the proceeds of a lottery which the state authorized to be heid. It raised, $3,000 and Capt. John Berry erected the lodge building.

In this connection it may be said of this Capt. Berry that he was truly a remarkable man, for so well did he do his work on the present courthouse, which he had contracted to build for $10,000, that the county court in accepting it, formally thanked him and actually gave him a bonus of $500. The courthouse is small but beautiful in its simplicity and graceful lines and in its belfry, equally graceful, are the clock and the bell given by His Majesty King George the Second to the "trusty and well-beloved" people of his goodly town of Hillsboro, named for the Earl of Hillsborough the county seat of his equally trusty and well-beloved county of Orange, named for King William of Orange, the head of the then reigning house.

Graves Of The Great

The little church, which will accommodate perhaps 150 people, stands on a lot with its rear towards and quite a distance from Churton street. The graveyard is a feature of the place. It is not a Presbyterian church-yard, for it was the

town burial-place. It carries out the old English idea, but lacks the English tidiness. Directly in front of the entrance of the church is the monument erected 20 years ago by Judge Aiken of Danville Va., in memory of his ancestor, Archibald DeBow Murphey, who was born in 1779 and died in 1832, and who had the honor of being the father of public education in North Carolina. In his honor one of the most prominent of Raleigh's public schools is named and the people of Cherokee county intended to name their county seat after him also, but fell down on the proposition because they left out the "e" in the name and never had the nerve to set matters straight.

A Noted North Carolinian

A few feet away from this tall shaft over Murphey's grave is one over that of William A. Graham. This monument carries the roll of his public services and tells that he was Speaker of the North Carolina House of Commons, Senator of the United States, Governor of North Carolina, Secretary of the United States Navy, member of the State Convention of 1861, Senator of the Confederate States, arbitrator of the dividing line between Maryland and Virginia. He was born in 1804 and died in August, 1875, his body lying in state at Raleigh and being given a national and State burial.

This cemetery was laid off in 1754. On its west side there are private burial places, some with stone fences like the one around the church-yard, but only two or three of these private plots are well kept. In one is a flat slab over the grave of James Hogg, who went to Hillsboro in 1774, beside him lying is his wife, Mrs. McDowell Hogg, who was a cousin of the famous Scotch poet Hogg, commonly known as the "Ettrick Shepherd."

Hooper The Signer

Another flat slab, with its inscription almost obliterated by time and neglect is that of William Hooper, one of the three North Carolina signers of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. The inscription sets out that the grave is that of William Hooper, eldest son of Rev. William Hooper, late rector of Trinity Church, Boston, New England; born June 28, 1742; educated at Cambridge College; died October 16th, 1790, in the 49th year of his age. The latter part of the inscription is these words, "Signer of the Declaration of Independence," this part having been deeply cut in recent years, so that it alone stands out clearly.

Saving A Grave-Stone

There is quite a bit of a story about this Hooper grave. Some thirty-five years ago the late Judge Schenck, the developer of the movement to preserve and mark the battlefield of Guilford Courthouse, obtained permission to remove the remains from this churchyard to the battle-ground. The slab was moved aside the grave opened and a small box full of remains secured and taken to the battle-ground. The slab was hauled to the depot, but the wrath of Josiah Turner of Hillsboro was aroused and he went to the depot, got the slab and hauled it back to the graveyard, so there it is today.

Noble Cypresses

A number of visitors to Hillsboro

would probably term it a "funny old dead town in the poor county of Orange," but there are good things in the place, and in the county, too, if one knows first how to look for them, and secondly, appreciate them. At the Roulhac home are a pair of lofty and large cypress trees, which were taken there much over one hundred years ago from Edenton, and seem quite out of place in that high region, for Raleigh is past the western limit of this tree. Two other fine cypresses are at Hillsboro, on the Paul Cameron estate, where there are in all 158 kinds of trees and the larger shrubs.

A Convention Church

At the southeast corner of this churchyard is a little wooden building which is the public library, and it is to be replaced by one of the rich-colored stone found there, set in cement. On this site stood St. Matthew's church, in which the state conventions of 1775 and 1788 were held. It was the latter convention was declined to ratify the constitution of the United States. Ratification was effected at Fayetteville the next year.

The Stately Cedars

Certainly one of the finest things Hillsboro has to offer is the avenue from Tryon street to the old Nash mansion, known as "Cedar Lane." It was in 1817 that Mrs. Nash planted these cedars, which are now sixty feet high and have lived over one hundred years, though five are gone, one but lately. The Nash mansion has a sidewalk laid in Revolutionary days of slabs of various sizes of the slate-like rolk peculiar to Hillsboro, laid here and there and giving a speckled effect. Governor Tryon spent a couple of months in this house in 1768. From the place is a fine view of the courthouse, under the branches of the biggest osage or mock orange tree in the state.

The Nash House

This Nash house itself is in two parts, the older one having flush weatherboarding 18 inches wide, all the nails having been made in a blacksmith shop, and the keys turning twice to lock and unlock the massive locks. The sills, of great size were hewed in the forest and hauled there. Little or no changes have been made in the house, the two parts of which are joined without a break or division, except in floor levels. The interior, with its dining-room some 30 by 18 feet in dimension, is certainly worth seeing. This particular room was the study room of the once noted girls' school of the Misses Nash and Kollock.

The Dark Walk

Under the shades of the tall cedars is a smart little club house, which Mr. Nash built some years ago, and is quite up-to-date. The town spent $30,000 and spent it well in macadamizing its leading streets and putting down concrete sidewalks in all directions. There are some effective street views, notably on Churton street. One end of this street is at the bridge across the Eno river. At this and is what has for 175 years been known as the "Dark Walk." This is a delightful walkway along the river bank, with a cliff on the other hand and with original forest trees forming a gigantic umbrella ov-

erhead. It belongs to Gen. Julian S. Carr, having been always a part of the Norwood estate and so bought by him, and is as picturesque and as charming as when Governor Tryon and Miss Margaret promenaded there and when Lord Cornwallis enjoyed its attractions, while his head was busy with schemes to overcome His Majesty's most rebellious subjects.

Around The Court House

The court house yard is charming. To the eastward is an ungaily flouring mill only a few yards away, and this is built of brick which came from the once noted Caldwell Institute, in the northwest corner of the town. Near this mill is a little stuccoed building, one-story high, a tiny affair with of columned portico in the style of a Greek temple. This was the law office in Hillsboro's great days of John W. Norwood.

The Old Academies

In the century before the last Hillsboro got authority from the legislature to build two academies, one for each sex. The one for females was torn down and the materials put in a dwelling now standing. The male academy building, of brick, yet stands a little west of the Cameron estate, which now owns it, and in it negroes live.

An Ancient Court House

The first court house was built in 1755. It was burned in 1790, but as stated, the king's bell and clock were saved. In 1791 the second court house was constructed and this was moved in order to be replaced by the present one in 1845. The building thus removed was first a carriage shop, next the white Baptist church and now is the negro Methodist church. It is only two blocks from the present court house.

A Worthy Monument

Instead of a monument to the Confederate and the World War dead the people of Hillsboro have wisely decide to build their new public library of stone, as already stated, and they will earn the thanks of a good many people for this innovation, some of the Confederate monuments in North Carolina being quite the reverse of artistic and well calculated to make a veteran run when he looks at them.

A Church Romance

The Episcopal church stands in the most commanding position in the town, and in its churchyard one can see many a monument over the graves of great men. The location of this church and its admirably kept churchyard is due to a romance. Judge Thomas Ruffin on one occasion walked from the little town with the beautiful Miss Anne Kirkland, to escort her to her home, Ayrmount, which is in full sight to the eastward. In those days the way between her home and the town was by a foot path, which surely must have been delightful. Beside it was a fallen tree on which the two sat down, then and there he said words to which she, responsive, listened and which brought about a wedding by and bye. As a memorial of that delightful incident he gave the land for the church and churchyard.

Memorials Of Dead

In this churchyard are monuments, worth seeing, over the graves of members of the families of Nash, Roulhac,

Webb, Cameron, Collins, Ruffin, Jones and others. Only a brick wall separates this cemetery from the once beautiful grounds of the Cameron estate, now unkempt though charming in their decay. Not many yards away is a marble slab placed there by Mr. Cameron to mark the spot where the gallows stood on which in 1771 six of the leaders of the "Regulators" were hanged after having been sentenced in court. From a point near this church there is perhaps the finest view of the little town except that from the mountains which lie across the river. The town is set in a sort of basin and is dominated by hills all around.

"The closer we keep to people who are really doing the worth while things of life the more quickly do we begin doing them ourselves."

The Origin Of Roast Pig

Charles Lamb

(Charles Lamb was born in London 1775. He was a nervous, timid boy and had an impediment in his speech. He devoted his life to an older sister, who during temporary insanity killed her mother. He was both poet and essayist, but noted chiefly for his prose writing. Among the more noted of his essays are "Dream Children," and "Roast Pig." He died in 1834.)

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother,) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with a cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it,) which was of much more importance, a fine litter of newborn pigs, no less than nine in number perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest period that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again

with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? —Not from the burned cottage—he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occured through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted---cracklings. Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had renderd him quite callous to any incoveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little sensible of his situation, something like following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what---what have you gat there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! Do come and see how nice the burned pig eats.

The ears of Ho-ti tingled whith horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burned pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpend since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder; thrust the lesser half by main force into the fist of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat, the burned pig father, only taste---O Lord?"---with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he shonld put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy

to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time foward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. So often as the sow had young pigs, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and the father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig, of which the culprit stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,--- to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,---without leaving the box, or any manner of cousultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurence offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like, our lock who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burned, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implict faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerons an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially

in these days) could be assighed in favor of any culinary object, that pretext an excuse might be found in Roast Pig.

Before you start after something you want to find out whether it is greed or need that is sending you after it.—Exchange.

Backlog Studies

By Chas. Dudley Warner

I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farm-house---rough---nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars ---did not aspire to. "John," says the mother, "you'll burn your head to a crisp in that heat." But John does not hear; he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. "Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood." How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock, and the Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all.

The fire rests upon the broad hearth; the hearth rests upon a great substruction of stone, and the substruction rests upon the cellar. What supports the cellar I never knew, but the cellar supports the family. The cellar is the foundation of domestic comfort. Into its dark, cavernous recesses the child's imagination fearfully goes. Bogies guard the bins of choicest apples I know not what comical spirites sit astride the cider barrels ranged along the walls. The feeble flicker of the tallow candle does not at all dispel, but creates illusions and magnifies all the rich possibilities of this underground treasure house. When the cellar door is open, and the boy begins to descend into the darkness, it is always with a heart beat as of one started upon some adventure. Who can forget the smell that comes hrough the open door,---a mingling tof fresh earth, fruit, exhaling delicious aroma, kitchen vegetables, the moldy odor of barrel, a sort of ancestral air,---as if a door had been opened into an old romance.

It is a temptation to a temperate man to become a sot, to hear what talent, what versatility, what genius is almost always attributed to a moderately bright man who is habitully drunk. Such a mechanic, such a mathematician, such a poet, he would be if he were only sober; and then he is sure to be the most generous, magnanimous, friendly soul, conscientiously honorable, if he were not so conscientiously drunk. I suppose it is now notorious that the most brilliant and promising men have been lost to the world in this way. It is sometimes almost painful to think what a surplus of talent and genius there would be in the world if the habit of intoxication should suddenly cease; and what a slim chance there would be for the plodding people who have always had tolerably good habits. The fear is only mitigated by the observation that the reputation of a person for

great talent sometimes ceases with his reformation.

It is believed by some that the maidens who would make the best wives never marry, but remain free to bless the world with their impartial sweetness, and make it generally habitable. This is one of the mysteries of Providence and New England life. It seems a pity, at first sight, that all those who become poor wives have the matrimonial chance, and that they are deprived of the reputation of those who would be good wives were they not set apart for the high and perpetual office of priestesses of society. There is no beauty like that which was spoiled by an accident, no accomplishments and graces are so to be envied asthose that circumstances rudely hindered the developement of. All of which shows what a charitable and goodtempered world it is, notwithstanding its reputation for cynicism and detraction.

The Turpentine Orchard

When we think of an orchard, it is usually as an orchard of fruit trees; or, if in the forest, as a grove of sugar maples producing sap and sugar. The turpentine orchard is just as much of an orchard, though of a very different kind. The turpentine orchard is an orchard of Southern pines; and "turpentining" is an industry of much importance in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and some of the Gulf States farther west. The products of this orchard are what is known as "naval stores"---tar, pitch, rosin, and turpentine

There are many methods of getting these valuable stores from the longleaf pines which are the trees most used. One of the best methods now in use in the turpentine orchard is the "cup and gutter" system. In common with other methods, this is carried on in January and February.

Two men, one right-handed, the other left-handed, go into the orchard. They carry with them two cornering axes, and together cut the bark on the tree. A few inches above the ground two flat surfaces are cut. The right-handed man cuts one, his partner the other, and the two men cut several hundred such surfaces in a day. Both these surfaces combined are a little more than a foot wide.

The next workman has a broadax for his tool. With it he makes two slanting cuts, one in each surface on the tree. One cut is a little lower than the other, and he places a gutter in each of them. The gutter is of sheet iron, two inches wide and nearly a foot in length. It is bent into the proper shape, two of them forming a spout, below which an earthenware cup is hung.

Beginning in March, the surfaces over each cup are chipped once a week with a sharp tool called a "hack" to keep up a good flow of resin. The hack is drawn across the two surfaces in a slanting direction, cutting one V-shaped groove above another in the wood of the tree. From time to time the cups are emptied of their "dip." In the early autumn the resin which has harden-

ed on the tree is also scraped off and collected.

The next season the cup and gutters are moved to the upper end of last year's cut, and above it new surfaces are made. When the third or fourth season is reached, the gutters are removed from the cupped trees. They are placed on new trees, or perhaps the old tree may be "bled' again on another side. This goes on until there is very little bark left on the lower part of the trunk. From the tree, the crude product is taken to the turpentine "still." Here the crude rosin is boiled with water, and the turpentine leaves it as a vapor. The vapor is caught in a coil of tubes, or "worm" where it is soon cooled by flowing water, and becomes a liquid. When these spirits of turpentine have been distilled, the melted rosin is run through a trough, then turned into barrels, where it quickly cools and hardens. An acre of orchard, in three years' bleeding, will yield as much as eight hundred pounds of rosin and twenty-five gallons of turpentine.

The pitch and tar produced by this industry found early use in the Southern Colonies, and to-day these naval stores are still of much importance. The rosin is used in making soap, paper, oilcloth, printing ink, and medicines; the turpentine, for paints and varnishes.

Edison Answers Questions On His Birthday

On February 11 Thomas Alva Edison celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birthday by working in shop, by reading messages of congratulations from such men as President Harding, Charles M. Schwab, Sir Thomas Lipton, Henry Ford and other notables, and by answering a series of questions propounded in interview by certain newspaper reporters.

Some of these answers are of unusual popular interest. In answer to the question, Who is the greatest man in the world? Mr. Edison replied: "I haven't met many men--I don't go to dinners and things I am always in the laboratory. I never saw him but once in my life, but I liked Teddy Roosevelt."

When asked about Henry Ford, the great wizard answered: "He is a remarkable man in one sense and in another he is not. I would not vote for him for President, but as a director of manufacturing or industrial enterprises I would vote for him---twice."

When asked about the return of beer and light wines and the placing upon these a tax to pay the bonus, Edison with emphasis replied, "Every man with brains ought to take a pledge to vote to make liquor impossiple."

In the field of science Mr. Edison says that the greatest developments within the last twelve months have taken place in connection with radioactivity---especially the wireless phone.

"The radio amplifier will continue to develope until we will be able to hear ants talk, if they really do talk. There is no limit to the possibilities," he said.

"Great steps forward are being

taken in the field of color photography. The time will come when the plate will be developed with the natural colors intact without the tinting, as is done now," is a prophecy of Mr. Edison.

Among the wireless messages received was one from the Westinghouse plant which among other things contained the following superb tribute to the great genius:

"You have lighted our path in life; you have made it possible for us to communicate orally with our distant friends intantly; you have put beautiful music in permissible form to soothe us in our troubles and cheer us in our joys; you have created the poor man's theatre, which has afforded instruction, pleasure and enjoyment to untold millions of young and old; your inventions have helped to lighten the burdens of women in the drudgery of housework. Your work and inventions have brought incalculable comfort and happiness to mankind, and it is not too much to say that you are a benefactor to the human race."—Advocate.

Institutional Notes.

(Henry B. Faucette, Reporter.)

Miss Zell Fitzgerald, the daughter of Mrs. Fitzgerald, house-keeper at No. 7, is spending a few days here.

Messrs. W. M. Crooks and G. H. Lawrence, accompainied by Henry Faucette, motored to Charlotte Saturday night to hear Sousa's Band.

The pumps have been running continnously for the past few days. On account of so much water being used, it is hard to keep a tank full, although there is enough in the wells.

From a recent Visit to the well-digger, this reporter found that the depth ef 325 feet had been reached and some water had been struck. This is a fine report.

The new pump room, which is near the wash place, is now in a better condition. The concrete floor has been laid, the windows and doors are ready to be put in and then it will be finished.

Capt. Grier is organizing a base-ball team. A first and second nine have been organized. Last season our team made a fine showing. It is hope that they will break all of their previous records.

The following boys received visits from home folks Wednesday: Homer Covington, Arthur Montgomery, James Suther and William Hatch. All were glad to see home folks and talk with them; they enjoyed the day very much.

Mr. R. B. Cloer, foreman in the workshop, has been making flour and meal cabinets for cottages 6 and 7. Already one has been delivered to 7th cottage. Malcolm Holman and Marion Butler are working on the cabinet that goes to 6th cottage.

The printiug office is getting out a job for the Y. M. C. A. of Concord. A little pamphlet to let the people know what the "Y" is doing. The printers have to hustle to get it out and THE UPLIFT too, but the job won't have to be printed every week and that will give them time

to catch up.

The morning school section is now too big to be drilled under one person. Owing to this fact, Mr. Johnson had the boys assemble according to their school rooms and put a boy from each of these rooms in charge. When you see these boys drill, it does you good. In step, every foot is carried to the front at the same time.

Everbody connected with the institution is rejoiced over the fact that Mr. D. B. Coltrane, a member of the governing board and the treasurer has come out from a very painful, if not serious operation, both successfully and in fine shape. At one time the reports from his bedside were very alarming, but he'll soon be himself again.

The Seventh Cottage, which was opened several weeks ago, has organized a literary society. The members of this society decided to name it in honor of Supt. Boger, for his goodness and service to the Jackson Training School. They have started out to make ever boy in that cottage a speaker. Success is wished by all the other Literary Societies of the School.

The lawn in front of 1st, 2nd and 3rd were being worn down by the boys playing foot ball, basket ball and such games. Therefore Mr. Boger had announced at the tree that the cottage lines preparatory to going into the cottages would be formed in front of the school building. It is a more central part of the school grounds. The lines in going out to get in their proper sections, however, still go to the tree.

Rev. J. F. Armstrong, of the Forest Hill Methodist Church of Concord came out out and held service for us Sunday afternoon. Before announcing his text, he told the boys of the condition of the far east. They knew that they were in need, but not as much as Mr. Armstrong told them. Eevery boy at the school wishes to contribute something, no matter how small, to these suffering little ones. After a short talk of the far east he spoke from the subject: "And he rose up, left all and followed Him." Everybody enjoyed the sermon.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Victor High, Robert Pool, Chas. Mayo, James Honeycutt, Bertram Hart, Floyd Huggins, James Shipp, Jack McLelland, Swift Davis, Frank Thomason, Fitzhugh Miller, Doyle Jackson, Hoyle Faulkner, Murray Evans, Allie Williams, Roy Baker, William Gregory, John Wright, William Cook, William Hancock, Marshall Williams, Steve Mercer, Lee Rogers, Hazen Ward, James Ford, Millard Gilbert, George Everheart, Alvin Cook, Roy Caudill, Cleburn Hale, Raymond Scott and Paul Green, Carlye Hardy.

"B"

Magnus Wheeler, John Hughs, Claude Coley, David Underwood, Walter Brockwell, Robt. Ferguson, Ralph Freeland, Lambert Cavenaugh, Albert Hill Arvel Absher, Elbert Perdue Marion Butler, Dudley Pangle, Vass Fields, Homer Covington, Aubrey Weaver, Loyd Winner, Henry Reece, James Watts,

Chas. Bishop, Sylvester Sims, Garland Banks, Albert Keever, Jake Willard, Dohme Manning, John Hill, Thomas Ogiesby, Forrest Byers, Murphy Jones, John Morrison. John Kemp, Herbert Orr, Joseph Pope, Edger Sperling, Jack O'neil, Crawford Poplin, Robert Holland, John Branch, Charlie Jackson, walter McNeil, G. Mercer. Avery Roberts, Herbert Apple, Connie Lowman, Charlie Lisk, Walter Taylor, Chas. Rothrock and Rufus Wrenn.

They Stayed

In the troubled days that followed the French Revolution, M. Santerre was Commandant of the National Guard. He was a cold, stern man, and looked on all household pets with positive aversion. He felt that the time had come to rid the country of these useless and expensive dependents. He reasoned that the people had looked unmoved while the king, the nobles and the priest had been led to the guillotine, and they were not likely to object if cats and dog were included in the general slaughter.

But he had guessed wrong. Their affection was deep and warm for the animals who had shared their meager fare and who had repaid them with faithful affection. A murmur of resentment at Santerre's edict sweep like a wave over the land, gathering force as it went. The people were in an ugly mood. The newspapers took up their cause and heaped scorching ridicule upon the commandant. Santerre found himself beaten; he withdrew the obnoxious decree, and the French peasant was left in undisturbed possession of the cat or dog that looked to him for its supoort.---Exchange.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

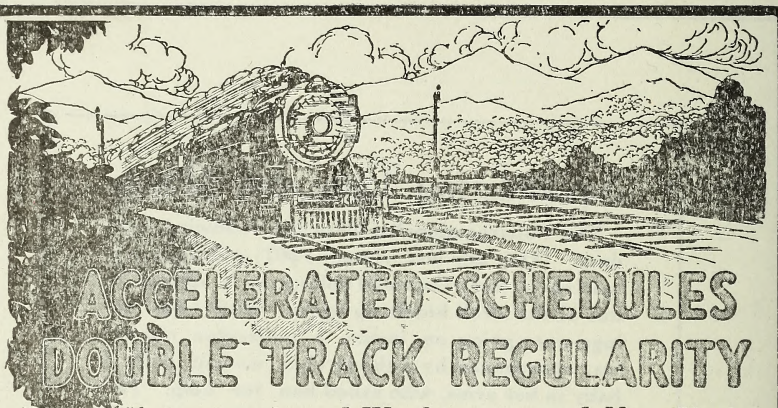
VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 11, 1922 NO. 18

Squandering Time and Money

The Congregationalist gives the following incident: "One day last winter (1907) a wealthy woman spent forty thousand dollars on a dinner in one of the swell hotels up town. While the doings were going on inside, a policeman outside was approached by a thinly clad woman with a baby in her arms, who asked him for help. The big cop looked at her baby and said in his gruff voice: 'Why, your baby is dead.' With a shriek the woman collapsed. The policeman sent her and her dead baby to the station house in the patrol wagon. The baby had starved to death." The selfish and extravagant use of money is causing that picture to be repeated in many places. Men and women spend their money extravagantly for pleasuse while, not far from them, are families in destitute circumstances. Plenty of money for automobiles, fine clothing, travel, and pleasure; but only a pittance for those great general causes that seek to relieve suffering and starvation; for the advancement of agencies for the betterment of conditions and manking; and for making the world really better by having lived in it.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921

Northbound						Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time) ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.20PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C. lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C. lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C. lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C. lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C. lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C. lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C. lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA. lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va. lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va. lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA. lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C. lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys. lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

GOVERNOR MORRISON'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

Here and there in different quarters of the state fun, and even criticism, has been offered for Govenor Morrison's new campaign in which he seeks to arouse the farmers to a greater production of food stuffs, by way of more gardening, keeping cows and hogs. It is claimed that this is not a new idea, that it has been exploited more than fifty years ago.

Let us be sensible about this matter. All these claims may be true, and are true; but the fact unquestionably exists that the people are not doing as much of this home-providing as they should and would find reasonably profitable. This writer is not commissioned to defend Gov. Morrison, but it does recognize in him a man of great ability and one with a courage to tackle any job in which he believes and by which he feels that he can accomplish something. That we have had a Board of Agriculture and local and county organizations whose efforts have been devoted to this very thing, is no reason why Governor Morrison, recognizing the need for a great improvement and increased licks, should not throw his power and that of his great office behind this campaign.

In charge of this campaign he has placed John Paul Lucas, an expert advertising man. Strength and success to him.

Fifty years ago this writer saw coming into a village daily, in the midst of what may have been regarded a thrifty neighborhood, with good lands and a good citizenship, on the average one big box of western side-meat. Nearly every countryman, in coming from a store, had a strip of that awful stuff the West was cramming down the throats of our people. About this time the Grange began to advocate keeping the corn-crib and the "smoke-house" at home; and in less than four years the people were rais-

ing their own corn and meat, and had some of each to spare; and they are doing that very thing to this very day. That was the direct result of agitation, propaganda, reason. And those people came into their own; and to-day precious little of this highly impregnated chemically seasoned stuff finds its way into that section. Glory be!

Go to it, Governor Morrison, you are on the right track. And if you can devise some means by which the management of the public schools may be restored to the people at home, the rural folks will rise up to bless you.

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ENCOURAGEMENTS.

THE UPLIFT is beholden to Mrs. D. A. Garrison, of Gastonia, Cols. Wood, of Asheboro, and Boyden, of Salisbury, and a score of others for very encouraging endorsements during the past week. Out of these many fine expressions of appreciation of the make-up and contents of THE UPLIFT, there was just one slight discordant note and that came from a delightful gentleman, who felt that his chief is misunderstood. Oh, no; when great causes that affect very vitally the interests of the people are being unwisely handled or not handled at all, the great thing itself and not the vanity of or pride of opinion of the individual is the object and subject of the consideration. There are some folks so self-centered that their purpose is to magnify themselves rather than their jobs--but it has always been thus, and will continue so as long as man is human.

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DR. C. H. WILEY IN 1855

Dr. C. H. Wiley, the first superintendent of the Common Schools of this state, said in, 1855, what has been said with more or less truth every decade since, that "the progress of general education in North Carolina, for the last few years, every thing considered, has been very remarkable, and almost without a parallel."

This is taken from the "preliminary remarks" in the Third North Carolina Reader. And it continues: According to the Census of 1840, there were then in the state 2 colleges, 141 accademies and grammar-schools, and 632 primary schools of all kinds. There were at school in colleges, 158 scholars; in academies 4,398; in primary schools, 14,937; in all 19,493 scholars."

Making reference to the statistics of a period fifteen years later Dr. Miley says: "About this time the common-schools ystem went into opera-

tion, and now, while the population has increased but little, our educational statistics are as follows: We have five colleges, and one other in progress; 7 female colleges, and several others in progress; at least 200 academies and grammer-schools, and about 3,000 primary schools." This in itself, is a wonderful growth at a period when the so-called average citizen was not a friend of public education, feeling that this thing we call education belongs to a special and favored class.

From the same source, Dr. Wiley, in 1855, writes "the common schools are becoming more and more efficient --the course of studies in them is becoming more thorough, and the standard of teachers is being elevated, while the public are learning more and more to respect and appreciate this great system." That was written sixty-seven years ago, and sounds very much like what we read in a private letter a few days ago in speaking of the present day schools.

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THE GORGAS MEMORIAL.

The North Carolina schools are requested by State Supt. Brooks to observe March 17th as the Gorgas Memorial Day. Dr. Gorgas is remembered as "Physician to the World," for through him and his superb direction yellow fever and malaria were eliminated in Panama and Cuba. At Tuscaloosa, Alabama, there is to be fostered a school as a memorial to Dr. Gorgas and specially for the training of sanitary engineers and public nurses to assist county health organizations. Dr. Brooks in his statement recognizes the importance of the county health organizations and their work, and he very easily and wisely could have advised his county boards to lend financial aid to heroic efforts of maintaining the all-time Health nurses, as is being done in Wake and other counties in accordance with his printed instructions in the School-law of 1919, page 117, paragraph 11.

In his requests to the school superintendts to honor the memory of the late General William Crawford Gorgas, Dr. Brooks further says:

> "A program consisting of articles by students of the schools on General Gorgas' work in eliminating yellow fever and malaria in Cuba and Panama, the growth of preventive medicine, health and sanitation in the State of North Carolina, emphasising the great saving in lives effected by the State Health Depertment; the plan of the Gorgas memorial institute, both in the field of research at Panama and the School of Sanitation at Tuscaloosa, and the benefits which will accrue by training men and women to become health officers, sanitary engineers and inspectors, and public health nurses for the county health organiza-

tions. This will be the particular function of the Gorgas School of Sanitation---will be presented on Gorgas Memorial Day.

* * * * * * * *

The contest which Dr. Campbell, of Norwood, made against Congressman Doughton for his seat in Congress, has been decided unanimously by the committee in favor of Mr. Doughton. Thus ends a little excitement in which the people of the 8th district did not take on their usually interest.

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The exhibition of a leadership that brings about such educational results as that coming out from a rural section of Person County, told of on another page, ought to be an inspiration to other to make a move, a trial---it should be at least somewhat awakening.

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That's mighty interesting and instructive reading that Mr. Clark places before us this week under the title, "Fitness for jury service."

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

It happened that a Dog had got a piece of meat and was carrying it home in his mouth to eat in peace. Now on his way home he had to cross a plank lying across a running brook. As he crossed, he looked down and saw his own shadow reflected in the water beneath. Thinking it was another dog with another piece of meat, he made up his mind to have that also. So he made a snap at the shadow in the water, but as he opened his mouth the piece of meat fell out, dropped into the water and was never seen more.

"BEWARE LEST YOU LOOSE THE SUBSTANCE BY GRASPING AT THE SHADOW."

Losing Self In Service

It is a good sign when we become so absorbed in what we are trying to do to help others that we forget all about our own petty desires. A rich banker discovered that other men were getting a lot of pleasure out of giving real money to help people less fortunate than themselves. He could not fathom the mystery of it for he had always looked on keeping money and watching it grow as the highest type of joy-getting. But, as the others persisted and thrived under their generous giving, he decided to put it to the test. He helped a struggling mission pay off its mortgage and then he arranged to have a crippled newsboy sent to a specialist to be cured. The banker forgot about his selfish designs on making money when he sunk himself into the service of a needy church and a needy boy. That was losing self in the right way. While he was doing for others his own work was not neglected. While he was giving his money to assist where there was real need, his own wealth was not decreasing. Besides there came to him a rich discovery that after all the real pleasures for life are not in the abundance of the things which he possessed, but in the lives he had touched with brightness and uplift. In losing his life for the service of others he was truly finding it, and when he realized the richness of his find he saw that what his old life had hugged as a source of comfort could not be compared with the happiness of his new life of service. To lose self in service is not a hardship; it is a privilege.---Selected

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"The friends we gain by currying favor we have to hold by the same method."

Unmeasured Compensations

(Forward)

A young man who, upon graduating from the university, had taken a professorship in a small Christian college, was twitted by his brother, a prosperous business man, upon the meager salary he was receiving.

"It is a shame, Jim," he declared, "here you are with your university and poastgraduate degrees, working at a starvation salary, hardly able to make ends meet, while I, who have nothing but a highschool education and a course in a business college, could buy and sell you a dozen times over. It dosen't look right."

"It doesn't, Charley," affirmed the professor, "if you measure all life values in dollars and cents. But I know that there are some that can't be measured that way." Then he added enthusiasically: "I would not give up my job for all the bank accounts in the world! You know how devoted I have been to astronomy ever since we were boys in high school together. Now, when I sit

with my eye to the telescope, as I do hour after hour, and look into the awful sky gulfs that yawn about me, or catch a silver fragment of some far-off planet within its field, I really live. I couldn't be happy anywhere else. There are compensations in the work I care for that no money could buy."

The world is so accustomed to measuring values by monetary standards or in terms of dollars and cents that it finds itself incapable of arriving at a proper conception of values in any other way.

But there are values of this kind. The scientific man, busy in his laboratory, watching with bated breath the outcome of his latest experiment, knows it. The artist, working with feverish enthusiam at the picture before him till his whole soul is carried away with the beauty of the dream he sees dawning upon the canvas, knows it. There are men in every community who have learned to appraise life values in some other way than in terms of dollars and cents. Moreover, they enrich their communities in their own way, quite as much as does he whose standard is purely monetary.

There are Christians who need to take this lesson to heart. What if some of us have sacrificed our hope of more material gain for something less material, and therefore something considered by the world less practical? We know better! We know that he who lives to teach others how to live is not throwing his own life away. We know that love and truth and generosity and sympathy and forgiveness are real things, just as real as are bank accounts and stocks and bonds and fine houses and rich apparel. Indeed, they will endure after bank accounts and fine homes have crumbled and disappeared forever.

It must have been these peculiar rewards and compensations that the apostle Paul had in mind when he wrote of "Things eye saw not, and ear heard not.

And which entered not into the heart of man.

Whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him."

He was not speaking of the rewards of Heaven, as many imagine, when he said this; he was speaking of the blessings that may be found right here and now by all who will take Christ at His word and enter fully and deeply into that life He offers to us.

The teacher was talking of Niagara Falls. "The falls are slowly wearing back toward Buffalo, and in the course of some two hundred thousand years they will wash away Erie."

One of the girls in the classroom began to cry and the teacher asked what the trouble was.

"Oh," wailed the girl, "my sister lives in Erie!"

North Carolina History And Romance.

Recently an hour was spent in glancing through the old North Carolina Reader, III, prepared by Dr. Wiley, the father of the Common Schools in North Carolina, the said readers having been issued in 1851. A copy of this most interesting reader was handed us by Mr. Watt Barringer, a unique and at the same time a most excellent citizen of Cabarrus county. That was a delightful hour, and the belief could not be overcome that were our children given more reading matter pitched on subjects which this North Carolina Reader recognizes and honors they would become not only better citizens but decidely more patriotic North Carolinians.

Our readers will recall that William Drummond was the first Governor of North Carolina, or to be exact "the governor of the county of Albemarle in the provience of Carolina." If we read aright the little that is known of Governor Drummond, he had much of the spirit of Patrick Henry and as such could not long fellowship with Sir William Berkely, who appointed him governor in April 1663.

Gov. Drummond's life had a tragic closing. He had much to do with what is termed in history as "Bacon's Rebellion." After the close of that rebellion, Gov. Drummond was apprehended and brought before Berkely, "who, in the language of lacerated pride, insultingly bade him welcome death." Drummond proudly avowed the part he played in that rebellion; and he was tried at one o'clock on the twentieth of May, 1679 (one hundred and four years prior to that other important 20th) and hung at four o'clock on the same day. "Thus, this brave and extraordinary man breathed his last in mid-air suspended."

But his name is perpetuated by a beautiful lake in the Dismal Swamp. Its wild beauty makes it a place of intense interest, this Drummond Lake. There is no more exciting trip to be taken than through this Lake in the springtime. It is said that to pass through this lake one must be ever on the alert to dodge limbs encircled with all kinds of snakes, which, rolled up and wound about in coils, in affection or in deadly combat, often drop down into a passing boat. The lake used to be a great courting resort but since the snakes and other man despising creatures have so largely increased the courting couples have changed to other resorts and to other means. But Lake Drummond remains, for all time, the reminder of the first governor of Carolina.

Quoting from this old North Carolina Reader, "it is the same romantic lakelet which forms the theme of one of Moore's most chaste and affecting poems, which we subjoin. The subject of the poem is as followers: They tell of a young man who lost his mind on the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never heard of afterwards. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that she was not dead, but going to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful

morasses.

They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddled her white canoe.

And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of death is near.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds---
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breated in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd---
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowe'd a boat of the birch-en-bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
For he followed the meteor spark:
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake with a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

Continuing, this interesting old Reader records that, "Celebrated as is this clear lake by this heart-affecting association, it is soubly so in retaining the honored name of North Carolina's first governor. A polished mirror, it will ever reflect his fame in rays as bright as the dew-drops that weep on its own crystal bosom; and long after quarto and folio shall have been cankered by the consuming worm, will that still water murmur gentle cadence in echo to the association of the past."

Take care that the face which looks out from your mirror in the morning is a pleasant face. You may not see it again all day, but others will.—Firelight.

Technically Trained vs Nondescript.

BY C. W. HUNT

Nondescript means a thing that no name quite describes. We find nondescript fruit, vegetables, grain and many other things, and in each case it means it is away below the standard. This definition we finally apply it to men, and occasionally to boys— nondescripts able to do several things, but do none very well, and excel nowhere. These conditions come about, in the human family, most generally, from two main causes, namely: lack of ability of parents to provide an occupation for a boy, either by carelessness or by making him a "Jack-at-all-trades, good-at--none." A few boys are born delinquents, sorry by nature, but they are rare, and most of them can be made men if properly treated, and made interested in something real. In fact most boys of sound mind at some time, want an occupation. Boys dream as well as men, and if allowed to choose what they like to do, with proper help and encouragement will become proficient.

The writer recalls two boys that have come near to maturity that are full second class nondescripts. They do nothing well, but can work some at many things; and I would lay this to the lack of care and interest on the part of father and mother.They have been allowed to quit any work undertaken at will, and one of their happiest times is when tied up with a "Wild Bill" novel. Nondescripts— we find them all too often.

Aside from character that can stand the pitfalls that are gaping wide for every boy who reaches his teens, there is nothing equal to technical training to cause him to stand up strong. Do you understand the real meaning of that term? Technical training means the ability to draw a plan of a house, a mill, a bridge and build one by that drawing; the ability to specify and know why; and be able to tell why this or that piece of timber must be of a given size to hold a given load. How much a given structure will hold up. The ability to take down and put up a machine and tell what each part is for, how it acts and why. And what applies to the mechanical world applies to the natural. If a boy expects to till the soil it is equally important that he have the ability to know soil and what makes it produce. The action of moisture and heat, and many other important technical things if he would be proficient and come to the front.

Many and many a man has failed to score distinction for the lack of technical training. He is a good fellow, he knows much, but he never puts all his power in any one thing, hence he lacks something and never makes what the world calls a success.

The time at which we should take up the work of a life depends upon just two things: If we are able to get a college education, the selection can safely be deferred. It is education that makes leaders. One can select his life work as he goes through college and study to it, or he may wait; for education broadens ones scope so much that an early

selection might seem small to the ambition that comes with knowledge. If on the other hand we know that we cannot have the college training (I wish all boys could) as a foundation, then the sooner, in reason, we select our vocation the better. Fortuntely those who know have written books, from which we may know much of what the college man gets, and one may, at least, become highly proficient in his work without the training that he would get at college, and be a real expert in his line.

There is little reason for a boy's not having a trained vocation if he will only try. In fact the boy who wants it bad enough can work his way through college, and be all the better for it . Many leaders of the nation have done that. The world will bow to ability in all places.

For hundreds of years before our modern times, all the middle class boys, not rural, were apprenticed, that that is they went to ashop or a factory to learn that work for his keep, and for a term of years. Most of them made men. When this writer first knew Salem, the twin of Winston, which was settled by what was called Dutch, most of the boys were apprentices or sons of apprentices, and a finer citizenship few towns ever had. These boys were happy; their surroundings were pure, and they studied as well as worked. In short made men, real men whom the cheap "passing show" did not appeal to.

If I had to select just one thing, and only one thing I could do for the few years yet allotted me here, for the good of humanity, I feel that I would put in the balance my time helping boys to get an education; and placing them in possesson of an occupation that would support them in good citizenship, and teach them that the man who works is happy, is content, and that "contenment is a pearl of great price."

A teacher in the fourth grade recently asked the class in geography, "What is the use of the sun?" A little boy whose mother was a washerwoman impatiently waved his little arm. The teacher, noting his anxiety to answer, said, "George, what is it?" "To dry clothes," was the reply.

How Two North Carolina Boys Prospered in Texas.

Except for the fine authority behind this story, how two Person county boys went west fifteen years ago and established themselves it would be asking too much of a fellow from Missouri to put credence in it.

This story that comes out from Temple, a Texas town with less than one thousand inhabitants, concerns two brothers Bob and Otho Mooney, who were born and reared in Person county, North Carolina. It is a story of pluck, energy, faith in themselves and faith in the possibilities that the world offers to industry and honesty. Mr. Noell, of Roxboro, passes the interesting story along, manifesting a commendable pride in the stuff they used in his "diggins" in making successful men.

But read what comes out from the present home-place of the Mooney boys:

"You can buy a spool of thread, a suit of clothes, lumber to build a house—or a carload of jackrabbits—at the biggest small town store in America. The store is the B. & O. Cash Store, owned by Bob and Otho Mooney of Temple, who took in over their counters here in 1921 the neat sum of $1,500,000.00.

And this week, to celebrate the climax of one of the most believable merchandising romances in the history of the southwest, the Mooney brothers are to open as up-to-date store as any to be found in Oklahoma City, Dallas, Kansas City or other large city.

New Building Large.

The new building has a frontage of 116 feet. It is constructed of reinforced concrete, and is furnished with specially-built showcases and equipment. It also boasts of a pneumatic cash-carrying system, which the manufacturer declares is equal to any system to be found in the United States. The building and fixtures cost approximately $250,000.

The latest addition to the B. & O. store makes the establishment now the occupant of an entire city block. It is said to cover more ground than any other mercantile establishment in the southwest.

There is inspiration a plenty in the story how the two Mooney brothers have built this huge establishment in the short space of fifteen years. It was in 1907 that the Mooney brothers came to Temple, looking for an opportunity to go into business. They became acquainted with the owner of a small grocery store, who offered to sell to them. The brothers, however, had no money, but eventually they persuaded the owner to sell to them on credit. The former owner got his money out of the business by adopting the simple expedient of taking the contents of the cash register every night until he had received the purchase price of $1,300. Then he disappeared.

Business is Varied.

At this time Temple had only about 500 inhabitants. Today it has slightly less than 1,000, yet from the humble start of fifteen years ago, the Mooneys have developed a business which has brought them nation-wide advertising. And 75 percent of this business is drawn from a radius of less than 100 miles. The remaining 25 percent represents mail orders for the B. & O. Cash store has regular customers in almost every state in the Union and in Alaska, Cuba and other far-away lands as well.

To give an idea of the scope of the institution, it may be cited that the B. & O. store had sold complete furnishings for more than 100 hotels in the last year—beds, rugs, china, cutlery, linen furniture and everything. One of the largest hotels in Oklahoma City bought its entire equipment in Temple.

Jackrabbits Ordered.

Only a short time ago an order was received from Pennsylvania for a carload of jackrabbits. The order specified that each rabbit must be shot neatly through the head, frozen and placed in a refrigerator car. The next day saw hunters armed with rifles out on the prairies near Temple on the lookout for "lack." The B. & O.

stores, like the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, "always makes 'good."

Not only does the store sell supplies in immense quantities, but it is a large buyer as well. During the last year the Mooney brothers bought fifteen carloads of pecans as one small item of its purchases from neighboring farmers. It buys and has warehouses to store produce, hides, wool and fur, as well as other kinds of farm products. And it has sold as many as four carloads of furniture in one week.

Mark Twain, whose real name, as you all know, was Samuel Clemens, when a boy went to school in Hannibal, Mo. "The schoolmaster once set the class to writing a composition on 'The result of laziness.' At the end of the hour young Clemens handed in as his composition a blank slate."

GOVERNOR BEGINS HIS CAMPAIGN

A definite start is being made this week in the work of putting over Governor Cameron Morrison's "Live at Home" campaign, John Paul Lucas of Charlotte, who has been secured to organize and direct the Campaign, has opened an office in the State Department Annex, and the preliminary work is already under way. The work in prospect is not new to Mr. Lucas, who had active direction of the Food Production and Conservation Campaign in North Carolina during the war, first with the State Food Commission, and later with the United States Food Administration, and who is "loaned" to the state for this particular work by the Southern Public Utilities Company for which he is advertising and publicity manager.

During the Campaign emphasis will be laid not upon the production of food supplies for the market, but upon the production by every family of food and feed supplies sufficient to supply its own establishment. More and better gardens, more poultry, one or more cows for each family, and sufficient hogs to furnish an all year supply of pork will be advocated. The new movement has the whole hearted backing not only of the department of Agriculture and the State College of Agriculture and Engineering, but also of the Department of Education, the State Board of Health and other agencies of the state government.

The campaign which is being inaugurated will be intensively conducted and will cover a period of eight to ten weeks. The organization to be built up will reach into every township of every county in the state.

"It's easy enough to go running smooth, but a smile in the time of trouble is like sunshine after rain: always welcome and helpful."

Not Satisfied With Simply Drawing Salary And Breath

By way of brother Noell and his valuable paper, The Roxboro Courier, there comes to THE UPLIFT the story of real leadership by a man, appreciating the great task of giving a square deal to the rural people who most need it, and who sincerely desires to be worthy of his salary and the confidence of those who employ him, is not satisfied, after securing the position of honor, trust and far-reaching importance, to merely draw his salary and his breath.

Way up in the Northern part of the state, out in the county of Person, far away from the county-seat, Roxboro, comes a glorious story where a wide-awake man and an important job met and accomplished something worthwhile for the present generation and many yet unborn. Rev. J. A. Beam, the county superintendent, having refused to be hobbled by an unnatural, crazy-kind of concoction of a school-law that has been saddled upon the state (and for which a commission by the late General Assembly has been appointed to investigate and propose a relief and a remedy) having declined to sit practically idly by the schools that were not functioning as they should, started out to do something inspite of the handicaps.

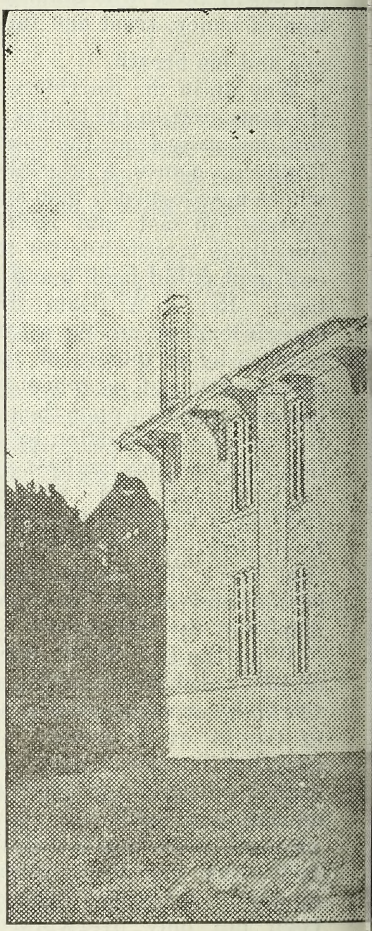
What the Rev. Beam accomplished in a rural section of Person county can be accomplished in a section or two in every county of North Carolina if men, charged with the sacred duties of providing adequate educational facilities for the children, have a heart and a real desire to go to it. The cry that there "is no money" is a frazzled excuse and has been not only overworked but is oftentimes used as an explanation for a failure to attempt to do anything because of the lack of a vital interest in and knowledge of the cause. The beauty about what Supt. Beam has done, is that it acts like a seed-corn. It multiplies. By and by other sections will awaken to their possibilities and abilities and proceed to accept the challenge. But this requires a leader, a man of earnest conviction who holds a position clad with some authority. That puts pep in it.

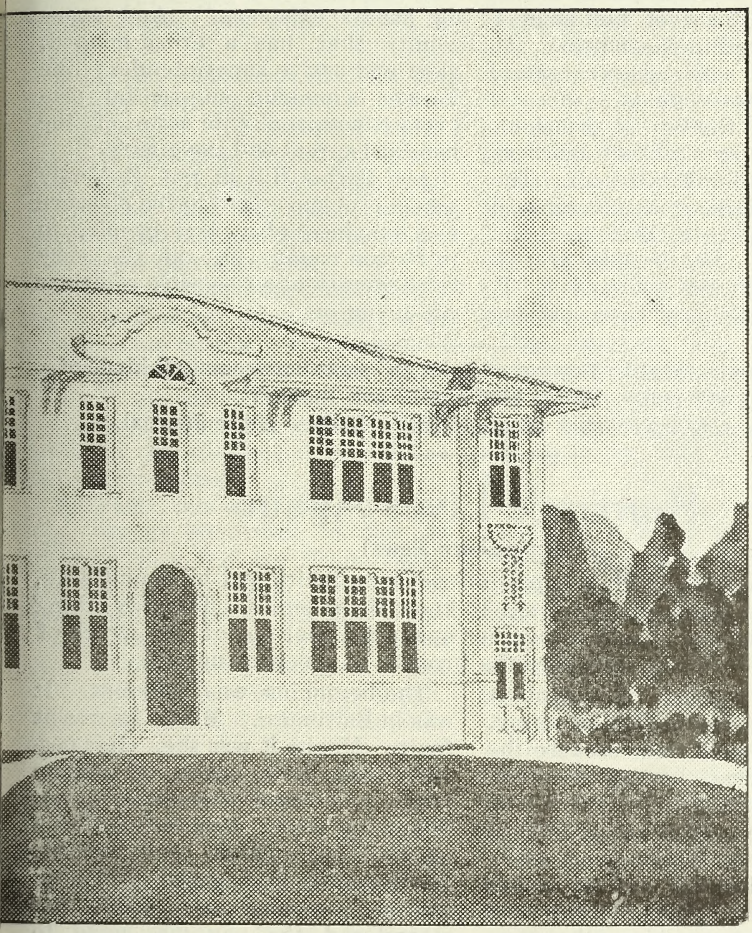
Some weeks ago meeting a man of authority, lounging on a street corner and, recognizing that he headed a school system of a county that had made absolutely no progress in eight years and which had made no concerted action to attempt improvement, but just simply mechanically and clerically to function, what he thought of the great work Prof. Coon had done in Wilson county in reducing more than fifty districts to sixteen, had built attractive and substantial buildings with modern conveniences, each school provided with from five to ten teachers to suit the grades, conveyed the children to and fro, had increased the average attendance until the smallest possible number was absent from school, and had put hope into the hearts of the rural folks. This is the answer of that high school official: "I haven't yet made up my mind as to the practicability of that programme?"

In this day when people are crying for an equal chance, for a square deal, for leadership, for justice, for their rights, the high official charged

with leadership and paid a salary and perquisites reaching beyond three thousand dollars, when eight years ago, his superior without assistance, did twice as much work and did it promptly and efficiently for half of the present salary and never "went to sleep" on his job, to confess that he "had not made up his mind" as to the practicability of a programme that contemplated and assured a great stride in the educational cause of a county that is horribly behind similar counties in area, population and wealth, was not only stunning but fully explained the do-nothing and wastful administration of the most vital agency in behalf of any rural people---the means of adequate educational advantages.

But Superintendent Beam, of Person county, "had made up his mind." Out there from Roxboro was a territory of sixty square miles without sufficient and adequate educational facilities, being inflicted with little make-shifts of one-room houses, directed by "certified" teachers using them as a stepping stone for something else or marrying. The condition was intolerable. The leadership of this wide-awake superintendent went among the people, mapped out a programme, worked up the interest of local influences and the endorsement of his ambitious plans. Here is the story of that beautiful school building shown in this issue, which answers to the name of "Bethel Hill Graded School," located in Person county, considerable distance from Roxboro and some distance fron a small village: "Mr. Moses S. Jones, now gone to his reward, was the largest contributor,





ADED SCHOOL BUILDING.

giving about $18,000 and the other citizens contributing fifteen thousand dollars. They borrowed $17,000, note endorsed by the citizens. The building cost $50,000. The land was given." A friend writes that "the building is stucco, and is one of the best high school buildings I know of situated in the country. It has all modern conveniences—water, light and sanitary closets."

Prof. A. C. Gentry is principal, and is assisted by six other teachers in the conduct of the school. The Building Committee was composed of C. T. Hall, C. A. Hall and Dr. J. H. Merrit. The trustees are: R. D. Baily, S. P. Gentry and C. T. Hall. All these men have builded wisely, but Editor Noel writing, says: "Our efficient County Superintendent, Rev. J. A. Bean, was largely instrumental in securing the building, for it was largely due to his untiring efforts and influence over the late Moses S. Jones, that the building has its existence." And every county that has a broad-minded, alert and active superintendent like Person, is making substantial progress educationally, in spite of the handicaps, real and imaginary.

And Bethel Hill is not the only school problem solved to the pleasure and happiness of a rural beople, in in Person county, but in the very same county other sensible solutions are going on.

"What do you think! Dey got cherries an' strawberries an' all kinds of fruit covered wid candy. What kind shall I get, Rastus?"

"Get me a chocolate-coated watermellon."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Romance Lives Again

(Greensboro News)

It dosen't matter that their names are not John Smith and his young wife, Mary Smith. You wouldn't want to know their names. The only thing that matters is that they are together again and that out of the wreck of their married life there now rises the promise of a new structure.

The story belongs to Adjutant Henderson, of the Salvation army, and to Mrs. Henderson, because the gods of romance, looking over all the world, picked these two on whom to shower the golden prize. Many things come to a Salvation army adjutant and his wife, and the things that lies behind their patient eyes would sometimes make other people's eyes almost pop out of their heads.

"It happened right in our home." the adjutant said. "I'm glad of that."

The beginning was different. It was in Baltimore. Maybe he was at fault. Maybe it was she. It is possible that both were to blame (there's no blame left in either now). They were young; they had not been married more than five months. There was some financial difficulty. Times were hard and work was scarce and the pay was none to good. It was a difficult situation and it led naturally to discontent.

Mary Smith, bride of five months, thought she could solve it by going to work herself. John entered no

objection. So she went to work, made a little money, felt the confidence of earned money in her pocket, grew more sure---and then one day John came home to find her gone---cleared out, left, deserted, the home a blank, the whole world a blank.

What he went through it is not necessary here to record. It was not pleasant. He searched Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. He went through it all for weeks; and he ended, where many things end and many more begin, at the Salvation army.

Neither is it necessary to dig into the record of her wanderings, nor to question too closely. If it was hard for him, it was hard for her. Life jumped up and grabbed her and shook her. But life didn't shake anything essential out of her, it was too deeply rooted.

Through this and that, through many things, she came at last to Greensboro, a far cry from Baltimore, a far cry from New York, where she had been. To Mrs. Henderson she came at the Salvation army headquarters, and here at last a tie was knit between Mary Smith, wife, and John Smith, husband. Mary was with the Salvation army in Greensboro; John with the Salvation army in New York.

"What I want is a way to make $20 quick," she told Mrs. Henderson. "Why? Because I want railroad fare to get back to my husband and to get to him quick. I'm through with being away from him."

It's a long way from Greensboro to New York, but the eyes of the Salvation army laugh at miles. The Missing Persons' department listened to John Smith in New York, and presently the word was dancing back and forth that if John Smith came to Greensboro he might find his wife again.

If he would come! He came with a rush, he shot down out of the north as fast as trains could carry him, and Tuesday afternoon when Southern train No. 35 reached Greensboro, John Smith jumped off and asked the nearest man how to get to the Salvation army.

Adjutant and Mrs. Henderson and Mary Smith were eating supper. The doorbell rang and the adjutant went to answer it. "I'm looking for Mrs. Mary Smith," said the young man. "Is she here?"

The adjutant took him by the arm, led him into a room, talked to him quietly for a while, and left him there. Walking back into the dining room, he said to Mrs. Mary Smith:

"There's a young man in the other room. It's---it's your husband."

Mary Smith almost knocked over the supper table getting out of her chair. She raced out of the room, down the hall, into the other room, and swept up to her husband with her love written all over her face triumphant once more.

"I saw them get together and then I left," the adjutant said. "That's the story. Think you can write something about it?

"And you might say something about this, too, because I think it's interesting. John Smith was converted in New York last Sunday at a Salvation army meeting, and that same day in Greensboro at another Salvation army meeting his wife was converted too. It looks as though Somebody was running things, dosen't it?"

Miss Wallace on "Decoration."

Yesterday morning at the court house, says the Greensboro News the home economics department of the Women's club had the rare privilege of listening to Miss Maud Wallace, assistant home demonstration agent, give a most interesting and instructive talk on "Interior Decoration.

Miss Wallace began by saying that the ideal home is a background for culture, a refinement and education, and that there are three things that must be taken into consideration at the outset. First, physical comfort; second, cleanliness and sanitation; and, third expense. The home should, after these things have been observed, express the personality of the owner. Dr. Parsons, an anthority on interior decoration, says that "a room or house more impressive than the hostess is impertinent," and Miss Wallace urged that the entire house should subservient to the home maker, and should be treated as a unit, not each room separately.

She then took up the ideal house, room by room, telling the fundamental uses of the rooms, and the manner in which they should be furnished. For instance, the living room being the place where the most time is spent, should above everything be comfortable. with easy chairs and shaded lights for reading.

In taking up walls, she told of the various effects of colors, and stated that when a large area is to be treated the neutral tints are best. She warned the women against the highly decorated wall papers and rugs, advising them to get the high lights in the room by the use of draperies, bright lamp shades, pillows, vases, etc.

Above everything, she urged that cheap imitations be avoided. "If you can't buy a real Wilton velvet rug, then get a rag or fibre rug." Miss Wallace insisted, the same principle applying throughout the house.

One of the principles of interior decoration most often abused is in keeping a room balanced and Miss Wallace mad it very clear to her listeners that there is a difference in real balance and hidden balance, but that both serve their purpose in the fitting out of a room. She showed pictures illustrating her meaning.

She closed her talk with the statement that there are just as many expensive things that are in bad taste as there are cheap things, and just as many cheap things in good taste as expensive ones, and urged that much care and thought be given to the furnishing of the home, for it is there that the future citizenship of the world is molded.

"There is this about the tax burdens: a man can go staggering through life now without being accused of being drunk."—Asheville Citizen.

FITNESS FOR JURY SERVICE

BY R. R. CLARK

Everybody who has ever witnessed the selection of a jury for a murder trial or other important trial in our Superior courts has noticed that in questioning prospective jurors to determine their fitness they are sometimes asked: "Are you a freeholder?" which being interpreted means, Do you own land? "Have you served on a jury within the past two years?" Have you paid your taxes for the past year?" Those who are accustomed to hear these questions probably give them litle thought; only a few may wonder why the ownership of land, or having served on a jury within he past two years, or having paid taxes for the past year, could have reasonable bearing on one's fitness to sit on a jury, hear the evidence and render a verdict accordingly

Recently one of our Superior Court judges remarked that he always resented hearing the first two questions asked. The second question, with reference to former jury service, is designed to keep the professional juror out of the box. While many men avoid jury service (which is wrong because jury service is a most important and necessary public service which all good citizens should render when called, there are those who like to sit on juries and who make it convenient to be present when jurors are to be called into the box, in the hope that the sheriff's eye will fall on them. The board and lodging, the per diem, listening to the proceedings and the importance attached to the service all appeal to this class. But the professional juror is not in high favor and while he is called into service when available jurors are scarce and allowed to serve if nobody objects, the provision excluding, in certain cases, those who have served on a jury within two years is designed to exclude those persons too anxious to serve and should be retained.

But what has land-holding got to do with jury service? Nothing. It is one of the provisions of an ancient time, which the fathers thought desirable, and nobody has taken the pains to make an issue of it and have it changed. It should be explained here that the objections mentioned do not necessarily exclude one from jury service. They do not apply to jurors "drawn from the box"—to the regular jurors drawn for service in the regular way. They apply only to what are called tales jurors (tales is pronounced as if spelled tal-is, with the accent on the first syllable, and is applied to those jurors summoned from the bystanders, called in by the sheriff, as in the summoning of a special venire from which to select jurors if the regular panel is exhausted). Selecting jurors from talesmen, especially for an important and hard-fought trail, is very important to those concerned and all the questions permitted are sometimes asked to exclude one who is objectionable to one side or the other. One considered desirable may be passed regardless of whether he ever owned a foot of land, paid a cent of tax and even if he served on the jury at the previous term. But if he is considered undesirable for service in that

how high his standing, he is stood aside if he is unable to answer the questions mentioned, and others, satisfactrily; and he can be stood aside even then if the challenges haven't been exhausted.

Back in the dim distant past landholding was considered essential to good citizenship in this part of the country. The idea of course had its origin in the customs of the "Mother Country" (England), and the man who didn't own land wasn't considered fit to exercise certain prerogatives. In North Carolina, for instance, one couldn't be a member of the State Senate and couldn't vote for a State Senator unless he owned land. The non-land-holder could vote for a member of the House of Commons, as a Representative in the Legislative was called in that day, but the idea was to have an upper house that would be a check on the common herd, and so the State Senate was elected by the land-holders. It is a matter of history that a young lawyer in Statesville, member of a prominent family, whose father was a land holder but who owned no land in his own right, was desired as a candidate for the State Senate. To make him eligible friends and admirers deeded him a few acres of land in the northern part of the county (land was plentiful and the tract donated was small value then.) The young man was elected to the Senate and later to Congress. But this land-holding qualifications was too aristocratic for plain North Carolina citizenship and its unpopularity grew with the years until it became a burning political issue. David S. Reid of Rockingham county espoused the cause of free suffrage and was elected Governor, and with his election the land-holding qualification for voters passed. But the restrictions has not been removed from jury service and the tales juror who is not a freeholder may be excluded from the box if the point is made. That restriction is out of date and should be removed. In fact our jury system could be revised in several particulars in the interest of justice and common sense; but the legal fraternity are great sticklers for precedents. If anything has been done a certain way it should continue to be done that way simply because it has been done that way, no matter how contrary to common sense and how far out of line with present day conditions the practice may be.

But while land-holding as a suffrage qualification was repealed more than half century ago and should be repealed as it applies to jury services, it must be admitted that the idea of the fathers that one who owned land was a more solid and stable citizen, generally speaking, than the non-land-holder, is not without some foundation in fact. It is generally admitted in this day that home ownership tends to good citizenship; that the man who owns his home, owns a piece of ground, who has a stake in the community, is a stockholder in the enterprise, is more concerned in good government, is more conservative citizen and is less likely to break out as a radical revolutionist than one who doesn't own a home and has less at stake in the community. In other words, the home owner, the property owner, realizes that he is vitally concerned in matters of public welfare; one who owns little or nothing has

little or nothing to lose and some hope of gain in an upheaval. The ownership of land confined to a few is dangerous to the stability of public institutions. It has been a fruitful cause of trouble in the old country.

P. S. I neglected to say at the proper place that I am in accord with the exclusion from jury service of those who fail to pay taxes due. One who wilfully and negligently fails and refuses to pay taxes should be denied the privilege of voting. If he refuses to bear his share of the cost of government he should have no voice in public affairs.

A VISION OF SONG SERVICE

BY JEANNETTE ELLIOTT BIGGS

So many persons fail to recognize the peculiar and arduous responsibilities facing them as they labor in the teaching force for young people. Doubtless each teacher that puts forth strenuous efforts from day to day to train the young lives, given into their care for several hours of each day, is sincere in proclaiming to the listening world that they are bearing the greater load of the burden, in forming the character of those young lives. After being permitted to behold the wonderful revelation which has come to me, I am honest in confessing that for seventeen years I labored under the same mistaken idea. This little vision I want to give to you, hoping it may reach your heart and in some way influence your attitude to your God-given calling, that of helping parents direct the precious little souls in character building.

One hot summer morning, just as the school bells were summoning the little folks to work, I had occasion to go into the home of a family where six children had just been sent off to school. I was met at the door by the smiling mother, dripping with perspiration, making apologies for her neglected toilet, who cheerfully gave me the information for which I had come. Ere I had passed out of the yard, the strains of the old familiar hymn, "Children of the Heavenly King, As We Journey Sweet Sing," were heard as this mother went on with her work, preparatory to fixing lunch for the children. As I passed far down the the street, those humbly uttered but triumphantly happy notes resounded in my ears. Suddenly the vision came to me: the daily toil and effort to get her little folks ready for school and yet, the happy atmosphere in which they began the day's work, and the possibility of a day spent at school under direction of a teacher who would not radiate the same happiness in her work. So seldom does a little face of sadness greet you in the early morning---instead each countenance fairly beams with expectant happiness; to me a reflection of the mother's smile as the goodbye kiss was given. How many teachers send those little folks home as happy as they were when they left home that morning? How long will it take that tired mother to wipe out the discouragments unconsciously received from you? Possibly her little boy did not have as brilliantly prepared lessons as you had wished for, or her little daughter had nelected

some task you had exacted. Still could not you have guided and directed that work with more tact and cheerful reproof? Why was that mother singing? Doubtless the passed-down pants with many a patch or the faded piece of hair ribbon often caused a tear to dim those eyes; yet there was a song of sincere gratitude that came unconsciously to those lips. praise and prayer to God that she might meet the opportunities bravely, trusting you to help her. And you teachers can sing, too, applying the lesson found in His word "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." How many teachers have the privilege of having under their care some little child whose mother is in heaven? Had you been permitted to catch the strains in my vision, of that earthly song which was but an echo of the happy songs of the angel-mothers, never again would any service rendered that child be but a labor of love.

Your service is arduous, the most arduous of any assumed vocation in life, but it should only supplement the beauty and brightness of the home life. Where there is little brightness in the home, you could create such an atmosphere of love and brightness in your class room that its beauty would radiate into the home and overlap the loss there.

Many, many teachers who are reaping happy results with their pupils helping to form characters worthy of the parents' fondest ambitions, have in some form or other caught this vision; had I the artist's touch or the musican's gift, I would put on canvas this vision or I would sing to each of you the strains, that the echoes of that mother's song with faith in God and trust in you might inspire you teachers who have not been touched by it to nobler ideas of service. Never will you be so near the presence of the great Teacher as when you are striving in joyful, happy service to join this "choir invisible," composed of the mothers in heaven, the mothers on earth and the little people of God, all blending one triumphant song of service with the great throng of the white-robed angels around the throne of God.—News And Observer.

MY NICKNAME

By W. E. Hutchinson

"Say Bulger," said John Marsden, to his brother Will, "loan me your knife, mine's as dull as a hoe."

"Bulger," said Will, in a most contemptious tone, "if you don't stop calling me by that name I'll not loan you anything, but give you a sound thrashing instead; I'm sick and tired of being called Bulger."

Grandpa Marsden, who was listening to the boys sparring, said, "Now boys, you are making a good deal of fuss over a nickname; there are lots worse names than Bulgar, and it does not mean anything anyway. I never hear John call you Bulger that I don't think of the nickname the boys gave

me when I was a youngster, and they had good reason to do it too. Instead of Bulger, how would you like to be called Tubby? Not a very nice name is it? But that's what the boys called me."

"If you could have seen me when I was your age, you would have wondered why I received that inappropriate title, for I was just the opposite of a tub, and a more spindling, awkward, bean-pole of a boy it would be hard to find."

"Why, grandpa!" exclaimed both boys, "To think that you ever had a nickname; how did you come by it, and who gave it to you? Please tell us about it."

"Well," said Grandpa, "It happened some many years ago that I had almost forgotten it, but now to look back it seems but yesterday. Dear me, how the time flies; the years come and go and leave only memories in passing; an old man like me is simply a boy grown old, and trivial things that happened when I was a youngster stand out prominently in my memory. I suppose it is a sure sign that I am in my dotage when an old codger like me lets his mind run back sixty years to such a silly thing as a nickname.

"My father and mother came from New York in the early forties, and settled in what was then the wilderness of Indiana. Our house of two rooms was built of logs in the clearing with woods all around us; the trees close at hand were felled in order to secure the logs for its erection, and many of the stumps were left standing until such time as they could be grubbed out and thus give more land for cultivation.

"Our nearest neighbor, the Stanley's lived about two miles from us, and most of the way to the home lay through a thick forest of beech and maple. Between our place and the Stanleys, father had marked out a trail by blazing the trees, that is, cutting a c ·· out of each one along the way; and while there was no road to speak of, this blazed trail answered every purpose as a thorough-fare, for we seldom visited each other except on foot.

"At one place a brook crossed the trail which in the Spring and early Fall became quite a sizeable stream; so much that father used to paddle for some distance up or down stream in a dug-out canoe that he fashioned by hollowing out an elm log by the use of an ax and hatchet aided by building a fire along the trunk and burning away the wood. Then shaping the ends in an upward curve. As the creek ran within two or three rods of our house and spread out into a swamp farther on, the wild grass in this damp spot grew in abundance, and by putting a platform on the canoe father was able to gather quite a crop without much trouble. In the summer the water was rather low, so much so, that by rolling up my trousers I had no trouble in wading across, and many a pickeral have I taken from the stream.

"Deer were plentiful and bear were quite often met with in the forest, in fact, almost all our supply of meat consisted of vension brought down by father's old flint lock rifle; but an occasional partridge or quail that I caught in my twitchups and snares, made an agreeable change from jerked vension. Occasionally Mr. Stanley brought us a piece of

bear meat that he had shot, for he was more of a hunter of big game than father, and quite often spent a day in hunting for the love of the sport, when he might have been better employed about his clearing.

"Everything was primitive in the extreme, for it was a new country, and the nearest settlement was some ten miles away; but I loved it, not only because it was home, but for the wild free life that appeals to all boys.

"I can look back over all those years and see myself a red-headed, freckled-faced boy, with but one suspender to hold up my dilapidated trousers; a hickory shirt on my back, and with my head covered with a coon skin cap with the tail dangling over my shoulder.

"Those were happy days; I was too young to realize what a vast amount of work father and mother had to do in clearing the wild land and raising a scanty crop, but with no cares except the few chores allotted to me, I was as free as the birds, and found my greatest pleasure when permitted to visit the Stanleys' by way of the blazed trail, and spend a couple of hours playing with Peter Stanley and his sister Kate.

"Peter was sixteen years of age, three years my senior, and Kate was about my own age. Peter was my ideal; large for his age, and an adept at setting traps, and many a muskrat, coon and mink were taken therein; and once to the joy of both of us, a wild cat was added to the score, and the money derived from their pelts sold in the settlement helped out his scanty purse.

"All our clothing was of homespun made by mother's deft fingers, and the sound of the spinning wheel, and thump of the loom were common sounds. Dyeing was a matter of some moment; father's clothing as well as my own were of little matter, and were invariably of butternut brown; but with mother the case was different; she longed for bright colors, and poke berries were therefore resorted to in order to supply her feminine taste for variety.

"The process of dyeing was done in a small tub known as Keeler tub, about one half the size of an ordinary wash tub, one stave on each side projected above the rim with holes bored through therein to act as handles; the only tub of this kind in our locality outside of the settlement was owned by the Stanleys, which we as well as the other neighbors borrowed as occasion required.

"One morning mother started me bright and early to Mrs. Stanley's to borrow the tub, and cautioned me not to linger, but hurry back as she wanted to dye the goods already prepared, but I begged so hard so hard to be be allowed to remain a little while and play with Peter, that she relented, and said I might stay just one hour and then hurry home.

"Away I trudged as happy as a lark to think I could be with my chum even for so short a time. I suppose I did not hurry as I might, for there was so much to attract my attention along the trail, squirrels barked at me from the trees, bluejays scolded, catbirds mewed from the thicket, and cotton-tails darted across the road in front of me, and boy-like I must stop to investigate, and who could blame me for loitering by the way with so much to interest me on every hand;

therefore it was nearly noon when I arrived.

"After playing with Peter for an hour, and you may be sure I made the most of it, Istarted for home with the Keeler tub turned bottom up on my head, and a small wooden bucket in either hand that mother had loaned Mrs. Stanley.

"I was two thirds of the way home and had just crossed the creek when I saw a little black bear cub playing in the trail ahead. I had long wanted a cub for a playfellow, and here was my chance to secure a prize. Going closer I whistled, and it at once sat up on its haunches swinging its head from side to side in a most comical manner, and I thought it the cutest animal I had ever seen It made no effort to come at my call, although I used all the arts known to a boy to entice him to my side by patting my leg and calling him nice cubby, and good little bear, much the same as one calls a dog, but all to no pupose. It did not seem to fear me, but gazed at me with its round little eyes as if I were a curiosity. Finally I picked it up and tucking it under my arm started on much pleased with my good luck; but he wiggled and twisted so much, and made such queer little squeals and grunts, entirely different from what I had supposed a bear to make, that I was sure I had come into possession of a peculiar breed.

"I had proceeded this way for some rods and was geeting rather tired with my heavy burden and stopped for a few minutes for a rest putting the tub on the ground and sitting down to gloat over my prize, when I heard a snapping of twigs behind me, and looking over my shoulder I saw a large black bear coming towards me, and growling at every step.

"I was frightened nearly out of my senses, but slinging the tub on my head, I thrust the cub into one of the buckets, and started on the run for home, his little black nose peeped over the edge of the bucket, but he made no outcry, and finally settled down and seemed to enjoy the ride.

"When the old bear came too close I faced around and rattled the buckets in her face which served to stop her for a minute, and then hurried on. This I did a number of times until I came in sight of the house, then I let out a yell for mother which brought her to the door. When she saw me and what I carried in the bucket, she called out, 'Drop that cub you ninny, or the old bear will eat you up.'

" I won't said I, 'it's my bear and I rattled the buckets in the old bear's face. Mother was thoroughly frightend, and fully expected to see me torn in pieces, and redoubled her cries for me to drop the cub, which I flatly refused to do.

"By this time I had reached the house and hurried through the door with my cub, the old bear close at my heels, and determind to follow me into the room, but mother had been making corn meal mush and the kettle full of the yellow meal was bubbling on the crane in the fireplace, and grabbing this off the hook she set it in the doorway, and with a wooden paddle used in stirring the meal, she ladeled the hot mush on the old bear's nose. Time after time she slapped it on, the bear pawing her face and nose, and howling with pain, but her severe treatment kept the bear at bay,

and between each ladleful she sent out a cry for father.

"Fortunately, he was chopping wood nearby, and came on the run, and, watching his chance with a stroke of his sharp ax, finished the bear.

"I received a severe scolding, and but for the fact of my escaping with a whole skin, would in all probability have received a sound thrasing.

"Why the old bear did not attack me has always been mystery; but an old hunter who stopped with us over night said:

"'You can't tell nothin' erbout bars; they're queer critters; at another time she might have torn ye in pieces, or if you had abused the cub, an't it had given a cry of distress, there wouldn't have been nothin' left but your jacket.' This was in all probability the true solution, but I as well as my parents were glad that I escaped with my life.

"I kept that cub for two years, and it became as tame as a dog, following me all about the place, but it became a boisterous playfellow and as father had purchased two little pigs, and one of them disppeared one night, and the theft was traced to the bear, father took him to the settlement, and sold him; but for years afterward in our neighborhood I was nicknamed Tubby; and when the boys in the settlement wished to be especially mean they called me, Tubby the Bear."

Wherein There Is To Be No Extinction.

THE UPLIFT makes reference to the death of Col. Wilson G. Lamb as that of a representative of "the man," definition of which it admits is difficult of undertaking. This old school," of the "old type gentle-type must be of personal assizement, and THE UPLIFT submits in example, "Col. Penn Wood, of Aaheboro; Col. Baldy Boyden, of Salisbury; Col. Frank Robbins, of Lexington; Mr. J. P. Allison, of Concord; Col. Brevard McDowell, of Charlotte; Major Franklin McNeill, of Raleigh; Judge H. G. Connor, of Wilson; Hon. Rufus Doughton, of Alleghany." THE UPLIFT advisedly adds the saving clauses that "in fact, every county of the good old State may boast the presence in numbers of the old-time gentleman." To be sure, while this type of citizen is progressively disappearing it is never to become extinct in North Carolina, for they raise sons like themseives---sons who regard it the highest honor in life to be able to "fill their shoes." This circumstance has notable demonstration in Wilmington whose history establishes colonization of the largest number of the "old type gentleman" within the bounds of the State, and while the personnel there has changed, the conditions remain the same. The men of the present generation are the true copies of the men who have gone before them. They are actuated by the same lofty ideals, the same sense of honor and they lay claim to chivalry as one of the greatest virtues.

The "old type" will always exist in North Carolina. It's in the blood; it's an inheritance---it is the State's proudest asset in heredity. We mourn the old fellows as they pass away, but there are living all around us men who, attaining equality in age, will likewise attain the finest

characteristics and virtues of the forefathers.

COMMENT ON MISS MARY'S WEDDING.

Princess Mary, the only daughter of the king and queen of England, wedded Viscount Lascelles amid ceremonials that measured up to the best traditions of royalty. Eight queens according to newspaper reports attended the marriage.

"The world is tired of kings," rang from one end of the earth to the other during the world war. That may be true. But the queens are still able to make a very creditable showing, with eight at an English wedding.

The nations of the earth spent several hundred billion dollars "to make the world safe for democracy," to use Woodrow Wilson's famous phrase. But there does not seem to be quite so much democracy abroad in the world as one might have supposed. The wide interest in the functions of royalty indicate that England lacks a great deal of being a republic. The Englishman will not allow his king any power, but deep down in his heart is an abiding reverence for royalty. Yet he should not be censored too severely for it. This conservatism and loyalty to the ancient landmarks have served him well through the long troublesome centuries of his history.

With the archbishop of Canterbury assisted by the bishop of London, officiating at the marriage of the king's daughter, sounds good to the ears of an Englishman and even better to an English woman.—Greensboro Advocate.

See by the papers that a noisy wedding took place in old London town Tuesday when Miss Mary of Windsor became the bride of a man whose name was mentioned as among those present, part of the joy over the event being due to the fact that Miss Mary picked out a British gentleman instead of a foreign prince. From all accounts Miss Mary had the dressmakers visit her before the glad event and she was goriously arrayed for the occasion, with an extra frock or two for another day. She and the groom, said to be the most bejeweled man in England, looked fine—they looked like a horse and buggy. Which one couldn't say more. They had a wedding cake which weighed five thousand pounds, so no doubt they had some cake left over to start house-keeping on.—The Robesonian.

"HARBINGERS OF SPRING."

I had a bunch of most pleasant visitors one day last week, a flock of perhaps as many as 150 red breast robins. When I came home from the city a little after noon I found them in my woods; having scratched it all over, digging small holes with the bills, evidently fishing out a choice worm. Later in the day they joined a drove of field larks in the front of the house, and all the afternoon the lawn was dotted with red breasts and larks digging worms out of the grass. At nightfall the robins flew back into the pines to roost.

These visitors were doubly welcome, as they were mates of my boyhood, when they followed the plow in spring, getting the grubs I turned up. Then they stayed with us all the year, ate all the cherries they could, raised their young, and made lots of noise doing

it. The young were a venturesome small set, prone to try their wings all too soon, falling the easy prey of a cat.

I do not know why they refuse to nest with me now unless there are too many other birds on the place to divide a living with.—C. W. H.

Institutional Notes.

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Supt. Boger has been in Raleigh for a few days on a business trip.

We are happy to report that Mr. T. V. Talbert's mother, of Concord, is very much improved.

Saturday was a day of unusual enjoyment to the boys. Games of all sorts were on the programme.

From Sunday, our weather has been very favorable toward base ball. The team intends to make a record worth recording this season.

Mrs. Steavens, of Newbern, came to the school Sunday, and brought with her a new arrival for the school. He is doing fine, from last reports.

Mr. Dickey of Chapel Hill, brought a new arrival Monday. He has been assigned to seventh cottage, and also Mr. Tayler, of Fayetteville, brought a boy in the person of James Fisher.

The Printing Office has ordered some new type. This will greatly improve the appearance of THE UPLIFT as the worn type in use was greatly in need of changing.

Sunday, while on pump duty, Vass Fields was the recepient of some very heartily welcomed visitors. These were: Messrs. C. I. Miller, Ralph Andrews, Palmer and Harward.

The pavilion being the place for congregating, the boys must have some means of rest for the officers in charge. Realizing this, the workshop made a long and large commodious bench for them.

Once more, the boys shoes are being mended. This work is being done by Mr. Horton. This may be the last mending to be done for seven or eight months now, as spring weather is with us and the boys will soon discard their shoes.

Last Tuesday evening Bandmaster Lawrence was industriously training his band for its first public appearance to be held in the Auditorium that night. The band was to play in honor of Mr. Whitehead Klutz, of Sailisbury, who was the speaker for the night. He was introduced by Mr. Charlie Ritche. His very eloquent speech was enjoyed by the boys as was evidenced by their prolonged applause.

Fifth Cottage's Society, the Shaw Literary Society elected it's officers last Friday. It held it's weekly debate on that date also. Some time previous the President wrote a letter to Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, for whom it was named. She stated that she had been away from home for a long time and that was the cause of her delay in answering the letter; she states that if the Society names it's date, she will be a visitor at that time.

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, spoke from the Auditorium plaform Sunday. His subject was the Bible "Be's." He took our black board and first drew a bee hive. Then he placed the bees in it. All hives must

have a queen bee. The queen Bee was "Be Born Again," Others were: Be Thankful, Kind, Cheerful, Diligent, Strong and Honest. An instance of his Be Thankful was: Once a painter who had been a sinner was converted. Soon after his conversion, he acquired the habit of saying, "Thank the Lord for that," on any and every occasion. A day came when he was called to work three stories high on a bank building. Due to some unknown decission of Fate, he fell the height of the three stories and broke his arm. A friend of his came to his bedside and said "Well, I don't guess you'll say thank the Lord for that? But the painter answered, "Yes, thank the Lord it wasn't my neck."

What Church Is That?

Did you ever hear such a question? Did anyone ever ask it of you? Did you ever in traveling along a strange road, pass a church, and want to know its local name and denominational connection? Of course you have---all of us have had such as experience.

The cross roads store is marked---owner's name and what line is carried. Postoffices are marked, railroad station, manufacturing plants, hotels, theaters and so on. But the little church is silent. She tells no stranger who she is, what she is, when built, when and how often services held, or who is her pastor. She does not talk. Strange, isn't it?

Many city churches are marked, but few, if any, rural churches are marked. Would it be worth while? The tourist would possibly take pride in knowing that "the church by the side of the road" is of his denomination. One church might be the means of carrying the name and work of its denomintaion thousands of miles.

Now, we do not mean a flashy sign, a regular billboard, but a simple marker in the form of a shield, say, or something of that kind.

Is it worth while? Study about it the next church you pass and do not know its name.---Christian Sun.

State Library

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 18, 1922 NO. 19

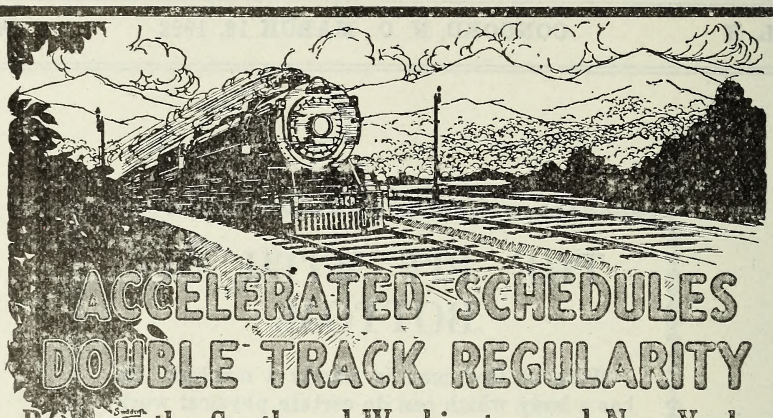
THE PIT WITH NO BOTTOM.

Without God man is merely a machine. He has a body which can do certain physical work for society; but a man's body is as useless as a brute's body except when under intelligent direction Man can be more destructive than a brute if he has no conscience to restrain him. The mind can direct the body so that its energies will be employed along useful ones, provided the mind itself is under spiritual control, and that brings us back to faith in God.

Upon belief in God rest all the uplifting influences in life—consciousness of responsibility; comfort in the assurance of God's presence; prayer, through which the heart is opened to divine suggestions; and the future life with its rewards and punishments. When man's hold upon God is loosened he falls, and there is no bottom to the pit into which he plunges.—Bryan.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar	5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.16AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* **J. C. FISHER,** *Director Printing Department.*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

WHY NOT?

Dr. Brooks, of the North Carolina Educational Department, has very wisely taken the bit in his mouth and ruled that children living in the outlying territory surrounding a town or city school may attend the central school for the public school term, provided the Board of Education appropriates what funds may be due for that period and the patron agrees and does pay for the additional term of school extending beyond the usual free-term.

The School Board of Concord is asking for a bond issue of three hundred thousand dollars for the enlargement of school facilities. If the money is wisely spent---the public getting a dollar's worth for every dollar appropriated---it is a fine, progessive step for the community. But the thing on which the city and the county boards should get to-gether, and this is the occassion for this suggestion, is the business of caring for the several hundred children living outside and surrounding Concord, who have practically no educational advantages. An imaginary line, separating town from country, is no excuse for children on one side of said line getting fine privileges and the children on the other side getting the sorriest kind of advantages. No chain is stronger than the weakest link, applies to the cause of schools if we are to believe all that is said about the refining and elevating influences of education upon a community and section.

Concord has her troubles and is not expected to invite others, but from a selfish stand-point, if not on larger and more patriotic grounds, the town of Concord profits much by the advancement and contentment of the rural people of the entire county. There is a room for a brotherhood business in this thing. Some of these days, a merchant will want a clerk who does not always watch the clock---he sometimes turns to the country to find him.

It is to the interest of both that the country fellow has had favorable educational advantages. The mills send out inducements for rural families to take employment. Would they not welcome the fact that that family had had good educational advantages and had not grown up in ignorance? If these things are not true, then education does not do what is claimed for it, and business men and manufacturing corporations prefer to use and work those who have been strangers to the refining and hopeful influences of adequate educational advantages.

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We haven't our exhibit ready, in fact the seed are not yet in the ground, but it is announced that the State Fair will be held at Raleigh on October 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20. The management is busy. New letter-heads have been put in use. They are printed in blue and red, or to be exact the whole thing is engraved. They have a manager, a typical Westerner, who is an expert, to direct the publicity. He announces to the North Carolina public, not as an advertisement but as a chance to make ten dollars---just as easy. If you will send in to the "Manager of the State Fair, Raleigh, N. C.," a suitable SLOGAN by the 25th of March, and it is accepted, you are sure to receive ten dollars. It must not be over six words, short somewhat iike this: "Let's go."

• • • • • • • •

The legislative committee appointed to investigate the educational business of the state, diagnose the troubles in school law and propose a remedy for the thing, held its initial meeting in Raleigh on Thursday of last week. This commission is composed of Hons. H. G. Connor, Jr., of Wilson, W. C. Dowd, of Charlotte, D. F. Giles, of Marion, and T. D. Warren, of New Bern. Their work is not only important but vital.

• • • • • • • •

Our readers do not want to miss reading and thinking about Iredell's community and betterment programme, which a live and industrious woman has prepared for the advancement of the whole county in all lines. It will be worth a trip to merely hear the singing, a thing that is a rarity in many of our public schools largely because the teacher herself has no music in her soul.

• • • • • • • •

Hon. C. A. Reynolds, the State Chairman of the Republican organization, having reached the age of 74, indicates that he will retire from the head

of the party at the coming convention, in order that a younger man may take the responsibilities. Mr. Reynolds for many years has been active in political matters, is a man of wonderful powers, and was for four years Lieutenant Governor of the state.

* * * * * * * * *

That was a beautiful tribute paid to the memory of Col. Wilson Lamb, by the Democratic Executive Committee in Raleigh last week. Indeed, were the words of Governor Morrison on that occasion most tender, sincere and touching. Death has but little sting if such a record may be left behind.

* * * * * * * *

Congressman Edward Pou, one of the most brilliant men of the state, has been selected by Chairman J. D. Norwood, to deliver the key-note speech at the State Democratic convention, which meets in Raleigh on April 20th.

* * * * * * * *

THE LION AND THE STATUE

A Man and a Lion were discussing the relative strength of men and lions in general. The Man contended that he and his fellows were stronger than lions by reason of their greater intelligence. "Come now with me," he cried, "and I will prove that I am right." So he took him into the public gardens and showed him a statue of Hercules evercoming the Lion and tearing his mouth in two.

"That is all very well," said the Lion, "but proves nothing, for it was a man who made the statue."

"WE CAN EASILY REPRESENT THINGS AS WE WISH THEM TO BE.

MISS CATHERINE WILSON
Home Demonstrator of Cabarrus County

A Worthwhile Agency

On another page THE UPLIFT carries the picture of Miss Catherine Wilson, the Cabarrus county Home Demonstrator, who has been in the midst of our people for little more than a year. As a text for this article the writer merely wants to say, aside from a few personal remarks with reference to this very superior woman and her identification with the important work that engages her time and best thought, that Miss Wilson has made good.

I know that is the very highest compliment that one could pay to the work and accomplishment of any officer. There are occasions when such a statement would be not only ridiculous but real comedy. The fact that men and women of fine parts sometimes make blunders and failures, may not be the result of carelessness or indifference but are occasioned by lack of adaptability, by unfitness for the work and oftentimes by the absence of vision. Failures have occurred just this way among home demonstrators, teachers, school superintendents and, in fact, in every walk of life.

It has been my fortune, privilege and very great pleasure to mingle pretty freely with the rural people of the county. I have come to know very intimately the hardships and the drawbacks, real and imaginary (together with the unalloyed joys of the country) that can be in a large measure, if not wholly, wiped out by the creation of a community spirit, by co-operation and by the development and activity of those agencies which forward thinking legislators have made possible.

The rural schools could be made, with a broad policy in vogue and directed by an unselfish man that is not so obsessed with his superior knowledge and could be aroused from a blinding laziness, to serve a mighty purpose; but wherever this is lacking, that agency that inspires a coummunity spirit and encourages the hope and ambition of self-help will. in time, force the coming of the improvements so much needed and hasten the day when rural folks may come into their own.

Miss Wilson, whose presence in our midst is the main occasion for the foregoing observations, is a native of Chester county, South Carolina, a typical representative of a fine family that has rendered a fine service in the Palmetto state. Educated at Erskin and Winthrop colleges, she took a special training for the work to which she is devoting her talents and energies at a Baltimore institution. Added to her natural abilities, her educational attainments and her tact and love for her work. is a successful experience in teaching in rural schools. No wonder a lady with these accomplishments, these experiences and this consuming passion and energy to make her work a go, has won the confidence and the esteem of those who have seen the direct benefits of her efforts.

Though only in the county for a period of a year, she has made a choice acquaintance that covers the county. She knows the county today and understands the people and their tastes better than many men,

who have been born and reared in the county. She has organized six Coummunity Clubs, now strong and vigorous agencies for good in their several sections. In co-operation with the Farm Demonstrator in this community work she has encouraged the culture of flowers, tree-planting, made inspirational talks on better schools, importance of telephone connection and the reading of choice literature and magazines that deal with the problems of rural life.

In the Girl's Clubs, which she has organized, she treats on those subjects that please the tastes and concerns the affairs of the young people. Some prefer gardening, others poultry raising; but great stress is placed on the mission of the sewing clubs, such as making hats and dresses. And what could be more serviceable and valuable to the average country girl, as well as to the town girl, than a proficient knowledge of needlecraft, thus becoming independent of impossible prices and the learning how to take left-overs and convert them into something that appears new and is as serviceable and oftentimes more attractive than something bought anew. The power of making much out of the little, is an accomplishment well within possibility and is the first lesson in successful home making and housekeeping.

In the Women's Clubs different phases of the home are discussed, such as interior decoration, canning, the economical solution of problems that confront every house-keeper and the possibilities of making the kitchen and dining room function to the best advantage under varying conditions. Nine of these clubs have been formed.

Among the big things Miss Wilson hopes to stress throughout the coming year is the Year-round garden, better quality of poultry, better breed of pigs and a greater care of the family cow---in this she has anticipated Gov. Morrison's campaign. She hopes to see, also, the time soon come when the various clubs in the several sections of the county may federate to the end of making the entire county a unit in sympathy and ambition to bring rural life in Cabarrus to the highest possible development. This is a noble purpose, in which much valuable material now going to waste or missing much of the advantages of country life may be turned to a larger and better service by encouragement and direction.

That's a very fine slogan Miss Wilson carries with her wherever she goes in her faithful old Ford, which she drives like a past-master, "MAKE THE BEST BETTER." What a glorious accomplishment would follow if all men and all women, in all the activities of this life, should live up to the ambition of that slogan! It's a happy combination—Miss Wilson likes the Cabarrus people and the Cabarrus people like Miss Wilson; and may the good work continue to grow and prosper.

Just what this splendid woman is doing, is being duplicated in other counties of the state where wise selections have been made. The value of the work, in the aggregate, is inestimable. Early in the life of this work there were some misgivings, fearing that the people would not take kindly to the innovation. But these misgivings soon vanished; and now every observing citizen gives it a hearty endorsement.

THERE WILL BE NO "MIRACLE"

The recent adoption of text-books for the public schools of the state was made under the provisions of a law, the bill for which was prepared by the State Superintendent of Education. It gave enormous latitude and power to the Text-Book Commission. It is said that this Commission prepared an outline of study before ever considering books. Probably there is not a dozen intelligent people in North Carolina who could not pick the real author of the alleged "course of study." Practically a clean sweep of the books now in the hands of the public school children of North Carolina was ordered by the Commission, which, in a great degree, tied the hands of the state Board of Education. On the 18th of February Dr. Brooks, in making the announcement of the final result, accompanied it with a defensive statement.

This prophecy of the results was so unusual and so unlike what had occurred through other and former adoptions, school men and school officers, who have been long in the service, felt that a "miracle" had been performed.

Dr. Brooks Said Feb. 18: "In completing this adoption, therefore, the State Board of Education has had due regard first, for the needs of the children, and second, for the cost of books to the puplis. And in providing for the needs the Board has made it possible for the schools to meet the needs of the chlidren in a large way without placing any financial burden upon the patrons."

Admissions on March 8 in the Raleigh News & Observer in an interview with the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, point out that the new adoption made on the basis of the recommendation and the work of the Text-Book Commission will cost the children of the public schools a net increase over the former adoption of the sum of $685,194.00. Dr. Brooks does not think that this will prove a "financial burden upon the patrons."

Closing the interview, Dr. Brooks is quoted as saying: "By delaying adoption of books until February we have been able to secure better contracts. States that adopted a year ago have been paying from ten to twenty-five per cent higher for the same text books than we are required to pay."

All this is probably correct, but Dr. Brooks will probably find, upon a careful reading of the contract he signed for books for the public school children which will cost their parents nearly a three-quarters of a million increase, that there is also a clause pledging that should the prices of these books be lowered to any other state or authority during the life of this contract that North Carolina should have the benefit of such reduction. It goes without saying that if North Carolina today is getting a certain book at a lower price, that similar reduction in price will obtain in other states for said book under the very same identical contract clause. What benefits in prices, if any, have come by a delay is due entirely to the decreased cost of material and production and not to any foresight or special wisdom dis-

played by the North Carolina authorities.

Impractical theories that have crept into the public school law, by the persistency of the Educational Department, within the past twelve months cost the state $710,000.00, and now followed by another, due entirely to another half-baked theory, adds $685,194.00, or a grand total of one million, three hundred ninety-five thousand, one hundred ninety-four dollars. And the benefits received by the rural children are no more enhanced, if as good, except in spots where a large degree of independence existed, than before these various theories were imported from Massachusetts.

"Yes, my son's pretty handy about the house. He mended our cuckoo clock the other day. It's fine now, except that it says 'Oo' afore it 'Cucks.'"

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE WORLD WAR

Based (1) on Defects Found in Drafted Men, reported by Surgeon-General M. W. Ireland, to the 66th Congress, 1st session—Senate Committee Print, 1919; and (2) on the Associated Press item, The Victory Memorial Building, Feb. 19, 1922.

North Carolinaians serving, 92,510 or 19 in the 1,000 of all who served in the army and navy; North Carolinaians who lost their lives in service, 2,645 or 20 in the 1,000 of the national war death roll.

Department Rural Social Economics, University of North Carolina

Rank	Unfit to Serve	Rate per 1,000
19th	Defective in body or mind or both	546
30th	Rejected as unfit	213
37th	Tuberculosis victims	30
37th	Venereal diseases	70
39th	Apoplexy, paralysis, etc.	3
42nd	Epilepsy	7
46th	Instable nerves, neurasthenia, neuroses, hysteria, etc.	1
45th	Mental deficiency	22
45th	Mentally diseased	24
24th	Heart disease, organic	27
35th	Joint diseases	11
29th	Defective physical development	33
15th	Mechanical physical defects	194
47th	Malnutrition—under-nourished or badly nourished disordered disgestion, assimilation, etc.	1

What Our Boys Are Doing

No 1 By Robert Willard

LAWRENCE WORTH HATCH

(One of our former boys, who worked in the printing office, developed a taste for writing. He has voluntarily offered to get a line on various boys, who have gone out from the institution and taken their positions in orderly society and are contributing to the affairs of the times. This young man, himself holding a responsible job in Washington, for reasons of modesty alone is writing under an assumed name. We publish to-day his first, and it is about the first boy to enroll at the school when it threw open its doors January 12th, 1909.—Editor's Note).

The subject of this short article was the first boy to enter the Jackson Training School, arriving at the institution the 12th day of January, 1909.

Born in Burlington, North Carolina, twenty-five years ago this coming October, the early life of Worth, as he was known at the school, was similar to that of hundreds of other North Carolina boys who have drifted away from paths they had been told to follow. It was just one piece of devilment after another until he was sent to the school.

Worth remained at the Jackson Training School a little over three years and, when in March, 1912, he again set out on the pathway of life, he was a different boy. Trained in the way of right living and taught the truths of life he was better equipped to go forward than when he entered the school.

This young man saw three years service in the army after leaving the school, serving on the Mexican border with the North Carolina guardsmen and in France with the 120th Infantry of the 30th Division, receiving a shrapnel wound on the morning that this division successfully assaulted the Hindenburg line.

Now serving as an electrician in the naval torpedo station at Alexandria, Va., Worth looks forward with great confidence in the future.

The first boy to enter the Jackson Training School is making good.

When Spartan mothers could say, "Son come home with your shield, or come home on it," the breasts of Spartan men were the wall of defense for that country. When Roman matrons were like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, Rome ruled the world. But when virtue and chastity became exiles from Roman households, the Barbarian not only thundered at the gates but marched in triumph through the streets of the imperial city. The character of woman has at all times and will ever continue to determine the character of civilization.—Christian Advocate.

FAREWELL! A LONG FAREWELL TO ALL MY GREATNESS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Farewell! A long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

North Carolina Under the Draft Act

By J. Will Bailey

One of the articles under the scheme of "Knowing North Carolina" is by J. William Bailey, of Raleigh, and the late holder of the office of Collector in the United States Revenue service. He writes about "What the Draft Act Showed About North Carolina." It is always the truth that hurts and at the same time makes us free.

This clearly written review of the statistics as revealed by the officers of the government gives one emphatic reasons for pausing and serious consideration. One can not read this article without down in his heart feeling and knowing that every agency that looks to the enlightment, the education, the care of the body and familiarity of preventive measures among our people, should not only be heartily encouraged but that effort along these lines should be doubled, to the end that the coming generation may avoid the handicaps of the past. Mr. Bailey's contribution is as follows:

Under the Draft Act all the young men from eighteen to thirty years of age in the United States were subject to military services in the World War. Of those called, two million, or about four-fifths of the total, were physically examined at the mobilization camps. The results of these examinations have been published by the War Department in a volume entitled Defects Found in Drafted Men. The classification was by states; but unfortunately the data do not disclose the relation of defects to color, nativity, or occupation in the different states.

With respect to rejections for alcoholism, North Carolina made a most gratifying showing, her number per thousand being nine, while the national average was more than three times as high, or thirty-one. We made equally as good a record with respect to drug addiction.

With respect to tuberculosis, we made a bad showing, our number of rejections per thousand being 30.47 against the national average of 24.6 ---an excess of nearly six young men per thousand. We made a much worse record than some other states having a large negro populations, as for example, Georgia, 24.46, Mississippi 24.12, Louisiana 27.61. As a matter of fact only three Southern states made as bad a showing as did North Carolina. So our excess is not due to the negroes.

For defective physical development we had 33.41 rejections as compared with a national average of 32. 93. In total mental disorders we rank near the bottom with 24.48 per thousand against a national average of 15.08. In respect of mental deficiency our record is bad, the state having had 21.06. Who can account for this, and how?

There are a great many defects in respect of which North Carolina made comparatively a pleasing showing, as for example, the condition of teeth and eyes. We do not show up so well in respect of noses and ears. And as a rule the ratio of defectives in North Carolina is upon an average with that of the

United States, our rejection being 213 per thousand, as compared with a national average of 212. Less than four out of each five young men were found fit for war duty.

What should concern us is this: To find and eradicate the causes of our excess of tuberculosis, low physical development, excess of mental disorders, and excess of mental deficiency. For these aspects of the matter are of the greatest importance.

I quite agree that there is nothing the matter with North Carolina---that is, that there is no reason why within our bounds there should not dwell the happiest people on the globe. But Heaven helps those who help themselves. Our Commonwealth must be what we make of it. And it becomes each of us to stand in his lot and do his best to serve his day and generation. This is citizenship; this is patriotism; this is true service of humanity.

Pennsylvania's sixty-third county has employed a farm agent. It is a mighty poor farm agent who is not worth to his county several times his salary.

ACTUAL EXPERIENCE A MIGHTY FORCE

(BY R. R CLARK)

A distinguished editor, talking before the students of the School of Journalism in one of our educational institutions, expressed the opinion that young men preparing for newspaper work should take at least a year in law school. His idea was that an editor should have some knowledge of law and should prepare himself by giving at least one year to the study of law. That set me to thinking about how many things there are of which the well rounded editor should have some knowledge, and the conclusion was that if a young man training for newspaper work should give a year's study to all the things he should know about he would be too old for active duty before he was ready to begin.

Be it understood here that I am not controverting the statement of the editor with a view to starting something. It is important that any newspaper writer, certainly a managing editor or an editorial writer, should have some knowledge of law. It is highly important, if he is to keep out of trouble, that he have a clear conception of the law of libel. But there are many other things of which he should have a working knowledge. Not only should he know how to write about court cases without exposing his ignorance of common legal terminology, and a clear conception of what does and what does not constitute libel but he should know something about the different religious denominations and their forms of government, so that he would not make himself ridiculous and offend the adherents of the different faiths by talking about Presbyterian stewards, Methodist deacons, Baptist conferences, etc., and to be sure he couldn't give a year to this study.

If his paper circulates in an agricultural community he should know something about farming so as to write about it intelligently, and he might not care to spend a year in farm work. But come to think of it, most editors know more about farming than the farmers who spend their lives on the job—or they at least assume to give them advice—so the farm knowledge may be assumed, whether the editor knows corn from cotton. It is important, too, to know something about disease and sanitation and health measures, but it would be impracticable to study medicine for a season. Then there is knowledge of the laws and customs of commerce, of manufacturing industry, of transportation, of the science of government, of taxation, of music, art, and all the other things that the newspaper writer must discuss at times.

My experience and observation have convinced me, as experience convinces all newspaper men, that the supreme need is General Information on all sorts of subjects. The newspaper man who has worked on a farm, sold goods, worked in a mill, practiced law or who has had experience in any of the lines of human activity, will find that experience of value in a newspapeer career. But as it ismanifestly impossible to have practical experience in many lines, or even to take special courses in many, it all comes back to gathering and absorbing General Information, so as to be able to write intelligently about many things.

It is impossible for any one man to know all about a large number of things, but if he is to write about them, even in the capacity of a reporter, it is highly important that he should know something about them. This General Information to which I have reference isn't found in any particular course. It isn't taught in the colleges, while it is important especially in this enlightened age, for the newspaper man to have a college education, that isn't absolutely essential nor is it alone equipment for newspaper work. While I have little knowledge of the practical work of Schools of Journalism I think well of them provided they are taught by experienced newspaper men and not by theorists. Formerly it was thought that the man who had not come up through the mechanical end of a printing office—slept on newspapers and eaten ink, as Horace Greely expressed it—wasn't fit to be an editor, just as we used to think that all trades and professions and business must be learned by actual experience rather than by going to school. We have gotten ahead of that. It is true that experience is yet and always will be the perfecting school in anything. The young man who finishes at acollege and goes through a School of Journalism is well equipped to enter newspaper work, if he doesn't make the mistake of thinking that he knows the job at the start. Nothing but actual experience can teach him the job, but the training of the schools gives him a good start if he has the capacity to apply his knowledge.

But to come back to General Information. I hope the schools that are training men for newspaper work emphasize that. I know of no means of acquiring this General Information except by reading—reading newspapers of all kinds constantly and

closely; reading the magazines and periodicals of the better class, and reading books. Chas. A. Dana, one of the ablest and most scholarly of the editors of an older day, addressing a group of newspaper men on one occasion, urged them to study the Bible, not as a religious book but as literature—for history, poetry, for literary style. The King James version, declared Mr. Dana, is awell of English undefiled; and for style of narrative, for examples in reporting that are models for newspaper work in all the ages, some of the Biblical writers were unsurpassed. It is absolutely essential for a newspaper man—if he is to make a success that counts—to be well posted, to have his mind well stored with General Information; and I have never heard of any place he can get that except by reading about all sorts of things. Seasoned newspaper men have seen young men come out of college and begin newspaper work who exhibited the most astounding ignorance of everyday affairs in some particulars and who lacked common information that they could have gained by reading the newspapers. The late J. P. Caldwell, the greatest newspaper man the State has produced, who gathered about him on the Charlotte Observer some of the brighest young men in the State, men whom he loved and admired, complained sometimes of their lack of knowledge of things they could learn simply by reading the newspaper. Once he said to me, discussing this matter: "Idon't believe they read a newspaper; I know they don't read the Observer." One illustration will suffice. One of his young men, a college man, graduate of a law school and one who produced literature that will live, was sent to report a meeting. On the programme was a musical number by Dudley Buck, the noted musical composer. The reporter glanced at the programme and saw the name of Dudley Buck. He didn't know anything about Dudley Buck and as the master of ceremonies at the event was a stranger to him he assumed that he was Dudley Buck. He wrote his story accordingly, featuring Dudley Buck as the presiding officer at a meeting in Charlotte; and the story got by and appeared in the Observer next day. When the Old Man, as the boys on the Observer called Mr. Caldwell, read it next day he was humiliated and said things; and the brilliant and well beloved young man who wrote the story was of course humiliated. He suffered for lack of General Information that is gained only by wide and varied reading.

Let me say in conclusion that I am not attempting to instruct as a graduate in the course of General Information or any other. In an active newspaper experience of more than 25 years it was constantly borne in on me that I was, to quote the Alexander county man, "vastly ignorant."

"Manners are only a kind of varnish, of course; yet who wants even a durable chair or table that isn't properly finished?"

IREDELL COUNTY ACTIVITY

Elsewhere in this number of **The Uplift** will be found reproduced in its entirety a circular issued by Miss Celeste Henkel, giving details about the contests, exhibits and contributions that are to figure in the County Public School Commencement. The preparation, the work involved in said preparation and the generous responses of the people, speak volumes for the power and influence of Miss Henkel.

It covers the whole scope of what the rural people most need, by way of acquisition and knowledge, in makingcountry life most agreeable and in furnishing inspiring opportunities to the young. Can any one think of another thing which could be added to make the interest and benefit of this sure-to-be-well executed programme larger and better?

The only reason—and there needs to be no apology for doing so—**The Uplift** is bodily inserting this programme with all the details, is the hope of rendering a worthwhile service to other counties, whose chief school officers, seeing this great effort making in Iredell county to aid the rural folks to come into their own, may find some inspiration and helpful points in working out a similar campaign in the several counties.

This peculiar and novel campaign, which must result in inestimable good in Iredell county, is the conception of Miss Henkel and she has fixed the 22nd., day of April as the date of the event.

County-Wide Debate

"Query, resolved that, with Adequate School Facilities, Country Life can be made as Attractive as City Life." A gold medal offered by Mr. C. W. Boshamer will be given to the best debater in the final debating contest.

County-Wide Singing Contest

To be conducted in all schools of the county—A prize of $10 will be given by The Merchants and Farmers Bank to the school in the county having the best chorus.

Community Improvements

To the community that makes the most improvements in their schools homes and grounds—$100—Johnston Belk Co.

To the community that installs the most electrical appliances—Handsome picture—Covington Electric Service Co. and Mills Electric & Battery Service Co.

To the community having the largest number of farms named and marked and having the most attractive names— $10—W. A. Bristol.

To the community painting the greatest number of homes and barns since May 1, 1921—Set of maps—Carolina School Supply Co., Charlotte, N. C.

To the community club doing the most constructive work—Large Universal school dictionary Globe Book Co. Morristown Tenn.

To the community securing the most traveling libraries—Set of books,—Miss Celeste Henkel.

To the community subscribing to the most magazines—Canning outfit—Thomas Hardware Co.

School Improvements

For the most improvements in a one-teacher school—Set of supplementary readers—Miss Celeste Henkel.

For the most improvement in a two-teacher school—Two pictures—Crawford Bunch Furniture Co.

For the most improvement in a three-teacher school—Set of books—Lend a Hand Book Mission, Boston.

For the most improvement in high school—One 12 in. globe and two 8 inch globes—Southern Desk Co. Hickory, N. C.

To the school having the largest number of children under 18 years of age who have an individual bank account—Set of 100 song books—E. G. Gaither.

To the school having the best equipped playground—$5—F. L. Johnson.

To the best school correspondent to the Statesville Sentinel. Letters will be judged on these points. 1 Regularity of arrival that is, they should come once a week and to follow immediately after news takes place. 2. Legibility of pennanship, composition and comprehensiveness—One year's subscription to The Statesville Sentinel.

To the best school correspondent to the Statesville Landmark. The same points will be used in judging these letters that are used in judging the letters to the Sentinel. —One years subscription to The Statesville Daily.

To the primary teacher having the most modern equipment for teaching reading and phonics and seatwork material—Silver mesh bag—Statesville Drug Co.

To the teacher influencing the greatest number of patrons to read "Better Rural Schools," signed statement to be brought in by the patrons—Porcelain kitchen sink or equivalent in cash—Covington Electric Service Co.

To the teacher holding an elementary certificate doing the most constructive work in her school and community and sending in a written report of how she did this work—Scholarship of six weeks to summer school, value $35—Board of Education of Iredell County.

To the teacher holding any certificate other than elementary, doing the most constructive work in her school and community and sending in a written report of how she did the work—$25—Chamber of Commerce, Statesville.

To the teacher who carries out the best program on "Better Schools for Iredell County Day" and sends in a written report of how she accomplished this work—Set of Pyrex Cooking Ware—Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

Home Improvements

For the most attractive bed room using old furniture—1st prize—Mahogany table—Johnson Furniture Co. 2nd prize—Merchandise—Polk Gray Drug Co.

For the most convenient kitchen—1st prize, $25 in cash—Commercial National Bank—2nd prize, Linoleum Drugget—Tharpes 5 & 10 cent store.

For the most comfortable and attractive living room—$25 in merchandise, Ramsey-Bowles-Morrison Co.

For the most attractive dining room—Set of English china—Statesville Housefurnishing Co.

For the home showing the most improvement in beautifying the home grounds—Domestic Science Fireless Cooker—Lazenby-Montogomery Hdw. Co.

To the girl in the county 12 to22 years of age, arranging the most attractive bed room—Rocking Chair—Cooper Furniture Co. Also a second prize will be offered.

To the home making the most all-round improvement—Mahogany clock—R. F. Henry & Son.

To the housekeeper reporting the greatest number of inexpensive labor saving devices for her home, installed since May, 1921—Aluminum kettle.—J. B. Fraley.

To the home installing the most modern Fairbanks-Morse Water and Lighting System. Equipment to be bought from W. E. Munday—Solid brass round oak stove—W. E. Munday

Compositions and Essays

To the high school pupil in the county writing the best essay on "How could Iredell County have the best system of schools in North Carolina." Electric iron or its equivalent in cash—Mills Electric & Battery Service Co.

To the sixth or seventh grade pupil in the county writing the best composition on "The Most Interesting Book I have read this year and what it meant to me." Silver Eversharp pencil—Statesville Printing Co.

To the man or woman in the county writing the best essay on "One of Iredell county's Distinguished Men." $25 in cash: name of donor withheld. This to include men who were born in Iredell county or men who have done their life work in Iredell county.

To the high school boy or girl in the county writing the best essay on "One of Iredell County's Distinguished Men." $10 in cash—Mayor L. B. Bristol, R. F. Rives.

To the man or woman in Statesville or Mooresville writing the best essay on "One of Iredell County's Distinguished Men." $25 in cash. Name of donor withheld.

To the high school pupil writing the best essay on "A History of Iredell County." Gold medal given by the D. A. R.'s.

To the high school pupil writing the best essay on the life of Robert E. Lee, $5 given by the U. D. C's.

To the man or woman in the county who writes the best composition on "Can Rural Education in General Equal Town or City Education?" If not, explain the final effect on the farming industry—Pair of blankets—Wallace Bros.

To the man or woman in the county who writes the best essay on "What can be done by the average farm family to improve the home grounds?"—$5 in cash, Statesville Oil Co.

To the man or woman in the county sending in the best detailed plan and instructions for an all-year-round garden possible for the average farm family in Iredell county—$10 in cash—Sheriff M. P. Alexander, J. A. Brady.

To the man or woman in the county writing the best composition on, "What the Campaign has meant to my Community"—7:50 in merchandise—Joe Harrison Clothing Co.

To the man or woman in the county writing the best composition on "What the campaign has meant to me"—Merchandise—Stimson China

Store.

To the woman in the county writing the best composition on "How I improved my home at a Minimum Expense"—Prize.

All compositions must be written with pen and ink, with subject, name and address on each paper. Further directions will be given at teacehrs meetings and by circular letters. All essays and compositions must be sent in to Miss Celeste Henkel not later than April 14.

Certificates

Certificates of merit will be given to those schools raising as much as $10 for pictures or books.

Certificates of merit will be given to every child in the county reading six books from the school library or other source selected by the teacher and giving satisfactory proof to the teacher that the work has been done.

Certificates of merit will be given to every pupil in the county who has a perfect attendance record.

Certificates of merit will be given to the pupil in each school making the highest average scholarship.

Special Days

Friday, March 17, has been appointed as "Clean up Day" in the schools. This day may be observed before or after but it is expected that each teacher will make this "Clean up Day" in his or her school. It is hoped many teachers will make this "Clean up Day" for each community.

Friday, March 24, will be observed as "Better Schools for Iredell county Day." It is expected that each teacher will arrange a program on "Better Schools for Iredell County" and invite the patrons of the schools. The club women and school committeemen are especially urged to assist in making this day a success. If desired, speakers can be secured from town.

Directions

Teachers competing for the most impovements in schools and communities please send in reports of work done not later than April 12. All schools and homes competing will please notify me at an early date. All impovements should be made by the first of April as judges will be out judging later.

In each home where improvements are being made, a written report should be sent to the teacher of the improvements made, and the teacher will send in reports to me.

All improvements made in homes or communities to date from May 1, 1921.

Rules for Singing Contest

The following rules will be observed in the county singing contest to be conducted in all schools of the county.

1. Each school in the county shall be entitled to representation in the contest. The number of pupils in the chorus from each school shall be determined by the teacher but shall not exceed 15.

2. Two songs will be used, to be selected from the following: "Star Spangled Banner," "Juanita," "Old Folks at Home." "Auld Lang Syne." The songs will be sung without books and only two verses in each song.

3. The first contest for elimination will be held at the following group centers on March 31, and will be conducted by the principal of the

school. Each school in the township will go to the township center.

Barringer township, Pine Valley school. Miss Madge Deaton; Bethany township. Duffy school, J. L. Holmes; Chambersburg township Wayside school. L. O. White; Coddle Creek township, Oak Ridge school, Paul C. Henry; Concord township, Scotts High school, W. E. McDonald; Cool Springs township, Cool Springs high school. G. H. Ellmore; Davidson township. Mt. Mourne school, H. M. Long; Eagle Mills township, Joyner school, J. E. Critz; Fallstown township Troutman High school. J. O. Rogers; New Hope township, Taylor Springs school, T. B. Lankford; Olin township Olin school, C. C. Holmes; Shrpesburg township, Central school, C. B. Brown; Shiloh township, Bethlehem school, E. F. Harrington; Statesville township, Oak Grove school, Mrs. A. L. Lowrance; Turnesburg township, Harmony high school, R. H. Lankford, Union Grove township, Henderson school, H. P. VanHoy.

4. Judges for the township contests shall be chosen, one representative from each district. This representative to be chosen, by the principal of the school in each district.

5. The winners of the township contests will be grouped for a second elimination contest.

6 The winners in the second elimintion contest will participate in the singing contest to be held in Statesville, April 22, 1922. In this final contest the schools will sing Star Spangled Banner and Auld Lang Syne.

Rules for County-Wide Debate

The following rules will be observed in the county-wide debate to be conducted in all schools of the county. This debate will be in charge of Mr. S. H. Stevenson and Miss Edna Sherrill.

1. Query "Resolved that with adequate school facilities country life can be made as attractive as city life."

2. Each school in the county shall be entitled to representation in the contest.

3. Each school entering the contest shall furnish four debaters; two on the negative and two on the affirmative side..

4. Schools entering the contest shall be arranged in groups of three schools each. The affirmative of each group shall debate at home while the negative shall debate against the affirmative of another school.

5. In arranging the groups, the standard of the school and continuity of territory shall be taken into consideration so that schools of similar standards in thesame section of the county shall be grouped together.

6. Any school winning both the affirmative and negative shall be counted winner for its group.

7. The following schools may be grouped for other contests and a process of elimination kept up until the school having the best negative and the school having the best affirmative shall be thrown in final competition for the debaters medal at county commencement.

8. The final contests shall be held on Friday afternoon March 24, at 2 o'clock and contest for further elimnation on such dates as the debating committee shall decide.

9. The schools in the various groups shall decide where each negative shall go for the debate, select the judges, and make such other local regulations as they may see fit.

10. The judges for the final contest at county commencement shall be selected by the debating committee. It shall be theor duty to select the winning team and the best debaters.

11. Schools desiring to enter the contest shall notify Miss Edna Sherrill at once.

12. It shall be legitimate for debaters to get information and suggestions from any available source, but the composition of the debate in each case must be the debater's. This shall not bar the teachers from making suggestions as to structure and phraseology.

13. Each speaker shall have 15 minutes at his disposal. Twelve for his first speech and three for his rejoinder.

14. If, in the preliminary contest, the same school should win out both on the affirmative and the negative, the school having the best affirmative and the school having the second best negative will be chosen for the final debate.

Bulletins and information on the debate may be had by applying to the County Superintendent's office.

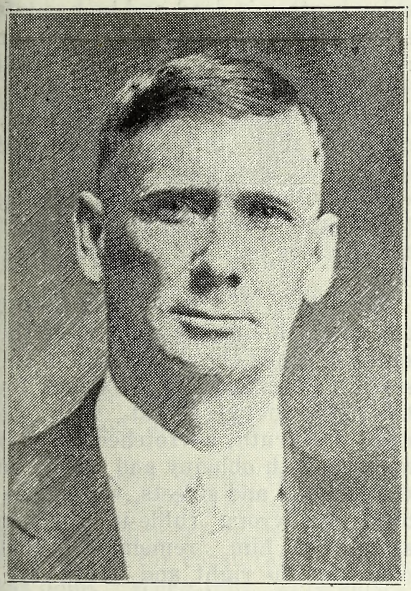
One Officer That's Not Asleep

It is so refreshing to find an officer and a job that get married to each other. So often after the ceremony of connection with a job, the principal in it thinks, or acts that way, that the highest duty is simply drawing the salary and a sorry and do-nothing record follows to the disgust of law-abiding people, who crave progress and the betterment of conditions.

There is a wiry, active and enthusiatic man in North Carolina, having connection with a hard job that comes in contact with lawlessness, meaness, if not degeneration, that takes his duties seriously; and this fellow is winning by his activity the applause of the good people of the communities in which he has operated. This efficient officer, to which we make reference and whose picture is here printed, is none other than Daniel Franklin Widenhouse, who first saw the light of this world near Georgeville, Cabarrus county, on the 22nd of June, 1874.

"Dan" Widenhouse, as he is favorably and familiarly known, has made since September 21st, 1921, one of the most efficient and thorough officers in the enforcement of the Prohibition law. In the administration of his office he has no friends and no enemies---anybody that monkeys with whiskey, or so-called whiskey, is the constant passion of his life. Since he began operations, the boldness of the lawless element has greatly diminished ---they have moved "farther back from the road," as read the famous message sent out by the late Dr. Blacknall, of Raleigh. One of the most notorious violators of nearly every law, that gets in his way, has moved off the road; but as sure as time lasts Dan Widenhouse will get

him and the public and those who are offended by his indecency will re-



"DAN" WIDENHOUSE

joice without ending. Mr. Widenhouse has put so many of the lawless out of business, destroyed their dirty business and caused others to move back among the sticks, and he has won so much fame that the would-be poets are writing poetry about him and his accomplishments.

Officer Widenhouse operates in five counties and during his short period of service he has made 71 seizures, captured 30 complete stills, destroyed 8,000 gallons of beer and captured 103 gallons of real whiskey, which at the prevailing prices represents a value of $4,400.00.

If every five counties in the state had such an earnest and active officer, who would respect his oath and grasp the significance of his important job as does Officer Widenhouse, the dirty business of moonshining and illicit sale of intoxicants would become quickly a lost art. Dan Widenhouse is a regulation Republican, stands with the leaders, but with him in his sturdy honesty and courageous manhood a Republican bootlegger and moonshiner are just as mean and as sorry as a Democratic violator of the law—and here's where Dan Widenhouse commands the respect and confidence of the law abiding element in every community where he operates.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

JOHN B. GOUGH

John B. Gough was born in Kent, England, in 1817. He came to America in 1829, and while learning the trade of bookbinder in New York formed intemperate habits, and sank to the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness. About 1840 he was induced to sign the pledge. He became greatly interested in temperance reform, and soon distinguished himself as the most eloquent advocate of the cause. He was the most popular lecturer of his time. He spoke nearly one hundred times on temperance in Exter Hall, London. He died in 1886.

What is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in the minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privi-

lege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is the minority that have come out as iconoclasts to beat down the Dagons their fathers have worshiped,---the old abuses of society. It is the minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history.

Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments---to whom? To the Covenanters. Ah, they were in a minority! Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling in the tips of your fingers! Look at that girl, of whose innocent stratagem the legend has come down to us, and see how persecution sharpens the intellect as well as gives power to faith! She was going to the conventicle. She knew the penalty of that deed was death. She met a company of troopers. "My girl, where are you going?" She could not tell them a lie; she must tell the truth. It was death to go to that conventicle. To tell that she was going there was to reveal its place to these soldiers, and the lives of her friends were in her hands. "Let me go!" she said. "I am going to my father's house. My elder brother is dead and he has left a will, and I am in it; and it is to be read to-day." "Go, my girl," said he; "and I hope you will have something handsome." These were the minority that, through blood and tears and scourgings,---dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore,---fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of goverment; if he stands for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire,---let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always "troops of beautiful, tall angels" gathering around him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own. If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lips be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angles are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him!

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote

CYRUS B WATSON: Able lawyer and fine citizen, practiced law in Forsythe, Davie, Davidson, Yadkin, Surry and Stokes, and was the peer of any man that appeared at any of these courts. It was at Danbury, in Stokes

county, that he was retained to defend a man indicted for stealing blockade liquor from the men who made it, hiding it in a tree-lap near by. The owners making a search, found it, and instead of taking it away, watched to see who came for it.

The evidence was that a man came for it, they were sure it was Bill, Mr. Watson's client; when halted he ran and was fired on with a load of small bird shot, at pretty close range; that at the crack of the gun the man fell "like a beef." but regained his footing and escaped; that Bill laid up sick for a long time and it was not known what ailed him. And the witnesses were sure the man they shot carried a load in his back. Mr. Watson was unable to break down the evidence by cross examination, and court recessed for dinner.

Mr. Watson called the Sheriff, telling him to bring his client to his, Watson's, office before the reconvening of court for consultation, which was done. When they were alone, Mr. Watson said: "Bill, they have got you, unless you can show a clean back. If there are no shot-marks on your back I propose to remove your shirt and show your back to the jury, in which case you will be acquitted; that is your only hope; off with your clothes."

Bill rising and removing his coat, looked at Mr. Watson, with a guilty, sickly grin, and said: "I always did have a bumpy back." Removing his shirt Mr. Watson said Bill carried the whole load just under the hide, and you could not lay a finger down without feeling a shot under the skin. When court opened after dinner Mr. Watson refused to put Bill on the stand and he was duly convicted as charged in the bill. (Contributed).

WHAT DR. WILEY SAW IN 1851

(NORTH CAROLINA READER III)

Spending another hour with the North Carolina Reader, which Dr. C. H. Wiley, then State Superintendent of the Common Schools, prepared for use by North Carolina children, the chapter under the title of "The Yadkin River" affords much interest. It was for those days a fine description of the country and the people, but it displayed no little prophetic power, which in a measure has in later years come true. It is:

"We have crossed two rivers since we left Goldsboro; and now we have arrived at a third. and the longest of the three. The Yadkin is a name of Indian origin; and the stream which bears it rises in the mountains. This is the first river we have yet seen, in our journey, that rises in a region so elevated, and we observe that it has some characteristics different from any we have passed.

It has a clear, rapid current; and it is evident that it rolls along a vast volume of water. From it source, near the Blue Ridge, it receives, on both sides, a great number of creeks; and thus on its banks for a consider-

able distance is one of the best watered countries in the world. The whole region is fertile; indeed, only those who have seen it, and have traveled over other countries, can properly estimate its advantages. Towards the South Carolina line, cotton grows luxuriantly; and as we go higher up, corn, wheat, tobacco, grass, and fruits of the finest qualities, can be produced in the greatest abundance.

The water-power is immense, both on the Yadkin and its numerous tributaries; and it is impossible to estimate the amount of wealth and energy and happiness that will be some day seated through this country.

(This item from the story will be of special interest to those of us that did not live near those days) It is in contemplation to make the Yadkin navigable; and there is every prospect that the object will be accomplished, and that at no distant day. (Dr. Wiley's prophecy as to the development of the water-power has come true and in years to follow will be much larger; but making the Yadkin navigable is an unrealized dream; and Commissioner Frank Page with a great concrete bridge and the developed water powers have made this part of the dreamer's prophetic statement an impossibility for all time to come. - Editor's-note)

The enterprising population which will fill this favored section, must and will have an outlet for the vast and valuable surplus productions of its labour; and the construction of the Central Railroad (the Old North Carolina railroad) will but increase the necessity of making the river also a highway for commerce. It is said that it can be rendered navigable as high as Wilkesboro, in the county of Wilkes; and when that is done and the road finished, our Eastern friends can make very delightful summer excursions to the mountains. The cars will bring them to the river; and there they will enter a fine steamboat, and pass up through banks that become steeper and higher, till the occasional cliff and promonotory are merged in a compact series of stupendous hills and craggy precipices.

Lower down it is contemplated to connect the Yadkin with the deep river improvement, by means of what is called a portage railroad; that is, a road over which the freight boats taken from one river will be transported to the other. These improvements are sure to be made in the course of time; and just glance your eye over the country, and see what a land of promise it is!

If we camp beside our money bags, unmoved by the distress we easily could help to relieve, there will descend upon us the accumulated hate of generations.

THE WORLD FOR SALE

RALPH HOYT

Ralph Hoyt, an Episcopal clergyman, was born in New York in 1810. He has written a few poems, the following being most frequently met with. He died in 1878.

HE world for sale!---Hang out the sign;
Call every traveler here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set me from earth's bondage free?
'Tis going!---Yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;----
The world at auction here to-day!.

It is a glorious thing to see,--
Ah, it has cheated me sore!
It is not what it seems to be:
For sale! It shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear;
'Tis going!--Going! I must sell!
Who bids? Who'll buy this splendid tear?

Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold:---
Who bids?---But let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold;
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and, plain;---
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

Here's Love, the dreary potent spell
That beauty fling around the heart;
I know its power, alas, too well!
'Tis going!---Love and I must part!
Must part!---What can I more with love?
All over the enchanter's reign;

Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,---
An hour of bliss,---an age of pain?

And Friendship,---rarest gem of earth,
(Whoe'er hath found the jewel his?)
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth,---
Who bids for friendship---as it is?
'Tis going! Going!---Hear the call:
One, twice, and thrice!---'Tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,---
But now the broken staff must go!

Fame! Hold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
How much for fame? How much for fame?
Hear how it thunders!---Would you stand
On high Olympus far renowned?---
Now purchase, and a world command!
And be with a world's curses crowned!

Sweet star of Hope! With ray to shine
In every sad foreboding breast,
Save this desponding one of mine,---
Who bids for man's last friend and best?
Ah! Were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure would my soul sustain;
But hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

And Song! For sale my tuneless lute;
Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
The chords that charmed my soul are mute;
I cannot wake the notes of old!
Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
Could chain a world in rapture high;
Yet now a sad farewell, farewell,
Must on its last faint echoes die.

Ambition, Fashion, Show, and Pride,---
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,

Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
Poor heart! Distracted, ah, so long,---
And still its aching throb to bear;---
How broken, that was once so storng!
How heavy, once so free from care!

No more for me life's fitful dream;---
Bright vision vanishing away!
My bark requires a deeper stream;
My sinking soul a surer stay.
By Death, stern sheriff, all bereft!
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left,---
My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

Institutional Notes.

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mr. J. Lee White, barn force manager, is getting ready to plant the Spring and Summer crops. The boys have already planted a little.

Weather being so favorable, Mr. Johnson, during the time the boys play ball, places up his net and has a very pleasant game of tennis with his boy-opponents, Victor High and Willie Cook.

Avery Roberts, Murray Evans, and Loxely Sanders were visited by "home-folks" last Wednesday. All of the participants were very much pleased and made happy by the family reunions.

Mrs. Talbert, of Concord, who has been sick for some time, but is now quite well, has arrived at the home of her son, Mr. T. V. Talbert, who has a farm down the highway just below the school.

Mr. Cloer's new assistant in the shop building is Arvel Absher. This statement is only made by that of the assistant and is not guaranteed. Other assurances must be had by confronting Mr. Cloer.

Again the time for cutting hair has arrived. After a month or so of free growing, this work makes a decided improvement in appearance. If they have no better trade when they leave here, Lamb, Huggins and Bertram Hart will make very excellent barbers.

Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of Concord, delivered a far-reaching sermon to the boys Sunday. He spoke from the topic "Persistence" and took for his text the verse: "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not," which suggested to him the topic "Persistence."

One day last week, to be exact, Tuesday, Howard Gilbert, who is in the fifth cottage, received a crate of oranges from his brother, Mr. Mack Gilbert, of Florida. Very generous-

ly indeed, he divided a portion of his oranges among the boys of his cottage. The boys take this means of thanking him.

Last Saturday, Sanford Hedrick left our midst to obey a court summons in Lexington. His duty was that of a witness. Wednesday, he came back, accompanied by his father, Mr. T. L. Hedrick, of Lexington. Mr. Hedrick was shown over the school, and was very pleased and satisfied by his survey.

Because of the fact that the new boys who arrive here are not able to get the exercises in drill correctly so soon, several boys in each cottage are detailed to teach the regular exercises to the "new 'ens" in the cottage basement. As a result of this previous practice, the squad which is drilling takes on a more uniform movement and it is, indeed, a pleasure to see the perhaps future soldiers going through their exercise so perfect.

Quite a few of the boys went for a walk Sunday afternoon in a response to its call to the awakening of spring. The twenty-first of this month is the date for the true arrival of Spring and for that day and many afterward, eyes are eagerly watching. Spring means birds; birds mean song ang music; music means and brings charm to the soul; charm means happiness; happiness means joy in the belief of Christ and Christ means every-thing, all.

Not being satisfied with the eight or ten hymns sung in Sunday School and Church, Sunday, the boys wanted to sing that night. So, permission being granted by the officers, they sang a few songs such as Nearer My God to Thee, Jesus Savior Pilot Me, Let The Lower Lights Be Burning, Softly and Tenderly, Blessed Assurance. These and a few others are their favorites and they are sung with great ethusiasm, fervor, spirit and feelings.

Originality of the boys expresses itself in quite frequent outbursts at the school. Water wheels, wind mills, kites, weighing machines, picture machines, cash registors---though whence the cash I know not---and air gliders. Many more comprise the stock but space does not permit of naming them. Having named the inventions, I will name some of their inventors: William Wilson, Jerome Bruton, Jo. Kennon Alvin Cook and many others. Though these have already been invented by men, they are home made and deserve credit and mention.

Frequently, something worthy of notice happens in the "big" room---the one of highest grades. For their programme on Saturday afternoon, the boys had to memorize the twelfth chapter of Romans. Even reading this chapter, improves a person mentally, and morally, and, if we go to extremes, we may say physically. But knowing the chapter "off by heart" aids one more than just merely reading it. Who knows but what in the throes of some future possible temptation, one of these boys may remember a clause in this chapter and by this substantial aid fight it off?

In the big room a picture was being placed. Mr. Johnson, using his judgment, placed it on a south wall, a side wall. Mr. Fisher happening along at this time, said in his opinion it should be placed on

the rear wall. Quite a friendly argument issued thereby. Mr. Fisher (knowing women) said he would leave it to Miss Greenlee, who also teaches a room. Therefore Miss Greenlee was appealed to. She came and when she saw "how the land lay," she verified Mr. Fisher's judgment. Then, capping the climax, she stated that both pictures should be placed on the rear wall. Mr. Johnson does not know what to do.

Saturday evenings are always eagerly awaited by the boys, for on this day they are the recipients of a half-holiday. A half-holiday mears a trip to the ball-grounds where all sorts of games to arouse the boy's interest await them. Wrestling, foot-ball, marbles and many others constitute their program. But there is one in which they take especial pride, base-ball. Saturday, in the summer, is the usual day for our games with other visitors. Soon as the base-ball season sets fairly in, we expect and desire to have many rivals. As they do well in most things, so the boys do well in base-ball. Watch how the short-stop scoups up a hot liner and shoots it to first, the sensational successful long run catch made by the fielder, the adroit work of the baseman as they pull off double and triple plays these are all remarkable for a juvenile team, but the teamwork which exists between the pitcher and catcher is what wins the game. A real and unusual record is hereby predicted by the writer.

Building Funds Returned.

At a meeting of the county commissioners held at noon today J. P. Cook, founder of the Stonewall Jackson Training school for delinquent boys, returned to that body a large sum of money appropriated to construct a Durham cottage at the school. The sum appropriated was $24,000, with several thousand being returned to the county.

This is made possible through the fact that the amount appropriated was more than enough to build the cottage.---Durham Sun 10th.

NORTH CAROLINA'S GREATEST NEED.

If one hundred persons were selected from each of the one hundred counties in North Carolina and each one asked to give what he or she regarded as the greatest need of the State---perhaps there would be a variety of answers.

But after observation of years and after seeing all of North Carolina as we have seen it, we are of the opinion that the greatest need of this State is fathers and mothers who will take charge of their children, control and govern them until they are 12 or 15 years of age at least.

Only a few weeks ago a great big strong father told this writer that he could not control his boy who is just in the "teens."

In the name of common sense ought not such a man to go home and put on a dress, quit calling himself a man, and turn his houshold over to the management of his wife ---Catawba News Enterprize.

THE UPLIFT desires a representative in every locality to solicit subscriptions. Liberal commission, Write for information.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

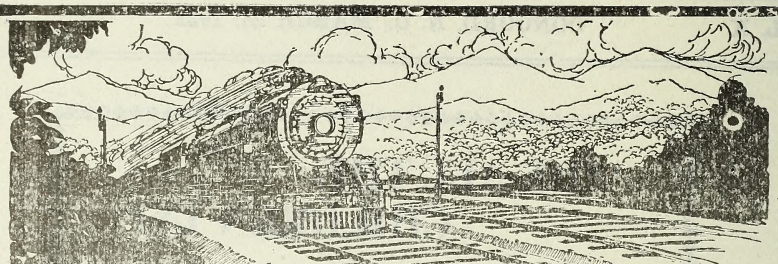
VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 25, 1922 NO. 20

"ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?"

Mother Church is most holy when she is most a mother. An old lady lay dying. Her youngest child had been dead twenty years. She aroused from a long stupor and asked, "Is it night?" "Yes," was the answer, "it is midnight." "Are all the children in?" was the next anxious query. Then she closed her eyes and died. When on the verge of eternity she drifted back to the days when her children were young and her mother instinct asserted itself in the only question she cared to ask. When that solicitude was satisfied she was ready to bid farewell to earth. There is no question more urgent upon the church to-day than this: Are all our children in?—Parents ought to lose more sleep over this question than many of them do. When we see so many boys and girls on the streets at night, and in the cheap shows, and hurrying to dance halls and all sorts of dangerous places, we feel like crying out for the quickening of the mother instinct and the father instinct everywhere.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.39AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

BE HOPEFUL.

Be hopeful, friend, when clouds are dark
And days are gloomy, dreary;
Be hopeful even when the heart
Is sick and sad and weary.
Be hopeful when it seems your plans
Are all opposed and thwarted;
Go not upon life's battlefield
Despondent and faint-hearted.
And, friend, be hopeful of yourself.
Do by-gone follies haunt you?
Forget them and begin afresh,
And let no interest daunt you.
Though unimportant your career
May seem as you begin it,
Press on, for victory's ahead;
Be hopeful, friend, and win it.

—Exchange.

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ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING

The astronomical reporter of the Charlotte Observer, in Monday's issue, introduces Spring with a rain, lightening and thunder storm, calling in as a reinforcement the favorite Latin of the geometrician. It is a jolly welcome to Spring, for which we are all looking and standing ready to meet. But during the course of explanation as to how the seasons have a way of coming and going, the said astronomical reporter makes this statement:

This is a spring month, but tomorrow, it is recorded, is equinox when the sun, after spending approximately six months in northern

skies, is so far returned toward the south as to be at the middle point of its journey, after which it continues on its southerly march until the long and hot days of summer are reached.

This jars one of our youngsters, Master Edwin, the smallest and youngest linotype operator in the whole state, if not in the United States. Edwin is some authority on what geography teaches about the moving stunts of the sun and the earth, the latter interesting him considerably more than the former. He thinks the Obsever's astronomer is all wrong, having gotten the sun headed the wrong way at this period. Edwin declares that if the "sun keeps on going as the reporter claims, we will have winter for another six months; and this will break all weather records of the ages and put the ground-hog out of commission."

This same youngster draws what Maury's geography (a truly fine work on geography that suited the needs of the public schools and was kicked out of them by a crowd of theory doctors for one that did not give even a dozen words about North Carolina) has to say about the doings of this season business: "In passing northward, the sun crosses the equator. This happens on the 21st of March every year. On that day the sun sets at the south pole and rises at the north pole. At all others places it rises and sets at 6 o'clock; consequently the day and night are then equal: this is the Vernal or Spring Equinox. Six months afterward---on the 22ond of September---as the sun returns from the northern skies, he again crosses the equator," and Autumn is supposed to begin.

Master Edwin, holding fast to his geographical knowledge, proceeded to add, "when the sun in its northern course reaches the end of his course it is June 21st, the longest day, and this is called the Summer Solstice; and on the 22ond day of December when the sun has reached the furtherest point south, it is the shortest day and is called the Winter Solstice."

Edwin insists that he is right and that the Observer had the sun traveling in the wrong direction. At any rate, both agree that "the sun do move."

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JULIAN SHAKESPEARE CARR, JR.

Mr. Julian S. Carr, Jr., of Durham, who died at the Pennsylvania hotel, New York, Friday morning, was one of the outstanding captains of industry among the young men of North Carolina. His energies and developing powers were directed along the establishment of Hosiery Mills.

Clean of life, with high and ennobling impulses, superb executive ability, firm as a rock for equal justice among men, and a stranger to arrogance,

are life things that helped to make young Carr a choice spirit in the state. Side by side with him through his married life followed the fine spirit and helpfulness of a noble little woman, of attractive personality and a pleasing and unaffected manner. She in her maiden name was Miss Margaret Cannon, of Concord, and when her husband come to cross over the river this devoted wife and splendid little mother followed him to the very brink.

Young Julian Carr, as his numerous friends fondly spoke of him, distinguishing between him and his honored father, General Julian S. Carr, was among the first, if not the very first, of North Carolina's industrial leaders that inaugurated what we are pleased to term "an industrial democracy." It started off well; it was succeeding admirably; and, expect for the effects of the war which has upset nearly every phase of industrial activity, to-day would have been satisfactorily demonstrated and firmly established. Young Carr practiced, even to his hurt at times, what he believed in and preached---insincerity for gain or for notoriety had no acquaintance with him.

This sudden and untimely death of a most useful and forwardlooking citizen is a severe loss to the state; but coming when it did, caused deep anxiety throughout the state, for his own father, General Carr, one of the state's most beloved, was struggling to survive the attack of serious illness and it was feared that this shock would prove too much for the brave soldier that he is. The latest is, to the joy of the state, that Gereral Carr resigned to the will of the Lord bravely stood the terrible shock.

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"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS."

Dr. Clarence Poe, on his page in the Progressive Farmer, makes vigorous reference to the ignorance and carelessness that prevail in the proper course to pursue with infants. He says:

"First of all, I am glad that Mrs. Hutt laid so much emphasis on health subjects, especially in the care of children. The death rate among infants in America is a disgrace to our civilization. Fittingly has it been called "The Slaughter of the Innocents." And a very large proportion of the deaths among children is due to the lack of information. The mothers are willing to do the right thing if they only knew what that right thing is. But so many of them do not know.

Not long ago I was at the funeral of a tenant farmer's child not yet a year old who had been fed such things as cabbage, pork, bananas, and sweet potatoes---and probably coffee! The child had seemed to flourish on these things for awhile, and a more careful mother had exclaimed,

"Well, it looks like that child that just eats anything is just as healthy as mine are, after all the care I give them!" But the change came--and I heard the weeping of the less careful mother as she followed the little white casket to the graveyard."

Taking an accurate stock of the actual results, it is far more important to see that the infant is properly cared for, to avoid death or an aggravating annoyance throughout life, than to teach that child its letters. That agency that treats how to avoid death, or illness, or maimness, or suffering and sorrow in motherhood, is the very highest type of promoting education. Such things ought to and do appeal to all Boards that function aright in getting most out of the maintenance of their agencies for the common welfare of the people.

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THE BONUS

There seems no doubt that a majority of the people of the United States oppose the idea of paying the soldiers of the World War the proposed bonus; at any rate, at this time, because of the burden of taxation and the unsettled condition of all businesses. There are many, who oppose most vehemently the paying of a bonus to that part of the war equipment that did not see service beyoud the seas.

The fact remains, however, that just because some or even a great part of the people think little of the bonus payment, does not make a refusal to grant it the right thing to do. Mr. Clark elsewhere in this number reasons most soundly and clearly the proposition. He regrets that it has been asked; but since the demand has been made and a feeling is certainly manifest that the soldiers feel that they have not been handed a square deal in comparison with the stay-at-homes the proper thing to do is, to jump in and pay it by direct taxes.

Very wisely Mr. Clark suggests "keeping in mind the eternal principle that should govern all tax levies--that all should pay in accordance with what they have."

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A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

In the communication of Lawyer Caldwell there is evidence of an abiding joy in the remembrance of scenes and experiences in those days when log-houses constituted the average seat of learning. Many of our readers, who

graduated at these mighty educational agencies, and who since constitute the large majority of the worthwhile men and women in the affairs of the times, will enjoy the fine description of how they endeavored to lead pupils to think, and how they entertained themselves in working off an overabundance of youthful physical energy.

A vast improvement in the physical equipment of the schools has been made, children enjoying certain comforts that did not obtain in the days of which Mr. Caldwell so entertaingly writes. But one thing is equally certain---and those of us who can touch both periods too well know---the drill master of those days, the practical teachers, born to the art, and not hand-made by an autocratic ruling, are not as numerous to-day. The teachers of those days earned their reputations as school masters in the school of experience and by successful accomplishments---they had never heard of the "units" that play such a high roll with the teacher factories of the present times---and they did their work so effectively and secured such practical results that their services were sought far and wide.

By an arbitrary, hand-made rule in vogue to-day, when a certain course is completed in certain designated schools that pass muster with the theory doctors on the point of "units" they are started off as teachers at handsome salaries, even though they had not enjoyed a day's experience, lack a teacher's temperament and have but little vision except that secured in a six-weeks summer school loaded down with theory upon theory, many of which change year after year with a change of faculty, or when the theory becomes frazzled.

Teachers, real teachers that lead pupils to think for themselves and to know thoroughly what they know, are born, not made; and no man-made device or theory or mechanical arrangement can change this law.

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Hon. Josephus Daniels some days ago delivered in Pitt county, N. C. an address of wonderful force and good sense. The occasion was the opening of the "live-at-home campaign," which Governor Morrison has fathered. Instead of confining himself to telling the farmers what to do, Mr. Daniels analyzed most clearly the causes that have led up to the predicament and condition in which the average farmer now finds himself. The reasoning of that address can not be overcome, and it would mean much to the intelligence and benefit of the state if Mr. Daniels could be induced to deliver that very strong address in every county of North Carolina. In view of the impracticability of doing that in a reasonable time, it should be printed in

pamphlet form and freely circulated throughout the state.

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Besides the inestimable benefits direct to the children through the operation and talks of health officers, the important subject of the care of the body and its healthful condition is dignified and is made a worthwhile concern of the children. It is a known fact that oftentimes school children, becoming interested in the subjects pertaining to the care of the body through these visiting health officers, become real missionaries in their own homes. It has been demonstrated time and time again during the past year that where a school child has been lead to care for its teeth, the object lesson has induced the parents to feel a keener interest in the condition of their own mouths.

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"It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks." That is true also in the the realm of the kingdom of higher animals. The missionary has but little chance with the adult heathen---he seeks the child the child, becomes the man---the child leads the world. Many a father and mother, steeped in appalling ignorance, have been brought to see the light through their child, who chanced to fall under the influence of an agent teaching the proper care of the body and the importance of the observance of the primary laws governing health. This is practical education, that counts, even in ages to come. Let such agencies be not thwarted.

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Down in Pitt County the Prohibition officers are in action. Five stills were destroyed in one week, 10,000 gallons of beer poured out, one preacher and a constable were arrested. This sounds like "Dan" Widenhouse's doings, though in his rounding-up he has never encountered a preacher presiding over a still. The foolish scoffers will in their wicked souls charge this preacher's unworthy and despicable conduct against the church. The church, however, is decidedly the gainer to have the hypocrite jugged.

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Sister Ellen D. Davis, a great grand-daughter of Benjamin Franklin, has announced her candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Second Pennsylvania district. Mrs. Davis had first decided to offer for the United States Senate, but brother Davis, her hubby, thought a state-wide canvass would tax her physical strength too much. Such a considerate hus-

band and such an obedient wife! Such things as these convince us that the world is pretty good in spots.

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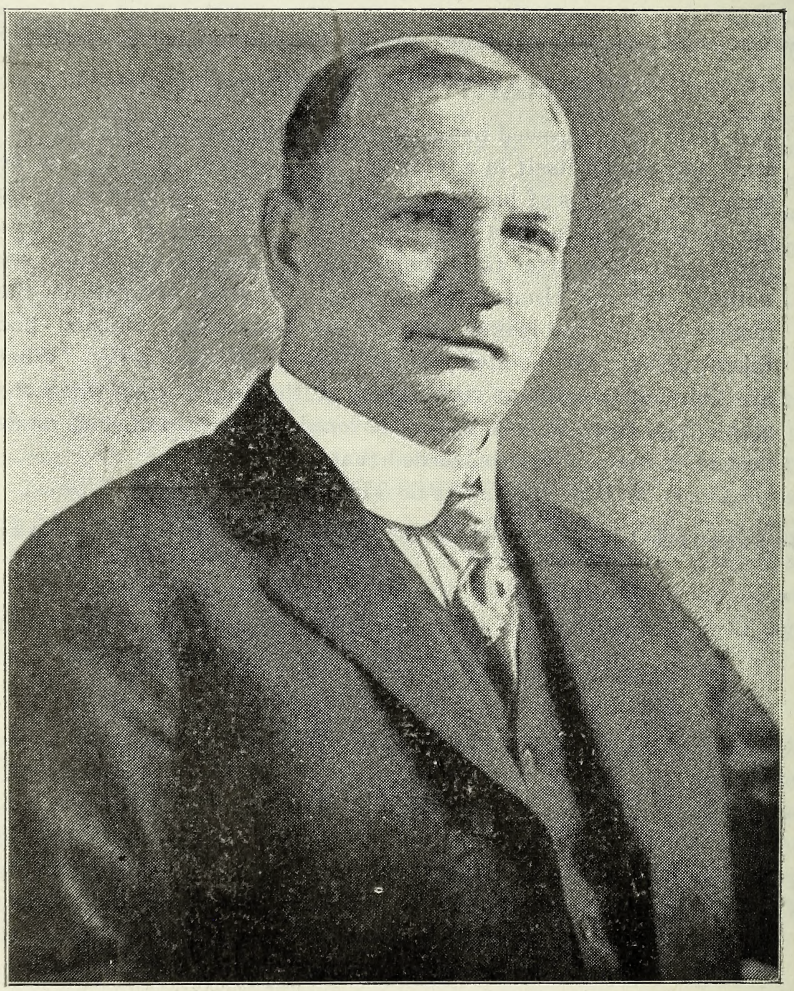
THE HART IN THE OX-STALL

A Hart hotly pursued by the hounds fled for refuge into an ox-stall, and buried itself in a truss of hay, leaving nothing to be seen but the tips of his horns. Soon after the Hunters came up and asked if any one had seen the Hart. The stable boys, who had been resting after their dinner, looked round, but could see nothing, and the Hunters went away. Shortly afterwards the master came in, and looking round, saw sometning unusual had taken place. He pointed to the truss of hay and said: "What are those curious things sticking out of the hay?" And when the stable boys came to look they discovered the Hart, and soon made an end of him. He thus learned that

"NOTHING ESCAPES THE MASTER'S EYE."



EDWARD PAYSON WHARTON
Greensboro, N. C.

EDWARD PAYSON WHARTON

Edward Payson Wharton, of Greensboro, is a country-born and country-reared gentleman, having been born two and one-half miles north-east of Greensboro, July 18, 1859, on what was regarded a poor farm. There are hundreds and thousands of good people of whom the foregoing can be truthfully said; but all these thousands of good people have not tackled similar propositions, have not waged prolonged and successful battles and have not set in motion and in action the great agencies, which belong to the record of our subject.

The record and the accomplishments of this man Wharton, at whatever angle you view them, are little short of marvelous and all but romantic. Born in the country, confronted by country difficulties and handicaps, having access to only the average rural school facilities, excepting a short period in the school conducted in Greensboro by Dr. Alexander McIver, at an early age it fell to his lot to direct the operations of the farm. Here is where our subject discovered himself. He used his head, and energy and ambition were greatly in evidence. He set up for himself an ideal and worked towards it. Anybody, he knew, could work an average farm and by industry and economy make a bare living, but this did not satisfy the ambitious youth. Taking charge of the farm at the age of thirteen, he reasoned out that the finest method for making the farm pay was by improving its fertility and at the same time earn a dividend; so he started a dairy, and he it was that started the first milk delivery in the city of Greensboro.

Though just nineteen years of age, he tackled the proposition of how best and most economically to meet the feed proposition with his herd of cows. Soon he convinced himself that the finest solution was by using silage, and forthwith he proceeded to erect for his own use a silo —this was the first silo erected in Guilford county, and probably the first in North Carolina. This occurred way back in 1879. From this beginning and this showing of the way, the use of silos has covered the state.

That his mother might enjoy more comfortable surroundings and take life easier, and to give his energies a wider field and larger opportunities, he moved to Greensboro January, 1887. Here under the firm name of Wharton, Hunt & Co., he started a lumber business. The logs were shipped from Moore county, using the old C. F. & Y.V. railroad; but when they changed the freight rates to the prohibitive point, he immediately moved a saw-mill to the woods and prepared his stock on the ground. This Company finally grew into what is now known as the Guilford Lumber Co., in 1888, in which he is now largely interested. The first Fire Insurance Company organized in Greensboro (1895) was the product of his brain and vision; and since that day a number of companies have engaged in fire insurance business at Greensboro until the companies of that city to-day have the distincion of writing more fire insurance than any place South of Philadelphia.

Having started a real estate insurance business, in 1888, under the

firm name of E. P. Wharton & Co., his father being the silent partner, the business prospered and was reorganized as the Wharton Real Estate & Investment Company, of which Mr. Wharton was the first secretary & treasurer, and afterwards its president. This company later became the Southern Life and Trust Company, its $25,000 capital becoming later a million dollars, all earned, and the stock to-day is marketable at $200.00 per share. Of this company Mr. Wharton was president until 1912. A short time after this Mr. Warton organized the American Exchange Bank, now the American Exchange National Bank, which owns Greensboro's first sky-scraper, and which is one of the strongest banks in Piedmont North Carolina. For several years he was the president of the bank, and is now a director.

Five years ago the subject of our sketch became the president of the Greensboro National Bank, which materially grew under his direction and considerably widened its service. Just a month ago, Mr. Wharton, despiring to get released from some of his strenuous duties and availing himself of the joys of outside life, effected a favorable consolidation of the Greensboro National Bank with the American Exchange National Bank, in which he is interested in a large way and of which he is a director.

Mr. Wharton was also one of the organizers of the Carolina Steel Bridge & Construction Company, at Burlington, and was its first president. This business has been consolidated with the Virginia Bridge & Iron Company, of Roanoke, Va., in which he is one of the largest stockholders and a director. This company does an immense business in more than twenty states. I incidentally asked a mutual friend how many companies and corporations he supposed Mr. Wharton was financially interested in and had much to do with their direction. He answered, "the Lord, only, knows; but I know that there are but few industrial corporations in which he is not vitally interested; he has been a most successful promoter and made things move."

I myself know of many other businesses in which our subject is financially concerned, but the foregoing brief outline suffices to identify him as a real captain of industry, and clearly reveals what seems a tireless energy and shows a fine vision. It must not be thought that Mr. Wharton is only interestsd in that proposition which leads up to and grasps the almighty dollar. He is public spirited; he is right much of a joiner of the organizations and associations that have in view alone the betterment of community life and increasing the growth of his favorite city. He is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Greensboro Public Library, member of the Manufacturers Club, the Rotary Club, a director of the Y. M. C. A., president of the Board of Trustees of the Palmer Memorial Industrial Institute for colored people, trustee of the Jackson Training School and the State Hospital at Morganton, in all of which positions he shows at all times a deep interest, as if he had a personal return for the noble and ennobling service he most cheerfully and faithfully renders.

In 1889 Mr. Wharton married Miss Ida M. Murray, a native of

Greensboro, a most excellent woman and a member of one of Guilford's most esteemed and worthy families. By this union there were born two daughters, who are now Mrs M. F. Douglas and Mrs. Walter F. Cole. There are five grand children. In 1915, Mrs. Wharton, being knocked down by a passing street car, was so terribly injured that she survived the accident just six hours. In May 1920, Mr. Wharton was married to Mrs. C. N. Wharton, of Kentucky.

In this man there is not only a native sense of justice and a desire to do the right thing, but he strives to avoid any attitude or position that would even suggest taking an advantage. I happen to know of just one deed that lies at the door of Mr. Wharton that shows the manner of man he is, and how far he would go to see that suffering could be avoided. One might gather from the foregoing that Mr. Wharton had only to touch a thing and it turned into money. A friend asked him one day, "Ed, have you never been a stockholder in a concern that failed to make good?" He is reported to have acknowledged that he was taken in once by a company that "hit the ceiling" and he not only lost his own investment but had to pay considerable security money. This failure was not due to his management and he was in no wise responsible for the collapse. But following this failure, and this I know of my own knowledge, Mr. Wharton did a deed that not over one in ten thousand would even consider doing. In that company were a large number of women stockholders, who could ill afford the loss, and while he was in no way responsible for their loss, morally or legally, he personally kept every woman stockholder inviolate from a single cent of loss. Heaven had been good to him, and in this manner he grasped the privilege and opportunity of showing his gratitude.

If you would tell the average Greensboro citizen, who knows this man most intimately, his unblemished life, his strenuous devotion to business, his activity and liberality in church and civic matters, that Edward Payson Wharton "is a high flyer," you would invite a controversy on the spot. That's just what he is---only in an orderly and justified manner. Loaded down with business and business engagements, and prompt in every duty and obligation, he has several times flown to Roanoke, Virginia. A pressing engagement called him to Roanoke recently, and the schedules of the trains made a negotiation of the trip in time impossible, so he chartered a flying machine, bade his wife good-by when she manifested an abiding love for Greensboro atmosphere, and reached Roanoke in ample time for his engagement, and, liking aeriel, high-flying so well, he returned by the same method. That has been the record of this man of energy and laudable ambition during all his years, and, as he approaches his sixty-third birthday, there is no outward evidence that that tireless energy has abated one jot.

The life and success of Mr. Wharton emphasizes two well established facts: (1) in a large measure a man is the architect of his own fortune, can overcome obstacles and handicaps and, not having opportunities thrust upon him, he can go out and make them; and (2) regular attendance upon the privileges and duties of courch activities and contributing

a faithful and liberal service to a common good are not inconsistent with making a handsome and honest fortune.

Edward Payson Wharton not long ago was a bare-footed country boy, a milk seller, a dairy farmer, then a captain of industry and a financier, now comfortable fixed, looks the world square in the face---and during all these experiences and strenuous activities he has not forgotten God.

SPRING

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of the spring!—The great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches!—The gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers and trees,—gentle, and yet irrepressible,—which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power. If spring came but once a century, instead of once a year, or a burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change!

But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be. We are like children who are astonished and delighted only by the second hand of the clock, not by the hour hand.

The Wizard Of The Alphabet

Did you ever think what a strange letter "S" is? It is a serpent in disguise. Listen---you can hear it hiss. It is the wizard of the alphabet. It gives possession and multiplies indefinitely by its touch. It changes a pear nto a spear, a word into a sword, laughter into slaughter. Farmers have to watch it closely. It will make scorn of his corn, and reduce every peck to a speck. Sometimes he finds it useful. If he needs more room for his stock it will change a table into a stable for him; and if he is short of hay he can get a row of tacks and it will turn them into stacks. He must be careful, however, not to let his nails lie loose, for the serpent's breath will turn them into snails. If he wishes to see an engine about his farm, he need not have any coal or water to work it; let the serpent glide before his horses, the team will turn into steam. If ever you get hurt, call the serpent to your aid. Instantly your pain will be in Spain. Be sure to take it with you the next time you climb the mountain, if you desire to witness a marvel; it will make the peak speak. But do not let it come near you while you are reading now, it will make the tale stale.---Selected.

PITCH IN AND PAY IT?

BY R. R. CLARK

Talking with a Confederate veteran recently (only a few of them are left), he was recalling a number of acquaintances, now dead, who left good estates; and he incidentally mentioned three or four who, he said, laid the foundation of their wealth during the war of the 60s. They were not in the army, and being at home could take advantage of opportunities. They saved some cotton out of the war, he said and as cotton was very valuable at the end of the conflict they got a start. There was no criticism of these men; no intimation that they had dodged army service or were given a special privilege in exemption, or had taken undue advantage of the opportunities that came their way. Some body had to be left at home; and those who were properly exempted from army service either for special service at home or because they were unfit for military duty, were not special objects of favoritism, generally speaking. But the fact remains that those who were left at home for any reason were not only spared the hardships and dangers of the fields, but they had opportunities—very limited in the war of the Confederacy, but an occasional chance, nevertheless—to safeguard their material interests that the soldier in the field could not have. And doubtless when the survivors of the Confederate army came home, most of them stripped of their earthly possessions, and found one here and there who had not served in the army, better fixed, there was a feeling of resentment, of injustice, that flamed hot. Even if those exempted from army service were justly and fairly exempted, as they were in the majority of cases of course; and even if it were admitted that the stay-at-home had rendered the best service of which they were capable for the support of the army and to help dependents at home, and that there was nothing shady in the transactions by which they profited, the feeling of injustice remained. It wasn't fair for one who had escaped the hardship of army service to profit by it in addition.

There were few stay-at-homes from the Confederate army who profited because there were very few stay-at-homes, comparatively, and few opportunities to profiteer. Therefore the feeling of injustice was not so wide spread, because there were so few examples to inspire it. The ideas suggested by the Confederate veteran's remarks, further suggest that no doubt at the close of every war there is a feeling among the men in active service that they were made the "goats," while those who stayed at home were the beneficiaries, who prospered at their expense. The comparison is often unfair and the criticism of the stay-at-homes is often unjust. Some stay-at-homes were willing and anxious to go but were rejected by reason of physical defects or were kept at home for some other reason and through no fault of their own; while some who went did not go willingly. But nevertheless, he who bore the hardship and dangers of the field feels that the man at home had the

advantage—and that it isn't fair. This feeling is intensified in the case of those who served in the World War because there were so few, comparatively, in the foreign service compared with those at home; and the opportunities to profit at home were so many. It is unfair to make it appear, as some of the former service men do, that those left at home were given a special privilege by way of discrimination. The per centage of those who escaped service by special favor was small, of course. It simply happened that way, not by prearranged plan. Much of the profiteering was premeditated, but the fact that the man kept at home, through no fault of his own, had an opportunity to work at $5 or $10 a day and live in comfort while his brother endured hardship and risked his life for $30 per month and keep, makes a contrast that rankles and is bound to rankle in the breast of the man who saw active service. It can't be explained away. And therefore, when the former service man asks for a small compensation that will go a little way toward evening up matters, his request is a matter for serious consideration. We may not admire the principle of the proposition. It is impossible to pay in money for army service. The value of the service of the man who fought in France cannot be computed in dollars and cents. And when the man who came out of the service sound in body and mind demand extra pay, in the face of the fact that the country is burdened with war debts and that ample provision should be made for the physically disabled and the dependents of those who perished in the struggle, it is easy to say that they are commercializing their patriotism; are making an unreasonable request and cheapening a priceless service to their country.

But right here is a good place for serious reflection. Those of us at home, either because of age, disability or circumstance, did not suffer hardship and danger. Few of us comparatively, may have profited financially by the war—although there were enough and more who did profit and many who took unfair advantage for gain—and we may have gone the limit of our capacity to support the boys at the front. But with all that we had an advantage, we must admit. The sum they ask is a small amount per man, even if it bulks quite large in the aggregate. If they feel that it is coming to them should they not have it? Evidently the country is opposed to the proposition. The only thing that will put it over is the fear of the soldier vote. But coming down to a matter of exact justice and the desire to have the men who did see active service feel that they were not objects of unjust discrimination, would it not be best for us all to pitch in and pay it? Personally I do not think those who did not see service abroad should have almost as much as those who went across, as the bills propose, but that is a matter for the soldiers. One thing I do not feel that we can afford is to have these men think their country has dealt unjustly by them, that their service and sacrifice are not appreciated; and so long as their request is as reasonable as it is, it seems to me that the duty is to levy a tax and pay it; a tax that will bear justly and fairly—heaviest on those

who profited materially as a result of their service. The great majority of the former service men will not profit by the payment. The few hundreds they will receive will be speedily dissipated in most cases. But that is their business, not ours. If they feel they have it coming to them I would not deny them.

It is all well to ask these men to wait for a more convenient season; I have felt that they should do that. But they know, as the rest of us know, that the propitious season will be a long time coming, if it ever comes. That what with the ship subsidies and all the other demands that are all the time being made on the government, keeping far ahead or our resources, their turn would be a long time coming and their chances lessened with the passing years.

Candidly I have felt that this re-request for additional compensation should not have been made. But as it has been made—and I have attempted to show that the reason for the request has a solid basis—and those who offered their all feel that it is due them, I could not and would not deny them. But I would go square to it with a tax levy, keeping in mind the eternal principle that should govern all tax levies—that all should pay in accordance with what they have.

The new guard on a Welsh railroad came to a station which rejoiced in the name Llanfairfechanpwllgogerych. For a few minutes he stood looking at the signboard in mute helplessness. Then pointing to the board and waving his other arm toward the carriages, he called, "If there's anybody there for here, this is it!"

THE "OLD FIELD" SCHOOL

BY MORRISON CALDWELL

Dear to me are the days of the "Old Field" school, which I attended with unspeakable delight after the "crops were laid by" and before fodder pulling and cotton picking, and again after cotton picking and before corn planting. The little log school house stood on the edge of an old field, which served us for play ground. The cracks between the logs were daubed with mud. About three feet from the floor a log was cut out on one side thus making a long window, with a plank and leather hinges for opening and closing. Here was the long writing desk, where we sat upon a pine slab bench and wrote in our copy books. About the walls nails and wooden pegs upon which were suspened the hats, bonnets satchels, and tin buckets of the puplis. About the room were slab benches of different elevations from the floor for the comfort of the puplis of different ages. In one corner sat the teacher with a bundle of fresh switches standing against the wall at her back. Her favorite discipline was to hurl one of these "hickories" at the feet of some culprit who was guilty of whispering or taking his

eyes off his spelling book which was invariably held in front of the face while the pupil kept up a perpetual noise by studying out loud. In the afternoon when the entire school was told to get your "spells," a perfect bedlam broke loose with the whole school spelling the words aloud. In order to appreciate the confusion one must understand the manner in which spelling was conducted or practiced in those days. The pupil was required to call out the letters of each syllable and pronounce the syllable and then proceed in like manner with the next syllable. Thus if the teacher should give out the word to be spelled, "publication" the process was as following; p-u-b, pub, l-i, li, c-a, ca, publica, t-i-o-n, tion, publication The principal text book—which every pupil in school was required to use daily—was the famous blue back speller. And there were spellers in those days! Each pupil started with his a, b, c's, and ab-abs. "Baker" and "horse-back " were milestones along his path of knowledge. "Immateriality" and "incomprehensibility" were the happy hunting grounds and when he was graduated from the "blue back" he could spell every word in the book. I had a schoolmate, who wore out six blue back spellers and innumerable "thumb papers," before he became thoroughly familiar with the contents. Nowdays, methinks that fellow would have been promoted to second grade, especially if his father by chance happened to be a member of the school board. The practical proverbs that we learned in the old blue back have been beacon lights in many a dark hour of life's journey.

After the blue back we read in the McGuffy's Readers, and the North Carolina Reader and I challenge the apostles of the present to show a better selection of literature than was compiled by Dr. McGuffy of the University of Virginia, or a better study of North Carolina history than was given by Dr. Calvin H. Wiley in his readers. When it comes to mathematics, I look back to those old days when we "ciphered" on slates with slate pencils and "worked out" the "sums" in "Davies Arithmetic." Here again I defy any modern school to show a larger percentage of pupils who could work any problem in the arithmetic studied. What we studied in the "old field" school we knew thoroughly and after learning in this severe school we had minds capable of thinking, which after all is the only education that is worth while. Much of our boasted education of today, if weighed in the balances of thoroughness, will be found wanting. In the "old field" school we learned to spell correctly, to read for the pleasure of friends, to declaim and recite the best masterpieces and poetry of the world, and we know how to calculate any mathematical problem of our after life. Thus equipped with the essentials we were sure of our selves whether we passed on to higher education or went out to fight the battle of life.

Would that our schools of today would strive to emulate the thoroughness in these fundamentals. It would relieve us from an ocean of Smatter and give us the Gibraltar of Thoroughness. Better a few things known perfectly, than a thousand things superficially studied.

This picture of the "old field" school would be incomplete with out a reference to our play time. Sad and strange to say all the sports of my happy school days have disappeared and are like the "harp that once through Tara's hall." I sometimes sigh to think what the boys of today are missing in their ignorance of "Anty over", "Cat ball", "Leap frog," "Bull pen," "Roly holy," "Hide eye," "Fox and geese," last but not least the old fashioned game of "Town ball." All of these were out of door games. But when it rained and we had to spend the dinner hour playtime within the school house our favorite game was "Blind Man's Buff." We accomplished this by piling the benches against the wall. Should the boys of Jackson Training School like to know how these games are played I may take the time to tell them. I feel that this article is already sufficiently long.

Mr. Caldwell, though a lawyer, is a literary scholar, of wide reading, possessing an uncommon memory, and once upon a time was a most successful teacher. He never made a speech in his life, no matter what the occasion or the circumstance, that in spite of all he could do the evidences of extensive reading would pour out. He makes reference in his entertaining article above printed that forces "some more talk." For instance, that quotation concerning "the harp" and "Tara halls" demands some attention.

Thomas Moore, the charming Irish song-writer—who was he? That calls for another article at another time—poetically explains Mr. Caldwell's quotation in these beautiful, singing expressions:

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

SANDY, THE GOOD SAMARITAN

BY WILLIAM E. CURTIS

Last summer I made the acquaintance of a most estimable dog. He is a Scotch collie and his name is Sandy. He is a highly respected citizen, and if he could talk, would occupy an eminent position in the community in which he lives.

Sandy spends a good deal of his time at a little cabin in the woods, and acts as superintendent over the place, looking after the cattle, the horses and the chickens, and driving intruders away. His sense of hearing is so acute, and his instinct is so keen, that he can hear his master and mistress driving toward the farm before they come within a mile of it. Sandy may be snoozing on the veranda, or on the grass under one of the trees: suddenly he raises his head, looks around in an inquiring sort of way, his ears stiffen up, his eyes gleam, and then with a joyful bark he plunges into the forest that surrounds the place. Somehow he knows that the carriage is coming, and he dashes down the road as fast as he can run until he meets it with a joyful welcome.

Last summer Sandy's particular duty was to look after the little chicks that were hatched from time to time, and that seemed strangely incapable of caring for themselves. Nothwithstanding the anxiety and warnings of their mothers, these little strangers would persist in running into the high grass. This was almost sure destruction, because very few of them could find their way out of it again.

Sandy took the matter into his charge and with patience, gentleness, and remarkable skill organized a life-saving service that proved very successful. No matter how he was engaged, he never failed to make a thorough examination of the high grass several times a day, and he seldom came out of it without bringing in his mouth a little chicken, which he would drop gently before its mother, and then go back into the wilderness for another.

Sometimes he would bring out five or six stragglers in succession. Scarcely a day passed that his life-saving service did not rescue a large portion of the broods that otherwise would have perished. He never wounded or bruised the little wanderers, but carried them in his mouth as tenderly as a mother would take a baby in her arms. And it seemed to me that the little chicks understood that Sandy was sure to rescue them, and were all the more reckless on that account.

There was always a colony of dogs and cats about the camp, and when supper time came, they acted as if they were half starved. But Sandy always waited patiently until the rest were satisfied, and then in a most dignified manner he took what was left.

One day Sandy brought home with him a disreputable-looking cur which belonged somewhere down in the slums of the city, and was called Major. He was a mangy skeleton covered with wounds, and in a most pitiable state of misery. Sandy coaxed him up to the house, gave him his bed and food, and licked his sores.

Under this Good Samaritan treatment, Major rapidly recovered health

and strength, but nothing could make him look respectable. He was such a dog as would always be ugly and untidy. He did not possess a single point of beauty, nor, so far as any one could see, a spark of intelligence. But he afterward proved the truth of the old proverb that appearances are often deceitful.

Sandy's master and mistress did not like Major. They tried all sorts of ways to drive him off, but Sandy stood by him and took care of him, and saw that he had a good bed and plenty of food.

When it came time for the family to go out to the cabin in the woods to spend the summer, it was decided to separate Sandy and Major. The one was taken and the other was left, but no sooner did Sandy realize this fact than he showed his disapproval. He supposed that his friend was in a box in the wagon, but when it was unloaded, and Major did not appear, Sandy looked disappointed, and soon after disappeared, nor was he seen again until breakfast time the next morning when Major was at his heels.

Sandy had trotted patiently back into town, hunted up his friend, and had brought him out to the cabin. He made three trips of nine miles each that day, and that was a good deal for one dog to do for another.

But God's ways are not our ways, nor are His thoughts our thoughts. Whether He would approve of a young woman dressed as a man appearing in church, we cannot say, but when we read that His servant was inspired to write to the Corinthian Church that a woman praying with uncovered head would dishonor her head, and that if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her, we believe that He demands decorous worship.—Rev. Dr. Bridges.

THE WHITE MAN'S "BOOK OF HEAVEN."

D. D. PROPER, D. D.

One of the most pathetic incidents connected with the early settlement of this country is found in a visit of four Flat Head Indians (sometimes called Nez Percez) at St. Louis in 1832. They came from Oregon to get a copy of the white man's "Book of Heaven."

On Monday, January 10, 1910, Charlot, the last great Indian chief of the Northwest, died on the Flat Head reservation, Montana, at the age of eighty-five years. Three Feathers, were famous in Indian history. Victor and his brother, Ignace, a great medicine man, were of the company of Indians who sent the delegation to St. Louis.

According to the story, which has been told and retold many times, a missionary from California, about 1830 or 1831, came into Oregon and told these Indians about the "Great Spirit," and read from a book which God has given to men. He told them of God, the creation, of His love for the human race and of the way of salvation through the Son, and of the

Better Land Beyond. They were much interested, but the missionary went away never to return. The Indians decided to send four of their number to St. Louis to get a copy of the white man's Book. The way they had to travel, it was a journey of nearly 3,000 miles.

Although their appearance upon reaching St. Louis bore pathetic evidence of their privations and suffering, yet one all-absorbing longing was in their hearts, in comparison with which all else was dwarfed into insignificance. They came, they said, from the land of the setting sun; across the great snow-clad mountains, and the wide prairies; for many moons had they traveled. They had heard of the white man's God, and wanted the white man's Book of Heaven.

Finally they were brought before the commanding officer of the military post, General Clark, who, though a kind-hearted man, was a Roman Catholic. He took them to priests, and while they were received with the greatest hospitality, and shown the pictures of the Virgin Mary and of the saints, they were steadily denied the oft-repeated request for the Bible.

They were entertained at theatres and dances, but did not find the light they sought. After a time two of their number died and the other two decided to return without the "Book."

A farewell dinner was given them. At that dinner one of the chiefs arose and said

"We are going back the long trail of many moons, our moccasins worn with the journey, our hands heavy with the gifts that you have loaded upon us, but when we stand before all the old men by the campfire, and they ask if we have brought back that which they sent us for, knowledge of the white man's God and the white man's "Book of Heaven," and we have to answer, "No," then one by one the old men will go out into the darkness, the campfires will burn to ashes, my people will go the long, sad trail to the hunting-grounds, no white man to go with them, no white man's Book to show them the Better Land, no white man's God in their hearts. I have no more words."

One young man was so impressed with the address that he wrote to friends in the East an account of this strange visit, and the pathetic appeal of the Indians for a Bible. Some Protestants became interested, but it was two years before a missionary started with the Bible for that land.

Mr. George Catlin, the celebrated Indian painter, met these returning Indians on the plains and made pictures of them which hang in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. After leaving Catlin another of the Indians died, and so but one survivor returned to announce to the great Council the death of his companions and the refusal of the white man to give him the Book.

The tribe was embittered, and when missionaries at length found these Indians they received no welcome from them, and the Flatheads remained unreached for many years.

Some time after this the Flathead Indians heard of a devoted young woman who was laboring among the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast. Many Indians under her teaching had renounced their sinful, superstitious lives, and were earnestly striving to walk in "the way of the Book."

Strange rumors of this pale-faced woman and the wonderful Book traveled far south into Oregon, and some of the Flatheads went to investigate the story for themselves. They had meetings with the pale-faced lady, and listened to the story of the love of the Great Spirit as revealed in His Book, and accepted the great salvation. They carried the good news home; others also went and heard for themselves, and in their simple faith they tried to live up to what they had learned.—From "Missions."

Perhaps more ignorance is covered by the words "they say," or "it is said," than many of us think. It is easy to throw responsibility for the truthfulness of a statement on somebody not known and thus escape the necessity of defending any false declarations. Gossip and scandal thrive on such soil. These never care to stand back of their words, but they want them to have the appearance of fact by giving credit for their truthfulness to that indefinite authority, "They." All this indicates a lack of knowledge, possibly due to indolence in proving the facts.—Selected.

"STATE PROGRESS IN HUMANITIES"

(At the recent meeting of the State King's Daughters, held at the Jackson Training School, there was among the other attractive features on the programme an address by E. R. Preston, of Charlotte, who was specially invited to be a guest of the convention. **The Uplift** made an effort to get the address, but has just succeeded. While that particular meeting is passed for some weeks, the address teems so much with historical matters of lasting interest, that it will read well at any time.)

In introducing Mr. Preston to the audience, Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, now of Richmond, Va., but for many terms was treasurer of the State organization of the King's Daughters of North Carolina, spoke as follows:

"At a meeting of the annual State Convention in Raleigh in 1902 The King's Daughters and Sons determined to adopt as their united work the establishment of a Boy's Industrial and Training School, and at once began a vigorous campaign to interest others, to secure funds and to distribute literature through the State. Those of us who took part in the efforts to obtain a charter with an appropriation met only kind words and good wishes, and an invitation to come again when the treasury was in better condition, until 1907 when a star from Mecklenburg came on the horizon, and, like the wise men of old, we followed, and joined our forces with his. Who can forget the great mass meeting of women in the House Representatives, when Mrs. R. D. Johnson of Alabama—originally of North Carolina, addressed the members, and a mammoth petition, carried by pages, reaching all the way down the aisle to the door and back again, was presented? And who can ever forget the thrills when the bill was passed granting a charter with an appropriation of $10,000.00.

The leader of the fight is our guest of honor and speaker this evening Hon. E. R. Preston, and with him is his charming wife, who is the granddaughter of the great man for whom the school is named.''

Mr. Preston, taking as his theme ''State Progress In The Humanities,'' spoke as follows:

''Fourteen years ago there assembled in Raleigh, a small committee of women, less than one dozen, (some of the leaders among them, being present tonight), inspired by the noble purpose to make another appeal to the legislature of 1907 for the establishment of a Training School for delinquent white boys, as they had several times appealed to preceding Legislatures, but without success.

Prior to this time in the fall of 1906, a general committee had been formed to create sentiment in behalf of such an institution, of which the speaker happened to be selected as chairman. This committee had done its best through the newspapers, pamphlets and public meetings, to arouse interest in this legislation, and had accomplished more than the forces opposed to a reform school realized, as was evidenced by the monster petition presented, which you may remember reached twice around the Hall of the House. However, the battle was a hard one and it seemed that the forces of obstruction and delay would again defeat the measure. Then it was that as chairman of the general committee, I issued a hurry call for the representative women interested, to come and stay until the bill passed. They came and the bill passed.

This was the first ''Ladies' Lobby'' the State had known, but not the last, however. It was wonderful to see the influence of these good women with no purpose in their minds except to help the erring boys of North Carolina. Who that heard her can forget the eloquence of Mrs. General R. D. Johnson of Alabama, herself a native of North Carolina, as she told of her struggles in Alabama for a similar School, and of its success, and how she had come back at her own expense to her native state to speak to the people she loved the best, about this work to which she had given her life. Personally, I believe that notwithstanding all of our months of work, if it had not been for this group of women and Mrs. Johnson's speech, the bill would have been again defeated and the erection of this school delayed possibly many years.

It was a wonderful vision those women had, and tonight we stand here as witnesses to its magnificent fulfillment . My study and observation of these matters, which runs back for twenty years, leads me to say without flattery, that this is the equal, if not superior to any Boys' Training School in the United States.

The Institution has been particularly fortunate from the very beginning because of the untiring efforts in its behalf by you, Madame President, your associates, Miss Esdale Shaw, Mrs. I. W. Faison, and the other ladies and gentlemen of the board, and also in having Mr. J. P. Cook and his devoted wife, and Prof. and Mrs. Boger, whose self-sacrificing and successful work are known through North Carolina. And in this connection we should not for-

get the years of unceasing work for the passage of this bill by Miss Daisy Denson of Raleigh, and Hon. R. B. Redwine of Monroe and the timely aid of Col. W. P. Wood of Randolph County, who introduced the substitute that we had drawn in the endeavor to meet all views, and was the form in which the law was finally passed.

These Jackson Training School boys are about the finest and healthiest looking set I ever saw, and it is interesting to know that of the 1000 boys who have passed through its gates, more than 900 have made good and are now useful citizens. And yet the Jackson Training School is in its infancy. One Hundred years from its foundation, it will probably have reclaimed one hundred thousand boys.

For some years after the bill passed, as Mr. Cook probably knows better than any one else, the School was in danger, but it has now become one of the most popular Institutions in the State, and **The Uplift** is a much quoted paper, constantly keeping its needs before the public. The appropriations made by the last Legislature will permit many needed improvements, and the policy adopted by the board of allowing counties to build their own homes, seems to have opened the way for greatly increased usefulness. There are already five of these cottages and others are in contemplation. The total value of the plant cannot be exactly estimated, but a conservative figure would be $500,000.

The long and strenuous fight for the Training School was not only successful in its primary purpose, but it seems to have caused or at least aided in an awakening of the conscience of the general public and the succeeding Legislatures as to the duty and necessity for humanitarian legislation. Up to 1907, the policy of the State had been limited to caring for the violent insane, the blind and deaf mutes, and providing in some measure for the education of normal children. Since that time each Legislature has broadened the humanitarian activities of the State.

It may be interesting to briefly outline to you the State's Progress in the Humanities as distinguished from individual charitable efforts, since the Jackson Training School, the first of this particular class of Institutions was started.

In 1911, there was enacted the ten hour law, followed by laws for the protection of women and children from night work, and improvements of sanitary and health conditions in and around the factories.

At this time also there was founded the Sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis, which is benefitting those affected with the white plague in many ways. This session also witnessed the beginning of the Caswell Training School for feeble minded children, which will have in 1922, a capacity of 400.

In 1913, the law for compulsory education was enacted.

In 1917, there was founded Samarcand for wayward girls after a hard fight in which the women of the State rallied to the aid of Dr. A. A. McGeachy of Charlotte and others. This Institution will in 1922 have a capacity of 250 girls. At this session

also the Orthopaedic Hospital at Gastonia, was created, or as it is commonly known "Bob Babbington's Hospital," for crippled children. Certainly no crusade in a holy cause was ever actuated by the idea of Christ-like service, more than Mr. Babbington has been through his long years of struggle, which at last have been crowned with success.

One of the most progressive steps taken by the State for the protection and care of children in recent years, was the passage of the Juvenile Court Act, (Chapter 97, Laws of 1919.) "No State can claim to be humane that tries children under a criminal code; places equal responsibilities upon the child and the adult; and that tries to get a conviction for a specific offense rather recognizing the fact that if a child is in court for an act of delinquency, it is usually a result of conditions not of his own making, therefore, he has a claim against the State to be saved from his surroundings and environment and not punished by reason of the same." This act gives the State, acting through its Juvenile Courts and officers, control of wayward indigent and neglected children under 16 years of age. All of this work is under the general supervision of Mrs. Clarence Johnson whose success furnishes a complete answer to the question, "Are women qualified to manage public affairs." If her life is spared she will be of more value to the State than any number of mere "amassers of money." There were 10,989 cases looked after by these courts from July, 1919, to Sept., 1921.

As much progress as has been made by the state in the humanities, we are as yet only at the beginning of this marvelous and almost wholly new development in the field of Legislation.

There are some pressing needs to which I wish to call your attention, feeling sure that if you undertake to aid along these lines, success will crown your efforts, as it has done in so many other instances.

It is estimated that there are between 1000 to 1500 epileptics, for whom no provision is made by the State. There are many of the County Homes, as was the case of ours in Mecklenburg County, until recently, which need modernizing, and here it might be well to say that the County Home of Cabarrus is considered by those who have studied this subject, a model to pattern after. If you have time while here, it might be interesting to visit this Institution.

Inasmuch as it seems that the present Federal Administration is not willing to give adequate relief to the boys who fought in France, it should certainly be the duty of all organizations such as yours, and I know it will be your pleasure to see that not only the soldiers themselves, but their dependent relatives are properly provided for according to some organized plan.

Probably the most inspiring development in the States Humanitarian Work, is to be found in the Public Health Department. The stamp of approval for what North Carolina is doing, is shown by the election of Dr. Rankin as the President of the National Association of Public Health Officials. I believe it can be said without boasting that North Carolina now has as efficient public health system as any other State in the Union. Its benefits are shown in the improv-

ed health of the people, but there is a vast amount yet to be accomplished through all the various organized agencies, for we are rapidly coming to the view point that a primary duty of the State is to try to see to it that there are two and one half million healthly human animals in North Carolina, with millions still healthier to follow after us in the succeeding generations and we must start at the birth of the babies. If the parents are too ignorant or careless to look after their children's health, the State functioning through its schools and courts owes to itself and the child in question, the duty to step in and see to it that the little fellow is made healthy from head to foot. You are no doubt helping in this work. If not, will you when you return to your homes lend a hand by seeing the Clerk of the Court in your County who will put you in touch with the proper officials and have your organization to aid them in carrying out the program of the Health Department?

We have thus far out-lined some of the concrete forward steps recently taken by the State in Humanitarian Legislation, but the greatest accomplishment is not material, but spiritual. It is the complete change in the attitude of the masses of the people. Fourteen years ago it was hard to arouse any wide spread interest in social welfare Legislation. Now our charitable institutions are the favorites of the State as was shown by the measurers of the General Assembly of 1921, in appropriating for their enlargement, a total amount of nearly two and one half millions dollars.

It is the speaker's belief based upon the best information obtainable that no other State in the Union can show such a record of progress in humanitarian legislation, during the past fifteen years.

After all has been said and done, the whole movement constituting as it does, a grand epic in the life of North Carolina, is but the application of the teachings of Christ, and the carrying out of the motto of the King's Daughters, "Not to be administered unto, but to administer." The old theory was that the only responsibility of the State was to protect society from its delinquents and unfortunates when they became dangerous or a nuisance. The new and more Christian policy is to salvage every possible human life, and to give to every child no matter how bad its moral or physical heredity, a fair chance in life, for,—

"We have come to believe
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life should be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the whole complete."

The Beauty of the House is Order;
The Blessing of the House is Contentment;
The Glory of the House is Hospitality;
The Crown of the House is Goodness.—Anon.

Lloyd George.

(Springfield Republican.)

No one need be deceived into thinking that Lloyd George's sun is rising instead of setting. He may swing in his orbit of supremacy awhile longer, but the night cometh. Since 1916 he has been a prime minister without a party, in the ordinary sense. The coalition shows clearly the marks of disintegration. British political genius has been shown not merely in the cleverness of Lloyd George himself, but in the ability of old-line tories like Mr. Balfour to stomach this old-time radical. That many of them are now very sick of the premier is evident, but Mr. Balfour continues to regard him as almost as much a political necessity as the throne itself. This is a remarkable tribute to the welshman.

Mr. George was fixed firmly in power by the victorious result of the war. That is to say, after ousting Mr. Asquith on the ground that he was losing the war, Mr. George would have lost it himself if America had not come to his assistance. The German break through the British fifth army in March, 1918, revealed the military incapacity of the George ministry. Two millions of American soilders in France before snow fell again that year saved Mr. George and made him a great man in British history. Poor Asquith! What might not he have accomplished had he been favored with the active help of America's man power?

Mr. George played President Wilson false and betrayed the liberal principles of the peace-making in his khaki election campaign of December, 1918 when his slogan was, "Hang the Kaiser," and "Make the Germans Pay the Cost of the War." Before Mr. Wilson had delivered his 14 point speech, Mr. George had delivered one in the same spirit but he forgot it and then the world forgot it at Paris. Mr. Wilson was made the goat for the failure of the policy of appeasement in the Versailles treaty, yet Mr. George's reparation demands made appeasement a phantom of the idealist's imagination.

Of Mr. George as a statesman of the war period and after it may be said that he did more harm to balance the good he did than any other statesman in the English-speaking world. As we Americans helped to make him such an overshadowing world figure, it is permissable to tell the truth about him.

"Everything fails but love. The science of a generation ago means nothing now. Institutions which seemed as firmly established as the everlasting hills, have in the last years gone down in ruins. But the changing years do not alter the might of love."

Institutional Notes.

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

The orchard is being sprayed to aid the rich yield of fruit which is expected of it this year.

Parks Newton, of Fort Mills, went home on a hurried call to the sick bedside of one his relatives Monday.

Dudley Pangle has left the school on a visit to his home folks. He has sent his chum. Marshall Williams a box of candy.

The smaller boys are still bottoming chairs. For this job they are payed and they are quite proud of the honestly earnet money.

The pavilion is now fitted out with benches curved to suit the form of the pavilion. When visitors go up into it, they can sit down and view the school.

Monday night is "roll night." This is the night in which each cottage receives somewhere near 200 rolls to be given to the boys. I need not say that they are enjoyed,

The boys who compose the Printing Office are anxiously awaiting the new type which is to be used in this magazine, for they take pride in the appearance of their publication.

Murray Evans, the "Ty Cobb" of the school, was absent from the ball field two Saturdays ago because of a lame ankle. He was welcomed when he "came back" the next Saturday.

Because the 7th cottage, newly opened, has no magazines for its society, the 1st cottage very generously donated all it had for the new cottage. The 1st cottge expects to have more soon.

When it is raining at the school and they cannot play ball out doors, the boys have games to take the place of out-door ball. Much enjoyment is derived from this pastime. No dull days for the boys!

Capt. T. L, Grier, who has charge of the beautifying of the lawn facing the 6th 7th and 8th Cottages, has set out trees on the lawn to make it similar to the one facing 1st 2nd and 3rd Cottages. Everything possible is being done to make the appearance of the school more beautiful.

When Mr. Lawrence calls out the whole band, they usually practice in the pavilion. When a visitor who is unfamiliar with the school comes, and hears our band, he remarks. "whose band is that in the pavilion?" The visitor is surprised when told that the band is the school's, composed of boys, and he compliments its playing.

A lot of the caps worn by the boys here were getting quite disreputable because of frequent use, and not of abuse. Some of the boys, it is sad to say, have no "home folks" to write to asking for caps. Therefore for the past week the boys who had badly worn caps and those who were "capless" each received a cap from the office.

The 5th cottage held its weekly debate Friday, but not with the usual interest which attends one. Why? Because of the fact that many of the members are preparing for the

debate which is to be held in honor of Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, who is to pay the boys a anticipated visit in April and for whom the society is named.

Because he could not resist the bidding of his kindly heart, Mr. W. M. Crooks, in charge of the school section Thursday afternoon, forewent the usual running around of the lawn and drill and instead gave the order: "By file, according to size." Cheering arose from all parts of the ranks, which gave him to know that his kindly act was appreciated.

Sometime Friday afternoon, it was rumored around the school that the school baseball tean was to play the Concord "Y" team the next day. This rumor was verified upon asking Capt. Grier, in charge of the school's team. Imagine the disappointment, however, when Saturday came and it was again rumored that for some unknown reason the game had to be postponed until next Saturday. Capt. Grier also verified this rumor. However the school team put on its suits and had a game of practise with the second nine. Of course the second nine was defeated, and it sure looked good to see our old battery, Russel & Hobby, back in their old form.

The old well which was on the east side of the school building, had served its time at some previous date. At that time, it was merely covered with boards to keep the boys who are at school, during recess period from falling in it. It, being in the way of the lawn grading, had to be filled in. Capt. Grier who had the job of filling it in, decided that a good deal of time would be saved if he lodged a rock somewhere down in the well and filling it in from that point up. A big rock was chosen, and placed over the hole. However, when Capt. Grier tried to put the rock in the aperture, it would not enter. This was not because of fact that it would not fit, but because some real strength was needed to adjust it over the opening so it would slide in. Many methods were tried, but of no avail. Finally someone suggested Pat. "Pat" is the nickname of Arvel Absher, the boy who takes any prize at the school offered for plumpness. He has been at the school for some time now, and is making a real good record. So, when he was appealed to, he came, and when he saw the difficulty, he "went to it." Very soon he had adjusted the rock, received his congratulations modestly, the looks of admiration bent upon him he merely increased when he shrugged his enormous shoulders as if to say, "Oh, that's nothing. You ought to see me when I really get started."

Entering the Contest.

Mr. Fairbrother's offer in a recent issue of THE UPLIFT was made known to the boys some time ago, a good many of them however, had a literary turn of mind and already knew of the generous offer by having read it in this magazine. All through the three weeks of preparation, every incident worthy of note for use in the contest was stored in the boys' minds, later to be placed on paper.

Friday, with their previous notes and knowledge, the boys wrote their last manuscript with extreme care

of handwriting, punctuation, and neatness. Many and various were their topics: Doctors, Printers, Preachers, Lawyers, Dentists, Mechanics and Engineers. One boy wrote on a very deep topic, that of a Chemist. There were many others; one thing being known, most of the compositions are of such good quality that the judges will have a "hot" time in deciding which are best. It is now foretold that this will be a warm and hotly contested match. Conversation heard from a group of boys:

"What are you going to be, Bill?"

"Me? I'm going to be a printer, you bet I'm going to win that prize, too."

"Huh! you haven't got a chance, you know the shop is better than the printing office. I'm writing about being a carpenter and I'm going to win the first prize."

"You're both dead wrong!" speaks up a third voice, owned by the name of Wilson. "The sewing-room is far better than the shop or printing office, either one. I'm going to be a tailor." And so on. This is a typical conversation, every one confident of his abilities and championing his own special cause at the school.

To the ones that lose, we give this consolation, that it is not because of lack of work.

When they had finished their compositions, each boy handed his in with a feeling of pride at the result of his work, full of hope, eager expectancy, and prepared to buffet the disappointment, if he loses, with a show of good-nature.--One of The Boys.

Kindess

One never knows
How far a word of kindness goes;
One never sees
How far the smile of friendship flees
Down through the years
The deed forgotton reappears.

One kindly word
The soul of many here has stirred.
Man goes on his way
And tells with every passing day
Until life's end:
"Once unto me he betrayed the friend."

We cannot say
What lips are praising us today.
We cannot tell
Whose prayers ask God to guard us well.
But kindness lives
Beyond the memory of him who gives.

---Edgar A. Guest.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. APRIL 1, 1922 NO. 21

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is never an earning: it is a by-product; or rather, it is a gift. It is poured into hearts prepared. I think that most of us entertain a contemptible notion of happiness. We think of it as one might of a short potato crop—not enough to go around. Indeed, that is precisely the reason sometimes given for the unhappiness of so many people—that there is not enough happiness to supply the needs of all. Whereas, the more happiness there is, the more there is likely to be. Happiness is not a fixed quantity, like the world's gold supply. Really, happiness is an infection: the more who have it the more are likely to catch it. Did you ever see one child happy with the crudest toy, and another child unhappy with arms full of toys? There are not enough toys to beget happiness. Happiness is a distillation, a recreation: a gift to hearts prepared for it.—Geo. C. Peck, D. D.,

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time) ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv 5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv 3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv 2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv 12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv 12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv 8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv 7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv 10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv 7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv 3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv 9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv 3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv 1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv 11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv 11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv 9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

SONG TO APRIL.

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
Weep thy golden tears!

—William Watson.

NOT FORGOTTEN

Mrs. Margaret E. Hilliard, at the age of eighty-three, has just passed away at her home in Asheville. This is a simple news item that came out from Asheville; but it is not all.

The city went in mourning over the passing of this woman. The City Commissioners, in extending an honor to the memory of this woman, directed that the firebell be tolled for a period of three minutes and the flag be flown at half mast during the hour of the funeral. And why? The Asheville Times answers quite fully the question:

"Loving kindness was the personal trait that set Mrs. Margaret Hilliard apart and that now makes her death a whole city's bereavement.

Virtually every charitable institution that now exists in this com-

munity found its inspiration in her. Early in life she realized the duty of a people to its destitute and unfortunate. She not only gave of her own time and money in relieving the needy and straightening the paths in life of the straying, but she aroused the conscience of the community. She drew the generosity and interest of others to her aid and her individual strength was multiplied manyfold.

A woman of great personal charm, of wholesome intellectual interests and of noble enthusiasms, she blessed the city with her life. Others can take to themselves the credit for the business expansion of this region. To her memory belongs the distinction of a life that was truly spent in the service of others and that revealed the heart of this city to itself."

Could any man or woman wish for a more beautiful tribute paid him by the acquaintances, friends and neighbors of a life-time? This opportunity, in a larger or smaller degree, is open to every one, who cultivates a vision that reaches beyond self and self's family. One, who does not share in the spirit at all that governed the activities of this great woman, who has just entered into her reward, are simply parasites, living off their fellows and prospering because such folks as Mrs. Hilliard do live in the community.

This woman threw out the life-line to many an erring sister; she aided them to find their equlibrium and make a new start. The work she did touched every section of the state in some degree. In 1914 when a certain sixteen year-old girl, the product of debased environment and with no wholesome directing influence, became entangled with the law and was committed to the county jail for four months, by a City Recorder, who, in explaining to some outraged ladies, cleared his judicial skirts (?) and established his great wisdom by declaring, "I did that to protect the boys."

But this Mrs. Hilliard, whom Asheville mourns, pursued the better course in wanting to "protect the girls:" so after Governer Craig had commuted the foolish sentence of four months in jail to "the care and keep" of Mrs. Hillard's home, where Christian influences, wholesome environment and instruction were resorted to, the girl was transferred to Asheville, and was rescued, was restored to society, and, instead of being a menace "to the boys," is now playing an orderly part in life's affairs.

The work and interest of this godly woman touched nearly every section of North Carolina and Asheville, in honoring the memory of Mrs. Hilliard, honors herself more in the expression of appreciation of the glorious work this woman accomplished unselfishly throughout a long and useful life.

Serving rather than being served makes a memory that can never die.

Speaking of the great work of Mrs. Hilliard, the local King's Daughters,

who had much dealings with her and her institution, which she founded and directed, recall a letter which reveals the deep interest and systematic care that governed Mrs. Hilliard activities. Several months after the reception of the girl, transferred from jail above referred to, Mrs. Hilliard writes:

"Madam President,
King's Daughters,
Concord, N. C.

Pardon my seeming neglect in failing to report sooner regarding . As you may know the Home is several miles in the country, and in addition to the wintry weather, I have been unable to visit the Home having been quite unwell for some months past. But I am more than glad to report favorably---very favorably---as to since her arrival. Mrs. Montague, our most excellent matron, to whom I revealed the history of the case---as a secret, not to be divulged to the other girls---has taken special pains with her and she gives me from time to time, by phone and letter, the report. She to-day assured me that is doing well, and has given, so far, no trouble.

Now, in regard to the matter of financial support to which you referred, I should be grateful if the minimum rate of fifty dollars per year could be secured, and paid monthly, if not conveneient in advance. You can imagine how without endownment it keeps the Board of managers busy to meet the expenses of the institution.

Some persons not interested in rescue work ask, "does it pay?" After an experience of 20 years, I can truly say, "yes, it does pay. There is so much pathos and heart-breaks in the work of rescue, as you get a peep into the underworld of lost purity. O, if Christian women were only awakened on this all important question of lending a helping hand to their less fortunate sisters! (Signed) M. E. Hilliard."

* * * * * * * * *

AN AWAKENING

The light seems to have broken at last in Concord. The frequent murders that have occurred in the county and the sensational trials following have given the county an unhappy advertisement with outsiders; but, in reality, the morals and law-observance of the community are at no lower ebb than in any other section of the state---it's just the advertising that seems so conspicuous.

We started out to say that the light has broken. Civic organizations have not thrived in our midst---they bob up with a flourish and then die a quick death. That was the way they had of doing in the past; but to-day -------well.

First, the Rotarians came into existence. They have lived for six months,

and are doing business. Second, a Kiwanis Club, of live, earnest men of all walks of life and professions --54 strong---came into life. Like the Rotarians, they have caught a step. It is moving, in fact, in high gear They are bringing to their meetings men, who have a vision, a message and able to handle both cleverly before the Kiwanis. Such men as Dr. Frazier, of Queen's College, has honored the Club with his presence. His appearance at the late meeting of the Kiwanis was a joy. He put the splendid assemblage of industrious, active men in a good receptive mood by several negro stories. Never heard better ones---never saw one to surpass Dr. Frazier in his impersonation. Had you not seen his delightful countenance, you would have thought it was a real and genuine one talking. Having done all this to the pleasure of his host, the able doctor led them off into a discussion of just what Kiwanis is, stands for and must be in a community.

Third, here comes the organization of the Merchants & Manufacturers Club. There is plenty work for it to do; plenty for the Kiwanis; plenty for the Rotarians. May the little measly jealousies, the cranky rivalries, the gossiping clubs, the back-bitings and the blackguarding, all of which have at times been raging in nooks and corners like a prarie fire, spend their last fury in the presence of an awakened town, whose citizenship at last are willing to organize to promote the common good, divorced of all personal selfishness and personal profit.

It's a great day in the life of any community when men of affairs and responsibilities will knock off for a period and discuss matters that affect the larger development and welfare of a young city. That's just what's happening in Concord. Loafers, idlers, gamblers, murderers might just as well give the old community a wide go-round.

The probable result: among other things, these agencies of community welfare may ascertain if all the fifty million dollar road fund is to be spent before a single cent touches Cabarrus soil. Every county in his district has something worthwhile going on except in Cabarrus. A delegation from one or all of these clubs might wait on Mr. Commissioner Wilkinson and ascertain from him when the lightening is due to strike Cabarrus. All roads are supposed to lead to Washington---certainly Charlotte does not want to push Washiugton off the roost.

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THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS

The Public Schools of Cabarrus county contributed the munificent (?) total of thirty-five dollars to the funds being raised for the purchase of the Me-

morial Chimes, as an expression of our love for the Cabarrus county World War soldiers. One of the modernly certified teachers, explaining his lack of interest and ability to aid in the cause through his school said, "why, the chimes can't be heard in my district." We cannot see the graves of the strong, young men of Cabarrus county who lost their lives in answer to the call of their country, and we cannot hear the hellish noises that shook the earth when they were dashed into atoms, but we know that some of our boys made the supreme sacrifice; and the children of today should be taught and led to know that patriotism and a loving remembrance of our heroes are not to be measured by sound or sight.

* * * * * * * *

"SET A GOOD EXAMPLE"

The News & Observer, making note of the fact that Prof. Roswell Miller has accepted a professorship in the New York University, has this to say:

> "Roswell Miller, the son-in-law of Andrew Carnegie, has accepted a position as instructor in the New York University at $2,500 a year. He evidently agrees with Lyman Abbot who said: The profession of teaching is the greatest of all professions excepting only one. And that one is motherhood." Mr. Miller set a good example for he does not need to work at anything. He served in the Navy during the war and such service makes men feel a compulsion to patriotic duty.
>
> Teaching is the greatest profession only if—And that "if" must give pause to all who dare enter it. Unfortunately too many enter it as a stepping stone and too many more ply their holy work as if they did not daily deal with immortal souls. The teacher who lacks the vision to see and embrace the opportunity to lead children into nobleness as they master the three "r's" should not remain in the honorable profession for a day. They profane it."

He could beat that by coming to North Carolina if he's able to pass the certification mill. A professorship in this state or even a county superintendent's job in a number of the counties, carries a more handsome salary---even a clerkship in the educational department lays Prof. Miller's compensation in the shade.

* * * * * * * *

It looks like the News & Observer has made out a strong case for the bond issue to improve the school facilities of Raleigh. The amount is staggering---one million dollars---but those who have seen the sorry equipment the Raleigh Schools have to go up against can well see how a million dollars may be spent. The Raleigh School equipment is not even comparable with

Concord's, but Concord is making fight for $300,000.00. In Raleigh the proposition is made to allow the City Aldermen to overlook and direct the expenditure. This is a strong point in the vigorous campaign that is making in behalf of the bond issue.

* * * * * * * * *

On the 20th of March, Mr. Herman Cone, the eldest son of the late Ceasar Cone, of Greensboro, was married in New York city to Miss Louise Wolf, a member of an influential and popular family. Mr. Cone is associated with the large manufacturing enterprises that have been signally directed by the Cones of Greensboro, is a thoughtful and substantial young man enjoying the highest esteem of the public. At a late meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, young Mr. Cone promised at the next meeting of the said board he would bring his bride. The Cones, keeping their promise, always make good.

* * * * * * * * *

Editor John B. Sherrill, president of North Carolina Press Association, had a meeting of his Executive Committee on last Friday. After transacting its business, and a luncheon with Mrs. Sherrill, the Committee made a visit to the Training School, going through every department and expressing a delight with what they saw. Little Edwin liked the looks of the visiting editors, and he's picked out the one he wants to work for when he finishes his course in our office---Miss Beatrice Cobb, of the Morganton News-Herald may just as well install the very fastest linotype possible in her office.

* * * * * * * * *

The mothers having failed and their own sense of modesty not turning the trick, several of the large and fashionable department stores of Washington, D. C., have issued a ruling on the subject. Peek-a-boo shirt waists, flesh-colored stockings and bobbed hair are outlawed. Glory be. The world is certainly getting better, when the management of the department stores recognize the necessity of insisting that its employees dress with more clothes and becomingly.

* * * * * * * * *

Our capital city, Raleigh, is getting a deluge of evangelistic services. The latest there is Gypsy Smith, Jr., and the way he talks to the church members makes his unchurched hearers appear pretty low in the scale of goodness. If any one of the local pastors would say half as much to his

congregation as does Mr. Gypsy Smith, Jr., that local pastor would be waited on with a request for his resignation.

* * * * * * * * *

Another official will take a desk in the office of the State Educational Department. The Executive Committee of the North Carolina Teachers' Association have elected an all-time secretary for the organization. His salary is to be $4,000.00 per annum, or $12.78 per day for each working day. The selection of Prof. Coltrane, of Roanoke Rapids, is quite a happy one.

* * * * * * * * *

Considerable hard-luck stories have been coming out of the east for the past twelve months; but an oasis in the desert appears by way of an announcement of the Elizabeth Independent, which is soon to have its own home. Editor Saunders is preparing to erect a suitable office builiding on his own lot.

* * * * * * * * *

Governor Morrison has named his commission to overhaul the system of county government. It is a body of able men; and their task is monumental.

* * * * * * * * *

PHOTOGRAPH SMILES

This is a grouchy world. Ah, me!
A fellow seldom laughs.
Why don't we wear the smile that we
Use in our photographs?

THE SERPENT AND THE FILE

A Serpent in the course of its wanderings came into an amourer's shop. As he glided over the floor he felt his skin pricked by a file lying there. In a rage he turned round upon it and tried to dart his fangs into it; but he could do no harm to heavy iron and had soon to give over his wrath.

"IT IS USELESS ATTACKING THE INSENSIBLE."

What Are You Going to Do About It?

By M. N. C.

What about it? Where can they go? Well, what about what? There is a class in Cabarrus county and in other counties, who have no where to go. They belong to the human family, and they alone have to eke out a miserable existence, and are a menace to you, to me and to all wherever they move---and yet when they come among you, it is by accident or otherwise that a discovery is made that they are carriers of the great white plague. This, then, answers our questions above---that class of uninformed poor, helpless individuals that go from post to pillar seeking just a living, or a mere existence.

In this county, as well as in some others, there is a movement on foot to eradicate the tubercular cattle, so that the health of the people may not be impaired from that source by the use of infected milk and butter. That is a wise and progressive purpose. It is highly humanitarian, for it means that by the use of pure foods nature is better able to ward off diseases and to fit the body for a successful wage of the battles of life.

This suggests another phase of the subject. The work is scarcely begun when you eliminate alone the tubercular cattle. Just think of the many house-wives, as well as men, who are afflicted with tuberculosis and who do the milking and the butter-making. What is to be done with these? A sound cow handled by a tubercular attendant may contaminate the milk just as much as the danger would be with a sound attendant milking a tubercular cow. The best informed among us are totally ignorant of the prevalence of tuberculosis in even our own county. Like a thief in the night it is lying in wait for the ignorant and the intelligent, the poor and the well-circumstanced, seeking whomsoever it may attack unaware.

The treatment of bovine tuberculosis is one proposition; the treatment and care of the indigent and ignorant tubercular human is another. Both are pressing needs in this day. We cannot and must not side-step our duty, even if we do it from a selfish standpoint---our own safety. Bear in mind that it is largely this class, generally in ignorance, that is spreading the dreaded disease to a degree that is alarming. These sick parents not only milk and churn but prepare the meals for the family; and in homes like many we have there is no way to segregate the sick from the well and the children from the adults, even if a knowledge of proper precaution is present.

The "John Smith" tenant class are great people to visit, for many of them cannot read and have no other way of recreation or entertainment. Together they love to assemble, tell their experiences, discuss neighborhood gossip, talk of their ills and misfortunes. Again, among these people there is a prejudice against intelligent and modern practices in dealing with vital problems; among them thrive the faith in "using" and in juices and teas from

herbs and roots. This, of course, is an abstract pen picture of a condition that prevails somewhat throughout the country.

But here is a concrete example, in flesh and blood, and of the present time, and within two miles of Concord. The like of it are to be found in every township, and from a small spark a terrific and destructive blaze may follow. I saw a whole family the other day drive into the yard of another "John Smith" tenant farmer. This family consisted of father, mother and three children, the eldest just six years of age. They had lost out with a former land-lord; they were drifting; no food, scarce clothing; not a cent of money and nothing to command money, not even energy or ambition. The shackly buggy and the bony horse---my God, what a picture!

There was joy over one John Smith tenant meeting another John Smith tenant. The children mingled and were happy. The poor, emaciated wife and mother tried to smile her delight but the poor thing, hungry, tired, worn out and diseased, made a poor effort to be jubilant. The fourteen months' old baby took sick, bronchial pneumonia, that night. A doctor was called. It was found that the baby was under-nourished, being cared for, rocked and fed by a mother, galloping away herself the victim of tuberculosis; and she did not know it, and after being told by the physician her real condition, refused to believe and resented the diagnosis. Already the father has been stung by the deadly bug---he moves about listlessly, a gurgle in his throat and a hacking cough. The world, the street, the pavement are his spittoon---you tell that ignorant, lifless and hacked father of three children and the husband of a dying wife that he must not expectorate on the street, on the pavement or wherever he pleases and the occasion demands, he at once regards you as interfering with his privilege---the idea of an American citizen not being permitted to spit where he pleases he takes as an abridgment of his rights and he resents it!

Unable to farm, unable to get food, unable to get medicine, he purposes to go to the mills where the original troubles started. To make a long story short, this man is carrying a torch to a favored spot where he may spread the great White Plague among others, absolutely ignorant of the danger that threatens them. This man is not the product of immediate times and agencies and perentage. He was bred in generations of other years---he's just a continuance, a reproduction of a like kind. This leads us to ask the question. What is to become of the three children, who are not responsible for their being in this world and in the plight they find themselves? Echo answers What.

To make every cow in the land as healthy as healthy can be, or kill off every cow, even put them out of commission altogether, will not save these children and hundreds of others in our own country, who are daily exposed to tubercular parents. There must be a place to segregate these afflicted parents, a county Tubercular Camp; there must be enlarged and increased efforts to educate the people how to meet these situations, how to avoid these situations. The education that teaches a child his letters and does not teach him the

simple laws of nature and body-care is a fraud and a snare. Every intelligent man and woman, individually and in organized government, will be held responsible for the crime of neglect of a sacred duty to the less fortunate---a duty that contemplates rescuing the indigent and the children from a slavery of ignorance in our midst and preventing a slow torturing physical death. When we have established in the counties a Tubercular Camp for the treatment of the indigent tubercular and increase our efforts to make every body familiar with the necessary precautions to ward off this dreaded disease and the other complaints, which intelligence annihilates by the activities of health officers and other propaganda, then we may stand up and be counted---short of this, we are dodgers, shirkers, parasites.

When a college professor winds his intellectual tail around a limb of Darwin's family tree he naturally looks down with contempt upon ordinary people who walk on the ground and who were made in the image of God. But while this gives amusement to the "tree man," it does not disturb the people, except when such men take charge of the educational system of the country and undermine the faith of those entrusted to their care.—Bryan.

THE BATTLES OF SKY

BY R. R. CLARK

Behold the faker! He is always up and dressed, going to and fro in the earth and up and down in it, seeking whom he may rob, and he works the game successfully that he should flourish like the green bay tree, if he dosen't. There are major fakers and minor fakers—those who do business in a small way and those who go after big game and make a killing. The amazing part of this faker game is that the fish are always so plentiful and ready to bite. It is admitted at the outset that few there be who are entirely faker proof; who do not at some time and in some way, fall a victim, if even in small measure, to the faker's wiles. No matter how shrewd nor how careful one may be, he is almost certain to meet at some time, when he is not on guard, a faker who will work him.

The purpose here is to consider the success of the fake games that are worked over and over, that are so common that it is surprising that anybody with sufficient knowledge to go about alone would fall for them, but which find ready and willing victims; and sometimes the same folks fall for the same game twice or thrice.

To enumerate the many and devious ways worked out to separate the unsuspecting from their cash would make a book. The common class of fakers ever present with us are what are commonly termed deadbeats—those who make debts and never pay them and have no purpose to pay

when they make the debt. They are morally worse than the thief. The thief robs in the darkness or when your back is turned, and makes no pretension of paying back. The faker violates the trust reposed in him, destroys confidence and commits robbery. He is doubly guilty. It is amazing that the deadbeat class can work their game in the same community, and frequently on the same people, through the years. In almost every community there are people who are generally known to be bad pay—who can't be depended on to pay a debt. And yet they continue to get credit. They seem to have a way with them that enables them to successfully rob their fellow-citizens and keep on robbing without reaching the end of the rope. Why people will continue to trust folks whose reputation for untrustworthiness is well established is one of the unsolved mysteries. The honest man who pays his debts is compelled to contribute to the support of the deadbeats for the merchant levies enough profit on those who pay to take care in part at least of his losses through bad debts. That rankles in the breast of the honest man, and he would probably do something about it if he could.

Among the major fakers the more spectacular class are the check flashers, the fake stock salesman, etc. A stranger comes into town, buys a few dollars; worth at store, offers a sizable check in payment and wants the difference in cash. The merchant never saw him before, knows nothing about him, but the desire to accommodate and to sell a few goods results in his cashing the worthless check. The same game is sometimes worked on two or three business men in the same town, the bird of passage pockets the cash and is gone. That game is so old, so common, that it is a wonder that the veriest amateur in business would fall for it. But it is a fact that leading and experienced business men constantly are taken in. Why anybody should cash a check for an utter stranger without some sort of identification is one of the unsolved mysteries.

The "phony" stock salesman flourishes like a green bay tree. It is estimated that this class of fakers took many millions from North Carolinians these past few years. The papers are full of the exposures, but the business goes on. Similar fakers find easy marks where others have but recently gathered a harvest. This last game is more easily understood than those mentioned. The buyer of "phony" stock is a victim of greed. He expects to get inordinate profits. His common sense would tell him, if he would exercise it, that there is no such thing as getting something for nothing and that when such offer is made it stamps itself as a fake. But greed overrules common sense. The get-rich-quick schemes will always flourish because the desire to get something for nothing, to accumulate wealth rapidly, is so overpowering in the average mortal that they who fall into the snare are many and the number never grows less.

It is one of the unsolved mysteries why so many people of intelligence will buy stock from a stranger, in some enterprise of which they know nothing, while they will refuse to take stock in a home enterprisee, manned by home folks, their friends and

neighbors whom they have known all their lives. It is the distance that lends enchantment to the view. No man is hero to his own valet, they say; and we will fall for a smooth-tongued stranger, of whom we know nothing, rather than trust our money with the people we do know and in whom we have confidence. The building and loan associations, which do more to build up a community than any other agency, give a good return direct to investors and a good return indirectly in enhancing all community values But the building and loan associations never have enough money to supply the demands made on them. Too many local citizens put their money into oil stocks or other ventures of like kind.

But what's the use? As Col. Fairbrother would say. The fakers find so many people who are ready, willing and anxious to be relieved of their surplus coin that sometimes I feel they are not so much to blame. It's true that the same industry, ingenuity and capacity that is expended in fake games would earn splendid returns, better returns, in honest business. But the desire to fake is so strong in the crooked that they prefer that way with less returns than to walk the path of recitude. And there are so many who are tolerant of the fakers, who seemingly prefer to deal with the dishonest rather than the honest, that it is a temptation to honest people to play a fake game, seeing that so many folks apparently prefer that sort.

In a sensible editorial concerning the work of Miss Bain, representing the American Social Hygiene Association, Col. Harris concludes:

"She believes that the moral standards of a community are altogether the responsibiltiy of its adult members. Because youth must be served, and it is the elders who furnish the knowledge and the diversions they seek so eagerly. Whether there is wholesome and plentiful recreation, and uplifting educational facilities, is a matter for the grownups; it is their duty, lest the children find for themselves the questionable diversions. For a child is unquestionably the product of its environment and its education. Perhaps, chiefly, environment, for, after all, morals are caught,—not taught."

There's Place In Life For The Anecdote

HARDSHELLED BAPTIST: Fifteen years ago there was a man from back in the cabbage counties of North Carolina or Virginia, who, knowing the demand for a cabbage seed that came from the country where the fine mountain cabbages grow, and having a desire to ramble and see the country, followed the courts in western North Carolina, carrying a haversack loaded with these cabbage seed, his own raising which he retailed at 15 cents a teaspoonful. He was a man of good qualities, far from an ignoramus; and with it all an uncompromising "Hardshelled Bap-

tist."

I was looking after the interests of a well known newspaper at this time, and attending these same courts, and the man had the unusual name of Chenault, by the way a very respected name in some parts, as I learned afterwards. It was at Taylorsville that I heard a man tell this story on our friend Chenault.

He went home with or stopped for the night with a family back in the foothills of Alexander county, and there was quite a company of neighbors and friends there that evening, and in the conversation they got into an argument about which was the greatest church, and Mr. Chenault had held up his end pretty well, so well that he decided he would give the company an object lesson that would clinch his side for all time; so he called for a black walnut and a hammer. Taking the walnut he said: "this outer hull represents the Methodist, soft and easy to fall. This hard substance represents the missionary Baptist, and mighty good folks; but now I am going to show you what is inside this, the kernel, and it represents the true church, the Hardshell Baptist;" and with that he cracked the walnut with the hammer, and behold the kernel was ROTTEN.

Mr. Chenault was dumfounded, but the laugh and roar and chiding that went up from that crowd was enough to make him leave in the night.---Contributed.

THE STORY OF A PENNY

BY REBECCA CHAMBERS

One day soon after I was mined I was given to a man and he put me in his cash register. Very soon a man came and took me out and put me in his pocket. I was not in there long before his little girl asked him for a penny. He gave me to her, she gave me to a man for some candy and he put me in the cash register. I was not there but a day when a woman came and gave the man a nickle and wanted five pennies. The man gave me to her and four others. This woman had five little children, she gave each child a penny and they took it to Sunday School. I was given to the youngest child which was a boy. He had a little poem to say this Sunday and this is what he had to say:

Japan must be remembered
So I this penny give
To help to send the gospel
To teach them how to live.

After he had said His poem he gave me to the Superintendent of the Sunday School and sent me off with thousands of other pennies to Russia to help the other people.

When we reached Russia a penny was given to every little girl. I was given to little girl that had never had any money in her hands. All the other children bought candy except this little girl, she was so happy that she would not spend me and I was happy too because I had made some one else happy.

JOURNALISM, A PERSONALITY

BY C. W. HUNT

This writer has always said, and still says, that no man could hire him to edit a paper according to the policy of the owner, whoever he was or whatever the compensation. His idea of journalism is personal journalism by which I mean a paper the personality of the editor being the main attraction to its readers. The editor may not have any great natural ability, but if there is a streak of personality in it, it becomes attractive. The history of the great papers of the 19th century, especially the latter part, stand out in just a few great editors. Chas. A. Dana made the New York Sun what was perhaps the greatest of its time. Without Dana it has never had any prestige as compared with its founder, and is now noted for its bitter partisan politics. The New York Herald was the work of James Gordan Bennett, and when his personality went out, its great name went also. These can still be great as commercial papers, and all papers can succeed commercially with no great editorial policy.

In the south the Louisville Courier-Journal was the child of Henry Waterson, and was an authority on liberal goverment. Men waited for the editoral of Henry Waterson and formed their policies by it. In his death went the power of that paper as a leader of southern thought. Henry Grady and the Atlanta Constitution were synonimous terms, while Grady lived and edited it, and it was Grady's personality that made it what it was; he thought correctly, fairly, ably, and in the few years he lived made a national name through a distinct personality. The late Joseph Pearson Caldwell made a country weekly a great name through his personality, which ability was easily transfered to the Daily Charlotte Observer. His untimely passing did not kill the Observer, except in the eyes of those who loved and read it for the real worth of the man. His personality and Pompkins money made the foundation on which a great paper rests.

These examples are shining lights. Others of smaller degree have succeeded by the personal vein thrown into the editorial pages. THE UPLIFT carries such, if the editor is not aware of it. Few papers carry a cleaner, readable, interesting editorial page than does the UPLIFT, and it is this personal touch that makes it popular; as much so as the cause it represents. I have always noted these things, and sometime they far outweigh money in building a newspaper. I know there are those who draw wages to edit a paper, and and who do well, but history records few that ever reached an enviable place. The paper that has a free hand ed editor and who has the knack of handling men in a personal way, fair, yet critical, has a following that the generalizer and hinter at things cannot command. Personal touch: Knowing men and being known of men.

This rule, as I see it, applies to church and society organs. These may be taken and paid for and not read, and hence do little good. But if they are taken on account of

magnetism or personality of the man who writes its editorial policy and the paper sparkles with all these, then it is not only taken but read and digested, and accomplishes what it was intended for, the good of the church, the good of the order. A man may have personal attraction only in the circle of his acquaintance or he may overstep such and become a state or a national attraction, both accomplishing the same in his sphere.

In conclusion, it is my personal belief that editors, real editors, are born, not made; and that many a good thing has been ruined in the making because of the ambition for the honor such brings. Men seek such places for the influence it brings to them, when they are no more fitted to direct the policy of an organ than a seventeen year old boy. Most editors of ability are employed where they have free rein, and most always they are untrameled in the policy they undertake.

If I can teach these children how to live that they may get happiness out of the small things of life, how to make their own good times—to be "their own best company"—I shall not have lived in vain, and shall be worthy of the Neighborhood Mother.—The Continent.

BISHOP ASBURY NOT SO FRAIL

BY W. M. SANDERS

The Write-up in Sunday's News and Observer of "The Man on Horseback" was read by the writer with keen interest. He stated that Bishp Asbury was frail in body. In that he may be mistaken, I remember distinctly that the late judge C. M. Cook, of Louisburg related an incident to me 40 years ago, which will rather go to contradict the impression in regard to the Bishop's physical powers. About the time that Bishop Asbury held the first conference of the Methodist Church at the Green Hill home the incident referred to occurred and is as follows:

Some young people of Franklin County near the home of Mr. Hill participated in a dance and among the dancers was a handsome young lady by the name of Miss Jefreys. On her return to her home from the dance she was killed by a runaway team. Bishop Asbury was in the community at the time, or soon thereafter, and referred to the unfortunate tragedy from the pulpit, and used it as a warning to those who engage in the dance. A brother of Miss Jefreys took umbrage at the remarks made by the Bishop and attacked him with a cowhide upon the streets of Louisburg. Whereupon the Bishop took the cowhide from young Jefreys, overcoming him physically and broke it into a dozen pieces and ordered the young man to "depart at once"—or he would do him likewise.

I remember distinctly that Judge Cook said to me that Bishop Asbury was a very powerful man physically.

Bishop Asbury was born at Handsworth, Staffordshire, August 20, 1745. In 1771 he was sent by Mr. Wesley as a missionary to this country,

where he was consecrated in 1784, During a long life of almost incessant labor he traveled on horseback 270,000 miles, preached 16,500 sermons and ordained 4,000 preachers. He died in Richmond, Va., March 31, 1816.

Of course the Methodists throughout the country are greatly interested in the equestrain statue, which is soon to be unveiled at the capital of the nation.

As a lover of the horse I share a keen interest in the sentiment expressed by Bishop Kilgo that the horse who had shared his master's hardships will go with him to Heaven. Referring to Bishops Asbury's horse I am reminded of the great affection entertained by General Lee for the horses ridden by him during the Civil War. His son, Robert Jr., relates this circumstance.

Upon reaching Richmond on the 12th from Appomattox his father was greatly distressed that Grace Darling, a brown mare and a gift from General J. E. B. Stuart, was missing and he states that his father used unceasing diligence until the mare was found and brought to Richmond. Grace Darling, and Traveler, his faithful iron-gray were cared for tenderly as long as General Lee lived and afterwards by his children and given decent burials.

It is related of one of the prominent generals on the other side that he evidenced no affection for the horses ridden by him during the same period and allowed them to be sold at public auction.

In round numbers there are forty-four thousand illiterate native-born white women in North Carolina according to the 1920 census. If assembled they would fill a city the size of Charlotte, or nearly so.

WOMEN BOUGHT WASHINGTON'S HOME

"Of course, every one knows that Mount Vernon was the home of General Washington," writes Heloise Young in St Nicholas, "but comparatively few know who now takes care of it. It is generally supposed that Mount Vernon belongs to the government, or to the the Colonial Dames or to the Daughters of the American Revolution, but these impressions are wrong, for it really belongs to the 'Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union,' which is composed of a representative from each State. It came into the possession of this association in the following manner.

"In about the year 1830, Mr. John A. Washington, Sr., offered to sell Mount Vernon to the government, but they would not buy it. After the death of Mr. Washington, his son, Mr. John A. Washington, Jr., again offered it to the government, which again declined to purchase it. He then offered it to the State of Virginia, which also refused it. Then it was, in 1853, that Miss Anne Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, went to Mount Vernon to see Mr. Washington about purchasing it. After a great deal of persuasion, he agreed to sell two hundred acres, including the house and tomb of Washington, for $200,000, with

the condition that if the ladies failed to take proper care of Mount Vernon, it should go to the State of Virginia.

"After the two hundred thousand dollars was raised, Miss Cunningham called upon her women friends from the different States, and together they began to restore Mount Vernon and bring it back to the state in which it was when Washington lived there. And the associaton today is doing the same thing and carefully preserving this priceless heirloom to the nation.

THE KEY.

Love passed me by and dropped a key,
A worthless thing it seemed to be;
But, thinking he might need it for
Unlocking some unyielding door,
I followed him and whispered clear:
"You've lost your little key, I fear!"
Love turned, without the least surprise,
But with a twinkle in his eyes,
And said: "I have some more like it.
Keep it. 'Most any door 'twill fit.
Keep it and use it often, too,
It may unlock Success for you."
Since then I've wandered to and fro,
Using Love's key where'er I go,
And many gates have swung aside
When I the magic key applied.
So many doors I have passed through,
I've found that what Love said is true.
Perhaps you've guessed it all the while:
The key Love dropped is just a Smile.

Thomas Russell Shelton.

"You cannot control the tongue of another, but you are responsible for your own tongue."

PEOPLE ONLY HALF ALIVE

(The Health Bulletin)

That the average man and woman in the United States today is only half living and is not doing half of the work nor getting half of the joy from work and life that the human being is capable of getting is the opinion of Dr. Irving Fisher, of Yale University, the greatest student and authority of economic health conditions in this country today. In a study that he has made on rural health and national well-being he finds that only something like 1 per cent of people are really well and free from impairment. He says: "What would we think if 99 per cent of a dairy herd or a flock of sheep were found impaired?"

Interpreting this low state of physical health in terms of what it means to the individual the writer says: "It means that we are losing a large part of our rightful life, not only by death itself, which cuts off many years we might have lived, but also from disease and disabilities which are not fatal but which cripple the power to work and mar the joy of living."

As to what this state of physical inefficiency means to the producing power of this country, the writer again says: "We may assume that on the average, for every death per annum there are two persons sick during the year. This makes about 3,000,000 people constantly lying on sick beds in the United States, of which on the most conservative estimate, at least half need not have been there. If we translate these preventable losses into commercial terms, we find that, even by the most conservative reckoning, this country is losing over $1,500,000 worth of wealth-producing power every year.

"Personally," says Professor Fisher, "I believe it can be shown that the chief cause of this degeneration is the neglect of individual hygiene, partly from ignorance, partly from indifference, partly from sheer helplessness. The degeneration of our bodies follows a degeneration of our habits. The cure for the degenerative disease is more personal hygiene—more scientific habits of daily living."

WHAT PEOPLE READ.

Because a man whose name was not known to one American in a hundred thousand, whose existence was of unreckonably inconsiderable public importance, is killed, "news" of the Hollywood tragedy crowds from the front pages the daily records of a civilization which is in the throes of a struggle for existence. History of the most tremendous import is daily in the making—and we are invited to follow fictitious clews, sniff around at the morals of a bevy of young women, and wallow in an every morning bath of scarlet-and-yellow sensationalism. Are people really as excited about this sort of thing as our popular scandal purveyors believe? Or is it really an automatic response to an artificial stimulus, administered by an editorial cult which itself blindly follows false gods?—From Leslie's Weekly.

ADULT COMMUNITY SCHOOLS.

Miss Elizabeth Kelly

Organized classes for the purpose of teaching the rudiments of an education and for teaching other things that pertain to good citizenship are called Community Schools.

United States census sheets for 1920 give the following facts:

1. The average illiteracy in North Carolina among native whites of voting age is 10.6 percent.

2. The average illiteracy in North Carolina among native whites from 10 to 20 years inclusive is 3.2 percent.

Various surveys in North Carolina show actual illiteracy figures to be on an average three times the number given by the United States census figures. The above facts show that native white illiteracy is fast disappearing among the younger generations. This is attributed to longer-term schools, better prepared teachers, and the enforcement of a compulsory attendance law. But the above facts also show that more than ten of every hundred white citizens of voting age are absolutely illiterate.

Consider the following facts:

1. A wise enforcement of the compulsory school law will speedily wipe out illiteracy among the younger generations.

2. A special class should be organized in every school for beginners from 14 to 21 years.

3. County and city school boards may appropriate funds for teaching adult illiterates of any age just as for teaching other public school classes.

4. The state provides a part of the texts for adult beginners and gives information concerning other needed texts.

5. A special training school is provided for teachers of these adult beginners.

This year we hope to have at least one carefully selected worker from each county and from each large town attend the training school in order that they may go back and be able to help organize the work and conduct it in an intelligent way. This will come to pass only as citizens realize the fact that North Carolina might well boast less of her native born citizenship and think more of what should be expected of such a citizenship.

Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thy hand. I Kings 17:11

Because the Master is not here with his own hand today
To feed the hungry multitudes who throng life's busy way,
He gives the task to you and me, he bids us hear their cry;
He says that if we turn from them we also pass him by.

Our eyes are blind; we see only an outcast at our door;
Yet said he not himself that they who feed and clothe his poor
Give unto him? Them day by day for such a royal Guest,
Shall we not bring with willing hands our choicest and our best?

Edith H. Divall.

THE MYTH ABOUT PREACHERS' SONS.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

The sons of the preacher have always been under a cloud in popular estimation. As the dog with a bad name is doomed to die, so each preacher's son has to prove his innocence rather than force the public to prove him guilty. Occasionally some charitable soul will try to excuse him on the ground that more is expected of him and that he is not judged by the same standard as other boy. All these excuses may be true, but the fact of the case is that they are not needed. Statistics prove that the preacher's boy, with equal chance, generally surpasses his fellows.

Roger Babson, whose business judgment is known and respected, has tested the matter. He took one hundred leaders in great business enterprises, and studied the influences that apparently made them successful in life. He states that of these hundred men, five per cent were sons of bankers; twenty per cent were sons of merchants; twenty per cent sons of farmers and laborers; twenty per cent sons of teachers, physicians and lawyers; and that the sons of country preachers were thirty per cent of the whole.

Notwithstanding these and similar facts, whenever any research is made, the old myth will continue to function, and the good people will continue to help it along.

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—Lowell.

MY CHILDHOOD ON THE ISLAND

BY CELIA THAXTER

I well remember my first sight of White Island where we took up our abode when I was five years old. How delightful was that long first sail to the Isle of Shoals! How pleasant the sound of the ripples against the boat side, as we sat perched among the household goods with which the little craft was laden!

It was at sunset that we put a shore on that lonely rock where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall black-capped giant. The stars were beginning to twinkle, and the salt air blew cold from the sea.

Some one began to light the lamps in the high lighthouse tower. Rich red and golden they swung around in mid air; everything was strange and fascinating and new.

We entered the quaint little old stone cottage that was for six years our home. How curious it seemed, with its low, whitewashed ceiling, and deep window seats showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers.

A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening, and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the

encircling sea. I do not think a happier triad ever existed than we were, living in that profounded isolation. It takes little to make a healthy child happy, and we never wearied of our few resources.

In the long, covered walk that bridged the gorge between the lighthouse and the house, we played on stormy days. Every evening it was a fresh excitement to watch the lighting of the lamps, and to see the colored rays shine out over the sea. In the great lantern there were fifteen lamps, ten of them golden and five red.

As I grew older, I was allowed to help in caring for the lights in the tower, and sometimes to kindle them myself. It was a pleasure to think how far the lighthouse sent its rays and how many hearts it gladdened with its warning light of safety.

Once or twice every year came the old black, lumbering, oil boat that brought supplies for the lighthouse, and the inspector who gravely examined everything to see if all was in order.

He left clear red-and-white glass chimneys for the lamps, soft skins for polishing the great silver-lined reflectors, large bundles of wicks and various pairs of scissors for trimming them. All these together with heavy casks of whale oil were stored away in the round dimly lighted rooms of the lighthouse tower.

The winters seemed as long as a whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant, nevertheless. Into the deep window seats we climbed, made holes in the thick frost on the windowpane, and peeped out at the bright, fierce, windy weather.

We watched the vessels scuddling over the dark blue sea, all feather white where the short waves broke hissing in the cold, and the sea fowl soaring aloft or tossing on the water. Sometimes the round head of a seal moved about among the rocks, but the seals were even more shy than the birds.

We hardly saw a human face beside our own all winter. But by the fireside, with plants and singing birds and books and playthings, the cold and stormy season wore itself at last away.

We waited for the spring with eager longing; the advent of the growing grass, the birds and flowers and insect life, the soft skies and softer winds,— these things brought us unspeakable bliss.

In the spring came life to our lonely dwelling. Our neighbors on the mainland paddled across bringing us letters, newspapers, magazines, and told us the news of months. With the first warm days we built our little mountains of wet gravel on the beach, and danced after the sandpipers to the edge of the foaming waves. We fashioned rude boats of bits of driftwood and set them adrift on the great deep.

We launched fleets of purple mussel shells on the still pools in the rocks, left by the tide,—pools that were like bits of fallen rainbow with tints of delicate seaweed, crimson, and green and ruddy brown, and violet. Rosy and lilac starfish clung to the sides of the rocks, little forests of moss grew up in stillness, gold-colored shells crept about, and now and then flashed the silvery fins of slender minnows.

With crab and limpet, with grasshopper and cricket, we made friends

and neighbors, and we were never tired of watching the land spiders that possessed the place. Their webs covered every windowpane to the lighthouse top, and they rebuilt them as fast as they were swept down.

I remember in the spring kneeling down on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil, and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Whence came their color? How did they draw their sweet refreshing tint from the brown earth or the limpid air, or the white light?
the lonesome rock, but I made the most of all I had. Ah, how beautiful they were! Tiny stars of crimson sorrel threaded on their long brown stems. The blackberry blossoms in bridal white, the blue-eyed grass, and the crow-foot flowers like drops of yellow gold split about among the short grass and over the moss. Dandelions, buttercups, and clover were not denied to us, though we had no daisies nor violets nor wild roses.

Many a summer morning have I crept out of the still house before any one was awake, and climbed to the top of a high cliff to watch the sunrise. Pale grew the lighthouse flame before the broadening day, as I watched the shadows draw away and morning break. Facing the east and south, with all the Atlantic before me, what happiness was mine!

Infinite variety of beauty always awaited me. Coming back in the sunshine, the morning glories would lift up their faces, all awake, to my adoring gaze. It seemed as if they had gathered the peace of the golden morning in their still depths, ever as my heart had gathered it.

Even then I longed to speak those things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the sea's murmur. A vain longing, but ever the wish grew.

Any old dead fish can float with the stream: it takes a live one to swim against it.—Gypsy Smith.

COLONIAL HEROINES

(Fred A. Olds In Oxford Friend)

One of the oldest, quaintest and most charming towns in North Carolina is Edenton, which for many years was the seat of government of this Colony or Province. Happily there have been preserved many of the buildings of its early period. No event in its two hundred and fifty years' existence is better known than what is popularly termed the "Edenton Tea Party," of date October 25, 1774; apparently the first declaration by the women of America of their patriotism and desire to aid their country.

October 16th, 1765, North Carolina men, at Wilmington, took very bold action to prevent the use of the much detested stamps prescribed by the "Stamp Act," made an effigy of Lord Bute and then burned it in the public street and made the collector of customs swear he would have nothing to do with the stamps. The defiance was positive and it won.

The first Provincial Congress, or convention, of North Carolina, composed of deputies of the inhabitants of the Province, held at New Bern, August 25, 1774, declared in the plainest terms that it claimed only the rights of Englishmen and that it was the very essence of the British Constitution that no subject should be taxed except by his own consent; that the tax upon tea and other articles consumed in America, for the purpose of raising a revenue, was highly illegal and oppressive. It then resolved: "That we will not, directly or indirectly, after the first day of January, 1775, import from Great Britain any East Indian goods, or any merchandise whatever, medicines excepted .That we will not use of or suffer to be used East Indian tea after September tenth, next and we will consider all persons not complying with this resolve enemies to their country. That we will not export any of our commodities to Great Britain after October first, 1775."

On the 23rd of October, Mrs Penelope Barker, a leader in Edenton society and of marked force of character and distinction, called a meeting of the ladies of the town, to be held on the 25th, at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth King. The house in which the "tea-party" was held was a quaint and handsomely built one, of wood, facing the court house green, between the court house and Edenton Bay. Fifty-one ladies responded to the call and they were thoroughly representative of the finest influence and sentiment in the Colony. Mrs. Barker was chosen as the presiding officer and Mrs. Winifred Hoskins, Secretary.

This meeting adopted a resolution warmly commending the action of the Provincial Congress above quoted and declaring: "We will not conform to that pernicious custom of drinking tea and will not promote the wearing of any manufactures from England." The meeting then adopted the following as its solemn declaration and those present signed their names thereto:

"Edenton, North Carolina,
"October 25, 1774.

"As we cannot be indifferent on any occasion that appears to affect the peace and happiness of our country and as it has been thought necessary for the public good to enter into several particular resolves by a meeting of members deputed from the whole Province, it is a duty which we owe not only to our near and dear connections who have occurred in them, but to ourselves who are essentially interested in their welfare, to do everything as far as lies in our power to testify our sincere adherence to the same and we do therefore accordingly subscribe this paper as a witness of our fixed intention and solemn determination to do so.

"Abigail Charlton, Lydia Bonner, Elizabeth Creecy, Anne Horniblow, Anne Johnston, Marion Wells, Mary Woolward, Sarah Matthews, Jean Blair, Elizabeth Roberts, Frances Hall, Rebecca Bondfield, Mary Creecy, Sarah Howcott, Mary Blount, Elizabeth P. Ormond, Margaret Cathcart, Winifred Hoskins, Jane Wellwood, Sarah Valentine, Penelope Dawson, Mary Bonner, Susannah Vail, Mary Ramsey, Isabelle Johnston, Tersa Cunningham, Elizabeth

Patterson, Lydia Bennett, Margaret Pearson, Anne Haughton, Sarah Beasley, Ruth Benbury, Frances Johnston, Penelope Barker, Grace Clayton, Mary Littledale, Anne Hall, Elizabeth Green, Sarah Littlejohn, Sarah Howe, Sarah Hoskins, Mary Hunter, M. Payne, Anne Anderson, Elizabeth Bearsley, Elizabeth Vail, Elizabeth King.''

It will be observed that the signers were English and Scotch entirely. Isabelle Johnston, a sister of Samuel Johnston, one of the most notable men in the Province, was the finance of Joseph Hewes, whose home in Edenton was quite near the meeting-place of these determined women. Hewes was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776.

The news of this action by the ''Tea Party'' was carried to London with great quickness, for an English account of the affair says: ''The news of the meeting of the Society of Patriotic Ladies at Edenton appeared in various English papers about the middle of January, 1775. Possibly the imposing list of signatures attached to the resolution passed at the gathering caused our cartoonist to select this incident as fairly representative of the moral and physical support the women of the Colonies are contributing to the common cause.''

Another account in the Morning Chronicle and Advertiser, says: ''The following is an extract from a letter from North Carolina dated October 27, 1774: 'The Provincial Deputies of North Carolina having resolved not to drink any more tea and to wear no more British cloth, many ladies of this Province have determined to give a memorable proof of their patrotism and have accordingly entered into the following honorable and spirited association. I send it to you to show your fair countrywomen how zealously and faithfully American ladies follow the laudable example of their husbands and what opposition your matchless (italicized) ministers may expect to receive from a people thus firmly united against them.' '' (Then follow the signed resolutions.)

A letter form Authur Iredell of London to his brother James, at Edenton, (who married a sister of one of the signers) said: ''Is there a female Congress at Edenton, too? I hope not, for we Englishmen are afraid of the male Congress, but if the ladies, who have ever since the Amazonian era been esteemed the most formidable enemies; if they, I say, should attack us the most fatal consequences are to be dreaded. The Edenton ladies, who know well that the more we strive to conquer them the more we are conquered, are willing, I imagine, to crush us into atoms by their omnipotency. The only security on our side to prevent this impeding ruin, that I can perceive, is the probability that there are but few places in America which possess so much female artillery as Edenton.''

It is quite evident from reading these London comments that a picture had been made of the Tea Party. In 1828 Lieutenant William T. Muse, of the United States Navy, whose mother was a Miss Blount of Edenton, while on a cruise stopped at the Island of Minorca and there saw in a barber shop a caricature of the Edenton Tea Party, a

mezzotint in lively colors, bought it and in 1830 took it to Edenton, where it was placed in the court house and was viewed with very great interest. It is ten by fourteen inches in dimensions and it is said that the representation of the characters is so clear that many of the ladies were easily recognized in 1830. Many of the words of the document the ladies were signing are plain. Mrs. Barker, the presiding officer, is shown, gavel in hand, her negro maid Amelia standing behind her chair. The rector of the church, St. Paul's, at Edenton, Rev. Charles Earl, is shown in caricature as kissing the lovely secretary, who turns a rosy cheek towards his lips. The costumes of the period are faithfully depicted. One lady is pouring tea from a caddy upon the flour, another in handsome costume is signing the resolve, while under the table are a child playing with a string and a dog asleep. Under Mrs. Barkers's chair is a hot water jug, to warm the air. There are fifteen figuring in the picture, some of them slaves. Mrs. Barker is portrayed in a most dignified and effective manner. Below the picture is the following inscription: "A Society of Patriotic Ladys at Edenton, North Carolina. London: Printed for R. Sayer and D. J. Bennett, No. 53, in Fleet Street, as the Act directs, 25th March, 1775." The printer, whose name appears in a corner, was Richardson, who printed the famous "Letters of Junius.'

Mrs. Barker was possessed of great dignity, courtesy and courage. In the War of the Revolution, when a servant ran into the house and told her that some British soldiers in charge of an officer were taking her carriage horses from the stable she snatched her husband's sword from the wall, ran to the stable, cut the reins, drove the horses back into the building and informed the astonished men they could not molest their property without peril. The officer actually apologized and informed her that she would not again be molested. She was married three times, her second husband having been a nephew of Earl Craven. She and Mr. Thomas Barker, her last husband, are buried in Edenton, in the private cemetery at "Hays," then the residence of Samuel Johnston, one of the finest colonial homes in America. In the same cemetery lie also Joseph Hewes, who died of a broken heart not long after the death of Mrs. Johnston, his finance The latter rests beside him. In death they are not divided.

In the North Carolina Hall of History at Raleigh are the tea caddy from which the lady poured the tea upon the floor; the punch bowl, which was provided by the charming secretary, who brought it from "Paradise, her home near the town; the portrait of Mrs. Horniblow, one of the signers, and the caricature which has been described; together with a perfect copy in miniature of the Tea Party house. In the rotunda of the state capital is a bronze tablet bearing a teapot, commemorative of the Tea Party and on the site of the Tea Party house at Edenton is a large bronze teapot surmounting a cannon of the Colonial period. It should be stated that Edenton, so long the Colonial capital, was a social rival of Williamsburg in Virginia.

THE GATEWAY TO HEALTH

BY C J. JOHNSON, D. D. S.

Good habits are best established in early life, and this law may be applied beneficially in care of the child's teeth. The child is the foundation upon which a nation is built. The progress of nations depends on the health standard of the child. We can't expect as much of the future men and women of this age of defects if we ignore the developing age. The great call to-day is for strong men and women. Defects should be sought, and means to remedy, studied. They should be strong and healthy in body during the developing age to make strong men and women mentally, morally. I believe one of the hardest problems confronting education to-day is the backward child. There is generally some cause for backwardness in the work of the school child, and I believe the larger per cent is from broken down decayed and permanent teeth of which home conditions and habits play a big part. We find a great number physical wrecks, and we so often hear it said they will outgrow their trouble. In some cases we do see a marked improvement in the child after they have started to grow, but what the chid might have been if they had not had the several years of standstill? It stands to reason that a child during its developing age should have nothing to retard its progress in grasping things to cultivate, and make a full grown developed brain. Can that be done from a weakened, poisoned body? I have asked teachers in different schools about some child I happened to notice far below the standard physically, and they would invariably tell me the child wasn't making any progress, and was a repeater every year. Upon examination of his teeth 95 per cent would be defective. In some of these cases there is lack of encouragement, and in great many lack of proper knowledge of oral hygiene which so many teachers so woefully neglect in teaching. It is very clear we can't do too much for children with defects of which our country's success depends on future generations to make it foremost of all others. The most important of all is before school age is reached. To be successful in school the child should enter strong in body, mind and spirit. The proper foundation is the keystone to success, and children failing to get it in the early stages of school life are handicapped throughout life's journey. School teachers should learn more the importance of giving instructions in oral hygiene, and advising children of having their teeth attended to by competent dentists. Lack of this will cause a great many sub-normal children, which not only causes more work for the teacher but holds others back in their progress, which causes loss of interest and fail to get all they need in equipment for life's work. And I believe a majority of these sub-normal cases could be be made normal if taken in time even before they begin school.

We have thousands in our State who have reached their teens as well as maturity who never have owned

a tooth brush nor have ever been inside a dentist's office. What more can we expect of men and women broken down physically and mentally before they reach the prime of life? The mouth is the gateway to health, and if we fail to start in time to keep it in the best possible healthy condition we cant expect nothing else. So it behooves the parents, health departments, and teachers of the various schools to teach and train the children the importance of oral hygiene that they may grow up strong physically and mentally; that they may have children they can teach to observe the laws of "Health and Hygiene," and make them fit subjects to perform the duties as strong men and women that will reflect credit on their parents, schools and State.

Institutional Notes.

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

The dairy barn is being built rapidly. The silos are also being built.

Every evening because of favorable weather, the boys play ball.

New boys are arriving so fast that it seems that the eighth cottage must soon be opened.

Capt. T. L. Grier substituted a good bit in school for Mr. Johnson, who was sick a few days ago.

Because of rainy weather Monday, the boys on the work force were unable to do any work on the outside.

Stanly Armstrong, newly arrived at the school, has been placed in the Printing Office. He is making rapid progress.

Responding to the work which has been placed upon them, the lawns are now getting green. They are very pretty.

Capt. T. L. Grier is now working on the lawn facing first cottage. We hope it will be as beautiful as last year's lawn was.

A street leading between second and third cottages is being built. This road goes on down to the place where the bakery, ice plant, laundry and store room are located.

Another Wednesday which promised to bring joy to some of the boys has arrived and passed. Doyle Jackson and Homer Covington were the recipients of that day's joy, because it brought homefolks.

Lights have been placed on the posts beside the bottom steps of the Latham Pavilion. These, when at night, they are lighted, make the ground around Fifth Cottage the brightest spot at the school, whereas, this ground was formerly the darkest part of the campus.

Dudley Pangle whose visit to his home was noted in last week's issue has returned. His grandmother who was sick and whom he visited has improved very much. It is a pleasure to know that our boys can be trusted to their homes and that they return unattended.

Saturday is a day long to be remembered by the boys. It was the real opening of the base-ball season for them. On Saturday a fast game of ball was played with the

Winecoff High School team. The game was seven innings long. At first it seemed as if we were defeated but finally we came out on top.

Instead of going to school, Saturday, Capt. Grier, substituting for Mr. Johnson who is sick, took the boys under his charge to the ball-field, where he laid out a foul line and improved upon the general appearance of the diamond. He was preparing the grounds for that evening when the J. T. S. was schuduled to play another team.

Next Suuday, the boys will receive new Sunday-school quarterlies. They wonder of whom they will study in this new quarterly which will occupy their Sunday thoughts for three months. And this is not idle curiosity. The boys all like to get up their lessons for the coming Sunday. The quarterly which they have just finished taught of the prophets of Israel and of its downfall.

It is, indeed, a pleasure, to be at the school now. Every living thing is budding. Plants are budding with new life, green leaves and beautiful flowers. The boys here are budding with joy at being alive; praise to Him Who allows them to live. The scenery around the school is wonderful to behold, such is the opinion of Mrs. L. C. Withers of Charlotte, who gave vent to an uncontrollable burst of delight in the privilege of seeing it.

Friday Afternoon a committee of the Association of Editors of North Carolina met at the school. The afternoon school section "dressed-up" for the occasion, doning the uniform dress suit. The boys composing this section sat in school for a time, and, when the visitors arrived, they went out on the campus and "showed 'em how to drill." After this, the boys went to the ball-grounds while the visitors continued their inspection of the school. The reporter went with the crowd to the ball-grounds and did not see the visitors afterward.

STORY NOT HALF TOLD

That was a splendid write up Brother Cook, of The Uplift, gave this County in a recent issue of his paper. A double page cut of Bethel Hill High School was used, showing this splendid building in great shape. We regret that our issue containing the picture and write up of this splendid school could not have had pictures of the other four high schools, but the schools did not think they could afford the expense of the cut, hence Bethel Hill got all of the praise and glory, while Brother Cook doubtless thought that was the only high school building in the County with a house worth displaying. Just another case of where it pays to advertise.—Roxboro Courier.

CONCERNING HEALTH

By Swift Davis

Recently the writer read an item in The Charlotte Observer concerning the influenza epidemic at the Appalachian Training School. Strong sympathy is expressed by the boys here, for the afflicted ones and hope for the near future of their recovery is put fourth.

This leads to a reflection of the

"Flu" epidemic here, at the Jackson Training School and of its results which were very favorable, to say the least. Since that time very little sickness has occurred at the school. In fact, only two cases have been noted at all.

The "White House," as the place is called by the boys because of its color, is where the boys who are sick are conveyed, has had only these two occupants. One of them had a a broken leg.

Small wonder, that people like to visit the school, taking into consideration the delightful air and water, which is ours. Good food, fine air, pure water, plentv of refreshing sleep are only a few of the assests which make the visitors remark upon the health of the boys. Pallid faces, colorless cheeks are very, very, rare. After breakfast, dinner and supper a rest is taken by the boys so as to not injure their digestion. During this period the boys have a literature recreation.

Health is plentiful---will continue to be so. This is mainly written for the relatives of the boys who may feel worried over the condition of living for their boy. To them be it said to rest in peace and when they next see their boy, be prepared for a big, manly member of our Institution.

ANOTHER SIGN OF SPRING.

Spring is surely near at hand when Editor Ashcraft of Monroe Enquirer, can sing this Henhouse poetry:

In she came,
Down she sot,
Laid an egg
And up she got.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

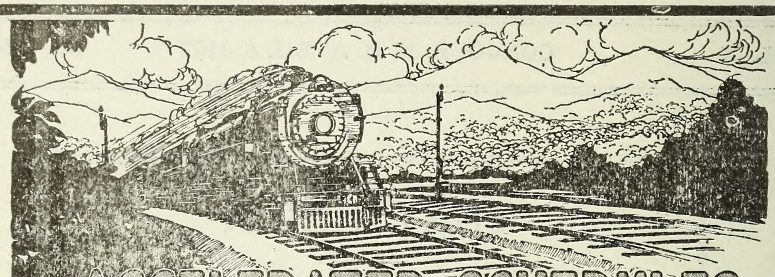
VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. APRIL 8, 1922 NO. 22

THE CHURCH

One of the favorite paintings of critics is Millet's "Angelus." A young laborer stands in the field, and by his side his wife, a simple peasant girl. He holds his hat in his hand and bows reverently. She clasps her hands, and is the expression of devotion. They are the only figures in the picture. There is a fork in the ground; at their side a wheelbarrow and a basket of potatoes, all telling the story of a day's work. The artist has made the light to fall upon his bowed head and her folded hands. What is the meaning of this scene. Why does it seem as if the very windows of heaven are open above it and the interest of angels is centered upon that ordinary field? Far away, in the dim outline, a church spire rises against the sky. You can almost hear the sound of the bell. It is the evening "Angelus." At its sound the laborer pauses to worship. The church bell is the keynote of the world's music, and the church spire is the key to the world'sbeauty. The triumphant march of human society depends upon their preservation. Whatever forces in the world militate against the interests of the Church ought to be opposed with all the courage of true heroism by all Christians.—From Cortland Myers.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time) ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C. lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C. lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C. lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C. lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C. lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C. lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C. lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA. lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va. lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va. lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA. lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C. lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys. lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA lv	11.33AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

"Oh, every fly that skips our swatters
Will have five million sons and daughters,
And countless first and second cousins;
Of aunts and uncles, scores and dozens
And fifty-seven billion nieces;
So knock the blamed thing all to pieces."
Walt Mason

GOING AFTER THE TRUTH OF THE SITUATION.

Elsewhere in this number will be found a most readable and serious article contributed by Mr. Zimmerman to the Raleigh News & Observer. He analyzes the housing conditions of the rural sections of North Carolina, and points out most earnestly and sensibly what must be done before we may hope to be headed right in the great struggle of bettering living conditions.

This writer knows some things and would give utterance to them, at the risk of being criticised, that in his partiality and love for his section he would resent were they uttered by strictly an outsider. Having lived practically a considerable life-time in sight of the very conditions which Mr. Zimmerman describes, he knows them to be true. Along this line, Mr. Clark, in his letter of this week, touches on the subject. He emphasizes all that is said by Mr. Zimmerman in reviewing what Iredell county, largely through Miss Celeste Henkel, did a year ago and is splendidly continuing this year.

It is the truth that makes us free. No chain is stronger than its weakest link. A people that have no vision are a lost people. The over-head

embelishments, the inordinate desire to centralize things, to create new offices with folks on fancy salaries—conspicuously higher than they could command elsewhere in normal organizations or corporations—will not bring our people into their own. The effort, the money, the propaganda, the prayers must be brought to bear direct on the subjects. Oh, for leaders that are not drunk with their authority and self-centred importance. Paying $3500 each a year to a dozen or so favorite satelites to glorify around the person of the chief, all comfortably housed and working (?) short hours, furnishes dope for the publicity agent; but the agents that go out in the sticks, go into the homes and mingle with the folks carrying messages of progress, developement and inspiration on salaries barely supporting them — these be the ones that will right the mistakes and wrongs, if such a blessing is to come.

* * * * * * * *

LET'S GO.

Monday, April 3, is a date the people of Cabarrus may well remember. It marks the time when public officials, seeing the light, put their hands to the plough, and cried "Let's Go."

The County Board of Education made an appropriation to the necessary funds for maintaining our All-Time Health Nurse for Cabarrus County. Its wise action removes all doubt of the continuance of this vital agency in the county.

Following this, the County Commissioners, joining the State and Federal powers, authorized its part of the campaign against bovine tuberculosis in the County—a sensible and progressive step.

Now, if the County Commissioners, deserving much praise for its forward vision, will get busy and provide for the building of a suitable tubercular hospital or camp for the indigent sufferers among us, it will have completed a wise, sane and humanitarian programme. See that picture on another page. If Cabarrus County had a place to properly segregate and treat this woman and her husband (and scores of others), saving their lives, preventing a spread of the terrible tubercular bugs and saving these innocent children, well—what a service!

Let's Go Some More!

* * * * * * * * *

The suggestion of consolidating the several state educational institutions under one directorate---forming the idea of one great university system---has met with a variety of opinions by the special friends of the respective

schools and by the press generally. The accomplishment of this suggestion may lead to the perfectly natural and logical business of adding another Supervisor with a desk in the Department of Education. The monthly salary pay-roll of approximately ten thousand dollars would not be materially increased thereby: floor space might be lacking, but the department could swarm again taking up additional quarters so as to have elbow-room.

• • • • • • • •

It is a peculiar pleasure manifested throughout the state over the selection of Rev. Dr. B. R. Lacy, of Atlanta, to preach the Annual Sermon at the comming commencement of the University. Mr. Lacy is one of the most scholarly men of the younger set in the South, was a plumb good fighter across the seas, and is a most able preacher. You could truthfully say many of these things about his daddy, State Treasurer Lacy, only the latter while he can preach some mighty fine gospel sermons has not been officially licensed to do so.

• • • • • • • •

THE UPLIT joins his many friend among the craft in congratulations over the evidences of growth and prosperity that are attending the efforts of Editor J. F. Hurley, as expressed in a new modern publication house which he has just about finished for the Salisbury Post. There are larger buildings given over to the newspaper business in the state, but none can surpass the one Mr. Hurley is erecting for himself in the matter of light, convenience, adapability and appearence. In addition to the new building, The Post is about to get an entirely new outfit.

• • • • • • • •

Messrs J. J. Blair and W. E. Credle, of the State Department of Education, have gone to Nashville, Tenn., where they will, according to the Raleigh News & Obeserver, "take a short course in school house designing under Dr. Fletcher B. Dresslar." After their return, says the N. & O., the Department "will issue a bulletin containing all the available development in the design of school buildings."

• • • • • • • •

The Contractor is nearing a completion of our Dairy Barn, which in all its appointments and equipment will be the last word in dairy barn construction. Much care has been taken with our herd of cattle, for milk and butter are prime neccessities where so many young folks are to be fed.

• • • • • • • •

Greensboro is having a lively scrap among her citizens over the question

of the city's lending its credit to the Southern railway for the funds needed for the erection of a new passenger station. That fine, wide-awake city needs a new station where one may have elbow room.

* * * * * * * * *

There are too many fires taking place in North Carolina. The destruction of property, by accident, defective construction or otherwise, is getting to be alarming.

* * * * * * * * *

Governor Morrison is doing his part in making the County School Commencements attractive to-dos and beneficial.

THE ASS'S BRAINS

The Lion and the Fox went hunting together. The Lion, on the advice of the Fox, sent a message to the Ass, proposing to make an alliance between their two families. The Ass came to the place of meeting, overjoyed at the prospect of a royal allionce. But when he came there the Lion simply pounced upon the Ass, and said to the Fox: "Here is our dinner for to-day. Watch here while I go and have a nap. Woe betide you if you touch my prey." The Lion went away and the Fox waited; but finding that his master did not return, ventured to take out the brains of the Ass and ate them up. When the Lion came back he soon noticed the absence of the brains, and asked the Fox in a terrible voice: 'What have you done with the brains?"

"Brains, your Majesty! it had none, or would never have fallen into your trap."

"WIT HAS ALWAYS AN ANSWER READY."

HOW HE TOOK ON FOUR POUNDS

The average layman and busy citizen, going about the duties that enter his life, has never taken time to ascertain for himself just what the buisness of the Partent-Teacher Associations, of which we hear so much now and then in the newspapers, is.

The good old town of Concord, which follows sometimes, often way behind, the pattern set by other communities, has a Parent-Teacher Association. It got busy about the public schools of Concord; and an old fogy of a fellow inquired, "what's this new thing Prof. Webb has introduced into our schools?" This is all the excuse THE UPLIFT desires for going slightly into details. It will prove interesting and gratifying to those who love childhood, and who desire to give it the best possible chance and equipment for life---it will probably bore those, who live to themselves and are obsessed with the ideas and plans that governed their activities, and who care not for the conditions that confront childhood, just so their own are not involved.

THE UPLIFT made inquiry of Prof. A. S. Webb, superintendent of the public schools of Concord, seeking a story of just what the local Parent-Teacher Association was doing in connection with his schools. Prof. Webb, cordially and politely responding, said that he had turned the request over to Miss Mary King, stating that she was responsible for the existence of the Parent-Teacher Association in Concord, had brought it into life and was, with others, successfully directing its operations, or words to that effect.

The average parent, as is well known---in fact oftentimes without a chick or a child, or moving thing charged to his household, he may settle knotty educational subjects, give valuable(?) advice to teachers and plan a day's duties --sometimes butts in and makes the teacher's life a sorrow. But this thing that has spread over the country---the parent-Teacher Association—has wormed itself into the very affections of a large class of patrons and has won the respect and endorsement of others simply because of its worthy accomplishments and is gloriously humanitarian.

Among the many fine activitles for which the Parent-Teacher Association stands for---bringing the child and the parent closer to-gether, arriving at the truth, the weaknesses and the deficiences and the peculiarities are worthwhile --is humanitarian; the care given to the undernourished child is an outstanding function of the Association. This idea is the outgrowth of the teaching and the propaganda of the health forces. It is where a sensible and efficient recognition of the duties toward childhood shine the brightest.

The picture, appearing elsewhese, was taken of the little tots in their happiness and glory over the delightful nourishment given them twice-a-day at one of the Concord schools presided over by Miss King. It is an inspiring picture. It has long been settled that milk is one of the finest and most essential foods for the child. It is known that many

a child does not get the milk its system requires, for one reason and another. It is known, too, that there is many a child, from hardships at home, from carelessness, indifference or other causes, leaves home for a day in school without having eaten anything. That's a hard proposition for the teacher and a cruelty to the child. Here is where the undernourishment observed in children becomes most noticable and prevents that development of body and mind, for which all sensible school activities aim.

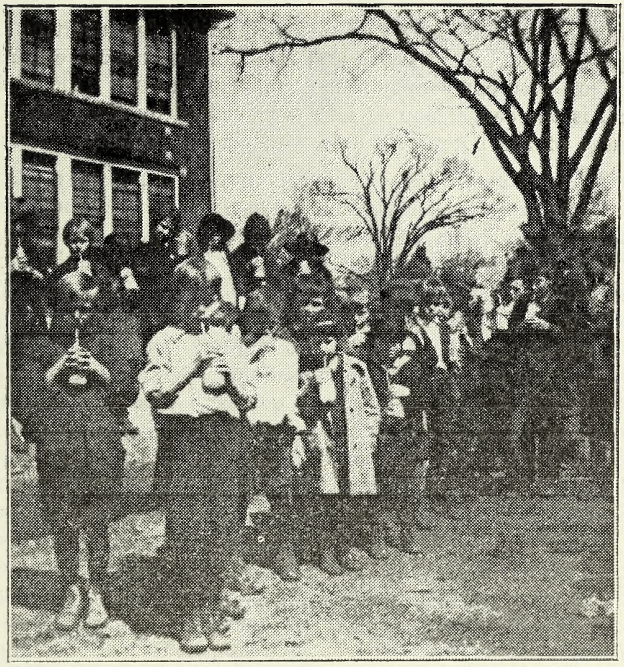
The source that furnishes milk for carrying out the programme of the Association is maintained by volunteers. This good woman here gives ten dollars. Seeing the splendid results, she will probably come back with another ten. Another good woman dropping in at this novel feed time, and becoming so enthused with the beautiful picture of 40 happy little Americans taking their half-pint milk nourishment through sanitary straws, dropped in a five. She'll return with another five sometime. The local King's Daughters. of course, have made a contribution, By and by a number of the men in the community, who have prospered in this world's goods, will see the noble efforts of the Association and the gratifying results and they will come to its aid and support. Good people do such things.

The very first thing done when Miss King got ready to introduce this beneficial innovation, was to call in Miss Stockton, the all-time Health Nurse of Cabarrus county. This efficient and sensible woman went about her job in accordance with the rules that govern examinations of this kind. The ages were ascertained, then by a common rule it was understood what the height and weight should be. Somewhere in the forty's was the number found who lacked the regulation height and weight for their ages; and in a number of cases marked evidences of undernourishment were discovered. The great majority of the children took to the milk-drinking feast with alacrity; some balked because they had never drunk milk and had persuaded themselves that they did not and would not like milk. A kindly persuasion, accompanied by sound reasoning, soon brought the youngsters to the attractive half-pint bottles. Be it said to the credit of the parents, not a one raised any objection to this humanitarian act, either from sensitiveness, pride or foolishness. On the other hand quite a number of the parents, knowing the value of this diet, and having been unable themselves to persuade their children to drink as much milk as they knew they needed, applaud Miss King's progressiveness, ideas and success, and even gratuitously furnish some of the milk.

Does it do any good? Isn't a child, whose hunger has been appeased, in better trim for school duties? Is it a hobby that has gotten into the schools? The proper nourishment, the increasing of weight and vitality, producing better spirits may be a hobby, it is a sound hobby. In a month, some of the children increased in weight as much as four pounds---all showed increases, happier frame of mind, more energy and a greater interest in their school

(Continued On Page 31)

A MILK PERFORMANCE



At milk-period in one of the Concord Public Schools, where the Parent-Teacher Association through Miss Mary King is carrying on the business of looking after the undernourished. These little Americans are thoroughly enjoying what humanitarian thoughtfulness is providing for them. From sanitary bottles, clean straws, this life-giving, health-producing and bone-and-flesh making repast reaches the spot without coming in contact with fingers or outside influences.

Going on for only a few weeks, the wisdom is manifest. The children are happier, they go about their little school duties with enthusiasm, they are taking on flesh and all have gained in weight and strength. Let the people support it—it will amount to lots more than burning gas in useless, show-off joy parading.

THE WAY THEY DO IN IREDELL

BY R. R. CLARK

We Iredell people are beholden to **The Uplift** editor for inserting in his publication the programme of the home and school improvement campaign in Iredell, in connection with our county school commencement. This as **The Uplift** has mentioned, is the conception of and is promoted by Miss Celeste Henkel, who is in charge of the home economic work in this county. Miss Henkel's ability, industry, wide vision and personal popularity have made her work most successful. A year ago she promoted a similar campaign and the results were so beneficial, pleasing and attracted such wide-spread interest, that she was encouraged to similar effort this year. We are all looking forward to splendid results on the 22d, the final date. **The Uplift** does not give Iredell too much credit when it suggests the work in this county as an example and inspiration to others. We haven't reached perfection, nor do I think that we are unduly puffed with pride. But in some things we feel that we are going ahead, and especially in such work as that mentioned. Other counties have debates and athletic events and similar contests in connection with school improvement and home improvement contests such as Iredell is promoting, which mean so much for better living conditions in our rural districts. That expression is not used in a patronizing manner. The rural districts naturally do not have the advantages the urban citizens are able to obtain. But the rural people can have many advantages they do not have if the spirit of improvement, of home and community and school betterment, is aroused. So when prizes are offered—and substantial prizes, too by our progressive business and professional men—to the community that has made the most improvements in homes, schools and grounds the past year; to the community that installs the most electrical appliances, that paints the most homes and barns, etc., etc., it requires no argument to demonstrate the advantages that will result form such a contest. Not only will there be a healthy rivalry as to the improvements, but a spirit of improvement, that will include modern conveniences and attractive homes and surroundings, will be cultivated that will continue to grow. Prizes are also offered for the most improvements in the schools, the buildings and grounds, such as can be secured by community interest and co-operation; and for home improvements—the most attractive bedroom, using old furniture (fixing up with what you have), the most kitchen conveniences, the most comfortable living room, etc. One can hardly estimate the good results from the cultivation of this spirit of home and community betterment.

There is one feature of the contest that is some what unusual. In addition to the various prizes for compositions and essays, there is a prize to any adult in the county for the best essay on "One of Iredell's Distinguished Men." This includes not only persons born in the county, but others who have done their life work

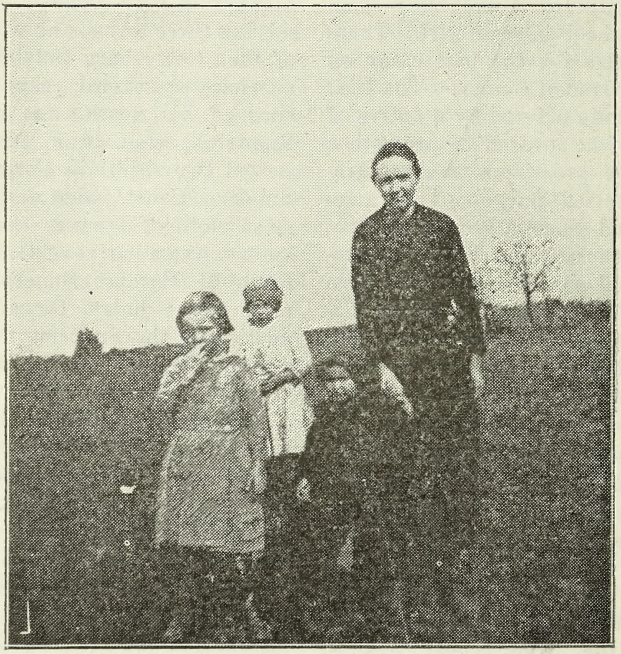
in Iredell; and it means not those who have attained material success only but those who have attained distinction in their profession or in the public service and who won success under difficulties, and especially those who have contributed to the public welfare. A similar prize is offered for a like essay to any adult resident of Mooresville or Statesville; and there is also a prize for a like essay from any high school boy or girl. There is also a prize for the best essay on a history of Iredell county. The first two prizes were offered by a native of the county who desired to promote a study of the prominent men of Iredell for historical purposes. As a result men and women, boys and girls, are busy gathering material for write-ups of Iredell citizens, the native born and others who have conferred distinction on the county. It is anticipated that a wealth of material will be offered and the best of it may be preserved in permanent form.

Some years ago I had occasion to take note of citizens of Iredell who had attained distinction within the last half century or more and was surprised to find that only two native-born citizens in that period had come to special prominence while living in the county—Mr. Jos. P. Caldwell, distinguished editor (and a part of his most noted work was done while a resident of an adjoining county); and Hon. W. D. Turner, who was Lieutenant Governor 1901-5. The county has had members of Congress, Superior and Supreme Court judges, and Speakers of the Legislature, but all of them, in the period since the War Between the States, were natives of other counties. Hon. Jos. Pearson Caldwell, father of Editor Caldwell, who was a member of Congress at the time of his death in 1853, was the last native born son to attain that distinction. Judge Anderson Mitchell, who lived in Statesville while serving as Superior Court Judge in the period early after the War of the Sixties, was a native of Caswell county; Hon. William M. Robbins, who attained distinction as a member of Congress, serving three terms, and was a member of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission for several years and at the time of his death, was a native of Randolph; Hon. R. F. Armfield, who served two terms in Congress, was a Superior Court judge and one of the most eminent lawyers the State has known, was a native of Guilford; Hon. David M. Furches, Superior and Supreme Court judge, for a time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was a native of Davie county; Hon. Albert L. Coble, Superior Court judge, was a native of Alamance; Hon. B. F. Long, who was solicitor and who succeeded Coble as Judge, is also a native of Alamance; Hon. A. Leazar, who represented Iredell for several terms in the Legislature and was Speaker of the House, was a native of Rowan; and Hon. H. P. Grier, Speaker of the last Legislature, first saw the light in South Carolina. Some native born Iredell men have won distinction in other States, but for more than fifty years the county has been most hospitable to those who came into the county from elsewhere.

While it might seem that native born Iredell men were without honor in their own baliwick, there has been no apparent discrimination against native sons, and to our credit be it said

we have never raised the issue of nativity. But the honors we have given to those coming among us is evidence that Iredell is a good county to move to. This same situation may exist in many other counties, but it has seemed to me rather unusual that so many Iredell men who gained distinction while residents of the county were born outside the county.

MOVING AMONG US



"What are you going to do about it?" was the subject of a contribution of M. N. C. in The Uplift of April 1st. Here is the subject and the occasion of that article. A mother with tuberculosis, a father with tuberculosis, wasting his strength in a torturing hacking cough, no money, no chattels except a dilapidated buggy and a bony horse, and about three hundred pounds of household effects, and now having nowhere to put them since his landlord gave orders for his moving. The case of the father and mother is a trying ordeal—unable to get treatment to stop the angry march of the cruel disease, the county having no where to send them. But what of these children, innocent, irresponsible for conditions under which they have been brought into the world—what is

to become of them? What? What? When organized government reaches that point where it can take such people and house them and treat them and save the children from the lurking dangers that beset them in such a plight—then that government will be reaching the glory of a proper functioning. It's the thing to do, even if we do it to keep the dangers from our own household. Tuberculosis bugs have no more respect for a well-to-do and finely dressed individual than for poverty in tattered rags.

THE SORT OF SERMON FOR TODAY

(Greensboro Advocate.)

The long, prosaic sermon is clearly out of date. People who are accustomed to clip off twenty-five miles an hour without breaking the speed limit will not be content to give an hour to a little rambling history of the Jews, a few platitudes as dry as last year's bird nest and about as useless, and a long drawn out tale that has the flavor of the graveyard, all of which together is called a sermon. If sermons of that sort ever served any good purpose, their day has passed not to return.

Another fallacy is to make the sermon short and thin. That ruse will not work. The needs of modern life are too awful and too deep for any kind of trick to meet the demands of the hour. The call is not long sermons nor for short sermons, nor for thick sermons nor for thin sermons, but it is for sermons saturated with prayer, bathed in tears, and as high as heaven and as deep as the bottomless pit. If sermons are high enough and deep enough and hot enough, they will bear almost any length. The courage of a prophet and the passion of an apostle never fail to get a hearing in any age.

Amos was a poor country preacher, who had been making a living down in Judea raising scrub cattle and trimming fig trees. God sent him up to a big rich city church at Samaria, where the people rolled in wealth and luxury, went their round of formal religion and were content. But when Amos got to his new charge he preached justice and judgment. "Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy voice. But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream."

That kind of preaching was not the sort that they had been accustomed to hear. Samaria woke up, Amos got a hearing, and the world has never been the same since this prophet of righteousness was sent of God to preach to those rich sinners in Samaria.

John the Baptist did not give his time to lopping off limbs, or in "taking off the bark" as some preachers boast of doing, but he laid the axe to the root of the tree, and that moral woodchopper soon had the crowds running after him. The multitudes flocked to hear him, Herod could cut off his head, but ghosts haunted Herod the remainder of his days, and Jesus brings His tribute of praise in the immortal declaration, "Among them that are born of women there has not

arisen a greater than John the Baptist.''

Such examples show with much clearness and unmistakable emphasis just what kind of preachers God can use in any period of the world's history. And this present age is no exception. Passionate prophets of God who address themselves to the great essentials of the kingdom of God and to the universal needs of the human spirit, will have the approval of God upon their ministry.

THE COW.

(''Nimrod'' in Chatham Record.)

The cow is man's most useful beast, her golden products grace his feast. A pension she is justly due, and well deserves a bonus, too; for few a better claim can wield for gallant service in the field. Her milk and butter, cream and cheese—she makes a specialty of these, and no good cook would ever dare to drop them from the bill of fare, for cakes would only be delusive fakes. The substitutes that men produce are known as just a poor excuse.

The cow should have good things to eat, like toasted flakes and cream of wheat, and when she rests her drowsy head she ought to have a downy bed. We need to watch her smallest ills supplied with liniment and pills. She's automatic in a way and goes herself to cut the hay; whatever weather comes to pass she swats the flies and cuts the grass. On passing let us briefly note, she leaves the tin cans for the goats. She eats most anything you wish, but onions form her choicest dish.

The motor cars and tractors, too, perform most all the horse can do, but no one yet has told us how to have good cream without the cow. And when at last her hoary age has forced her from the butter stage, the butcher, ever wide awake, will carve her up in chunks of steak; the leather man, we might confide, will find a gold mine in her hide. All honors on her humble head, she serves us well, alive or dead!

How Shall We Plead To This Indictment?

(By C. C. Zimmerman. in News & Observer)

Whiie the commission appointed by governor Cameron Morrison to improve the food conditions in North Carolina has everybody talking about how to swallow vitamines and how to put a cow, a hen, a hog and a barrel of hominy on every Tar Heel farm, a few might be interested in so vital a subject as the North Carolina farm home.

Did it ever strike you that there is little chance of improving either the physical or moral conditions of people when whole families are housed in two-room shacks? And yet there are more than 8,573 such shacks today in North Carolina, which shelter approximately 50,000

North Carolina farm people.

In these days of efficiency no one denies that better working facilities increase the productiveness of labor. We have improved our factores, put skylights in them, painted them white, made the walls all windows, rearranged them and done a thousand such things because the physical and phychological effect increases productiveness. We have passed tenement and housing laws. We have built parks and play-grounds for urban families; and yet the farm family, the only family unit in tne world today which also remains a self-sufficing economic unit, is still in 8,573 cases right here in North Carolina, trying to live and eke out a day by day existence cramped within the unpaperd walls of a two-room shack.

Largest Families, Smallest Houses

To make the matter worse, the largest families reside in these smallest houses, because the large families and the smallest houses are characteristic of the poorer classes.

Can a mother cook a decent meal ---with just the amount of carbohydrates, fats, proteins and vitamines ---if she is cramped by a bed, a table, a washtub and a cradle in the same little room with her cook stove. Can you expect her to be the same mother as the woman whose kitchen is a well-arranged special workshop with running water and a kitchen cabinet.

There is no getting around the fact that every farm is a factory; that every farm produces food and raw materials which feed the workers and keep industry going; that in addition every farm is a human factory turning out boys and girls.

These farm boys and girls, like the crops of food and raw materials, flow in a constant stream to the towns and cities. By the time the farm boys and girls reach the cities their ideas, habits and standards of good and right are in a large degree already formed. In too many cases these tastes and standards were formed or rather misformed in a two-room shanty that could hardly be called a home.

Let us ask this question—Which of the three farm products is fundamental, food, raw materials or people? Let us ask another question —Are North Carolina farms as well equipped to produce people as they are to produce corn, cotton or tobacco?

North Carolina has 269,763 farm homes housing 1,389,279 men, women, boys and girls. For each hundred houses there are on the average 515 people. Of these 269,763 homes, at least 8,573 have only two rooms. If the families were of only average size, these houses would shelter 44,150 North Carolina people. But as every body knows that poor families are big families, it is safe to say that 50,000 citizens of North Carolina have not enough room in their houses for ordinary privacy.

The Minimum Standard.

Housings experts have estimated that the minimum housing standard for purposes of health, convenience and decency in an average of one and a half rooms for each occupant of a house. Thus a family of two persons should have a three-room house, four persons a six-room house and five persons at least a seven-room

house.

Experts also tell us that the epuipment of a home, next to its size, has most to do in determining its efficiency and the kind of human product it will make. By that statement they mean that homes with screens, rocking chairs, rugs, baths, indoor toliets and running water most often turn out the best people.

If we are to improve conditions in rural North Carolina, our primary job is to improve the efficiency of the farm home. This can only be done by remedying the size of the home and its equipment.

How many North Carolina farm mothers toil from year end to year end without washing machines, kitchen cabinets, running water, refrigerators or sewing machines at their disposal? How many rural homes lack electric lights, indoor toilets, bathtubs, rugs, musical instruments, screens and newspapers? No one seems to know. We have never gathered the facts.

A college professor was invited not long ago to make a talk in a rural community on "Better Rural Living." He was invited to have supper at the home of one of the leading farmers of the community. When he arrived for supper he fonud to his surprise that not a rug was to be found in the house; that the family ate in the kitchen by the stove and sat on boards nailed to the table. There were three beautiful daughters and one son in the family. Three of these children had been away to school.

That family could have afforded to live better. As a matter of fact, they could have better afforded to maintain a high standard of living. Yet there are thousands of farm families in North Carolina just like the one described. They own their farms and have a bank account but they live as their grandfathers did in the pioneer days of agriculture.

Increasing Efficiency.

We can increase the efficiency of the farm home by educating the people to want better homes. We must educate the parents as well as their children. Education for children must come through the schools. For the parents, there are the farm papers and the home demonstration workers.

Rural schools are not doing their job as they should. Every one knows that so we will not discuss them here.

But for purposes of direct action, let's talk about Mrs. Jane McKimmon's home demonstration agents.

In 1921 there were 49 agents in 49 different counties doing home improvement work. How come! Aren't there one hundred counties in North Carolina? Can it be that the rural housing standard of fifty-one North Carolina counties is perfect? Does every house in the fifty-one counties without a demonstration agent have a bathtub, an indoor toilet, a kitchen cabinet, the proper rugs, furniture and ventilation?

All the counties having home demonstration agents showed need of improvements, thirty reported distinct improvements in home condition as a result of definite campaigns put on by the demonstration workers. These counties reported new equipment as follows: 219 washing machines, 234 water systems, 473 lighting systems and 81 heating systems. A total of 1,313 kitchens were screened and 780 rearranged on an efficient basis. In 2,012 homes the walls were refinish-

ed, and in 1,848 others the floors were painted, recovered and improved. Kitchen cabinets were put in 219 homes previously without them, and 617 families bought fireless cookers. Living rooms in 917 homes were refinished so as to give them more of a homelike air, and in 538 homes the bedrooms were improved. More than 2,600 houses previously not protected from flies were screened during the year as a direct result of the home demonstration work.

So you see North Carolina is starting the job of improving the farm home and doing it most efficiently through the home demonstration workers. Let us state the program for the permanent improvement of North Carolina rural home conditions:

1. Put a good home demonstration agent in every county in the State. In each of the thickly populated counties put two.

2. In each county that has a colored farm population of more than 1,000 families, put one or two colored home demonstration worker.

3. Turn the searchlight of public opinion directly upon rural schools.

If North Carolina expects to remove the social barriers which exist between town and country, this piece of educational work must be done. The home of the farmer must be improved until it is equal or better than that of the town dweller. We must fix a permanent rural civilization upon the soil of the South that will be an asset and pride to future generations.

The United States refuses to join the league, and yet it insists upon blocking every move the league makes without first consulting this country; and when the league does consult us, we wait a year before answering the inquiry! Is it any wonder that we have become the most cordially detested nation on th face of the earth?—Greensboro News.

ANCIENT WHALE PUT AWAY.

(News and Observer.)

Rib by rib, vertebrae by vettebrae, workmen have unhooked the venerable old whale from his moorings in the State Museum, boxed him up and put him to rest for a period. Twenty-eight years is long enough for any old whale to hang suspended from the ceiling anhow. He is deserving of of rest.

A year or so from now when the new Agricultural building is finished somebody will get out his bones and the blue print of him, re-assemble the skeleton and again the multitude will gaze again upon the like of which there is not in all the South. The blue print is very materially important. Whales have a lot of bones, this venerable specimen about 1,800.

MUSEUM IS EMPTY

All the relics, curios and what not that have been collected into the Museum in the 72 years of its statu-

tory existence have been boxed up and put away. The long, high-ceiled rooms of the old building are shut up and await the hand of the executioner. There is no Museum any more, and the last of the exhibits to go was this ancient Eubalcena Glacialis.

North Carolina has owned him 46 years. He was caught off Morehead City in 1875, and the next year his bones were presented to the State by Colonel John S. Woodard, then president of the Atlantic & North Carolina---"Mullet"---railroad. Lots of whales used to be caught off Morehead when whalebone still contributed to milady's wordrobe, and whale oil was burned in lamps.

COL. WOODARD DONOR.

Just how the Colonal acquired the skeleton of this demi-monster of the deep is not a matter of record, but he got it and gave it to his State. Moreover, he paid the freight on it, 3,500 pounds. Railroads were more human and convenient to live with in those days before the Government got so interested in their welfare.

No room was avaible for the mass of bones, and the lot was thrown carelessly on the floor. Nearly twenty years they rested there, and might have been there yet but for the kindly intervention of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Then practically everything movable was stripped away from the Museum and sent to Chicago.

With most of his treasures gone, Curator H. H. Brimley had time on his hands, and some considerable space. He got to working with the old whale, and before the stuff came back from Chicago, he had assembled the 1,800 bones in their proper order, and hoisted the frame half way to the ceiling. It has hung there ever since.

CHINESE PUZZLE EASY.

Vast labor and vast ingenuity was expended. There was no working model to go by, and the things had to be done by experimention. No Chinese puzzle was ever more baffling, and besides that, the great bones, some of them 14 feet long, had to be wired, or worse yet, have steel rods inserted in them to give stability. Eventually it was done.

North Carolina is one of the few States that can boast of such a creature. Charleston has a smaller one and there are one or two in other museums, but this is quite the finest specimen of them all. In his glory, the old whale was 51 feet long, and weighed 200,000 pounds. The Skeleton is 45 feet and a few inches in length. Every bone is included, and when he is re-assembled, no such labor as the first assemblage will be necessitated.

HOW OLD? WELL---

How old the old whale might have been is a matter about which the Curator does not speculate. He quit speculating about ages of his creatures some years ago when he dug up a prehistoric elephant down in Onslow county. He was pridefully showing the thing to a good churchman who happend to be on his board at the time. The old mountineer wanted to know about the thing's age---when was it that there were hairy elephants in this State.

"That, of course, is uncertain," Mr. Brimley made answer. "Some geologists place the age of this specimen at 50,000 years, others at

perhaps 500,000 years. Certainly it must be as much as 50,000 years."

"Wh-what's that?" spluttered the churchman, who no doubt is a strong supporter of William Jennings Byran. "Don't you know the world ain't but six thousand years old."

Mr. Brimley dosen't say how old the whale was, or how old anything else is that he has not exact figures on. But the old whale was probably in Methuselah class when he fell a prey to Morehead City fishermen.

Davidson county, called by the scorner "Darkest Davidson," is forging right to the front in education. The school districts are merging so as to secure better houses and better teachers, and the school spirit generally is strong and wholesome. There is a great day ahead of old Davidson.—Charity & Children.

STARTING A RELIGIOUS PAPER.

(Mooresville Enterprise.)

Ninety-seven years ago when there were very few newspapers printed in North Carolina, Rev. Robert H. Morrison, A. M., the first president of Davidson College, set on foot a plan whereby the people of North Carolina should have a religious paper and issued from Fayetteville. The first copy of the paper The Telegraph was printed in the form below, and the original subscribers had their names appended. This old paper was secured by the Enterprise from Miss Julia Stirewalt, of this city. You will find it interesting and it is somewhat of a curio in the annals of printing of to-day.

PROPOSALS FOR PUBLISHING

The importance of periodical publications has long been felt and acknowledged. By them intelligence is diffused, error corrected, prejudice removed, vice restrained, and virtue cherished, to an extent worthy of universal regard. As men feel a deep interest in whatever relates to their political rights and temporal prosperity, vehicles of worldly news have, in all civilized countries, been sought with eagerness and supported with liberality.

But as the claims of Jehovah, the interests of the Soul, and the solemnities of Eternity, far surpass in magnitude all other things, it is reasonable to expect that religious pubcations would rise up gaining patronage among men, and exerting a beneficial influence in forming their characters. Happily the present age is beginning to answer this expectation by a growing anxiety for religious knowledge, and a lovely display of benevolent enterprise. We live at a time when plans for public good are boldly conceived and fearlessly executed. To bless others is becoming the ambition of the highest and the recompense of the lowest. To stop the growth of human misery, by opposing the march of human corruption, is now attempted in almost every land. To carry "far as the curse is found" the tidings of

peace and the means of purity, unties the strength of a thousand hands, and engages the prayers of ten thousand hearts.

These efforts are not without success. The cause of truth prospers. The kingdom of righteousness advances. The works of darkness give way, and unnumbered triumphs of the Gospel promise the approach of better times. But the work is only begun. Millions of the human family are yet covered with darkness, guilt and pollution. Thousands in our own country know nothing of the way of life.

To Christians the cry for help must be raised. They are the honored instruments by which Christ will set up his kingdom in the world. His standard they are privileged and required to follow; and to do so without dismay, and fight under it without defeat, they must act in concert. To secure this they must know their relative strength and movement. In a well-organized army there are watchmen to look out for danger, and messengers to report the acts of each division, and the success of every attempt; so, in the host of the Lord there must be heralds to bear tidings of what is doing, and sentinels to guard against hostile invasions. The army of Christ is not drawn up in one field of battle. It is scattered over the whole earth. Hence the necessity and usefulness of religious papers, by which Christians in every country may know what is effected, what remains to be done, and how to cooperate with each other in doing it. There is no other way in which to make known the wants of every section of the Church, and to ensure concentrated and vigorous exertions among the friends of Zion. Accordingly, in all parts of the Church, and among all denominations of Christians, such publications are rapidly multiplying and cheerfully supported.

North Carolina, containing a population of more than six hundered thousand, and many flourishing churches, has not one such paper. Why this lamentable deficency? No State in the Union of equal importance and respectability but supports one or more.

The experiment is now to be made whether the people of our State are willing to patronize such a publication. That they are richly able none will pretend to deny.

The editor of the Telegraph will use every exertion to make it a faithful Journal of religious intellegence, and an impartial advocate of Christian doctrine and vital piety. He will have before him a choice of seclection of the best papers and magazines in this country and some of the ablest foreign Journals, from which he hopes at all times to present an interesting abstract of useful information. He will also be aided by original communications from some of the most distinguished gentlemen in the State.

As learning and religion adorn and promote each other, and cannot be separated without mutilating both, the columns of the Telegraph will be filled in part with select literary pieces, designed to increase the knowledge and gratify the taste of all its readers. And as Christians owe many of their dearest privileges to the admirable Constitution of our wise and happy government, and are deeply interested in its prosperity, a faithful detail of political events, do-

mestic and foreign, will at all times be given.

Appropriate remarks on agricultural improvements and Domestic Economy will occasionally be inserted.

And 'last but not least,' the improvement, dignity, and usefulness of the Female Sex will find in the Telegraph a willing and sincere advocate.

The paper will be large, neatly printed, and with the best type. No advertisements will be admitted.

The first number to be issued as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers is obtained.

Price Three Dollars a year, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid in advance.

Fayetteville, July 1, 1825.

Thomas V. Cannon ..... Concord
John H. Alexander ..... Concord
John C. Ross ..... Walnut Grove
Stephen Alexander ..... Do
Kiah P. Harris ..... Concord
Mary L. Alexander ..... Concord
Moses Alexander ..... Concord
Levi Hope ..... Walnut Grove
John W. Reed ..... Do
John Stevenson ..... Concord
Joseph Crawford ..... Concord
Charles W. Harris ..... Walnut Grove
Seth Rogers ..... Concord
Robert Querry ..... Robert W. Smith's
Thos Hope ..... Do
Johseph Wallace ..... Walnut Grove
Silas Young ..... Concord
Benjamin Alexander ..... Smith's
Geo. Fleming ..... Missouri S. Jackson
Ambrose Alexander ..... Concord
Abner Alexander ..... Smith's
James Cannan ..... Concord
James Allison ..... Walnut Grove
Samuel Kellough ..... Do
David McRee ..... Concord
Isaiah Deweese ..... Walnut Grove
James Wallis ..... Walnut Grove
Jediah Wallace ..... Concord

PAUL'S IRON EXCLAMATION

By Ladd Plumley

Paul Nelson gazed from the window, hardly knowing he was looking out into the railroad yards. The chugging of yard engines and the cheerful bustle of the terminal only made Paul's heart more heavy. From time to time he lifted a letter, gazing at it with misty eyes. The letter was a curt dismissal from the road, couched in the abrupt style of the general manager, who never wasted the road's type writing ribbons.

"Anybody might have made the blunder!" exclaimed Paul. He scowled as he turned his eyes toward the desk of the head clerk of the accounting division, Mr. Simpson, who had gone home at five.

Simpson wasn't exactly a lovable man, but then, when a man has juggled with railroad figures for thirty-odd years, is an old bachelor in poor health and living in a boarding house, there are excuses for crankiness. Blunders by the clerks in his departmetn were considered by Simpson as unforgiveable crimes, and for months there had been a kind of an epidemic of blunders in the accounting division. Paul had made a blunder, a blunder that outside a railroad headquarters

might have been considered as rather funny, but unfortunately the blunder was made at the very time when it was most dangerous. For the stiff old manager, Jonas Crea, had let it be understood that the next blunder would most certainly cost the blunderer his position.

And the overlord of the road, dignified and prideful, was not pleased when he received by the hand of a messenger a communication which read, "Dear sir: The road notes that you are frequently late at your desk. You are expected to be at your work from eight until five. Ten minutes loss of time each day means monthly a loss of hours of service to the road. THIS NOTICE IS MEANT FOR YOU."

Mr. Crea himself had given orders that the notices were to be sent to certain of the clerks, and that he should receive a copy seemed to him as a kind of insult. Moreover, the afternoon the notices were enclosed in envelopes by Paul, other notices of a meeting of the road's executives were also sent out. The executive meeting was an important one, and Mr. Crea, who prided himself on keeping such appointments, did not receive his notice and was not present.

"Mad as a hatter!" exclaimed Simpson, when calling Paul down. "I don't blame Mr. Crea. And he called me down, as if I could be expected to put notices in envelopes myself. Mr. Crea stated that the very next error made in this department would cost the clerk his job. He never goes back on what he says. It's your home town and the woods for you! You draw your pay to the first of the month, and you look for another job. That's all! Here's your dismissal!"

To go back to his home town and acknowledge to his folks he had been discharged! To Paul that seemed almost impossible. Yet there would be little chance for employment in the railroad town, for any application for future employment would require a statement of his dismissal. His pay had been small, and he had saved nothing, and at the end of two weeks he would have nothing with which to pay his board bill. There seemed but one thing to do—to go back home.

It was late when with a sad face he entered Mrs. Sullivan's railroad boarding house.

"And what's ailing ye?" asked Mrs. Sullivan, as she stumped into the dining-room with Paul's supper. "The road's kept ye late before, but ye've never been grouchy 'cause ye've been kept late. What's ailing ye, I'm asking?"

Mrs. Sullivan had a big heart in her big body, and she had passed through many troubles. The big heart and her own troubles were the reasons why all her boarders unloaded on her their own troubles, and the story of Paul's dismissal went across the table into her open ears. Her broad face grinned when she heard of the anger of the manager. Her husband had been a trainman and she had heard of the manager and his reputation as to pride.

"We all gits our lessons," said the widow, when the story was finished. "Ye'll no doubt make ither blunders, but ye'll never again mix up letters. And don't git to thinking everything be ended wid ye. When a big trouble hits folks it always seems so, but there's many an engine gits busted in

an accident and ye wouldn't know it when hits it out of the repair shop. And if ye wants, when ye ain't got no pay envelope, ye can stay right on here. It's never meself as turns anybody out when his luck's down on him!"

Paul thanked Mrs. Sullivan, but he told her that as there would be no chance of landing employment in the railroad town he had decided to return home and that after two weeks she could rent his room.

When a chap's income will be cut off at the end of a stated period it is amazing how fast the days fly. Before Paul could realize it he was in the middle of his last week with the road. His trunk was packed, but as yet he had not been able to bring himself to write to his folks of his disgrace.

Already a new junior clerk for the accounting department had been engaged, and it was Paul's final task to train him. Aside from this his own duties had become only nominal, and the new clerk attended to the mail and ran all errands. Paul would spend most of his hours gazing longingly into the railroad yard, very sad of face and far sadder of heart.

On a Wednesday afternoon of the last week he was sitting moodily in his usual place at the window, when below in the yards a hatless man raced across. As he ran he yelled "Fire!", the cry repeated by others who ran behind him. Paul lifted the window and leaned out. From all the windows of the terminal excited railroad men and clerks were gazing. The man who had been the first to yell an alarm turned in a signal at a fire signal box, and a moment later an alarm sounded from the whistle at the repair shops. At first Paul failed to see any evidences of the fire, then a black smoke burst out of the upper windows of the brick building next to the building where Paul was leaning from the window.

"The executive offices!" gasped Paul.

How the fire was caused was never known, but when afterward a fire insurance expert made his examination he gave it as his opinion that the fire was caused by a rat, which gnawed the insulating material from an electric light wire. Very likely he was correct; the building was an old one and harbored many rats.

With some of the other employes of the road Paul gave his aid, helping to carry out the executive offices such valuables and records as could be hastily removed. The official who directed the work, and who himself aided, was the general manager, Crea, severe of aspect and of few words, and as cool and collected as if he were engaged at his usual tasks at his desk.

Above its first floor, where the offices were, the burning building was stored with combustible material, and before water could be turned upon it by the fire engines it was evident that it was hopeless to save the building. What records could not be removed were placed in safes, and it was not until the firemen had ordered all out that Crea was ready to leave and gave the order himself. The clerks leaped from the doorway. Crea was behind Paul, the old gentleman moving toward the exit with his usual slow dignity. Suddenly, and with no warning whatever, the entire front wall of the old building above the first story collapsed, closing the

doorway and the front windows with a mass of debris and cutting off every means of escape for the two who were behind the others. For in the lower portion of the building, which stood against another building, there were no rear windows. Paul was so dazed with the peril that had come with such suddenness that he hardly knew where he was.

"This way, young man," said Crea, the words rising above the crackling of flames and the shouts without in the yard. "There's a cellar. It must be the cellar."

Mr. Crea turned, and quitely led the way to a door in the rear that opened on a flight of stairs and led to the cellar. And what with the stoppage of windows and doors the heat and smoke had instantly become stifling. At the door Crea stood aside, "Go down, young man," he said. "I'll close the door behind us. For a short time we will be safe below."

Down the stairway Paul plunged into the darkness. The cellar was pitchy dark, for it was lighted by electricity and the wires had been burned out.

"Let me see," came Crea's voice from behind Paul in the darkness. "Beyond where we are there's a doorway at the front, and a portion of the cellar extends out under the yards. I have matches! We'll find the doorway. We're not safe here, even for a moment. If the floor should settle, that ends us.

Crea led the way, lighting matches, and, presently, they were in the extreme front portion of the cellar.

"For perhaps a half-hour or so I think we'll be safe here," said Crea quitely.

"After that?" gasped Paul.

"We mustn't think of that," replied Crea. He continued, "This part of the cellar is out under the yards. We'll both shout together and with all our might. If the firemen hear they may suspect our position. All they'd have to do to save us would be to dig down a foot or so and remove a few bricks. Ready! One, two, three,—shout!"

Again and again they shouted in unison, but it was evident they were not heard.

"Very natural," remarked Mr. Crea. "When the wall fell they must have thought we were instantly killed."

Paul's heart pounded and his breath came in gasps. The snappings of the flames above were becoming louder, and even where they stood the air was becoming acrid with smoke. Death in this black hole seemed the most horrible of deaths. Presently, as a sudden thought came to him, Paul gasped, "Mr. Crea! There's a coal shovel. Back in the other cellar! We passed it."

"Vain hope!" snapped back Crea. "We can't dig our way out. Even if we could, it would be hopeless in the time at our disposal.

"Don't mean that sir! Morse! We might use the code! Hit the shovel on something!"

"The old trick!" exclaimed Crea. "But with all the confusion above us nobody would hear. Besides, there isn't one chance in a thousand that if anybody should hear he'd happen to be a chap who understands Morse. If we had some way of making a big racket, a noise that would be heard all over the yards, your idea might

work.''

''The iron door, sir! Behind us!'' exclaimed Paul. When you lighted matches I saw it! If we had an ax or a big hammer!''

''Cogan, the foreman of the yards, uses the cellar for extra tools,'' gasped Mr. Crea, for the smoke had become choking in the cellar. Pickaxes are in the corner behind us. I have more matches—follow me!''

Two minutes later the iron door had been closed, and with a pickaxe in his hand Paul was thundering upon the door the Morse signal for the exclamation mark—three slow blows followed by one short blow. In the close confines of the cellar the signal was almost deafening, but Mr. Crea had doubts if it would be heard outside in the yards.

But among the men who were fighting the fire were several who were expert with the Morse code. ''Listen!'' one exclaimed. ''Under us! The extension to the cellar! Crea and the young chap are down in there!''

Instantly picks and shovels were put in use, and not long after Mr. Crea and Paul were lifted to safety, by this time almost insensible from the effects of smoke.

On the following morning Paul was summoned to the temporary office of the general manager, which had been fitted up over the freight department. As Paul entered, the old gentleman seemed even more stiff than usual, but he smiled a genial smile.

''That was a mighty bright idea of yours, young man,'' he said. ''And if you hadn't got that hunch,—but perhaps we'd better not talk about that, it isn't a pleasant subject. But what I wish to ask is how a junior in our accounting department, where his duties are only clerical, should be so familiar with Morse that he can use a pickaxe as a key and an iron door as a sounder?''

''Always wanted to be a railroad man, sir,'' replied Paul. Learned Morse before I left school. Have an old instrument in my room at Mrs. Sullivan's boarding house. Been practicing, sir, ever since I got my job on the road.''

''Let me see,'' growled Crea. Seems to me you're the criminal who notified the general manager of this road that he must be at his desk at eight!''

''Yes, sir,'' stammered Paul.

''I guess you learned your lesson,'' said Crea. After all, we all make blunders. The important thing is not to go on making 'em. But you're discharged, young man. We can't forget that. And, you know, the men say that when I give my word I never throw a reverse lever. Yes, you're discharged.''

''Yes, sir.''

Mr. Crea's face wrinkled into a more genial smile yet. ''But, then, I see no reason why I shouldn't take you on again,'' he chuckled. ''I've been thinking I need another clerk in my own department. And, of course,, I couldn't be expected to lift a junior clerk from the accounting department without giving him a substantial increase in pay. You can report to my head clerk—he will have a desk for you. Shake hands, young man, shake hands!''

There's Is Place In Life For The Anedote.

ARMFIELD, BYNUM AND AVERY.-- There are times when every person meets up with a situation that leads to a very serious self-examination. Unable to fathom the conflicting and confounding predicament in which men sometimes find themselves, they call in friends to re-assure them.

Ever since Isaac Erwin Avery immortalized himself with North Carolinians by his pen picture of the simple Violet, his friends and acquaintances always specially recall him when the innocent little flower, taking no note of lingering frost or a snow in hiding, makes its annual appearance.

The other day Lawyer Frank Armfield, a prominent member of the Concord bar, stopped me with the question, "did you know Isaac Erwin Avery?" Continuing, he said, "I shall never forget the all but paralyzing situation in which he found himself on one occasion at Trinity College, along about 1891." Avery and a young man by the name of E. T. Bynum, now a successful real-estate dealer in Oklahoma state, as students left the University of North Carolina and entered Trinity College to complete their education. They took up with Mr. Armfield. This triumvirate became fast chums, and often times attempted the unravelling of some of the most obscure problems that always bob up in the researches of a college student. Bynum was a great tease; he carried around with him an affidavit face, like Jim Pou, Herriot Clarkson and Jim Bell. You think such people are always in earnest.

This man Avery kept Bynum (and possibly Frank Armfield, but he would not admit it) eternally busy in deep and profound thought over some of the most serious matters in life---Avery ran to psychological theories at time. One day, Avery propounded persistently and in seriousness a proposition to Bynum---what lawyers would term a hypothetical question---it was too much for Bynum, and probably the world in all its glory and achievements is yet unable to answer the question, and at Avery's conclusion Bynum would simply ask, "In what respect?"

From another angle Avery would begin his proposition over; and at its conclusion, Bynum, apparently deeply concerned and puzzled, would simply reply, "In what respect?" Again, the brilliant young Avery thoroughly aroused over his search for light, and in maintenance of his proposition, adopted another and what he thought a clearer way of putting his question to Bynum. But, again, the affidavit faced Bynum would respond, "In what respect?"

This thing went on and on. Avery, becoming more in earnest and confounded over the inability of making himself clear or perhaps the obtuseness of his friend Bynum, called Frank Armfield aside and seriously inquired of him if he saw anything unusual, about him (Avery) that would indicate a muddled brain, or a slipped cog, or "what's wrong with me?" to which Mr. Armfield, knowing Bynum and having caught his purpose to rattle and counfound the brilliant mind that afterwards painted in everlasting words the violet, laughingly remarked, "IN

WHAT RESPECT?"

Avery saw the point but days and days afterwads he seemed to wonder about the power of one mind over another.

The late E. A. Snow left $6,000 of his estate to orphanages and $1,000 to the High Point Presbyterian church. These are the best of all the investments he made in his will, bequeathing nearly half a million dollars.—News & Observer.

How The Color Seas Were Named

There are several large seas which were named for their colors. The White Sea bears its name with perhaps the best reason of any. Its shores are covered with snow the greater part of the year, and its frozen surface, is for that time a snowy plain.

The Red Sea is also entitled to its name. Through its clear waters the reefs of red coral are clearly to be seen. Much of its rocky bed is the growth of the coral insect. Another reason, and probably the true one for the name of this sea, is the fact that along its shores lies ancient Edom. This name signifies red.

In the case of the Yellow Sea its name is sufficiently accounted for from the appearance of its water. The sea receives a great deal of mud from the rivers of China, moreover, it is shallow, and the sandy bottom gives its own color a long way out from the shore.

The Black Sea affords no clear account of its name. The waters are not black, but blue. The Greeks, when they first became acquainted with this sea, called it by a name which signifies The Inhospitable. Later they changed it to The Hospitable. It has naturally been inferred by this change of name, that upon further acquaintance, the Greek sailors found these waters friendly. But the Greeks were inclined to give soft and flattering names to the objects of their dread, and that may be what they did in this particular case. The Greek name holds to this day among the older nations of Europe. The Russians called the sea Black. It seems likely that this name was suggested by contrast. The sea lies south of Russia, as the White Sea lies to the north. Had the latter been called the North Sea, then the Hospitable of the Greeks might have been named by the Russians South Sea. In the same way the Black Sea was named in contrast to the White Sea. ---Classmate.

"Life is filled with sand bars, rocks and hidden wrecks. All we have to do to wreck our life is to give full play to our inclinations, passions and lust and loves. For thousands of years brighter men and women than you and I will ever be, have had their lives wrecked on the shoals of time because they insisted upon having their own way.—Gypsie Smith.

A BIT OF ADVICE

J. E. PADDACK.

Do not pity yourself because of the name some one has given you. Make a name for yourself. We are the architects of our own fortune. If you have made a mistake in life profit by it. Do not allow your spirit to droop and die with the setting of today's sun. Look for the glory of tomorrow's sunrise with a thousand landscapes all flooded with light and beauty.

Do not become soured on the world. Be optimistic and cheerful. Do not allow yourself to think that all the good people have died off leaving the world and humanity to grope their way through unpenetrable darkness and gloom. This is a beautiful world in which to live. You and I can help to adorn it by living beatiful lives.

When the clouds hang heavy with darkness just remember that back of the clouds is the sun still shining. Thy fate is the common fate of all. Into each life some rain must fall. Some day must be dark and dreary.

When such days come let us not forget the words of the poet who said:

"Let us, then, be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still persuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

It was the Hoosier poet; James Whitcomb Riley, who said:

"Taint no use to grumble and complain
Its just as cheap and easy to be happy and rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain;
Why, rain's my choice.

And so it is in this life. Things may not always be according to our liking, but it will be much better for to try and adjust our lives to an infinite plan than to run counter to high ideals and lofty purposes. Live each day as though it were the last. Crowd into today all the good you can. To-morrow may never come. Life on earth will soon be over. Death comes to all. What about the future? He who takes care of the present need have any fears for the future. Prepare for it now.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

By S. B. Davis

The boys are bedding sweet potatoes.

Mr. Sam Frazier, of Star, was a visitor here Monday.

Last Friday, the boys all wrote their monthly letters to their respective homes.

Mr. H. C. Brown, of Lillington, brought Watson O'Quinn to the school Saturday.

The dairy barn is rapidly nearing completion. Soon it will be finished. The dairy barn means more cream.

The J. T. S. played a game of ball with Roberta Mills Saturday. The school was defeated, but not without a struggle.

As on Saturday a week ago, last Saturday Mr. Johnson took the boys

under his charge to the ball field and cleaned it up before the game.

When going to chapel, last Sunday, the boys looked like real soldiers, in their uniform. They crossed the Memorial Bridge in single file, keeping excellent step.

The newly-made benches looked considerably out of place without being painted. Realizing this, Mr. Cloer took all back to the shop and and painted them green.

Each night, as the days grow longer, more time is added to the time the boys stay out on the lawn. Soon, instead of going to the sitting room, they will go direct to bed.

The lawn facing Guilford and Durham Cottages has been plowed up. This was done so fertilizer could be gotten into it, making it rich enough to grow grass this summer.

A few officers on duty last Sunday took their boys for a walk. Up and down the highway could be seen thirty boys more or less in single file enjoying themselves unto their utmost capacity.

Summer seems to be here once again. It reminds the boys of delicious water-melons to be eaten and also of long, hot hikes to the river which makes the water more pleasant when they reach them.

At the time of this writing painters were working on the school building. They have painted the halls and are now at work on the various rooms. A great change of appearance is accomplished by this work.

Edward Cleaver, George Lafferty, Johnny Wright, Milton Hunt, Loxley Saunders and Homer Covington enjoyed Wednesday very much, because they were being visited by home folks. It is not to be doubted that the visitors enjoyed the reception here.

Frequent buffetings by the elements have caused the flags, Old Glory and Old North State, to be quite torn and worn. But this does not decrease the boys' respect for them and every morning when they are raised, they are saluted with considerable feeling.

A fence has been placed around the little clearing in front of the Printing Office to keep off all intruders or trespassers who may pass in that direction, for inside of this little clearing has been planted flowers with the intention of making the outside appearance of the Printing Office more beautiful and attractive.

Some surprises come seldom; some come often. Some are pleasant; some are unpleasant. But this reporter knows of a boy who was surprised, but was surprised pleasantly and delightfully when this certain boy's brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Randel Brooks, stopped to see him They were on their way to Charlotte coming from Winston-Salem.

As was stated in last week's issue of THE UPIFT, when the entire band practices, it does so in the pavilion. The music can be heard plainly in the school room. But, instead of detracting the boys' attention from their books and lessons, it fills them with a new strength of will to prepare their lessons so perfect,

that when the class is reciting, not one misses a question,

Sunday services were held in the Chapel Sunday evening. Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, took charge of the services. He asked Rev. T. W. Smith, our good friend, also of Concord to lead the boys in prayer. Mr. Smith did so. After the reading of the text, Mr. Myers had four of his girl choir singers to sing for the boys. The boys surely appreciated the singing, and this is a cordial invitation for a return visit in the near future. After the singing Mr. Myers spoke from the topic "Giants." He told the boys which giants to obey and which not to.

Remarkable achievement in an incredibly short time is the record of little Carlyle Hardie, one of the smallest boys at the school. When this prodigy, for such he is, came to the school, he knew naught of learning. Now, however, he is in the third grade and is rapidly advancing. And all this in eight months. The other day when the boys wrote their monthly letters, his was of such note, full of the doings of the school, so neatly written by a boy of eight months schooling, that Miss Greenlee, his teacher, sent it to the other teachers, Messrs. Johnson and Crooks, for inspection. Their judgment was also favorable. Little Charles Blackman, his playmate, is getting "green with envy."

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Robert Pool Joseph Moore, Bertram Hart, Malcolm Holman, Homer Covington, James Honeycutt, Fitzhugh Miller, Doyle Jackson, Hoyle Faulkner, John Moose, Victor High, Vass Fields, William. F. Gregory, Harry Ward Johnnie L. Wright, Glenn Riddick, Ernest Jackson, Everett Goodrich, Jake Willard, Albert Keever, Rufus Wrenn, James Foy, Richard Johnson, Harry Shirley, Roy Johnson, G. Everheart, H. Tyson, O. Quinn, C. Rogers, and M. Gibert.

"B"

Ralph Freeland Stanly Armstrong, Floyd Huggins, Authur Montgomery, James Shipp, Swift Davis, Frank Thomason, Arvel Absher, Murray Evans, Walter Shepard, Elbert Perdue Allie Williams Robt. Watson and Dudley Pangle.
Dohme Manning, Sylvester Sims, Harvy Wrenn, Ernest Jordan, Ellis Nance, Henry Reece, Charlie Rothrock Harry Dalton, John Hill, L. Grant, John Kemp, A. Corbett, Hazen Ward, Murphy Jones, and Herbert Tolley.

BRANDING RECALLED

Mrs. E. F. Fenton on Monday received a telegram stating that her brother, George D. Smith, had died that day at his home in Fordyce, Ark. Mr. Smith moved from Anson to Arkansas 30 or more years ago, and was very successful in his adopted State. He was the son of John D. Smith, in his day a prominent citizen of Anson, and of Mrs. Lilla Jacobs Smith. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss. Sallie Sturdivant, of this county, and by several children; also by one brother, Thomas D. Smith, of Patrick, S. C., and three sisters, Mrs. E. F. Fenton, Mrs. M.

J. Roscoe, and Miss Rosa Smith, of Rockingham.

The death of Mr Smith recalls an interesting bit of history related by E. F. Fenton. John D. Smith was killed by a white man named Morrison in the days before the War between the States. Morrison was employed by Smith, who discharged him on account of drunkedness. Enraged, Morrison picked up a hatchet and threw it at Smith hitting him in the head and inflicting a wound which resulted in death. Morrison was tried, and, as the crime was not premeditated, escaped with his life. The penalty was that he be branded in the right hand with a large "M." The procedure of branding wasas follows: The right hand was placed in a vise and so tied that it could not be moved. The red hot iron was then applied to the palm of the hand and held it against it for the length of time it took the convicted man to say "God save the State" three times. Naturally he talked fast.

According to Mr. Fenton's recollection this was the last branding under legal forms in the history of the State, a law being passed doing away with this penalty shortly thereafter

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How He Took On Four Pounds.

(Concluded From Page 8)

work. These children do not come from poverty-stricken homes---they are, in a measure, just the victims of "not konwing what-to-do about-it." Welcome, thrice welcome, to an education that seeks to have a sound, healthy body along with an enlightened mind.

Even a child of a boarding-house keeper gained four pounds last month; is unusally bright; as happy as a lark; and has begun to feel like somebody and is learning---a radical change.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

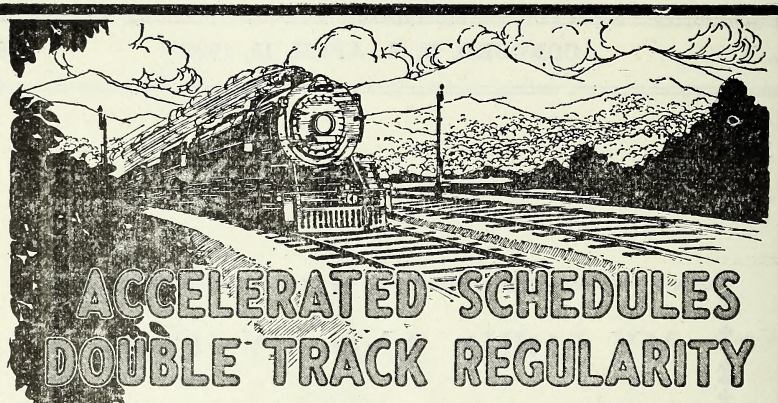
VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 15, 1922 NO. 23

MY LORD AND MY GOD.

During his college days, John R. Mott tells us, he was of a skeptical turn of mind. He did not believe in the deity of Christ. Among certain historic studies that he took up, he included the alleged resurrection of Christ. Of the latter, he says: "I carried it on as well as I could without special leadership. It required a long time. I shall never forget the day, and never will my life lose the inspiration which came when, after I had spread out on paper the evidence, I came to that position where, to be intellectually honest, I had to concede that Jesus rose from the dead, and could say with feeling and conviction, 'My Lord and my God!' "--Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar	5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

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Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

"Is it true that a trench and a casket is all there is at the end, or is there something beyond life? Your life should be a preparation for the something beyond."

THE DOCTORS CAN'T AGREE

Probably every well-balanced person in North Carolina could be depended upon to testify that the state sends out much money annually for food stuffs that could be produced at home. To condemn the sending out for that which others can raise easier and with less expense, and our own folks with the same energy and expense could raise that which would surpass the value of that which is shipped in, is not just. The average farmer if he has sense (and that's the best of all capital in farming), has just as much right to buy in the cheapest market and make a drive on that crop out of which he knows that he can make the most, as does the merchant when he goes into the market and seeks the best prices and the article that will be a seller.

There is eternal truth and sound wisdom in the claim that every farmer, tenant as well as land-owner, should by all means have at least one hog, one cow, one yard of chickens, and one garden. There is no wisdom however, in demanding him to have any fixed larger number when he knows that under the conditions which he encounters he cannot make them profitable. The other day a "John Smith" tenant farmer carried nine pounds of butter to the market and he had to take 81 cents for the lot because the stores were stocked with butter. That proposition did not pay him---

he sustained a serious loss. That tenant should have one cow to supply his family demands, and let the stocked-up merchant look elsewhere for his butter.

It has been claimed that the amount of the state's imports of food and feed reaches one hundred million dollars annually. This estimate was combated by Zeb Greene and by the Monroe Enquirer, and they made out a good case against the accuracy of the estimate. And now comes a manipulation of figures, predicated upon a very unsound basis, that puts the state's annual expenditure outside of the borders of the state for food and feed at the enormous figure of $235,000,000---so positive that it eliminates any odd thousands or odd cents. On its face it carries a self-condemnation. This estimate was made by a woman. No body that has eyes would admit that North Carolina sends out annually for food and feed over and above her own production the sum of one hundred dollars, on an average, for every man, woman, youth and baby in the state. The estimate is absurd.

In arriving at the foregoing figures, the author of the statement takes for granted that every man, woman and child each makes way with $155.00 worth of food stuff annually; and the estimate of the average cost for the usual animals on the farm is just as fictitious and unreliable.

This campaign, "Live At Home," has done some good; it is a campaign that has been conducted for fifty years; and must be conducted annually, for a new crowd is coming on every day. But the proposition is so serious and so vital, that it is ill-advised to make hysterical statements that on their face make people lose confidence in the sincerity of the campaign and the purposes of it.

North Carolina does not send out annually $235,000,000 for food and feed stuff to supplement that which she raises in order to get a year's existence; and no reliable proof can be had to sustain the contention. The truth is bad enough, without manufacturing a situation worse than what we have ---it's bad enough.

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"EDUCATIONAL EPOCH"

What is termed "an epoch in the educational development in North Carolina," has been extensively commented upon throughout the state. Years ago Supt. Joyner inaugurated the idea of High Schools for the several counties. Under certain conditions, the state made a direct appropriation towards the building and maintenance of such high schools. A few counties, something like 28, had not been able to see their way clear for the

establishment of the said high school.

Following up the programme, established and worked out years ago under the administration of Dr. Joyner, the State Department of Education last week made an appropriation of $54,850 towards the building of high school buildings in 43 counties. This, it is claimed, will amount to from $500 to $1,200 to each proposition. Of course, this is just "a drop in the bucket" towards a realization of the much desired progress. The burden and the task are matters for the several counties.

The appropriation of $54,850, which has been heralded abroad as an educational epoch, would not build more than one modern, well-equipped high school building were the entire funds centered at one spot. This tardy act by the higher authorities may put pep and hope into the authorities of the counties not yet blessed with a high school. Every little bit helps in the great cause.

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COULD HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT

It is wonderful how many men in the history of North Carolina who sidestepped an impending honor, which was shrouded in the uncertainty of life. A certain prominent man of North Carolina, who had behind him a constructive record, could have been in a few months governor of the state had his partisan friends not prevailed upon him to decline the nomination for Lieutenant Governor. And North Carolina would have had another presidential star in her crown had a certain North Carolinian not been too modest. He lies buried in the Episcopal cemetery in Pittsboro. But read the interesting story elsewhere in this number of THE UPLIFT. It was prepared by that delightful gentleman, Mr. Henry M. London, the Legislative Librarian, at Raleigh. This paper makes acknowledgment of the courtesy of the News & Observer for the loan of the cut, showing the grave of the North Carolinian who could have been president of the United States had he not been a stickler for political ethics.

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WORTHWHILE.

What is called "The Tuberculosis Primer" has been issued by the Veterinary Division of the Board of Agriculture. It is a fine catechism on a subject that is becoming more and more of interest to the average citizen as he is brought face to face to the startling revelations made in the numerous health campaigns.

The opening statement in that Primer is simply unanswerable:

"There is an important moral side to the milk question which must not

be ignored. We may have the right--a very doubtful right, to be exact--to neglect the dangerous to which we, as adults capable of judging and acting for ourselvs, are exposed; but we have absolutely no right to neglect the conditions that cause suffering and death among children. The failure to act and to act quickly and unceasingly, until a safe milk for children, at least, is within easy reach of every mother, may be characterized as barbarous, if not criminal indifference. It is an offence against the innocent, unquestioning confidence which children repose in their adult friends."

It is positively a joy to see, day by day, the recruits to growing numbers, who believe that we have no right to take advantage of childhood. More and more we are coming to fully learn what our duty is to the child, who had no responsibility for his entering into this life and the average child's confidence and trust in the adults, is a challenge to us grown-ups that must not be ignored, when vital problems come to be settled.

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That's a good looking set of men, sterling men, who compose the Board of County Commissioners of Durham county. The officers of the Jackson Training School have completed the Durham Cottage which this Board authorized. In the near future they are coming with a number of their fellow citizens, headed by a patriotic North Carolina speaker whom every body in the state knows and loves, to officially open the building. The one on the right, standing, is not a member of the Board but is one of the livest County Welfare Officers in the land. If all connected with the state organization and the county organization were as practical, energetic and did not get excited over every little theory that trickles into the state from Yankeedom, as is the sensible and working Mr. Stanley (that is his name) the people as a whole would have a higher estimate of the activities of the Welfare Organization.

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Some kind of a Woman's School, for the study of political subjects, was pulled off in Raleigh last week. Judge W. P. Stacey was an invited speaker and made a forceful address upon the observance of constitutional law. It seems that Miss Prof. Elliott, of the Greensboro Normal, followed him the next day, taking a marked issue with the judge in some of his positions. The gifted woman knocked the brilliant judge completely out on the first round, having feelingly recited the time-honored story of Jack and Jill, declaring most eloquently that had "Jill had her hand on the handle the

catastrophe that overtook Jack would not have materialized." No man can go up against an argument like that and survive.

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A Fine Example: the city of Greensboro can get wrought up over the settlement of a public question to the fever-heat point, and then when the struggle is over, the opposing forces come together as if nothing ever occurred. They remind one of the way lawyers sometimes do---cuss each other out, then walk out of the court room locked arms, so to speak. A great battle has been going on in Greensboro over the proposition of lending the city's credit for the building of a much needed railway station---when it is over, there will be no breach; Greensboro has a way of keeping down factions.

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Winston-Salem is preparing to try out segregation of the negroes. One of the larger modern school buildings will be set apart for the colored children, and located in the heart of a twenty-five acre tract, which is to be developed and cut up into lots. These lots will be offered to colored people, who, in turn, must agree to erect good homes for themselves. A Charlotte cynic, not yet recovered from the shock that Winston-Salem gave him in the little matter of population, by the last census, doubts that a 25-acre tract will prove large enough for the segregation scheme.

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A Thomasville correspondent sent out the word that Archibald Johnson, of Charity and Children, was seriously ill. That made the hundreds of devoted friends of this genial and useful man most miserable. The latest report is that Mr. Johnson, in a steady improvement from a recent illness, refuses to have himself considered down and out physically. We can't get along very well without the original "Blockade Preacher" and he needs to hurry up with his recuperative business.

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If the Monroe Journal, whose entertaining piece appears elsewhere in THE UPLIFT, can force Edison to present himself and take the examination prepared for him, we will soon know whether the great electric Wizzard can be "certified" as an educated man. Certification is the great hobby in this period---they want to certify County Welfare Officers now, when the simple fact is they are born that way.

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The alleged debate between Congressmen Hammer and Stevenson, of

South Carolina (the latter a North Carolinian and he ought to be ashamed of himself in trying to rob his native state of such an honor), attempting to settle the birth-place of Andy Jackson, has developed to that point by partisans of the two Congressmen until it actually gives a black eye to the memory of the distinguished gentleman. It is now clear that Jackson did not know himself where he was born---that's awful.

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Dr. J. Y. Joyner, who has become a tobacco farmer, if not a horny-handed son of toil, having put much ginger into the organization of the Co-operative Plan of Marketing, is being mentioned in some quarters as gubernatorial timber. Few men are more widely known in every section of the state, and he has hosts of friends. But the ring for the hats is still in the making.

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In the parade during the school commencement at Beaufort, N. C., last week, a dear old father expressed his pride over the fact that he had 48 grandchildren in the august parade, and 26 of them were in one school. Race suicide is an unknown ailment in North Carolina.

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Last Sunday, April 9th, was the fifty-seventh anniversary of the surrender at Appomattox. Not many of the thin gray line are left---following their peerless leader, Robert E. Lee, they have gone to heaven.

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Amid the great procession of humanity, will you make up your minds that you will be poor or rich, low or high, successful or unsuccessful, as God shall please; but that you will not be of the bad men and women, who by dwarfish aims, and mean passions, and vile lusts, and acrid tempers, and lying words, have made the world worse, and life darker, for their fellowmen?—Farrar.

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Ought a university president be a teacher by profession? The trustees of the South Carolina University evidently do not think so. They have elected W. D. Melton, a prominent lawyer of Columbia and president of the State Bar Association, to succeed Dr. Currell. He has had a successful business as well as legal career.---News and Observer.

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North Carolina is putting a million dollars a month into state roads;

and what is better, a considerable portion of the construction is of good, hard, permanent roads.---Greensboro News.

THE JAY AND THE PEACOCK

A Jay venturing into a yard where Peacocks used to walk, found there a number of feathers which had fallen from the Peacocks when they were moulting. He tied them all to his tail and strutted down towards the Peacocks. When he came near them they soon discovered the cheat, and striding up to him pecked at him and plucked away his borrowed plumes. So the Jay could do no better than go back to the other Jays, who had watched his behavior from a distance; but they were equally annoyed with him, and told him "IT IS NOT ONLY FINE FEATHERS THAT MAKE FINE BIRDS."

HALIFAX—APRIL 12, 1776

On our North Carolina flag is to be seen April 12th. This records and commemorates a great and stirring event that took place among the Carolina patriots in 1776. The seed had been sown in nearly every section of the state, which, sprouting in the hearts of brave men and women, foretold that absolute freedom from the English yoke was bound to come.

The event that took place in Charlotte, May 20th, 1775, while more formal and expressive, was similar to what had been engaging the thoughts and spirits of North Carolinians everywhere.

April 12th is a legal holiday. It celebrates the anniversary of the Halifax Convention, which formally instructed its delegates to the Continental Congress to meet in Philadelphia to vote for a separation from England. As representatives of North Carolina the Halifax Convention named William Hooper, Joseph Hewes and Richard Caswell—and they were instructed by the Halifax Convention to vote for a Declaration of American Independence. And they did. And this is why the State appropriately carries on her flag the date of April 12th, 1776.

As before noted in **The Uplift,** it is to be regretted that the grave of Richard Caswell, who became the first constitutional governor of North Carolina, is unmarked. Though his memory is commemorated by a county being named for him, and the state's expression of care and interest in her feeble-minded is named for the distinguished patriot and statesman, Richard Caswell.

It is faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at .—Holmes.

THE CHURCH AND JOHN SMITH

(Charlotte News)

A representative of a home mission board of one of the well-known churches of the South made a trip through parts of Eastern North Carolina a few months ago and came back to report to his board and to the governing body of his church that, in a long ministry in connection with home missionary enterprise, he had seen few sections so destitute of the Gospel as he found in certain parts of that section. He singled out Edgecombe county as being one of the counties sorely in need of missionary work and his denomination has already undertaken the planting of a mission in that county.

One of the reasons, undoubtedly, that such a religious status prevails in Edgecombe county is because an excessive farm tenancy prevails there also. What has happened in Edgecombe county has happened all over the United States. Wherever there

is an unusually large amount of tenancy, there is a dying church interest, a drifting, shiftless population that does not stay in any one place long enough to take a proprietary interest in such permanent institutions as the school and the church.

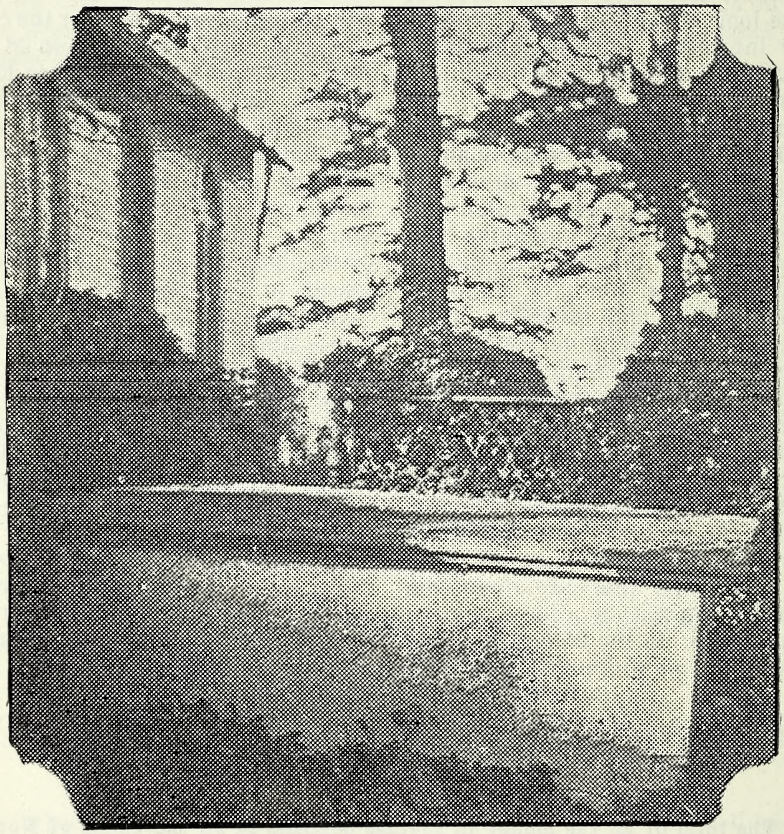
In the cotton and tobacco counties of the South, which number about 800, we find this problem developed to an aggravating degree, and that is true also for North Carolina. In 21 cotton and tobacco counties of North Carolina we have excessive farm tenancy, and excessive white illiteracy, along with very low ratios of church membership. Here are dead and dying white country churches, due to decreasing white population, to lack of interest and decreasing financial support, all of which are directly traceable to excessive farm tenancy. The State over, there are more than 300 country townships that are dwindling both in population and in church membership. In the 21 counties just spoken of we find more than one-fourth of all the non-church members of the entire State or 171,427 in all. These figures refer to people 10 years old or older. The ratios of non-church membership for the counties as a whole range from 28 percent in Vance to 69 percent in Edgecombe. In eight of these counties more than half of the people of responsible ages are outside the church ---in one county, Edgecombe, nearly seven-tenths! Three fifths of the farmers are tenants and seven-tenths of the population are outside the church in Edgecombe county.

And there is not a county in the whole State, not even Mecklenburg, that is exempt from the peril of this same condition. Wherever we find tenancy prevailing to an overwhelming degree, we usually can put our fingers on two great social and moral defections, namely, an illiterate population and a non-church going population. And this is only another name for no schools and no churches in the rural regions, and that, itself is only another name for stagnation or collapse or outright death.

The total of all the money in savings deposits in all the banks of North Carolina, divided by the total population of the state, gives us $45.39 per capita in North Carolina. In Vermont the savings per inhabitant are $371.54, and the people of Vermont are not blessed with our soil, climate, diversity of argiculture, manufacturing and mining. The Vermont farmer has a growing season of three months in the year. He saves more than the North Carolina farmer because he appreciates the value of things and makes the most of the opportunities he has. I have no doubt North Carolina could learn a lot from Vermont.— Elizabeth City Independent.

WHAT MODESTY DID

By H. M. London.



In St. Bartholomew's Episcopal churchyard in the historic town of Pittsboro lies buried a man who, but for his modesty, could have been President of the United States. This man was John Owen, a native of Bladen county who was twice elected Governor of North Carolina by the General Assembly declining a third term.

The last and most distinguished public service of Governor Owen was when he acted as president of the National Whig Convention which met at Harrisburg, Penn., on December 4, 1839, and nominated Gen. William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, for President and John Tyler, of Virginia, for Vice-President. Governor Owen was offered the nomination for Vice-President by this convention but modestly declined on the grounds that he did not think it proper to accept a nomina-

tion from a body over which he was the presiding officer, this in striking contrast to our present day politics. Had he accepted, the death of Harrison, which occurred in the spring of 1841, would have made him President of the United States.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Owen died October 9, 1841, within a few months after President Harrison's death. Had Owen accepted the Vice-Presidency and succeeded Harrison, we would have had an instance of a President and a Vice-President both dying during the same term of office, which has never occurred in our American politics. In that event, the selection of the President would have been thrown into the house of Representatives, the Presidential succession through the cabinet officers as it exist today not having been fixed at that time.

Governor Owen's death followed a brief illness while on a visit to his friend, Henry A. London, Sr., at Pittsboro. Due to lack of transportation facilities in that day, he was buried in the Episcopal churchyard there where his remains now repose.

The man who might have been President still lives through distinguished posterity. He was an uncle of the late Edward Kidder Graham, president of the University of North Carolina, and of Miss Mary Owen Graham, president of Peace Institute, and was the great grandfather of Judge Owen H. Guion, of New Bern. Many other well-known North Carolinians have his blood in their veins.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—Sir Isaac Newton.

YOUNG FOLK'S EASTER

By. Jane A. Stewart

In many parts of the world young folks look forward to the joyous Eastertide; and in some lands the children take a great part in the general celebration of Easter.

In Great Britain, for example, many quaint customs are observed, especially by children during the Easter season. Should you visit at Easter, in one of the London churches you would see a pleasant practice. For nobody knows how long an Easter present is given to each one of fifty children. Imagine their shouts of joy as each receives the gift—a bag of raisins, an orange and a sixpence!

And many visitors in London at Easter like to stop in at Westminister School to see the historic game held by the boys there. They gather in the Assembly Hall and have great sport in a grand rush for the pancakes, which are tossed in the

air.

Easter Sunday and Monday are great days to the young folks in the northern counties of England. In Cumberland, Westmoreland and Northumberland, Easter Sunday is known as "Pasche (Easter) Egg Day."

The observance is one of the prettiest festivities in the North of Britain. Every child, whose parents can possibly afford it, is dressed in new clothing; and it is a very unfortunate "waan" who does not have something new to wear at Easter. The children make visits to their friends from whom they receive nice presents of Pasche eggs and oranges with frequently, a penny. The Sunday schools join in the observance by giving similar presents. The country children in Scotland rise very early on Easter morning to go on a search for wild fowls' eggs. Happy are the boys and girls who succeed in bringing home some of these desirable trophies!

The lively celebrations of the day are postponed until Easter Monday. Few British children can be found on that day who have not received gifts of eggs and oranges. The eggs are hard-boiled, dyed in bright colors and marked with the children's Christian names.

Young folks in Cumberland, England, play Easter games like bowls and balls. Eggs are used for these games instead of wooden or rubber balls. These contests take place in the open fields; and are often held the night before Easter Sunday. It is a very pretty sight when the gay colored eggs are tossed into the air or rolled on the smooth, green grass by the romping children.

The pretty practice of coloring eggs as part of the children's Easter celebration, began so long ago that nobody knows when it was first introduced. The story goes that once a time, people were forbidden to eat eggs during Lent, and so the eggs were stored away for forty days.

At the end of that time there were so many eggs on hand that the people did not know what to do with them. There were no cold storage plants then, you know. So they just boiled all the eggs hard; colored them bright pink, blue or yellow and gave them to the young folks to eat on Easter morning.

Later candied eggs came to compete with the colored, boiled eggs. Soon, the ordinary, every-day egg was left to the boys who devised the game of "egg-picking." This grew out of their practice of testing the strength of the shell; and it is now known all over our country as well as in many lands across the seas.

The boys begin to play this popular game some time before Easter. They fill the air with their cries of "Upper." When somebody responds to another's call, the two knock the ends of their eggs together. The boy who calls "Upper" first has the privilege of using the small end of his egg, which is not so easy to break. The one whose egg resists the concussion gets the broken egg. The cracked eggs are not lost, however, for they command a price in the market.

One of the liveliest of young folks' celebrations at Easter, that can be seen anywhere, occurs on the lawn of the White House every Easter Monday. Without it Easter would not be

Easter to the children of our National Capital. Each player has a basket of eggs for the egg rolling contest on the lawn. Should an egg get broken as it rolls down the slope, its owner loses and goes back to the hill top to try again.

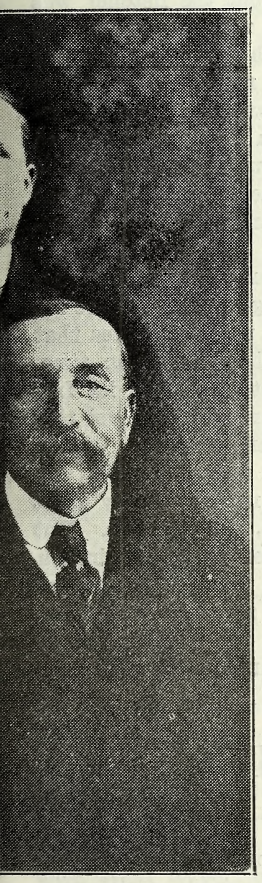
"Breaking the pinata" is an Easter game of young folks from the Rio Grande to Patagonia. The "Pinata" is a hollow doll filled with candies and pennies. Its size corresponds to the means of the family. The doll is usually made of clay or some breakable substance. It is suspended from the ceiling. The eager young folks crowd about. Each one is allowed three swings at the "pinata" with a wooden club. As soon as the doll is broken, the children scramble for the scattered candy and coins.

DURHAM COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Seated, left to right:
C. M. Crutchfield
H. L. Carver, Chairman,
W. D. Turrentine

Standing, l
Fred Thom
D. H. Stalli
W. E. Stan

RE OFFICER



On the 27th of this month and which falls on Thursday will be a glad day at the Jackson Training School. The boys and the Officers will have the choice privilege of entertaining the Board of County Commissioners of Durham County and a delegation of prominent men and women from that progressive county.

This delegation comes primarily to officially open the Durham Cottage, which has been completed for some weeks and has been in service. It is understood that these folks are going to bring with them a speaker, we'll furnish the music and the luncheon —that makes a fine programme. In this connection, The Uplift has authority to extend a cordial invitation to any and all, who are interested in childhood, to join in this happy occasion.

These gentlemen have visited the institution before and are deeply interested in the work. They are coming again with a renewed interest, for as good business men and with a forward vision they are deeply interested in the problem of restoring to society that which was going a-stray.

THREE MINUTES–NO DIFFERENCE

A talkative fellow traveler felt called upon to keep his neighbor informed about a lot of things as they sped across the country. Incidentally, it was evident that the talker knew far less than his listener, but the listener was courteous, at least tolerant. One concern of the talker was "what time is it?" When answered by a trainman, he found his watch was three minutes slow. With marked desire to be satisfied even with his misguided watch he loudly and contentedly declared, "Three minutes! That makes no difference." Nearby were two keen business men who had been not a little amused at this effusive talker, but this betraying remark was enough to tell them the undependableness of this young man. Their quiet comments were just what would be expected from men to whom time means much and to whom correctness is a requisite for worth.

This incident tells its own lesson. The only further comment needed is to suggest where "three minutes" would make a difference, if rightly used. There are places and conditions of living so directed by the regular use of minutes that none of them is disregarded. There are other places where being on time, having the watch right, is little regarded. In the great city, with its frequently running cars, it is not very serious to miss one, or more, and yet this very convenience becomes a temptation to indifference and neglect. Out in the country, where clocks are often set by the sun or by a distant whistle, and where the day's work is from daylight to dark or later, it makes no very great difference whether timepieces are three minutes, or more, slow or fast. But the three minutes does make a difference. The boy who uses his three minutes, and he can find a good many of them to use "on the farm," in reading worth-while things, either along a special line which his ambition would follow, or for general information and culture, will amaze the countryside by his broad knowledge. Three minutes may make a difference.—Selected.

THE OUTDOOR EASTER

By Delphia Phillips

Outdoor Easter celebrations are steadily gaining in favor from year to year since the beautiful services on Mount Rubidoux, near Riverside, California, first began to attract attention. Only within the last few years, however, has the custom begun to spread to other localities. For a long time, the thrilling service held at the great cross on the top of Mount Rubidoux, just at sunrise, was the only thing of its kind, but the custom was so beautiful and so appropriate that one by one, the surrounding towns and communities began adopting it for their own, so that at the present time, hundreds of pilgrimages to some hill or elevation are made from different localities.

Because of the climate of Califor-

nia the outdoor Easter gatherings are peculiarly fitting. Fogs may obscure the sunrise, and the early morn may be chilly, but it is almost absolutely certain that rain will not spoil the festival, nor cold weather keep the people away.

There is something wonderfully appropriate and inspiring in beginning Easter Day in this fashion. Thousands yearly assemble in the town of Riverside for this gathering, and in the dim early morning swarm up the slopes of the mountain to gather about the cross. Famous singers and speakers have from time to time given their services to make this wonderful celebration even more impressive, but the chief inspiration is that of the great, silent throng waiting before the cross until the first rays of the sun gild it with glory. It is symbolical of the rays of divine love that first lit with beams of mercy a dark and sorrowful world.

If any of the throng should be asked which hymn was most appropriate for such an occasion, there is very little doubt that the answer would be, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." To hear a great throng sing this hymn in the hush of the early morning, surrounded with matchless scenery, and wrapt in the mysterious sense of awe that the scene engenders, is an experience never to be forgotten.

Here, Henry Van Dyke has read his beautiful poem: "God of the Out-of-Doors," and famous singers have expressed the emotions of the people through songs that stirred their hearts to heights of feeling never before dreamed of.

All about the city of Los Angeles and her suburbs, the people have sought their nearest Easter shrines, and whether they go on foot, by rail, or in automobiles, the one purpose is to seek the uplift that comes from the heights, in company with those "gathered with on a accord, in one place."

The past year, the little town of San Pedro held its first hill-top celebration of the day. The town itself is full of historic associations, and is one of the oldest in the state. It, or rather, the site of it, was discovered by Cabrillo, the Spanish explorer, in 1542, and was made famous by Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast" in later years. It is a quaint, old-world appearing town, set in and on hills, with a vista of ocean and hills for a background.

Within the enclosure of Fort McArthur, south of the town, rises a splendid elevation, which was the spot chosen for the cross. At four o'clock on that wonderful morning, the citizens of the sleeping city were thrilled by the far-off notes of a bugle. They were sounded by a company of Boy Scouts, who had been instructed to waken the people in time for the sunrise meeting at the cross.

A gray fog overhung town and bay, but in a surprisingly short time, an eager, silent throng were wending their way toward the hill-top. There was something breathlessly expectant in the very air, as if Nature joined in the general subdued excitement that pervaded the people. One was reminded again and again of the first Easter Morn, long ago, when the women hurried to the tomb, though they were sorrowful, while these were expectant. People smiled as they passed each other on the way, and none

felt like strangers. Though they did not say it in words, many faces expressed the thought: "He is risen."

Slowly, in single file, the silent throng went up the hill to the cross, looming black and forbidding in the early morning gloom. The scene reminded one of the words: "Who shall ascend into His Holy Hill?" Who, indeed? There were people of every nationality, and from every state in the union. The little city is full of foreigners, and many races and religions were represented. Up from below sounded the tinkle of Catholic bells calling to early mass, but people of this faith were also at the cross. Chaplains from Army and Navy took part in the services, and blue coats and khaki mingled together in the throng.

A bugler from the Boy Scouts called the meeting to attention and suddenly, the thing we had hoped and watched for took place. The fog lifted, and a bank of clouds that had obscured the eastern sky was overtopped by the sun, which tipped the dark cross with beams of light. How changed now was the scene! The battleships that had loomed ghost-like out of the mist, suddenly assumed shape; the laden-hued ocean caught the rays of light on every swell, and a thousand lights and shadows played over the green background of hills.

"I know that my redeemer liveth," sang a beautiful voice, and in thousands of hearts is the assurance: "Because He lives, I too shall live."

The other day I heard a man say that there would be great prosperity in this country when the merchants quit buying diamonds and went to buying alarm clocks, and when the farmers quit buying silk shirts and went to buying overalls, and when everybody got up early and went to work. —Monore Enquirer.

WHAT IS AN EDITOR?

Winston Salem Journal.

For a long time we have been looking for a good description of a real editor. Some say he belongs to a profession; others that he is a member of a trade. We believe some court recently decided that a newspaper reporter was a member of a "learned profession" and suppose that and editor would come under the same head, in the opinion of said court at least.

But, fortunately, we do not have to search through court decisions to find the real status of the editor in society. A friend has forwarded to us a complete descripion written by a little village boy who was given the stunt by his father of writing a theme about editors. Here is the results:

"Don't know how newspapers come to be in the world. Don't think God does either because He ain't got nothing to say about them in the Bible. I think the editor is one of them missing links you read of, and stayed in the bushes until after the flood and then has been

here ever since. I don't think he ever died.

"I never saw a dead one and I never heard of one getting licked Our paper is a mighty good one, but the editor goes without underclothes all winter and don't wear any sox and dad hasn't paid his subscription since the paper started. I asked dad if that was why the editor had to suck the juice out of snowballs in the winter and go to bed when he had his shirt washed in the summer. And then dad took me out to the woodshed and he licked me awful hard.

If the editor makes a mistake folks say he ought to be hung, but if the doctor makes a mistake he buries them and the people dont say anything because the doctor can read and write Latin.

"When the editor makes a mistake there is a law suit and swearing and a big fuss; but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anyone knowing what it means, but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit, but if the editor goes, he gets a charge of buckshot.

"When a doctor gets drunk it is a case of being overcome by the heat, and if he dies, it is heart trouble; when the editor gets drunk it's a case of too much booze, and if he dies it's the jim jams. Anv old college can make a doctor, but an editor has to be born."

A bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district —all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.—Franklin.

HEAVY TUBERCULAR AFFECTION.

Ninety-six per cent of the children in the Methodist Orphanage at Winston-Salem reacted to tuberculin tests, says the Raleigh News & Observer, following an investigation that was ordered when the entire dairy herd of the institution was found infected with tuberculosis and ordered killed, it became known here yesterday. Very few of the children showed clinical symptoms of the disease.

Health authorities here are not alarmed at the result of the test, and believe that little permanent harm will come of the presence of tubercular cattle in the institution's dairy. Practically 95 per cent of the adult population of the country would show the same reaction to the tubercular test, it is declared, and with the removal of the source of active infection, the danger is believed to have been eliminated.

MOST ADULTS TUBERCULAR

"Everybody has tubercular infection, but relatively few have tuberculosis," declared State Health Officer W. S. Rankin, commenting on the condition at the Winston-Salem Orphanage. "Ninety-five out of every hundred people would show the same reaction to the Von Pirquet

test as did these children. It is only when the physical resistance to the infection is broken down that tuberculosis develops."

Veterinary inspectors, working in co-operation with the Forsyth county officials, discovered the situation at the orphanage several weeks ago. Out of the herd of 31 cattle, all but two of the milk cows were found infected, and most of them were in such advanced stages of the disease that the carcasses were burned after they were killed. All of the infected cattle were killed immediately, and healthy cattle substituted.

SCIENCE STILL SEEKS.

How large a part infected milk plays in the actual development of tuberculosis in the human body is a matter about which scientists are still disagreed, although it is a recognized source of dangerious infection. Although tremendious advances have been made in knowledge of the disease, the medical fraternity frankly admits that there are many things yet to be established.

The Von Pirquet test, brought to this country twelve years ago by an Austrian doctor who lectured at John Hopkins, is the standard method for determining infection. The test is made by hypodermic injection of a dozen drops of tuberculin poison beneath the skin of the person. If slight inflamation develops tubercular germs are present in the system.

HOW TEST IS MADE.

Tuberculin is made in this fashion: Tubercular germs are grown in laboratories. The full grown culture has the appearance of mold. The mold is dried, placed in a mortar and pounded to a powder with sterilized instruments. Salt water is added, and the fluid strained through a specially constructed filterer. The germ poison seeps through, but no tubercular germ. Carbolic acid is added and the tuberculin is complete.

Scientists are unanimous in the opinion that tubercular germs are present in most people, awaiting only a break down of the power of resistance to develop tuberculosis. The infection is inherited or contracted either through the breathing, through milk or food. Slight poison is always generated in the body, but is thrown off through the natural processes. When the body is no longer able to throw off all the poison, clinical symptoms develop.

WILL DESTROY DISEASE

"A hundred years from now we will have conquered tuberculosis," Dr. Rankin declared yesterday. "It will be as rare as smallpox or yellow fever. I don't know, but I do know that we have got to do it. Removal of these sources of infection will help, but in some way the disease must be dealt with, and eliminated."

The investigation at Winston-Salem has had the result that every institutional herd of cattle in the State has been examined, and all infected cattle have been removed. Twelve counties have adopted plans for testing every dairy cow within the county, and eventually the State Veterinarian, Dr. William Moore, believes that every infected cow in the State will have been removed.

Under the existing statutes, the Federal government, the State and the owner of infected cattle share equally in the loss entailed by the killing of diseased animals. Counties

now co-operating with the State and Federal governments in examining every cow in the county are Buncombe. Rowan, Forsythe, Davie, Davidson, New Hanover, Pender, Scotland, Cumberland, Robeson, Alamance and Cabarrus.

The animal and the bird seem to busy themselves as seekers for food, but they know when they have enough and then stop searching. Too often we keep busy seeking food and clothing and pleasure and gain, and act as though we never could be satisfied. We do not seem to know the word enough. Disease may incapacitate, or old age check, but we resent their coming because they interfere with our desire.—Selected.

ANSWER THESE, THOS. A.

(Monroe Journal)

Mr. Edison has now proposed some questions designed to test the knowledge of women. They are an improvement on the set which he put out some time ago for men. Only one man answered them correctly and this was so unusual that he married into the Edison family.

In his line Mr. Edison is one of the great men of the ages, but like his friend, Henry Ford, also wonderful in his line, he can slip a cog as badly as the most of us when he gets outside of familiar ground. Edison knows more about electricity than any man who has ever lived, and he no doubt knows mechanics, but he does not know the mechanics of the human mind.

His questions were perhaps intended to test not only the memory but the power of observation, but a man might have failed to answer them all and still be an educated man.

If a North Carolinian were going to question Mr. Edison to test his knowledge on about the same lines that he asked questions to test the education of men, the questions would run something like this:

Who was Windy Billy Henderson?

Quote Jake Harshaw's well known remark to the buzzard.

What distinguished North Carolinian was killed by a turkey gobbler, and what were the details of the trying circumstances?

Explain why a man can ever be crazy enough to suppose that Andrew Jackson was born in South Carolina.

Shonld Captian Ashe and Mr. Van Noppon succeed in substantiating the Resolves, as against the Declaration, what effect would it have on the social standing of the alleged "Niggers"?

Did North Carolina militia bolt at the battle of Guilford court house, or did they walk leisurely away under orders of General Greene as explained by Judge Schenck?

Prove that North Carolina is the greatest State on earth since she has been found to stand at the bottom of so many columns of figures.

If your grandfather was not born in North Carolina, how did you happen to do so well?

In your opinion, is Uncle Joe a credit or a discredit to the State of

his birth.

Which is the proper dinner hour, 12 o'clock or 6 o'clock.

Why was the Confederate navy yard maintained in Charlotte?

Who told Zeb Vance so many jokes?

Was the late combat between Col. Watts and the Supreme court a dog fall?

Of course there are many more questions which might be asked profitably but unless Mr. Edison could answer all of the above he could not be considered educated according to his own tests.

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of its people.—Mrs. Sigourney.

ONE CENTURY AGO

(Edenton News.)

We are indebted to Judge W. M. Bond for the loan of a copy of The Edenton Gazette, volumes 24 to 27, dated 1828 to 1831, from which we propose to use extracts of interest day by day.

The Gazette was a four-page magazine size weekly paper, and such outside news as it contained was derived from steamers calling here or newspapers from other cities. On the title page appears: "Printed every Tuesday by William E. Pell, for the proprietor, at the cost of three dollars for year subscription, payable only yearly in advance; advertisements inserted at fifty cents per square." Who the proprietor or editor were is not revealed, nor is there any explanation of what a square of advertising might mean.

Through the Gazette Postmaster N. Bruner informs a number of persons, who have omitted settling their postage accounts. that they may have some trouble if they don't pay up, as the Postmaster General will not admit of submission to such wilful neglect.

Similarly P. H. Anderson informs the ladies and gentlemen of Edenton that his second cotillion party will take place at the courthouse on Friday. Gentlemen must be, provided with cards of admission obtainable at Mr. John M. Jones' store for a dollar.

Even one hundered years ago divorce was not unknown in Edenton, since an order was made to serve a subpoena upon Jeremiah Mixson, failing which publication for three months was allowed in the case of Mary Mixson vs. The Court. This publication was signed by John S. Wood, clerk.

Bishop & Fowler offers for sale fifty barrels of Old Gates apple brandy, whiskey and new rum as well as cut nails and bale rope.

A track of land, part of the estate of the late Micojah Bunch, on the main road from Edenton to Suffolk, was offered for sale by George Blair, special mention being made of long credit to the purchaser.

John Bonner offered $50 for the

apprehension of his negro man, Dave, "a quiet likely fellow, about 5ft. 10. full set of teeth, whose father lives at Mr. Nathan Winslow's, by the name of Spencer (known as fiddler.")

DON'T RUN AWAY FROM DIRT

(By M. R. S. in Woman's Work.)

Lolo was sitting in the sun. That was one of the few things he really cared about doing. There was pleasure in eating, of course; but no meal however good, was complete without a long, dreamy lounge in the warm sunshine afterward.

Lolo was a man in years and in size, but his mind was smaller than that of the American child who starts to school for the first time. In the little African village there was nothing to feed the tiny mind in the big body—nothing to see, nothing to hear, nothing to do—except things he didn't want to do.

Just now, he was thinking about one of those things, which all the people in the village would have to do presently.

"Soon time to make new village," he thought lazily, and the thought disturbed the pleasant ease of his idleness. Making a new village was not an agreeable task, but it was the less of two evils.

The natives of that part of Africa where Lolo lived have a custom that would seem very strange to us. Whenever the filth in their villages —for they never clean anything up —becomes too bad to endure, they move to another place, clear new land and build another village. This happens about once in eighteen months.

If you had looked at Lolo, you would not have thought he was afraid of dirt, for there was plenty of it on him and about him. But Lolo, and every other African in his tribe, had this same habit; they would run away from dirt and leave it, rather than clean it up. As for what was on themselves, another coat of grease would cover it up, and make them beautifully shiny again!

While Lolo sat lounging there, he saw a stranger coming up the path that led out of the bush. Usually, the first person who sees a stranger calls out the whole village to look; but Lolo was too comfortable to move, and he watched the man idly. At first he thought it must be a white man, for he wore a great many more clothes than were the style in Lolo's village. But as the man drew nearer, Lolo saw that he was as black as himself. His curiosity began to stir.

"Black man, in white man's clothes. Uh!" he remarked to himself.

There was another thing that had made him take the newcomer at first for a white man. He walked briskly along the narrow path, instead of idling along like a native.

"Him walk fast!" muttered Lolo. "What be after him?" But he could see neither wild animal nor troublesome white man on the stranger's footsteps, so he wondered more and more why he should walk so quickly—it seemed quick to Lolo—when he didn't

have to do it.

On the very edge of the village stood a hut which nobody had entered for days. In it lay a poor woman in the clutch of that terrible disease, the African-sleeping-sickness. With no one who cared enough to go near her, she was sleeping her life away in a filthy hut, among dirt and insects of every kind.

The buzzing of the flies about the hut attracted the stranger's notice as he passed it. He went to the low doorway and looked inside. If Lolo had not been too lazy, he would have called and told him what was within; but he thought the man would soon enough find out for himself, and hurry on his way.

"Him be gone in!" said Lolo suddenly, sitting erect with something as near a start as his lazy muscles could produce. "What for he go in that dirty place? All him nice clean clothes be spoiled! Him foolish man!"

But the foolish man was coming out again. In his hand was an old gourd dipper. He laid down the little bundle he carried carefully beside the path. Then he took the gourd down to the stream that ran a little way beyond, and dipped some water in it. Coming back, he knelt beside his bundle and took from it a piece of white cloth. Then he entered the hut again, carrying the cloth and the water.

Lolo's curiosity got the better of his laziness. Rising with unusal quickness, he started over to where he could get a view inside the hut.

The strange man stood within, looking around for a place to set the gourd down. Then he shook his head and turned to come out again. Lolo stepped behind a hut, for he did not want the stranger to see that he was watched. If he knew it, he might stop doing those queer things, and Lolo wanted mightily to see what would happen next.

What did happen was this: the stranger set the gourd down again on the ground, and hung the cloth on the limb of a tree. Then, breaking some branches, he proceeded to bind them togther with long grass into the most approved form of an African broom.

In again he went, and presently Lolo saw him sweeping busily. How many kinds of dirt and vermin came out of that hut in the next quarter hour, it would be hard to count. The stranger was not content with sweeping them outside. He made a fire, with some strange device that Lolo could not see, because the man's back was turned. In this he burned everything that would burn; then, digging the loose earth with a stick, he buried all that was left.

Lolo had never seen anything like this. But stranger things were to come. The man, taking off his "white men's shoes," and rolling up his duck trousers, carried gourd after gourd of water, and with his broom—and another one which he made when that one was worn out—he scrubbed the hard earthen floor of the hut with all his might. The heat dried it almost as soon as he was done.

"Now, what happen?" Lolo asked himself; for the man had thrown away his broom and gone for more water.

Now the white cloth came down from the tree; the bundle came open again, and a queer little green cake of something came out of it, and went into the hut with the man, the water

and the white cloth. Lolo had never seen soap in his life before.

The stranger bent over the rude earthen bed where the poor woman lay. Tenderly he bathed her unconscious face and her grimy hands. The swarms of flies were already leaving the hut, where the odor of filth was no longer to be enjoyed.

There were other things that came out of the bundle, but Lolo could not see what they all were. Something from a little black bottle was dropped into the woman's mouth, and the man stroked her throat gently until she swallowed it. Then he gathered his belongings and put them into the bundle again—all but the white cloth; that he left hanging on the tree to dry.

At last the man started on his way again, right up into the middle of Lolo's village. Lolo followed him at a safe distance.

One day, many months later, a missionary from the coast came into the native interior, following the steps of the native Christian teacher who had gone that way to bring the good news of Jesus and His love.

At the little village where Lolo lived—which hadn't moved since then; it was cleaned up, instead!—he found about sixty men and women waiting to be examined for baptism.

The leader was a very big and very black fellow who gave his native name as Lolo, but asked to be baptized under the name of Paul.

"What made you want to be a Christian?" asked the missionary when he examined this man.

Then Lolo told him all the story of the sick woman, the filthy hut, and the man who didn't run away from the dirt, but cleaned it up.

"Him take off shoes, roll up clothes, carry water, sweep, wash old woman's face, make her rest easy. Then him come up in town, talk about Jesus, say Him help people. Then I say, 'You good Jesus-man; do what Him do. This be true talk; this be good talk. Lolo be Jesus-man too.'" Lolo paused for a moment. Then he looked around the clean little village, and waved his big hand.

"'Deeds never die!'" he said. And that is an African proverb that is just as true in any other country in the world.

HURRY

Hurry, says an exchange, is peculiarly an American trait. It is one of the predominant characteristics of our life. We have almost made it a false God.

It is mostly not an efficient factor in the accomplishment of the world's work. Rather it is a mark of superficiality, the evidence of unbalanced judgment, incompetency for the execution of the work in hand. Hurry is an excuse for thoroughness and honesty.

Hurry has deep-seated causes. At the root of hurried conduct there frequently lies: want of self-direction, or the desire to appear engrossed in affairs; neglect of duty, or the postponement of its dischage.

The atmosphere of hurry is conducive to ill temper, hasty speech,

unkindness and general irritability. It is in open opposition to self-mastery. God works through nature simply and quietly, and an imperturbable demeanor is in harmony with the laws of the universe. The modern habit of hurry amounts to negative transgression. We do not cultivate the virtue of self-control; we do not learn the beautiful lesson of patience. Habits of prayer and contemplation are unknown in our distracted course.

What excellences of mind, what riches of character, are possible to those who do not hurry, who overcome external excitement and go on, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, "like a clock during a thunderstorm."

Three desirable things, at least, may be attained by the refusal to hurry: adoration, friendliness, and the cultivation of selfhood. Would it not be worth while, amid our crowded existence, to take time to adore? To feel at home in church when there is no public service schedule? Are some of the people among whom our birth or occupation has placed us worth knowing better? What of the untouched resources latent in ourselves?

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* **INSTITUTIONAL NOTES** *
* **By S. B. Davis** *
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Soloman Thompson is the latest arrival at the school.

Capt. Grier is giving the school grounds a general good cleaning up.

Vass Fields who has recently been sick, is now well aud back on pump duty.

The Printing Office is getting out a time card for the Wood Working Department.

Boys to receive visits last Wednesday were; Claude Coley, James Phillips, Victor High, John Edwards and Harry Suthers.

Harry Hayes, recent arrival at the school, has been placed in the Printing Office, He is expected to be the next successful reporter.

S. I. Sharp, of Greensboro, who was a former pupil here and who is making good as a salesman, spent Tuesday and Wednesday at the school. He is representing the Western Electric Company.

The trees around the school and on the campus are taking on new life and getting green responding to the coaching of the sun, Soon when the sun's rays grow stronger the boys will be seeking the cool shade afforded by these trees.

There are many unusual characters at the school so why can we not claim a poet? William Wilson is the best at the school. He is best because so far no others have made their debut. Perhaps by the next issue another poet will appear.

Mr. Cloer, assisted by his force of boys, has made a ditch leveler for the school and a tool cabinet for Mr. Horton, our shoe mender. The boys working under Mr. Cloer's supervision are: James Shipp, Marion Butler, Bertram Hart and Clyde Wil-

lard.

Quite a few boys have been enquiring as to when the decisions of the judges (who were to judge the essays on what I Would Like to do and why I Would Like to do it) are to be made public. They are anxiously awaiting to see who will win the prize.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Webb and Miss Dora Landreth, all of Kanapolis were visitors at the school Sunday. Miss Landreth took quite a liking for James Autry of the Mecklenburg Cottage. She told him that she was going to send him a box as soon as she got home.

Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of Concord, held services in the Chapel Sunday. He read Romans 12th: 9---21 and then took for his text rather a long one it being found in Proverbs the 30th chapter and verses 24---28. He then spoke on prepardness, fortification, unity and persistence.

Workmen are busy with the installation of the huge McEary cold air refrigerator which is being installed in the same building with the ice plant. We hope to be making our own ice within the next few days. Our drinking fountain at the Latham Pavilion will be cooled with ice.

We did not have a game of ball Saturday and because of this, the majority of the boys was disappointed. However, the boys all went to the ball grounds and played among themselves for an hour or so. Then line was called and they left for the cottages where a fresh bath and clean clothes were given them.

The boys will soon enjoy the pleasures and profits of a radio. The aerial has been raised over the school building and soon all of the apparatus will be complete. Then will the boys hear, by the aid of the radio many concerts from far away cities. They are enthused over the prospets of the entertainments that they will hear

Sunday is Easter! Such is the thought which remains uppermost in the minds of the boys. Easter means to some holidays, good things to eat, and good times. But to the boys at the school it means more than just these common things. Friday is the anniversary of the crucifixion of Christ and Sunday is the anniversary of rising from the grave. They are happy to realize that on this day many, many years ago Jesus died that they might be saved from sin.

The Boger Literary Society, named in honor of Supt. Boger, and formed in the Durham Cottage, held its election of officees last Tuesday. The officers elected were as follows: Jack McLellan, President; Richard Johnson, Vice President; Simon Garris, Recording Secretary; Raymond Keenan, Corresponding Secretary; William Hancock, First Reporting Critic; Preston McNeill, Second Reporting Critic; William Gregory Censor and Wesley Cook Prosecuting Critic. This society will make an unusually good record.

The changes in boys after they have spent a time at this school are wonderful to behold. When a new pallid face, unhealthy boy arrives at this school, he is always a subject of the officers and the sober thinking boys. His development is watched

intently. Soon the watchers begin to notice a change in the subject. His cheeks begin to take on color. His face rounds out. He takes on weight. Soon he is a healthy specimen of humanity. Many examples of this development are to be found but the most noticeable is the one of Magnus Wheeler. When running around the lawn he would always be last and even then he could hardly come in. But he began to take on fat and now---well, suffice to say, that hardly a day does he miss in leading the racers and coming in ahead of all others.

Need More White Settlers

North Carolina is too sparsely settled. We are trying to get better roads and better schools, and Heaven knows we need both! But a county with 50,000 people can support good roads much more easily than a county where there are only 10,000 or 20,000 people to carry the whole burden.

Not only do we need more white settlers, but we have abundant room for them. North Carolina is about the same size as Iowa and Illinois. Yet the 1920 census shows that Iowa has 28,000,000 acres of improved or cultivated land and Illinois 27,000,000 whereas North Carolina has only 8,000,000. North Carolina's 8,000,000 acres of cultivated land vs. Iowa's 28,000,000---there is the contrast!

Nor is the uncultivated land of North Carolina to be found chiefly on our mountain slopes. Most of it is level, productive, easily cultivated eastern North Carolina soil. The state should redouble its emphasis on drainage and encourage the coming of good settlers. This will mean better roads, better schools, and lightened tax burdens Think, for example, how much one Ohio farmer, A. L. French, was worth to North Carolina! --Clarence Poe.

Summer Rates On Southern

During the coming summer tourist season, the Southern Railway System will sell round-trip week-end tickets from principal points to all mountain and seashore resorts in the South at sixty percent of the double one-way fare, or a fare and one-fifth, for the round-trip. As a illustration, where the one way fare is $10.00, the round-trip fare will be $12.00.

These tickets will be sold on Fridays and Saturdays and will be good for return trip until Tuesdays, this being a more liberal arrangement than has ever before been in effect and one which will enable the people of the South to make week-end trips to mountain and seashore resorts at a very reasonable cost. It will be especially advantageous to business men who wish to make weekly visits to their families at resorts. These tickets will be sold from Washington, D. C., Cincinnati, Ohio, and Louisville, Ky., as well as points throughout the Southeast.

These tickets will be put on sale May 15th and will be sold until the latter part of September.

School houses are the republican line of fortifications.—Horace Mann.

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VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 22, 1922 NO. 24

WITH A PURPOSE.

There are no two persons alike. We differ from one another in many of the characteristics and aspects of life. We could not be precisely alike if we were to try. There are many reasons lying at the basis of our differences. But I have been wondering if the reason is not in the presence or absence of a real purpose in life. Sometimes we have seen those who had a good start, who were generously endowed with talents, whose standing was of the best, and yet they drifted, amounting to almost nothing. Then again we have known those who got a poor start, gave little promise of even average success in life, and who labored under many handicaps, and yet to our surprise they forged to the front, passing others who had many more advantages. A purpose is nothing more than a mind to achieve something. It brings every talent and energy to bear on the accomplishment of that one thing. It has no power to increase our endowments, but it does teach us how to unite them, draw them together, and concentrate them upon the attainment of one goal. The scattered rays of the sun would not kindle a fire, but take a mirror and focus the sun's rays on a given object and see the result. Scattered human energies are dissipated and largely wasted energies. To be able to say, "This one thing I do," is the secret of an enlarged and useful career. To flit from one task to another reduces our efforts and paralyzes our energies.—Selected.

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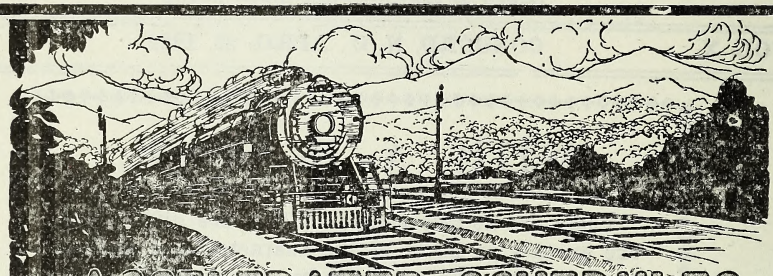

ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921

Northbound						Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
					ATLANTA, GA.				
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	Terminal Station (Cent. Time) ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C. lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C. lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C. lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C. lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C. lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C. lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C. lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA. lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va. lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va. lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA. lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C. lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys. lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

COMMISSIONER WILKINSON---THE PACIFIER.

If any one desires the truth, go to headquarters. Some weeks ago THE UPLIFT, in noting the new and virile organizations starting up in Concord for the common weal and expressing a pardonable delight that the old town had decided to stop curb-stone knockings and complainings, bucking and spite-work and blind devotion to the one-man idea, suggested that the Rotarians and the Kiwanians might serve the public a good turn by delegating a committee to wait on Highway Commissioner Wilkinson, of this district, and make inquiry "When lightening would strike in Cabarrus"

This was done in the course of time; and no sooner done, than irresponsible rumors, deductions, prophecies, misunderstandings, and evidences of dissatisfactions and cross-wires, began. Commissioner Wilkinson came to Concord Saturday last. He brought his engineer, and a good one is this fellow Pridgen, who knows his business from a to z. Mr. Wilkinson listened most charmingly to the remarks and resolutions. He was awake to all that was going on. He made his talk---clear, well-worked out, sounded very sensible and was sensible all through. He soon satisfied the representative party that had assembled that he knew his business, was doing the best that could be done and just as fast as it was possible. He won the folks, and what seemed at one time the occasion for a division, factional struggle and a mess, vanished by this man Wilkinson's gentleness, smoothness, clearness and his most evident purpose to do the right thing promptly for the Cabarrus cause.

The problem was thus solved; and right on the heels of this amicable settlement, Mr. Martin Cannon moved that the plan outlined by Commissi-

oner Wilkinson be endorsed and accepted, and it accordingly and unanimously carried. It was all and entirely due to Commissioner Wilkinson, The Pacifier.

The plan, as developed at the meeting on Saturday, involves the letting of the contract, at the May meeting of the Highway Commission, for the construction of a hard surface road from the corporate limits of Concord to the Mecklenburg line; and the survey of the road from the Concord limits north to the Rowan line, rebuilding the old road, putting it into proper repair and removing the grade crossing at Cook's Crossing. That has been the idea all the while, and preparation had been making for months to bring all this about, but idle gossip and irresponsible rumor had got the purpose, the real purpose, into a tangled ball, locally.

Everybody left satisfied that Cabarrus would be properly and justly treated, and all were glad the Pacifier came---when the love-feast was about to start Col. Wade H. Harris, editor of the Observer, walked in smiling, and we had the honor of convincing him that there are more than one Hartsell in these diggins by introducing to him Mr. J. L. ("Tiny") Hartsell, the Mill man, and Senator L. T. Hartsell, (Luther), the Lawyer and both of these Hartsells are good men---but Col. Harris insisted on knowing which is the better. He was directed to look at the hair---he is now convinced that we have in Cabarrus county just as many Hartsells as they have "Mcs," in Mecklenburg.

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ANALYZING ACCURATELY THE SITUATION.

Elsewhere in this number will be found a very strong presentation of "North Carolina's Needs" as seen by the well-trained eye of Dr. W. L. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College. Dr. Poteat recognizes what thousands of others in the state have been certain of, but he puts into language the defects so clearly that conviction must follow the reading of the very sensible article.

The public is beginning to see the fallacy, if not the foolishness, of the edict-made or hand-made teachers. Just because a teacher has completed a certain course in a favorite school with an edict-made classification, or one who has gone through the frolic of a theory summer school, does not make it safe for one to accept that teacher as a qualified and efficient teacher. It is "too heavy emphasis on method", quoting Dr. Poteat, "at the expense of subject matter." Growing out of this method prevailing in the teacher-factories that have been set up in North Carolina "many know how to

teach English, but do not know how to write it."

It is well enough to manifest pride in the physical improvement in our public schools and to glorify ourselves in the attitude of the public to submit to the enormous increase in the public school fund---both of which are objects of great pride and are necessary---but when the people come to feel that there is too little response in the way of result for all this expenditure, as thousands are coming to look upon it, there is grave danger of a severe back set to the cause. The multiplication of departments and supervisors, the building up of a machine far removed from the benighted souls for which all these efforts are made, at an extravagant cost, does not and can not solve the great educational problem confronting the state.

Eliminate three-fourths of the machinery that has been set up by the educational department, cut out fifty or sixty percent of the officialdom that is being maintained at great cost, transfer more of the responsibilities back to the people, where they properly belong, and cut out the useless red-tape, then the "output" will have a chance to appear commensurate with the expenditure.

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A COMPARISON.

We copy elsewhere in this number a pen picture of the prevailing saloons of other days. This is from the Salisbury Evening Post, a fine old town where there yet live a number of elegant gentlemen who saw with their personal eyes just what Editor Hurley describes.

Twenty-five years ago the most popular one place in Salisbury was just by the railroad, in a corner of what was historically called the Mount Vernon Hotel. It has been junked; but before this occurred there was enough damage and evil wrought to serve a thousand generations in working off the superabundance of wild oats. It is gone, together with all the others that damned humanity the country over, forever. Glory be!

By and by, the lawless will have all been garnered in the penitentiary or in an uncertain beyond, but the temptation in a large measure being removed from the yonng there is a possibility that the crop that makes the bootleggers and the moonshiners somewhat profitable for a time will cease to grow and thrive---and these, with public sentiment actively on guard will perish from among us.

Isn't strange that men will risk their character, their reputation, their lives and that of their family in a sorry business the history of which is in

the finality pauperism, suffering and want nine cases out of ten of those who handle whiskey and other strong drinks, legally or illegally?

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A PROUD RECORD

It is announced that during the month of February, the record always being kept carefully for each month, on the entire Southern Railway system there was not a single fatality among the employes and less than two hundred of the thousands that are employed suffered any injury of any kind. That this is a fine showing over what used to be the record among railroad employes, demonstrates the great care that has been taken to employ every safety device known to the railroad world.

The Southern Railway has made a better record than jitney drivers and joy riders; in fact its record makes the operation of flying machines look like a vertible graveyard in comparsion.

It is noted with much satisfaction that Vice-President Henry W. Miller, in charge of operation, has announced that owing to the large number of of casulties that are occuring at highway grade crossings each month and to assist further in community safetv, the Southern will enter whole-heartedly into the careful crossing campaign, which will be conducted througout the country during the summer months.

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CLARK'S HUMAN INTEREST STORY.

You want to read the interesting and valuable contribution by Mr. R. R. Clark in this number. He tells most entertainingly the story of an educational cause that dealt with the lives of boys, who afterwards became distinguished in the affairs of the country. The editor of this paper was delighted over the reference to that godly man, Prof. L. H. Rothrock, now of Gold Hill. Unostentatiously, with marked modesty, and with a marvelous success, this man has taught hundreds of boys and girls who in no uncertain manner reflect in their lives the wonderful influence and thorough training this conscientious and able man exerted upon them. No wonder; for the father of Prof. Rothrock, the late Rev. Samuel Rothrock, when a youth, with fifty cents in his pocket, struck out a-foot for Gettysburg, Pa., College, where he was educated. That determination only indicates the stuff out of which men are made---and his son, Prof. Rothrock, of whom Mr. Clark so entertainingly writes, couldn't help being himself an A 1 man. Though way up in eighty, Mr. Rothrock still teaches.

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Over 4,000 visitors assembled in Albemarle last Saturday to participate

in the Commencement exercises of the Stanly county public schools. The healthy and enthusiastic manner in which the people of old Stanly (once a laggard in some respects) are going about the business of making rapid and progressive strides and her great accomplishments in the cause of education, speaks volumes for the faithful and far-seeing wisdom of the county's leaders. A great county and a great people. Stanly has a live wire and a capable leader educationally in the person of County Supt. Reap

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Mr. Cates, of the Observer Printing House, has placed with THE UPLIFT a new edition of the "Made-In-Carolinas" trade directory. It is a handsome piece of printing, full of valuable information and is a fore-runner of a repetition of that most splendid show that was pulled off last year in Charlotte.

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The Republican State Convention, held in Winston-Salem last week, was largely attended and was an harmonious meeting. Mr. Brabham, of Durham, succeeds Hon. C. A. Reynolds as State Chairman; and the latter succeeds Hon. John M. Morehead as National Committeeman.

THE NURSE AND THE WOLF.

"Be quiet now," said an old Nurse to a child sitting on her lap. "If you make that noise again I will throw you to the Wolf."

Now it chanced that a Wolf was passing close under the window as this was said. So he crouched down by the side of the house and waited. "I am in good luck to-day," thought he. "It is sure to cry soon, and a daintier morsel I haven't had for many a long day." So he waited, and he waited, till at last the child began to cry, and the Wolf came forward before the window, and he looked up to the Nurse, wagging his tail. But all the Nurse did was to shut down the window and call for help, and the dogs of the house came rushing out. "Ah," said the Wolf as he galloped away,

"ENEMIES' PROMISES WERE MADE TO BE BROKEN."

New Home Of Salisbury Evening Post

Situate just opposite the U. S. post office in the very heart of Salisbury the new home of the Salisbury Evening Post is an actuality—Editar Hurley, a Cabarrus product, has gone to Salisbury and successfully established an institution.

Cramped into a one-room quarter, he grew weary. He purchased a lot and built, suitable for modern newspaper house, an attractive, well arranged and well lighted building. It is the last word, up to this date, in the construction and arrangement of a modern newspaper home.

Much of his equipment has been replaced by new and the very latest machinery. The future is bright; and if the people, whom it splendily serves, give it the support we are sure they feel due it, The Salisbury Evening Post will bring to pass the truth of that big electric sign seen across the street near the station:

"Salisbury's The Place"

In working out its disarmament plans, the Washington conference entirely overlooked governor's staffs.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

A CENTENNIAL OF HUMAN INTEREST

BY R. R. CLARK

It was my privilege and pleasure (and these words are not used perfunctorily in this case) to attend, Saturday, the 15th, the celebration of the centennial of Ebenezer Academy, in Iredell county. At this centennial celebration I met a number of people who bear good reputations, who told me they were attending the second centennial at that place, and none of them were a hundred years old or anything like it. It was this way. The celebration was held in Bethany church (Presbyterian), seven miles north of Statesville. What is left of Ebenezer academy, a dilapidated old building, stands hard by the church on the public highway from Statesville to Turnersburg and Harmony, in north Iredell. Bethany church celebrated its centennial in 1875, 47 years ago; and many who attended the church centennial were on hand for the centennial of Ebenezer academy, chartered in 1822 and conducted as a classical school until 1856; then as a neighborhood school until a new building was erected some years ago.

Dr. Hall, a noted pioneer Presbyterian preacher and educator, who left the pulpit, put on his fighting clothes and was a captain in the war of the Revolution, preached and taught in this section—at Bethany and Fourth Creek (now Statesville) both before and after the War of the Revolution. He conducted a classical school, called Science Hall, in the vicinity of Bethany church. That school ceased to exist after his death, about the beginning of the last century. The old Scotch-Irish believed in education and wherever they founded a church they usually established a school hard by. After the death of Dr Hall and the passing of his school the Bethany people founded the school that they called Ebenezer academy, and which was chartered in 1822. It was taught in the "session house" of the church until a building could be erected. The most noted teacher at Ebenezer in that period when it flourished as a classical school was Hugh R. Hall, father of Dr. E. A. Hall, a venerable physician yet living in Bethany community, grandfather of Dr. Jas. K. Hall, distinguished physician and alienist of Richmond, Va. A number of men who afterward became prominent in public life were trained at Ebenezer under Mr. Hall, among these being Hon. Jos. P. Caldwell, member of Congress and father of the distinguished editor of the same name; Judge Caldwell, a distinguished man in his day; Gen. T. M. Clingman, distinguished public man in the ante-bellum days, member of Congress. Senator and brigadier in the Confederate army; Burgess Gaither, long a prominent lawyer at Morgantown, legislator and member of the Confederate Congress; not to mention a host of men who wrought well in private station in their day and generation.

The most interesting visitor at this centennial celebration at Ebenezer academy was Prof. L. H. Rothrock of Rowan county, long a noted teacher in Rowan and Cabarrus. Prof. Roth-

rock entered school at Ebenezer academy at the age of 13, 70 years ago; and this was his first visit to the community in 60 years. He and Dr. E. A. Hall were the only pupils of Hugh R. Hall that were present. Mr. Rothrock gave most interesting reminiscences of his school experience at Ebenezer. He was an only son and his father was anxious to give him a thorough education. He sent him to such schools as were available and when the boy had reached the age of 13 his father was on the lookout for a classical school to prepare him for college. Through a kinsman he heard of Ebenezer academy. The fact that this school was taught under Presbyterian auspices did not disturb the Lutheran Rothrock, who brought his boy to Ebenezer and not only installed him in the home of the teacher to board, but on his departure gave that Presbyterian teacher $5 to buy Presbyterian Sunday school literature for the Lutheran boy to attend the Presbyterian Sunday school. That he was well drilled in the Westminster Shorter Catechism goes without saying, and the aged Prof. Rothrock had with him the hymn book they bought for him with part of that $5. Soon after he entered Ebenezer the Rothrock boy became dissatisfied and wrote his father to come and take him home. The aged man called particular attention to his father's answer. The elder Rothrock was in no hurry to reply, but when he did answer he told the boy that Mr. Hall knew what was best for him and he would stay in the School. "He could have ruined me by allowing me to have my way at that time," said the now aged man, who saw in the later years that his father and his teacher knew best. He paid high and touching tribute to both. The elder Rothrock wanted his boy to go to college at Gettsburg, Pa., The son wanted to go to Chapel Hill. They compromised by agreeing for the boy to go to Chapel Hill first and then to Gettysburg. But the upheaval of the 60s changed plans. Rothrock entered the Confederate army and his only sight of that Gettysburg college was at the battle of Gettysburg, and he never got to Chapel Hill.

There were other interesting speakers at the Ebenezer centennial, but Prof. Rothrock easily came first on account of the association. Among the others were Rev. Dr. M. L. Kesler, prominent Baptist minister and superintendent of the Thomasville Orphanage; and Rev. Dr. Clyde Turner, pastor of the First Baptist church of Greensboro. Dr. Kesler was reared in Cool Spring community, adjoining Bethany, and was among home folks. Dr. Turner was reared in Bethany community and his father taught at Ebenezer academy. Dr. Kesler's address, "The School of Our Memory," was a splendid description of the schools of the former day—the old field schools as they were commonly called; and he paid high tribute to the teacher who trained him. Futhermore he boldly declared that the boys and girls who attended the old-time schools under efficient and consecrated teachers, did not lack for educational opportunities. He not only distinctly rejected sympathy in that respect, but he made some comparisons between schools of that time and this in which the old schools did not suffer.

The Ebenezer centennial was an

historic event and as the country correspondent of the local paper would say, "an interesting time was had by all."

What is believed to be the first bond issue ever voted in North Carolina before breakfast, is the record of Stanhope school district, Nash County, when on the morning of the 11th before 7 o'clock, a majority of the regis tered voters had cast ballots in favor of the issuance of $20,000 of school-house bonds. The bond proceedings were under the management of Attorney Bruce Craven, who was at breakfast at his home in Trinity, when the report of the election reached him by telephone, and he replied that if the Stanhope people are as early to bed as they are to rise, they ought to be "healthly, wealthly and wise" and that he thinks they are. The new high school building will be the community center for one of the finest rural sections of the state, situated in the fine farming country along the Tar river.

HOW SOON WE FORGET

(Lexington Dispatch)

During the war everybody learned to stand at attention when the band or orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner." Now, nearly everybody seems to have forgotten how the national anthem sounds. For instance, a note in the New York World says that a group of Girls Scouts passing the Statue of Liberty on a ferryboat stood and sang the "Star Spangled Banner,"

---and one man removed his hat.

We don't have to go that far though. At the county commencement here last Saturday the band played the national anthem at a stirring point in one of the historical pageants. The grandstand crowd that had seats kept them and most of those standing paid no attention to the air. Here and there perhaps a few ex-service men took note.

During the war our national consciousness was aroused because things came home to us when our own kin and ken were called to defend that banner of white and red stripes and stars in a field of blue. The war over, nearly everybody dropped as far from their spiritual exaltation as they had been lifted by the stress of the times. Could anyone imagine a band playing the "Marseillaise" in the presence of a French audience and the French remaining seated or with heads covered. They wouldn't have waited to see if the other fellow was going to show respect for the flag.

Have we forgotten all that this flag represents for us? Have we forgotten those who sleep in its folds, or are we just naturally a careless people who wake up to a proper respect for our flag only under great stress or excitement?

NORTH CAROLINA NEEDS.

By Dr. W. L. Poteat.

1. North Carolina needs to sober her pride by recogniznig her sins, to drop tail feathers for a cool minute to glance at ugly feet.

(1) Education. The training of our public school teachers is inadequate. Such training as they have had puts too heavy emphasis on method at the expense of subject-matter. For example, many know how to teach English, but do not know how to write it; know how to teach arithmetic; but not how to solve its problems. And then the amount of training is meager. As regards the instruction these teachers impart, we ought to remember that they have no chance at one half of our school population beyond the sixth grade. In all the grades, and in the high schools as well, the quality of instruction is inferior as compared with results elsewhere in the United States. Are we not too much occupied with our elaborate educational machinery,, too little concerned about its output? Thirteen percent of us remain illiterats, and, according to the tests, literate is far from being the same as educated. Agricultural rank in the sisterhood of states, fourth, educational rank, forty-fourth.

(2) Law and Order. Fourth in legitimate agricultural production, in the lead of an ill in illicit alcoholic production. The intelligence and conscience of the state need to be organized and made practically effective in expunging the stain of this bad distinction. Our native independence is lasping into license. The personal liberty folly goes unrebuked, is indeed sometimes championed by men of respectability, and ever and anon the mob digs into the foundations of our ordered life. Men of character and better equipment are needed in the public service to displace men whose ambition is not justified by their gifts.

2. North Carolina needs to relearn our state motto: Be, not seem to be. As a state and as individuals, are we not on a splurge of luxury? We need to recover the true perspective, and so our poise; to put first things first. Enhance life, let its comforts wait. Enrich life, let the impression it makes take care of itself. Let income determine expenditure. Insist on efficiency in the public business. Revise the pay roll. Cut out duplication in responsibility and excess in offices. We do not need any longer positions which were created for men. Jones, he pays the freight, and is getting tired of paying so much for goods which don't come.

Wise and patriotic men of all political parties are to-day vividly conscious of the fact that we stand at this hour upon the edge of the abyss, that the abolition of the autonomy of the State means the destruction of the liberty of the citizen and of the life of the Republic.—Senator Stanley, of Kentucky.

EVERY HOUSE HAS A SILVER LINING

BY J. GILBERT

Maizie was dusting, with disdainful little dabs, the dining-room mantel. "What is the use," she grumbled, "of dusting a black marble slab, anyway? It's just the same old tombstone when you're through."

She dumped three burnt matches out of a brass basket into the semi-circular stove beneath the mantel and scolded a fresh.

"How could anyone put a nasty old stove where they might have made an open fireplace?"

A brisk step sounded on the porch outside the door and her mother's voice called, "Open the door for me, dear. My hands are full."

Maizie opened the door to admit her mother bearing a large tray upon which was arryed the fresly burnished family silver.

"I had it on here, so I didn't stop to put it through the little window piece by piece," Mrs. White explained, noting the disapproving expression on her young daughter's face.

Maizie found in this remark an aggravation of her grievance.

"Who ever heard," she demand, "of a kitchen that you can get to only across a porch or through a little window?"

"Now, childie," soothed her mother, "lots of southern houses are like that. It does seem a little inconvenient after the bungalow, but there are so many nice things about this old place. You'll soon get used to it."

Maizie refused to be comforted.

"We've been here six months and I'm not a bit used to it yet. I thought it a hideous old house the first time I laid eyes on it, and I shall always think so."

She shook her duster out of the door with a wrathful jerk and stood staring moodily across the big, old-fashioned "sideyard" beyond the porch. Glimpsed above the garden wall, a hay wagon rattled along the quiet street, leaving shining shreds among the low-hanging branches of the trees.

"Quick, dear," called Mrs. White, "make a wish on the hay wagon before it's out of sight."

Maizie was distracted only partially from her wrongs.

"I wish," she said, "a fairy godmother would come and change this old house into an entirely different place—into something that I—"

A long, jangling peal of the doorbell interrupted her wish and Maizie threw down her duster.

"I'll go, it's proably the mail," she said, as she crossed the broad hall to the front door. "Perhaps there's a letter from dad."

But the "good morning" intended for the postman greeted quite another person. A tall, beautiful woman, dressed with what Maizie described later as "expensive simplicity," stood upon the cracked white marble doorstep and responded to Maizie's salutation with these remarkable words:

"Will you be so very good as to let me come in and see your house? I was born in this dear old place and spent my childhood here. It's a scandalously early hour for such a request, I know, but I have only a

short time between trains and I couldn't resist the temptation to beg a glimpse of my old home."

Maizie, though a little disconcerted by the surprise of it, was unaffectedly cordial.

"Why, certainly, come right in and look around as much as you care to," she invited.

Thus welcomed, the attractive stranger crossed the threshold with eager step, continuing her frank explanations.

"My name is Judson, Mrs. Judson It is twenty years since I have been here and the mere sight of this house stirs a hundred happy memories."

"Just go into the parlor and make yourself at home," said Maizie hospitably, admiring the way her visitor's hair waved and glinted under her smart hat. "I will call my mother. She will be glad to meet you, I know."

But Mrs. White, Mandy told her, had run across the garden to a neighbor's, and Maizie hurried back alone to do the honors for the family. She found Mrs. Judson standing in the middle of the parlor rug, looking about her with a rapt expression in her lovely eyes.

"How perfect that old gift paper is with your mahogany," she exclaimed, as Maizie entered. "I do believe it's exactly the pattern that served as a background for our old 1860 walnut things. I always loved it."

"It's probably the very same. Our landlord is 1860 himself and objects to change," Maizie contented herself with saying. The stiff gilt peacocks strutting across a buff ground had been to her one of the eye-sores of the house, but if the beautiful lady had loved them as a child Maizie was willing to waive the point.

As they progressed towards the dining-room Maizie thought the satisfaction of the careful finishing touches she and her mother had just given to Mandy's thorough housecleaning. The crisp white curtains, the scarlet salvia on the round table, the gleaming silver, seemed to radiate a sunny cheer which no black marble mantel in the world could chill. Mrs. Judson's enthusiasm, however, concentrated upon the half-round stove

"My brothers and I spent many a jolly winter evening around that very stove, or one just like it," she declared, "popping corn and roasting chestnuts while mother read Dickens aloud to us after our lessons were learned. I never see a black marble mantel without a memory picture of that dear little group."

She brushed a gloved hand hastily across her eyes and Maizie thought it best to create a diversion.

"Was this little window here then?" she asked, indicating the wooden slide over the shelf which provided a somewhat in-adequate means of communication with the kitchen.

"Indeed it was," laughed Mrs Judson, "that funny slit in the wall was for us children a ticket window, a post office, a banker's cage and goodness knows what besides. We had so much fun with it that we freely forgave its being too small to allow our Christmas turkey to pass. That had to be covered with a dishpan to keep it hot while it was being conveyed across the icy porch in formal procession—like the Cratchits' goose."

Maizie laughed too at the idea.

"Almost anything is fun in a big family," she admitted. "There's only one of me."

And when they went out into the garden, Mrs. Judson's delighted recognition of the dilapidated old grape arbor and her description of its haunted fascination for her childish fancy went so far to soften Maizie's resentment at their landlord's unwillingness and their own inability to make the charming old garden what it should be.

Then back again to the house and through the upstairs rooms they journeyed, Mrs. Judson finding at every turn some reminder of the comedies and time-sweetened tragedies of a much loved and long-scattered home circle.

Even the little room over the kitchen, which by the same architectural arrangement as that of the lower floor was inaccessible except by a trip across the porch, had its special charm of memory.

"My father," she explained, had his laboratory and did his research work there. When he was very busy he used to hang out a "No admittance" sign and on these occasions the upstairs porch, which was our usual rainy-day resort, became forbidden ground and constituted a sort of zone of silence for father's protection."

Maizie smiled in quick appreciation of this arrangement. She had never been able to think of any possible advantge to be derived from the whimsical isolation of that little room and had found in it only another object of her disapproval.

"My dear little girl," Mrs. Judson said, as they slowly descended the wide stairway, "you cannot know how much I appreciate your kindness in taking me in as you have done. Nothing will ever be home to me quite the same way as this quaint old place and it has seemed like a sweet dream to see it again. We have an entirely convenient and very attractive house in Canada, where my husband has recently settled, and the children, bless their hearts, are most adorable interior decorations. But here, under this old roof, I was a child myself, rich in the priceless gift of youth, with mother and father, like bulwarks of love, guarding my care-free happiness."

Maizie had been unwontedly quiet during this tour of her present home, a real voyage or discovery for her. She had made the proper polite rejoinders and shown sympathetic interest in her guest's enthusiasms, but she had been thinking hard all the while, and now, quite suddenly, she spoke her thoughts.

"We used to live in Indiana, in the sweetest, most up-to-date little white stucco bungalow. But father was moved here to superintend the new mills and this house was the only thing we could get. I have hated it every minute since we came. But now, after all you've told me," she faltered a moment, then went on, "well, you see, I am young, and—and I have my mother and father," her voice caught in a little half-laughing sob, and Mrs. Judson said not a word but squeezed both Maizie's hands hard in complete understanding.

When the visitor, with a surprised exclamation at the tale told by her bracelet watch, had hurried out to the rickety old station hack waiting

at the curb, Maizie went very slowly back to the sunny dining-room and regarded the black marble mantel and the semi-circular stove with eyes that sparkled, yet were a little misty, too.

Then she heard her mother singing in the garden and rushed across the porch to give her a breath-taking hug and the news of the wonderful thing that had happened in her half-hour's absence.

"Oh, motherkin," she cried, "my wish has come true. A fairy godmother has been here and changed this ugly old house into something entirely different—into a beautiful palace of youth with bulwarks of love."

The correspondent who says that the matter of electing a judge and solicitor is a very important one is everlasting right. Some one has said that there is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice. The trouble with justice as it is frequently dispensed is that it is mechanical. We need big men, good men, Christian men as the agents of justice and by all means solicitors should be paid a straight salary so that their compensation would not depend on securing convictions.—News and Observer.

ARE YOU A HUNDRED PER CENT MOTHER?

By William R. P. Emerson, M. D. in Woman's Home Companion.

A man who has never served in war is scarcely justified in criticizing those who have been at the front. Nor has one who has never been a mother a right to speak of mothers in any way but that of appreciation. The ambition of the normal woman to be an ideal mother is the greatest influence for good that we have.

Although the bond of affection between mother and child is the essential foundation of all child training, it is not the only requisite for success in this matter, for, with the best intentions in the world, everyone knows that there are very important differences in the kind of care given by various types of mothers to their children. It is in this connection that I wish to ask you mothers some frank questions, and to suggest a scale of points by means of which you may determine whether you are succeeding or failing, in the best job in the world.

I. TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT FOR PHYSICAL CARE

The first question I wish to raise is your attitude toward your child's physical condition. Is he growing up physically and mentally fit? You are quite right in saying that you are ready to do anything in order that your boy or girl may be strong and well. But just what have you been doing, and what are the next steps to which you have committed yourself in order to accomplish this end?

Have you weighed each of your children to find whether they are up

to the standard for their weight? Do not satisfy yourself by carelessly saying, "Oh, he is all right. He's on the go all the time. There's no need to worry about him!"

It must be borne in mind that thus far practically no attention has been given to growth itself. Even the physicians have been chiefly interested in acute and chronic disease after it has developed, and with caring for deformities by means of braces and splints after they are clearly established. It is only since the war that there has been a general awakening to the fact that physical unfitness is is associated with malnutrition and retarded growth.

The first thing to do if your child is under weight is to see that he has thorough physical examination, to determine the cause of his condition. The examination forms list all defects that may be interfering with growth. You should get your family physician to go over each point, and explain to you the indications of abnormal physical condition. Do not let a single item escape you.

If the child is a mouth breather, or there are enlarged glands, or other signs of inflammatory processes, let nothing stand in the way of correcting every defect. Do not be one of those mothers who grasp at every excuse for delay, saying, "It will be better to wait until a more convenient time before having the condition corrected;" or, "The summer is a better time, and vacation is only a few months off; or, "I just can't bear the idea of an operation!" Excuses of this kind are responsible for the continued sufferings and ill health of thousands of children in every community.

In considering your rating as a mother, your child's physical condition must be the first consideration, not only for its own sake, but because it is the groundwork and foundation of all other development.

It is part of your duty as an efficient mother to see that the good physical care which your child was given during the days of infancy is continued through the pre school age and throughout the years of school life, when there is a tendency to focus attention upon other forms of training. No factor in the child's development can be isolated, but his health should claim the mother's first attention.

II. HOW MANY POINTS FOR HOME CONTROL?

It would not be too much to say that good home control is "half the battle" in the proper nutrition and growth of children; but as I wish to be fair in acknowledging the honest intention of all mothers to do their best in this matter, I am rating this important factor at only twenty-five per cent. In this section let me relate a few incidents out of my experience with mothers and children, and perhaps some of these extreme cases will help you to check yourself up in this regard.

I think it will be unquestioned that the first moral training a child should receive is the duty of obedience. The act is so instinctive in the relations between mother and child that it might almost be said to be automatic, where the mother has blindly surrendered her natural authority. Yet I have had a mother say to me when I told her to bring her little son to my office, "I'l brnig him if he will come!" He weighed less than forty pounds; she

weighed more than one hundred fifty; but she could not see the absurdity of her position.

The maintenence of the mother's authority depends upon firmness from the earliest years, and upon saying to the child exactly what she means in every case. It is fatal to say, "If you do that again I will punish you," and then fail to do so. The mother who surrenders to the child for the sake of avoiding a fuss, or to secure "peace at any price," not only finds the price steadily advancing, but soon fails to get peace at all.

I frequently ask a mother, "Have you spoiled your child?" And all too often the answer is, "I am afraid I have." Sometimes this over-indulgence is the result of the illusion that the child is supersentive, and that nothing must be done to hurt his feelings, even when his best interests are thus sacrificed. Pride in a child may easily lead to the habit of making an exhibit of him. The old idea that "children are to be seen and not heard" was one extreme, but no worse for the child than the present tendency to "feature" him. If you have been spoiling your child, stop it. Begin to exact obedience, and you will be surprised how soon your difficulties will diminish.

The mother of a spoiled child is apt to complain about the efforts of others to discipline her child. She accuses her husband of "interfering," instead of backing up the father in his proper assumption of authority. Some mothers think they can capitalize mother-love by leading the children to look to them alone for control.

In one household where the children are my patients, the father has been told to "keep his hands off the children until they are twelve years old." This mother is very sure of her ability to manage her children alone, yet when her own mother came to pay her a visit she was so exhausted from the lack of discipline in the family that at the end of a week she was obliged to take a room in a hotel, and actually slept through most of the first twenty-four hours from sheer fatigue!

This same resentment against any share in the authority over the children is shown in other relations. A servent is often forced to adopt methods for restraining a child which are disastrous to the character, however effective in the immediate result. But these difficulties would be less if nursemaids were selected with due regard to their fitness, and trained to cooperate with the mother's system of discipiline.

In one of our large cities an investigation was made to find what became of a large number of girls of limited intelligence, some of whom were actually feeble-minded, who had left school as soon as the law allowed. A large proportion of these girls were found employed by families in comfortable circumstances, where they had charge of little children. In speaking of her nursemaids one mother said "I tried to have her help with the dishes, but she broke three times as many as even the cook does, so now she gives all her time to the children." The most important work in the world left to one incompetent to wash dishes!

GIVE YOUR CHILD RESPONSIBILITY.

Next to obedience, the most im-

portant points for the child is training in responsibility. All children should have definite work suited to their ability, for which they should be held strictly to account. Even a toddling child has a natural instinct to help, which should be encouraged if only by teaching him to put away his playthings or to pick up articles dropped. Many mothers say, "It is so much easier to do it myself"; but the child should not be deprived in this way of the satisfaction of achievement.

There are many ways in which growing boys and girls can help in the household tasks. A simple task daily given a sence of responsibility, and an opportunity for early training in neatness and efficiency. A boy who is given a bicycle can be required to take proper care of it, and will not grow up like the son of one of my patients, who was given an automobile and let it stand outdoors all night with the lights on! Possessions which are bought with money actually earned by the child are usually prized beyond the richest gifts that come without effort!

Back of most of the factors dealing with proper home controls stands the question. "Do you allow your feelings to pervail over your judgment?" Is the basis of your control the desire to insure the child's highest development, or are you swayed by the influences and prejudices of your friends and neighbors? For example, do you choose a school for the character of the person in charge, or is your choice dictated by superficial and social reasons?

III. TWENTY-FIVE POINTS FOR THE DAILY ROUTINE

The 100-per-cent mother follows the daily program for her child with close attention, making a forty-eight-hour list of his activities and occupations, to learn the unnecessary occasions of fatigue. She acquaints herself with even the seemingly unimportant details of his daily life, observes the amount of play and work he is attempting, and realizes the weak points at which friction is most likely to occur. She makes the acquaintance of his teachers and sees to it that music and language are omitted if he is not able to carry extra studies without losing weight.

The same watchful supervision is exercised over the child's amusements. She must determine what activities are within the range of a reasonable expenditure of energy, and help the child to live within his resources, while exercising his faculties to the fullest extent.

By carefully checking up the child's food and health habits she will see that he has favorable conditions for growth and a sufficient daily total amount of the right kind of food. Earlier articles have outlined the essential points to be observed in these matters, but it is not easy to keep in mind day after day the importance of eating slowly, avoiding sweets between meals, sleeping with the windows wide open, and breaking away from a book or favorite indoor occupation to get the necessary amount of exercise in the open air.

IV. THE BALANCE OF THE SCORE

Character is closely associated with health, for it requires character not only to get well but to keep well. The remaining 25 percent, therefore, depends upon your answer to the question, "What are you doing

to help your child develop high ideals, which are the basis of character building?"

The answer to this question will depend largely upon the quality of your own ideals. Are you keeping your influence, which is the strongest in the life of your child, true to its best possibilities as you see them? One of the finest things repeatedly said by mothers is, "I have a struggle to live up to the ideals of my child."

There are ideals of having a good time, of having one's own way, ideals of dress, and ideals of living up to social requirements. To these ideals the health of thousands of children are offered yearly as a willing sacrifice. It requires character to forego pleasures for the sake of health, to resist the tide of social custom, to answer the question: "Jack and Louise do this, why can't I?" It requires character to control the simple habits of eating and drinking, to take rest periods when other children are at play, to observe good hours for sleep. It requires character to plan and follow out a sane, wholesome program for the growing child, instead of following lines of least resistance.

Many parents, in an effort to give their children an "easier" time than they have had themselves, try to shield them from every form of hardship. They forget that many fine qualities are developed in the hard school of experience. Both study and work are necessary to the development of mental and physical power. Shielding children from work makes them weaklings, and shielding them from study makes them simpletons.

Health education, then, furnishes one of the best means for sound character building.

In closing this article I cannot forbear to say that in the task at which I am working---the better care of growing children---the one support that has never failed me has been the interest and patience of the mothers. It has been necessary at times to admonish, to insist, to speak very plainly, but I have met with no resentment, for when this is done in order to get a child well the mother can be counted on to understand.

APPEALING TO PRIDE

(County Superintendent Wright in Beaufort News)

Since coming to your County last summer I have traversed it from Portsmouth to Stella. The diversity of the County's industry is interesting and wonderful. I have stood upon the shore and looked upon vessels deliver their wealth of sea food. The sight is delightful to look upon and it makes me glad I have an appetite to enjoy my part of this cargo and thankful that we have some to spare that we can pass on to others and make the rest of the world happy too.

I have viewed with delight our fertile fields, teaming with verdue and beauty. Our farmers tickle the soil and it smiles with a harvest of plenty. From the "Land of the sky" in western North Carolina to the broad plains of the east there is no more fertile soil to be found than here in Carteret. We should give thanks and be glad, for nature has indeed been iknd to us.

I have sliced the jucy melons form Bogue Sound and given thanks until I was too full for utterance. IS have sniffed the rich perfumes of the fish scrap factory, which at time seems to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and it makes me proud that we have the fraternizing effect of a common tie that makes us all akin.

This is a great Country. Its industries are in their infancy and its possibilitis are only limited by the energy, thrift and intelligence of its citizenship of the future. I be lieve in its possibilities and I glory in its future.

I thought I had a glimpse of its possibilities before, but it had never been impressed upon my mind so forcibly as it was last Friday when I gazed upon the parade of the School Children of the County. All of these industries are important, but they fade into insignificance when we compare them with the great task of producing men and women of the highest type out of these boys and girls. Our crops are important but none compare with the crop of future citizens now in cultivation. That is to produce a generation to come after us that is better than we. The hope of the world is in its childhood.

When God created the world in its original form and placed man in the Garden of Eden, His plan was to save the world through adult life. This plan was such a failure that we are told in the Bible that God repented and was sorry that He made man. His next attempt to save the world was through a child. And since the time when the Savior of man lay a babe in Bethlehem the hope of the world has been in its childhood.

No community or State can insure its own future except by seeing to it that every youth within its borders is granted ample opportunity to develop himself to his fullest capacity.

No community can hape for its youth to attain their full stature which fails to provide at least that every youth within its borders have the opportunity of a standard high school education. If your community has done this you are to be congratulated. If it has not done it, you as an educational leader, should not be satisfied until it is accomplished.

The history of a child that goes out into the world without the advantages of a high school education is already written. Competition is too great. Only a genius can stem the tide without an education and keep his head above the waves. We must consolidate our schools and make them better. The hope of the world is in its childhood. A man should have but one real big ambition and that should be to make his boy a better and more intelligent man than he is. Now what do you think about it.

Subsidies for ships, subsidies for mines, subsidies railroads, but there is no one to pay subsidies to the taxpayers.—Philadelphia Record.

TO-MORROW'S WEATHER, WHAT WILL IT BE?

By Sarah Graham Morrison

Are you "weather-wise?" Some old people who live in the country can tell the weather for the following day much more accurately than the observers of the government scientists. The insects and the birds and animals and the vegetation tell all about he weather. They know more han we do. And it is from these that the country folk get their informaion.

Crows are good weather prophets. When you see them early in the morning soaring to great heights and uttering a hoarse, croaking sound, you may reasonably certain of a fine, clear day. Swallows flying unusually high in the early morning are another sign of fair weather.

The loud quacking of ducks, geese and other water fowl is a sign of rain. Just before a storm you will always find swine, roosters and hens rubbing in the dust and in other ways showing their uneasiness. Cattle and sheep announce a storm long before its arrival by huddling in one corner of the field with their heads turned away from the wind.

Just before a severe storm dogs are apt to be very sleepy and dull and to lie all day before the fire. If they bark long and loud during the night without any visible cause, it is a sign of a sudden change in temperature.

When moles throw up more earth, when numbers of spiders appear on the wall, when pigeons return slowly to their dovecotes, when the frogs croak with unusual vigor, and when the bees are reluctant to leave their hives—all these are declared by close observers to be the forerunners of rain.

When the next day is going to be fine it has been noticed that bats continue flying about very late in the evening. The floating of a gossamer and especially its presence on the rigging of ships are indications of fair weather, in which from time immemorial sailors have placed much confidence. The appearence of gulls, petrels and other sea birds at some distance inland presages stormy weather.

Flies are more troublesome and sting several hours before it begins to rain. When the dew lies plentifully on the grass in the evening you may look for a pleasant morrow, but if there is little or no dew, a wet day is ahead.

The common English sparrow will stop its chattering noise seven or eight hours before the arrival of a storm, and become ominously silent. All birds give some indication of approaching storm and change of weather, but some species are easier to read than others.

To one who understands the habits of birds, their actions foretell changes in the weather with as much accuracy as any government observer. Indeed, there is nothing more remarkable in nature than the ability to forecast the weather which most birds instinctively display, and which a little study enables any one to profit by.

If birds known to fly high, and for

long distances, such as martins and different kinds of swallows, are observed flying close to the earth, or keeping near their homes, it is an almost certain indication of a storm, with heavy rainfall.

The reason for this action is simply that these birds depend for food upon insects flying in the air, and insects do not fly high preceeding a storm, becuse the atmosphere is too heavy. During fair weather the atmosphere is lighter, and insects can fly higher, and consequently birds have to fly longer and higher distances to secure food.

An unusual silence is frequently noticed among birds a short time prior to a severe or sudden wind or thunder storm.

Robins sometimes sit upon a high twig and sing loud and long just before what is called a "growing" shower, but seldom do so if the storm is going to be a severe one.

Migratory birds and fowls that go north in summer are sure to fly south previous to cold or stormy weather, and return north prior to warm or pleasant weather. When these birds are noticed flying in circles and darting restlessly about, ther is usually a severe atmospheric disturbance not far distant, such as cyclone or tornado.

When chimney swallows, martins and other species of swallows fly in circles and cry loudly, there is sure to be rain in the next few hours.

When cranes scream and make a loud noise and seem to be restless, and when herons fly swiftly up and down, it is a sure indication of rain.

When the great horned owls are heard tooting in the deep wood for more than a few minutes at a time, a storm is indicated, either rain or snow, according to the season.

When peacocks and guinea fowls are noisy we may expect a sudden squall or heavy rain. The chattering foreshadows rain and wind as surely as any first-class barometer.

Blackbirds singing quite early in the morning and continuing their song well into the afternoon, fortell rain. When they utter very sweet and liquid notes, fair weather is indicated.

You can tell whether a winter will be severe or mild by means of the growth of bark on tree trunks or saplings, the growth being much thicker some years than others, and an unusually cold winter invariably following when the bark has grown thick. The moss of lichens that grow on the north side of many ever-green trees will be heavier during the season preceding a cold winter.

It said crickets will chirp slowly if it is going to be colder during the next day or so, and again chirp with greater rapidity if a warm spell is coming on.

Other animals and insects seem to act as barometers: the ordinary frogs, although called green, have a great deal of yellow about them, while this remains a clear or bright yellow, fair weather may be expected to continue, but it is said that when the yellow begins to fade and becomes dull, bad weather is approaching. Nearly everyone knows about the spider that makes his web on the grass. Throughout the summer one may see a thousand of closely spun cobwebs spread out on the grass, under rose bushes and such places, with always a small

hole in the web where the spider goes to hide. If your lawn is well dotted with these webs in the morning, regardless of how cloudy it may be, you are safe in assuming that it will be fair that day, at least for more than half the day As far as known, these spiders will not spin their webs if it is going to rain that day, because they know it is going to rain and that rain will spoil their webs.

Among the best weather proverbs are those which have to do with the color of the sky and the appearance of the sun, moon and stars, for changes in their aspect are caused by changes in the atmosphere, which usually appear before definite changes in the weather. Take the following example: "A red sun has water in his eye." Redness of the sun is caused most commonly by a great quantity of dust or smoke particles in the damp atmosphere. When the atmosphere is heavily charged with dust particles that have become moisture-laden, we see the sun as a fiery ball. And, inasmuch as the formation of raindrops depends upon dust or other particles, about which the water vapor gathers, it follows that a dusty atmosphere is favorable to rain. Molecules of water vapor in the atmosphere have the same sort of optical effect.

There are many proverbs, some of them good and useful, concerning the color of the sky at sunrise and sunset. From Shakespeare we have:

A red morn that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to the shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds.

A jingle that expresses substantially the same idea put it thus: "Sky red at night is the sailor's delight."

If the evening sky, near the western horizon, is yellow or greenish, the prospect is for clear weather, for these colors indicate a dry air. And so Shakespeare, it seems, was weatherwise as well as a great dramatist, for he wrote:

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day tomorrow.

If, however, the evening sky is overcast with a uniform gray, then we know that numerous water droplets are present in the atmosphere, and that dust particles have become loaded with moisture. Such a condition of atmospheric saturation necessarily favors rain and justifies the proverb:

If the sunset is gray
The next will be a rainy day.

Many proverbs for telling rain and snow are based upon the appearance of colored rings around the sun and moon. Inasmuch as these are observed only when there is much moisture in the air, sayings of this class are well founded.

"Clear moon, frost soon," is true, for on clear nights the heat of the earth is radiated into the sky, thus cooling the land surface. On the other hand, clouds act as a blanket, interfering with radiation and keeping the earth's surface warm.

Increase of humidity (favorable to rain) is noted by the gathering of moisture in cold objects, the collection of perspiration on our own skins,

the damp appearance on stone walls, the tightening of cordage and of strings of musical instruments, the settling of smoke, etc., all of which phenomena are commonly recognized as being foretellers of a coming storm.

And so many who wants to become weather-wise, to be able to foretell whether today or tomorrow will be fair or stormy, wet or dry, should learn to use his eyes. Do not depend upon the sky and clouds altogether, for despite all the homely old verses and prophecies regarding clouds and sunsets remember that insects and birds and even vegetation are better weather prophets than anything else. Make a study of these things about you.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

By William Shakespeare

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

OLD-TIME SALOON.

(Salisbury Evening Post)

Do you ever pause in the great prohibition desert and conjure up a picture of the saloons that flourished in this country only a few yeara ago?

Now and then men, passing a prominent corner, point to a savings bank or spanking-new cigar store, and say: "There used to be a swell barroom here. Gosh! I can remember when Old Cro v was passed out at 85 cents a quart and the barkeep apologized for whiskey under seven years old."

All that's left of these ancient whisky dens is the path in the sidewalk' worn by the tramp of drunkards, feet as they made their rounds, lapping up so much they were ashamed to drink it all in one place.

Prominent among the customers was the business man who ran in at the stroke of every hour for a highball or a small glass of water with a large whisky-straight for a chaser.

By 8 o'clock at night, the regulars were well tanked and below the din was the friend's apology: "Dont mind him, he's a swell fellow when he isn't drunk."

The owl cars carried them home —to mothers and wives who sobbed quietly in the stillness of night.

There was considerable privation in the average hard drinkers home, short on funds because of the barroom till's greedy appetite.

A drunken man was disgusting to the good citizen and home-builder. A fathers greatest fear was that his son would "get the appetite."

There was another type of saloon —the low-down type that hard drinkers usually wound up in. It was a den, the rendezvous of criminals, where customers were thrown into the alley after they had been stripped of their last cent.

The amber fluid in the quart bottle ruined brilliant men by the tens of thousands, wrecked an infiinite number of homes and, for those deeply involved, destroyed nearly everything for which life is worth living.

That ancient institution, the openly conducted saloon, is gone. Now and then some one with more money than brains gets hold of a quart $12 or more.

But farthers aren't worrying about their sons developing a chronic thirst. Homes are happier, with less jangling. More money in the bank. A women can ride on an owl car now without danger of being insulted.

There is a lot of talk, around the country, about infringing on personal liberty, much futile argument about bringing back light wines and beers.

But, at heart, the country is dry. The proof is, that there's almost no talk of bringing back the oldtime saloon.

A person ought to be thankful he has an income that is big enough to to be taxed.—Detroit Free Press.

"THE LOST ARTS"

By Wendell Phillips

I have been somewhat criticized, year after year, for this endeavor to open up the claims of old times. I have been charged with repeating useless fables with no foundation. To-day I take the mere subject of glass. This material. Pliny says, was discovered by accident. Some sailors, landing on the eastern coast or Spain, took their cooking utensils and supported them on the sand by the stones that they found in the neighborhood; they kindled their fire, cooked the fish, finished the meal, and removed the apparatus; and glass was found to have resulted from their niter and sea sand, vitrified by the heat. Well, I have been a dozen times critized by a number of wise men, in newspapers, who have said that this was a very idle tale; that there never was sufficient heat in a few bundles of sticks to produce vartiffication—glass marking. I happened, two years ago, to meet on pariries of Missouri, Porfessor Shephard, who started from Yale College, and, like a genuine Yankee, brings up anywhere where there is anything to. I happened to mention this criticism to him. "Well," says he, "a little practical life would have freed men from that doubt." Said he, "We stopped last year in Mexico, to cook some vension. We got down from our saddles, and put the cooking apparatus on stones we found there; made our fire with the wood we got there, resembling ebony; and when we removed the apparatus there was pure silver gotten out of the embers by the intense heat of that almost iron wood. "Now," said he, "that heat was greater than any necessary to vitrify the material glass."

Well, now the very choice of phrases betrays a confession of inferiority, and you see it again creeps out in the amount we borrow. Take the whole range of imaginative literature, and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention, to use, or beauty, or form, we are borrowers.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and when you have fixed the shape and forms in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which gathers all the remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique.

All the boy's plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came somewhere from the banks of the Ganges or the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before. Indeed, Dunlop, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe in one essay, says that in the nations or modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty, or three hundred, distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Chritianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. If

this were my topic, which is not, I might tell you that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a very respectable old age. Take Maria Edgeworth's essay on Irish bulls, and the laughable mistakes of the Irish. Even the tale wich either Maria Edgeworth of her father thought the best, is that famous story of a man, writing a letter as follows: "My dear friend, I would write you in detail more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder, reading every word." "No, you lie: I've not read a word you have written." This is an Irish bull; still it is a very old one. It is only two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. Horace Walpole dissented form Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and thought the other Irish bull was the best,—of the man who said, "I should have been a very handsome man, but they change me in the cradle." That comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish; but Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greek stole it from the Egpytian hundreds of years back.

There is one story which it is said Washington has related, of a man who went into an inn and asked for a glass of drink from the landlord, who pushed forward a wine glass about half the usual size; the teacups also in that day were not more than half the present size. The landlord said, "That glass out of which you are drinking is forty years old." "Well," said the thirsty traveler, contemplating its diminutive proportions, "I think it is the smallest thing of its age I ever saw." That story as told is given as a story of Anthens, three hundred and seventy-five years before Christ was born. Why! All these Irish bulls are Greek, every one of them. Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman that bought who shut his eyes and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead; take the Irishman that bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live two hundred years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who me a friend who said o him, "Why, sir, I heard you were dead." "Oh, no," says he, "I would believe the man who told me a good deal quicker than I would you." Well, those are all Greek. A score or more of them, of a parallel character, come from Anthens.

"When things are allowed to remain in the latent state, they are merely possibilities. We happen to remember that there is in North Carolina a lot of latent resouces, latent initiative, latent possibilities, latents people and latent capital. When latent people and latent capital decide to get out of that class and get together there will be something doing."—Wilmington Star.

Institutional Notes.

By S. B. Davis

Miss Freeze, a former matron at the school, was a visitor here Sunday.

The shop boys have made an ice holder to cool the water at the Latham Pavilion. The boys work under Mr. Cloer.

Mr. R. B. Cloer has been sick for a few days. The boys take this means of expressing to him their hopes for his speedy recovery.

Miss Mary Young, daughter of Mrs. Young, matron of the King's Daughter's Cottage, was a visitor at the School Saturday.

While on one of his daily rounds Monday, this reporter learned that Lambert Cavenaugh, one of our boys, was substituting for Miss Greenlee in the school room.

Johnny Wright, Malcolm Holman, Autry Wilkerson and George Howard proudly escorted their parents around the school Wednesday exhibiting many sights to the parents.

The majority of the boys in all of the rooms except that of Miss Greenlee know the Ten Commandments. Realizing the fact, Miss Eva Greenlee has taught them to her boys.

Miss Shotwell, one of the State Inspecters, gave the school the "once over" one day last week. Her intention was to study the school, to see its needs and to report on her investigation.

Because of the continual running of the pumps by young Vass Fields, water is now plentiful. At one time the big steel tank with a capacity of 50,000 gal. overflowed and the pumps had to be cut off.

Friday, a good many of the small boys at the school rejoiced because they saw a truck bringing to the school more material for bottoming chairs. As they are paid for this work it is not to be wondered that they rejoice.

Part of the work of the houseboys is to make a trip to the store room for a portion of goods to supply the boys in the cottgaes for the day. When a boy happens to see one of these boys carrying a load of goodies his mouth sure does water. Mr. Willie White has charge of the store rooms.

Miss Lalla Teague and Miss Dora Barnhardt sent Easter eggs to each of the boys in their Sunday School classes. This gift was enjoyed by the boys not solely because of the edible matter contained in them, but because they knew that their teachers were thinking of them on this Easter day.

A vacant spot on the left hand side of the King's Daughters cottage was showing up poorly in contrast with the other improvements at the school. A round flower bed is being placed in it. James Suther, Earnest Jordan, George McMahan are now working on this vacant plot of land.

The dairy is nearing completion. Two big silos on either side of the entrance can be seen. This, of course, is where the food for the cattle is stored. One can hardly realize when looking over the school, that this is three miles out in the

country. Frequently tourists on the highway stop and ask some of the boys: "Is this Concord?"

When they leave the school and succeed in life many of the boys will look back upon the days spent at the Jackson Training School with considerable feeling and affection. James Shipp and some boys with thoughts directed in the above channel and knowing this fact, have acquired note books and are writing diaries of their life here. It is hoped that when other boys read this, they will do the same.

The many friends of Prof. W. M. Crooks and the officers and the boys at the Jackson Training School will be interested and pleased to know that this officer's son, Master Vernon Crooks, won the honor and title of best speaker in a preliminary contest held at the Brown Mill school house. At this same contest Miss Frances Talbert, daughter of Mr. T. V. Talbert, won in the spelling match. Master Crooks and Miss Talbert will represent the White Hall school in a future speaking and spelling contest.

"Hurrah! We are going to lick the Cabarrus Mills ball team this evening." Such was the confident assurance of one of the boys Saturday morning. Soon this statement spread all over the school. Excitement prevailed. As soon as the boys were gathered together from their various occupations, they trooped to the battle field to view the conflict. "Batter up," by the "ump", Mr. Wilson, and all youthful eyes were fastened on the battery, Russell and Hobby, for we were in the field first, of course. Russell began his days work in fine form, but because of lack of complete support in the field our opponents possesed three runs to their credit to our none by the third inning. But our boys would not say quit so they battled on. In the next innings, the fourth, they manged to bring in a lonesome runner. In the fifth inning Cabarrus scored one more run. The J. T. S. players had by this time learned the deceptive curves and twists of Dicks balls and were making use of this gladly accepted knowledge to the tune of four more runs When the fourth came in a deafening cry arose from the J. T. S. rooters. In the sixth the visitors were obliged to mark up a naught for their record whereas we kayoed their by knocking him to all parts of the field and adding five to our already defeating score, making the grand total of ten runs. Their new pitcher managed by the skin of his teeth plus a fast working field support to hold us scorless on that inning. The eighth inning saw them add one more run. Their third pitcher---we also knocked out the second-managed to hold us down to three home touches. In the ninth they were held back by our new pitcher Holman-- be it said here, that Russell was neither knocked out nor tired, but we just wanted to give Holman a chance. Because of this last blank inning we triumphantly and rightfully claimed the victory. A special feature of the game was a home run by Russell manager Grier shifted the line---up and put out 16 of the opposing nine by playing first base himself.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
Cabarrus Mill 111 010 010	5	13	10
J. T. S. 000 145 030	13	10	6

NOTICE

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

THE UPLIFT

State Library

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

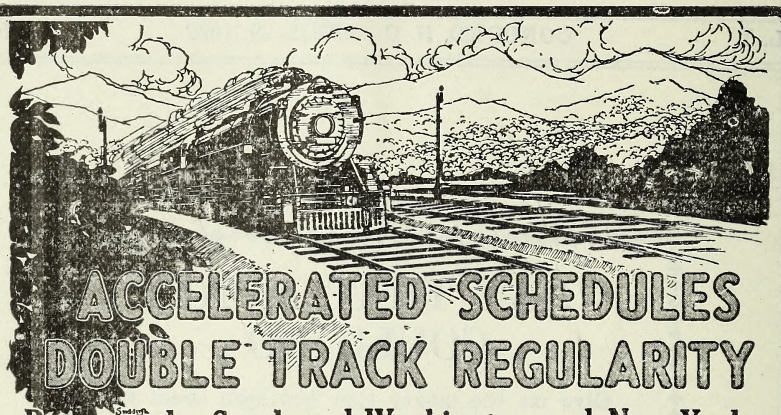
VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 29, 1922 NO. 25

WHAT THAT MONEY COULD DO

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a school house on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town and endow it, a college in every State, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the world's wide circumference and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal offering to heaven.—Henry Richard.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA.		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time) ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time) lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C. lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C. lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C. lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C. lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C. lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C. lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C. lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA. lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va. lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va. lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA. lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C. lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys. lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

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Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

GOOD-BY, DAD.

I left my dad, his farm, his plough,
Because my calf became his cow;
I left my dad---'twas wrong, of course---
Because my colt became his horse.
I left my dad to sow and reap
Because my lamb became his sheep;
I dropped my hoe and stuck my fork
Because my pig became his pork.
The garden truck I made to grow
Was his to sell and mine to hoe.

A PROPHECY.

If there is any credence to be placed in the usual signs or the "handwriting on the wall," when Govornor Morrison retires in 1925 it will fall to his lot to present to the audience for the inaugural address the Honorable A. W. Mclean, of the state of Robeson; and by the same token, Gov. McLean will present to a similar audience for a similar purpose the Hon. O. Max Gardner. This event is set for 1929. Those who enjoy big crowds and a gaily time may just as well prepare for these two occasions and make their hotel reservations.

* * * * * * * *

THE INTERESTING YOUNG THINGS.

On No. 46, Wednesday a week ago, happy, giggling girls boarded the

train at every station in North Carolina, South of Greensboro. They were returning to the Normal from an Easter trip home. They greeted each other, hugging and kissing in a manner that indicated a long separation. It was an interesting sight for Col. Tom Vanderford and the writer. That's the reason why some people stay so young, even though years have whitened their locks---keep young by enjoying the gurgling, gigling happiness of young girls at the very least provocation. But one is tempted to ask a serious question in this manner: are all the girls that attend college these days small and of low statures? There wasn't a single girl in all that big crowd, several cars full, that weighed over one hundred pounds or was not so tall that she could not walk under Col. Tom Vanderford's out-stretched arm without disturbing her head gear.

Have women decided to put up these precious objects into even smaller packages than ever? Or is it that the larger girls are going off to co-educational institutions? Or have they decided to stay at home, accepting what the home schools may do for them? There is a reason.

* * * * * * * *

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

The Albemarle News-Herald editorially announces what it regards "A Magnanimous act" which, in reality, is a something new under the sun. When prices were tangoing in the sky the congregation of West Albemarle Baptist Church increased the salary of its pastor, Rev. Mr. Richardson.

At a recent service the pastor called his congregation to the consideration of a personal matter, saying that the church owed him about $300, of which amount he proposed to donate $200 himself. He then offered his resolution, which provided for a cut of $300 annually on the pastor's salary. And here is where another new thing under the sun occurred: when it came to a vote on the preacher's resolution, there were about a half dozen supporting the resolution and the balance of the congregation stage-struck neither voted "yea" nor "nay."

* * * * * * * *

WHAT A CHANGE!

The scene that greeted one's eye as he entered Yarborough House lobby, twenty-six years ago, on the occasion of a State political convention, is burnt into memory. Scores were very happy under the influence from the joy water from the various saloons, other scores had just returned from Ed Denton's place of business where many a scheme was threshed out; and probably other scores would have been perfectly willing to have

taken a bit "for stomach's sake" had the business been possible of negotiation without observation.

The other day, on a similar occasion, that very same Yarborough lobby, slightly changed in arrangement, was crowded and jambed. Not one man but that was normal; not one had taken on a spirit of inspiration; not one seemed to be looking out for a chance; and not an oath was heard.

And, I thought how foolish it is to set up the claim that prohibition does not prohibit. It does; and when the public mind becomes thoroughly educated to the necessity of putting down the lawlessness that yet is in existence, and learns to know that in reality that one who purchases from these lawless folks is just as guilty in morals as the salesman, a new era will set in throughout the good old state. That era is coming, too.

* * * * * * *

If a Charlotte reporter were to call around at the Selwyn hotel, and interview Col. F. B. McDowell, who, with Dr. Battle, of Asheville, has just returned from a two-weeks' fishing trip in the waters off the Western coast of Florida, he would get a fish story that is a fish story; and incidently he would gather some valuable and highly entertainning news about other things. We besought the genial and delightful gentleman to furnish us an authentic account of his trip, with all the side-lights, but his intense modesty defeated our desire. His story, if publicly revealed, would surpass Ferabee's "Little Brown Jug," which could not hold a light to the Spanish fishing vessels that frequent the waters off the coast in search of fish &c.

* * * * * * * *

If Col. Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, doesn't stop marring his splendid editorial page by occasionally referring to the War Between the States as "the Civil War" he'll deserve a reprimand from the Daughters of the Confederacy. In fact, sometimes ago when a crusade was made against the miserable Muzzy's History for its naughtiness and ugliness, a defender of that history tried to justify his judgment and taste in its use by citing the fact that Col. Harris, a real, genuine, un-reconstructed Confederate by birth and sentiment, accepted the term "Civil War" for the great struggle in the 60s.

* * * * * * * *

Gerald Johnson, of the editorial staff of the Greensboro News, was married Saturday afternoon to Miss Hayward, of Staten Island, N. Y. and a niece of the late Judge Charles H. Duls, of Charlotte. This brilliant young

fellow, who occasionally took paragraph privileges with the dear girls, will doubtless become a little more careful in his survey of subjects and objects for editorial notices. The happy event took place at the country home of Joseph J. Stone, out from Greensboro, who is also an uncle of the talented and attractive young woman whom editor Johnson has successfully won.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Hugh McRae, who perhaps has done more for the development and growth of Wilmington during the past generation than any other citizen of the City by the Sea, has disposed of his large holdings in the Tidewater Railroad, the street railway and other public utilities to a New York corporation. It is said that the transaction involved a sum beyond five millions of dollars.

* * * * * * * *

The people of Piedmont North Carolina will have the opportunity of hearing one of the most distinguished educators and remarkable men of the whole South on the 29th of May, when ex-Senator W. R. Webb, of the famous school at Bell Buckle, Tenn., comes to Concord to deliver the annual address at the Graded School commencement.

* * * * * * * *

Lady Astor, a member of the English Parliament, but a native-born Virginian, has got about everybody in this country excited. She is the mother of six children, has great common sense, good-looking, and talks out in meeting. She is having her fun, too, in answering all kinds of fool questions put to her by interviewers.

* * * * * * * *

And editor Earle Godbey is afraid. All around him there are shining examples of how to go about it, how to win and how to bring it to a successfull issue, and yet he lacks the nerve to try it. A bird that can sing and refuses should be forced to do so, even to the extent of passing a law.

* * * * * * * *

Brisbane, the most conspicuous editorial writer in the United States, while he startles and shocks, sometimes produces a state of anxiety. Look how easily he meets the cost of the soldier bonus proposition in the article "WHY NOT PRINT BILLS AS WELL AS BONDS" appearing in this number.

* * * * * * * *

It just looks like lady Nancy Astor is having the time of her life. It's

impossible for any other on the programme in any meeting to receive a passing notice until the English sister is persuaded to retire.

* * * * * * * *

As we go to press it is definitely known that the peach crop of Georgia has not yet been destroyed.

THE HART AND THE HUNTER

The Hart was once drinking from a pool and admiring the noble figure he made there. "Ah," said he, "where can you see such noble horns as these, with such antlers! I wish I had legs more worthy to bear such a noble crown; it is a pity they are so slim and slight." At that moment a Hunter approached and sent an arrow whistling after him. Away bounded the Hart, and soon, by the aid of his nimble legs, was nearly out of sight of the Hunter; but not noticing where he was going, he passed under some trees with branches growing low down in which the antlers were caught, so that the Hunter had time to come up. "Alas! alas!" cried the Hart:

"WE OFTEN DESPISE WHAT IS MOST USEFUL TO US."

DO NOT SPEND SUNDAY; INVEST IT!

Some one in a past generation was guilty of an awful blunder. He made popular the phrase "I shall spend Sunday." Perhaps he belonged in a decade like our last one, when people poured out their resources—material, moral and spiritual in a kind of mad hysteria, where every principle of wisdom and reasoning was set aside, and the whole science of human economics was exchanged for the studied foolishness of heedless extravagance.

God, who created the universe and made man in His image, set boundaries and made distinctions. He established seasons, that nature might have opportunity to restore resourcefulness. He induced the period of sleep, so that faculities of mind and body that are agencies of thought and choice may be kept fit to think and choose. He instilled an instinct toward saving, that there may be reserves on which to draw in times of opportunity and need. Time seems to be mere succession, but for even this He made a law, that set apart one day of every seven to be of service to mankind.

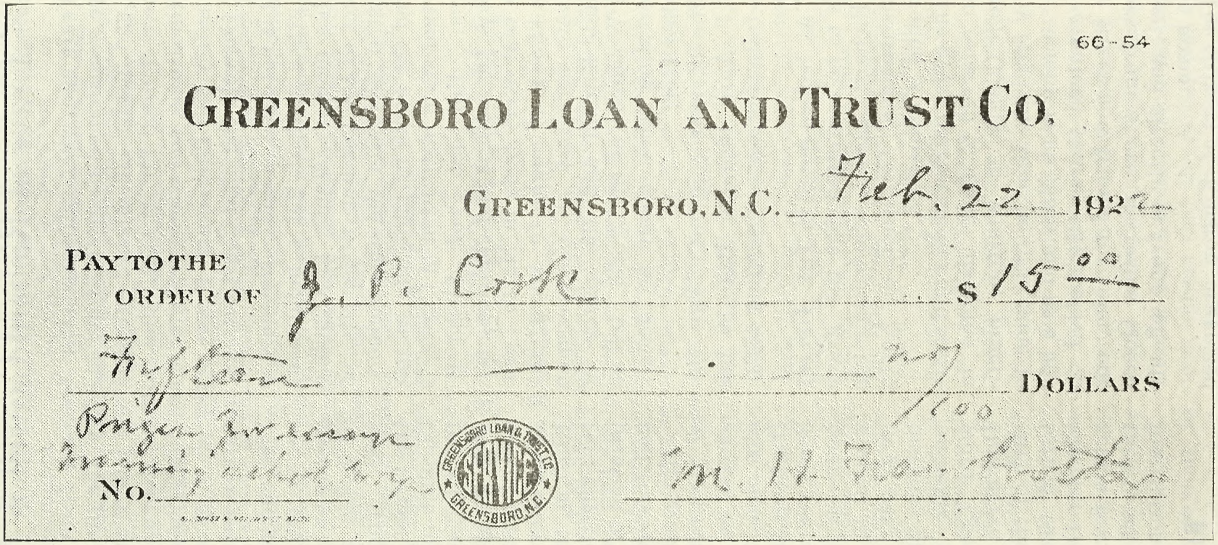
To spend what God thus assigns for purposes of reserve, recuperation and continuance, is to bankrupt and to destroy. Rich harvests depend on rested fields, clear minds follow regular and adequate sleep. Men invest the fruits of labor and husbandry that they mayhave something in store to guard against disaster and to plant for a future gain. He who spends completely is but a prodigal whose end is among the swine.

They who spend their Sundays imperil their souls and their heritage from on high. Every seventh day is to be kept, invested, used for certain capital purposes. Communion with God, fellowship with man and rest from toil connect with Sunday because only thus can men develop and continue to develop the kind of strength and character that last.

Study it for yourself. What sort of folk, what sort of homes, what sort of communities, and what sort of society follow spending the Lord's Day? Whence come blue Mondays, maimed victims of reckless pleasure-seekers, crowded dockets in police courts, and lowered standards of right and conscience? Business men fear the spendthrift; they know how often dishonesty and unfaithfulness follow the lack of heed to laws of reserve. How bankrupt in wisdom we are, when we use up the measure of time assigned to be kept against dissipation. Oddly inconsistent are bankers, merchants, social leaders, and prominent persons, who remember not the Sabbath Day as set apart from the rest of the week.

Invest Sunday. It is a kind of capital more precious than pleasure and wealth.—Selected.

"He who takes something out of society and puts nothing back, is a thief."



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Training school boys

No.

GREENSBORO LOAN & TRUST CO. SERVICE GREENSBORO, N.C.

M. H. Fairbrother

THE STORY OF A CHECK: Some weeks ago, Col. Al. Fairbrother, always interested in the work of the Jackson Training School, requested the privilege of offering prizes for the best five short stories by such of the boys of the school that cared to compete on "What I wish to do and why when I finish at the Jackson Training School." A large number grasped this opportunity to tell of their ambitions.

Mrs. Fairbrother, his good wife, jnst as much interested in this kind of service as is the Colonel, claimed the privilege of issuing the cheek.

The youngsters are anxious for the announcement of the result. This will be made in our next issue. It has been a knotty promblem to make the decision; and it could only be done by the process of elimination. The fifteen dollars will be divided into five prizes as follows: $5.00, $4.00, $3.00, $2.00, $1.00.

Grave of Richard Caswell is Now Marked

Years ago when self-sacrificing teachers from all over North Carolina were accustomed to go to Morehead City for the annual gathering, where joy and inspiration reigned supreme and where native ability and personal fitness counted for its face value, without depending upon edicts, units and certifications, and where real giants and educational heroes, and not pigmies, led safely and unerringly, it was declared, in passing Kinston, "that Richard Caswell the first Constitutional Governor, rested in an unmarked grave.

It is not true to-day. Not only is his grave marked, but a monument to his memory stands in a public street of the hustling little city of Kinston, and later the state memorialized the name by baptizing an important state institution in Caswell's name. But let Prof. Elisha B. Lewis, the hatless and charming fellow that every body in North Carolina knows, or ought to know, the private secretary of Congressman Claude Kitchin, and the orator of the Woodmen of the World, tell an interesting story about an accomplished fact:

The current copy of "THE UPLIT," April 15th, on Page 10 has the following very misleading statement:

"As before noted in THE UPLIFT it is to be regretted that the grave of Richard Caswell, who became the Constitutional Governor of North Carolina is unmarked."

The great patriot soldier and stateman referred to made his home in Lenoir County, in Kinston, practically from the time he first came to the colony from Maryland as a boy of seventeen years. He resided on the street now named for him, one block from where it crosses Queen street, and directly in front of my own home.

The citizens of Kinston organized the Caswell Memorial Association in 1880 and secured private funds with which the Associations erected a monument to him at the intersection of Queen and Caswell streets, In 1881. The cornerstone was laid by the Grand Lodge of Masons of North Carolina on August 3rd, 1881. In the intense heat of the great fire of 1895 the granite shaft of this monument cracked and splintered. Some years later Dr. John A. Pollock of Kinston, then State Senator from this District, secured a state appropriation of $500.00 for the purpose and this shaft was replaced.

His grave is located two miles west of the town in the family burying ground on the farm once owned by him, and 166 yards south of the State Highway from Goldsboro to Kinston. Some years ago St John's Masonic Lodge of Kinston put the burying ground in order, leaving a clump of large oaks to mark the spot from a distance, and placed on the grave an immense granite block with the word "Caswell" cut deep on its top. Due north of the grave and at the curb of the highway the State Historical Society, the Caswell-Nash Chapter D. A. R., and private citizens a few years ago placed a bronze tablet, set in granite, bearing this inscription:

"RICHARD CASWELL"

"South of this tablet, 166 yards,

is the grave of Richard Caswell, the first Governor of North Carolina as an independent State.

"I will most cheerfully join any of my country - men, even as a rank and file man, and whilst I have blood in my veins freely offer it in support of the liberties of my country".—Caswell to his son in 1775."

In view of these facts I am constrained to remark that your statement is, to put it mildly, somewhat misleading.

Crime is heralded to the ends of the earth, while goodness goes unnoticed. The absconding cashier gets on the front page of the metropolitan dailies, but no mention is made of the thousand and one chashiers who are faithfully at the post of duty. Knightly deeds are passed in silence, when one misstep is like the sound of a marching army. Such facts give one a warped and erroneous notion of things. Our confidence must rest in the unpublished goodness of the world.—Christian Advocate.

NORTH CAROLINA'S STRANGE MAN

By R. R. Clark

Iredell county has the distinction, as readers of the daily papers have noted, of being the home of a man who has refused to accept the government insurance allotment due him on account of the death of his son, who was killed in the world war. As it is the custom to accept without question whatever can be secured from the government, and not infrequently claims are made against the government that are not well founded, the Iredell man's attitude has naturally attracted nation-wide attention.

Mr. John Speaks is the name of the man whose peculiar views have led him to reject government money that is lawfully his. He lives with family in Union Grove township, 21 miles north of Statesville. His son, Thomas B. Speaks, enlisted in the Iredell Blues at Statesville, before he was 16 years old, his father says, and some time before the company was ordered to camp in preparation for service in the world war.

Young Speaks was so anxious to get into the fight that he didn't wait for the local company to move. He went West and enlisted in the regulars, getting on the other side quite early in the game. He was killed in action. The elder Speaks didn't want the boy to go to the war and was disposed to feel some resentment when he learend of his death. He thought the authorities were to blame for taking his son under age, but admitted the latter's share in the blame (as he no doubt misrepresented his age).

Young Speaks' remains were sent home from France last year and were taken to his father's home in north Iredell last August. Soon the report was abroad that the father was keeping the son's coffined remains in a

room of his house and refused to bury them. Some of the county officials went to the Speaks home and found this to be true. The question whether the father should be compelled to bury the remains was considered. The county physician decided that the coffined bones of the soldier son were not insanitary and that the physical health of the family was not endangered, keeping the coffin in the house, and Mr. Speaks was allowed to have his way. He said he would bury the remains if it was decided that it was illegal for him to retain them above ground, but that he preferred to keep them that way for the time—at least until an absent son returned home. The casket containing the bones of the son was kept in the home for about six months, until the father could build a place for it. He constructed in the corner of his yard, near the residence, a neat one-room structure. In this the casket was placed, resting on pedestals and draped in the American flag. On the walls of the room hang the uniform and other army equipment of the soldier and other personal effects. Mr. Speaks makes frequent visits to this resting place of his soldier-son and the remains will probably be left above the ground so long as the father is able to exercise his authority. Nothing has been said of the attitude of the other members of the family—the wife and the children that are at home; but it is understood that Speaks dominates the family; that his will is the law of the home.

Recently the story came out that Mr. Speaks had refused to accept the allotments due from the $5,000 insurance on the life of his son. A government agent visited the Speaks home and endeavored to persuade the father to file the papers for the money due him and the boy's mother, but Speaks was firm in his refusal. Acquaintances have talked with him and endeavored to try to get him to accept what is coming to him, but without avail.

The story got abroad from Washington that Speaks refused the money on account of religious scruples—that believing war to be morally wrong he held that any one sharing in the profits of war or any benefits accruing therefrom, was a participant in the wrong. What a sermon for the war-profiteers, even if it does come from an ordinary citizen in the rural regions! But while Mr. Speaks may, and probably does, feel that war is morally wrong, it is the opinion of a local newspaper man who visited his home and talked to him that the word "insurance" is the real trouble. Mr. Speaks said that he bore no resentment against the government but that he is very much opposed to the principle of life insurance. He is firm in the faith—or professes to be—that the Lord will provide for His own and that to accept the insurance money would betray a lack of faith in God which would result in punishment. Therefore he cannot accept the insurance money unless he should feel that God desired him to take it. So far the will of the Lord has not been revealed in that direction. Mr. Speaks, it is said, is quite a religious man according to his lights. He reads the Scriptures regularly and it is understood conducts family worship, but

does not attend church nor allow the members of his family to attend church or Sunday school. This discloses that Mr. Speaks is, in all charity, a "religious crank." It is hoped that later on he may change his mind as to the government money. It dosen't matter so much for him, probably, but his wife and children should have the benefit of it. He is a man of small means and unable to give them many advantages, if he were disposed to do so.

The prejudice against insurance money and the belief that carrying a life insurance policy is morally wrong did not originate with Mr. Speaks. The writer recalls that, in his boyhood days, when life insurance was almost unknown and not understood in the rural regions, it was supposed to guarantee that one would live for a stated period. This was regarded as an affront to the Aimighty. Even at a much later period, when the purpose of this form of investment was well known, old-timers not infrequently remarked that money from that source rarely, if ever, helped the beneficiaries; that it was soon dissipated or lost in unwise investments, which they considered direct evidence of Divine disapproval of life insurance. Within the past 30 years a Statesville man of the old school, an intelligent business man, bought a life insurance policy, soon afterwards came to the conclusion that it would prove a "hoodoo" for him and abandoned it; all a result of the ancient superstition that life insurance is morally wrong.

Mr. Speaks lives in the back country and has little contact with the outside world. Therefore his retention of the ancient prejudice against life insurance is well understood. If the government allotment had been called a pension he might have accepted it.

"Your children are obedient and so respectful in manner. You have evidently a wonderful power in forming their habits," said an observer. "Well," said the parent, "training children does not depend on magic, but an occasional sleight-of-hand performance helps.—Selected.

GARDNER PROVES HIS CALIBRE

(Cleveland Star)

The Democratic papers of the state are generously commending the lofty unselfish announcement of our fellowtownsman Max Gardener that he believes "political equity entitles Eastern North Carolina to the next nomination for governor." This statement is bound to become of historic interest in the state.

There is no thinking man or woman in North Carolina who does not know that if Max Gardner had entered the race as Governer Morrison's successor that he would have entered with brilliant prospects for success: In the first place, he has a tremendous following of intensely loyal, devoted and fighting friends, who enthusiastically follow him with

a zeal and spirit rarely known even in politics. In the second place, Gardner's attitude when defeated by a small majority in 1920 was superb; he was heard to utter no complaint, but submitted without sulking to the mandates of his party and plunged with courage and confidence into the campaign of his successful opponent and made over fifty speeches in behalf of Governor Morrison's election. This act alone established Gardner in the minds and hearts of North Carolina as a man of gubernatorial calibre, but his recent convention statement reveals the reason why Gardner has more personal friends than any man in state.

To our minds however his announcement which puts him in the very front rank of North Carolina's democracy means more to the future of the Democratic party in North Carolina than it means to Max Gardner for the reason, if Gardner had marshalled his forces backed by the splendid womanhood of the state, for whom he stood and suffered in 1920, and launched the fight for the nomination in 1924, it might have broken and ruptured the Democratic party. The party cannot stand many campaigns such as it encountered in 1920

Of course the people of Cleveland county where Max Gardner was born and reared and loved and served are and have been ambitious for his election as governor of North Carolina, but his friends are just as happy in the knowledge that our son has the confidence, love and devotion of North Carolina in full measure and that if he lives no power or influence on earth can keep him from becoming in 1928, Governor by the biggest majority in the state's history.

Many a man who thinks he bears a great enterprise on his shoulders is simply round-shouldered from carrying a large load of self conceit.—East and West.

Why Not Print Bills As Well As Bonds?

By Z. E. Green, in Marshville Home

The Liberal, published at Detroit, advised its readers to listen to Arthur Brisbane:

The highest paid, most widely read editorial writer in the United States, in his editorial in the Hearst papers of February 13th, as a way to solve the soldier bonus problem, says:

"Where to find money or the soldiers' bonus? Nobody wants to be taxed, least of all those that war and the soldiers made rich..

"Why is it necessary to tax anybody? The nation wants $500,000,000 now, and more later, to distribute among 3,000,000 soldiers. The moment the money is given, it will be spent, distributed among 108,000,000 Americans, quickly absorbed. Why not simply print the currency and

pay the soldiers with perfectly good money manufactured by the government at the cost of paper and printing, without taxing anyone?

"Financiers will tell you that would be ruin, 'INFLATION,' most horrible of nightmares. But financiers proved, in their opposition to the Federal Reserve, that they know nothing about money, except their own desire to monopolize it.

"There is not enough currency in circulation. Our gold reserve is three times what it has been in the past. We could double the amount of currency without harmful 'inflation.' Money needed for the soldiers could be printed, distributed and spent, and it would have on the nation's finances no more effect than a few gallons of water on the Majave desert."

* * * * *

Men like Edison and Ford also believe that it is more desirable for the governmennt to print an additional amount of money than to print so many bonds. If a printed government bond is "good" without any gold to redeem it can anybody except the "financiers" tell us why irredeemable paper currency can not perform all the functions of money? For instance, if the United States government should decide to print two billion dollars of paper currency to be used to pay for the building of hard surface roads does anybody believe that those who sell construction materials or the workers would refuse to accept the newly printed money or even stop for a moment to ask if it had enough gold stored in the vaults to "back it up?"

* * * * *

In every age and in every country it has been the financiers who have had nightmares when they thought of inflation. In the colonial days the colonies used printed money but the money brokers—the idle rich who were known as financiers—always objected when it was proposed to increase the volume of money. In his autobiography Benjamin Franklin refers to this attitude by the few wealthy men living in Philadelphia when that city was a small colonial town. After the governing body, however, decided to have more money printed Franklin notes that immediately hundreds of new houses were built and other developments quickly followed.

* * * * *

During the war this country became short on houses. At one time it was estimated that we needed five million new houses to supply the demand. Millions of houses are still needed and rent profiteers in many instances are making the late war profiteers look small in comparison. There are millions of idle men waiting for work. There is an unlimited amount of materials waiting to be converted into buildings The one thing lacking is money, more money —"INFLATION!" We have had a bitter dose of deflation. It has left the industries of the country stagnantly inactive. The Republican administration could easily prolong its administration under popular approval if it could adopt the policy of printing more money and less bonds. Aruthur Brisbane says the volume of money could be doubled with safety, Henry Ford, who is not a stock gambler or money broker, but a constructive financier, believes more government money and less government bonds will help to relieve the stagnant condition of the country.

Mr. Edison, who has been worth more to the human race than all the stock gamblers and money brokers will ever be worth, looks with contempt upon the fallacy of a gold standard for our domestic currency and believes in what the financier money brokers would call "Inflation."

* * * * *

In an interview Mr. Edison suggests that the government issue $30,000,000 in currency for the development of Muscle Shoals. "Under the old way," says Mr. Edison, "any time we wish to add to the national wealth we are compelled to add to the national debt."

"Now, that is what Henry Ford wants to prevent. He thinks it is stupid, and so do I, that for the loan of $30,000,000 of their own money the people of the United States should be compelled to pay $66,000,000 -- that is what it amounts to, with interest. People who will not turn a shovelful of dirt nor contribute a pound of material will will collect more money from the United States than will the people who supply the material and do the work. That is the terrible thing about interest. In all our great bond issues the interest is always greater than the principal. All of the great public works cost more than twice the actual cost, on that account. Under the present system of doing business we simply add 120 to 150 percent to the stated cost.

"But here is the point: If our nation can issue a dollar bond it can issue a dollar bill. The element that makes the bond good makes the bill good, also. The difference between the bond and the bill is that the bond lets the money brokers collect twice the amount of the bond and an additional 20 percent, whereas the currency pays nobody but those who directly contribute to Muscle Shoals in some useful way.

"If the Government issues bonds, it simply induces the money brokers to draw $30,000,000 out of the other channels of trade and turn it into Muscle Shoals; if the government issues currency, it provides itself with enough money to increase the national wealth at Muscle Shoals without disturbing the business of the rest of the country. And in doing this it increases its income without adding a penny to its debt.

"It is absurd to say that our country can issue $30,000,000 in bonds and not $30,000,000 in currency. Both are promises to pay; but one promise fattens the usurer, and the other helps the people. If the currency issued by the government were no good, then the bonds issued would be no good either. It is a terrible situation when the Government, to increase the national wealth, must go into debt and submit to ruinous interest charges at the hands of men who control the fictitions values of gold."

What is love? I think the genuine article is wise, unselfish interest in other people's welfare, interst in other lives than my own; it is to be happy in their happiness. If I have but little happiness of my own, this is one way to borrow some—by being glad in the gladness of others.—Chas. A. Ames.

GOVERMENTS PRINT SHOP.

(The Dearborn Independent)

"Uncle Sam's print shop produces all the tabulating cards by the United States Census and he Army and Navy departments, these orders amounting to approximately 250,000,000 cards a year. Special machines have been designed and improved for this work. They print the cards on either or both sides, clip off the corners, number and perforate.

"Mr. Carter and his assistants at the Government printing office prepare and print all the money order applications and money orders for the United States post offices. Nine hundren thousand domestic and international money order books—each book contains 200 individual orders—are printed every year. Three special presses which print the money orders in two colors, but can print in three hues if desired, are used.

"The yearly purchases of the Government printing office are necessarily enormous. Last year more than 50,000,000 pounds of paper was converted into Government publications, reports and circulars. It required 100,000 pounds of ink to print the text matter on this paper. If this huge amount of paper were spread out on the ground it would cover an area of 135 miles square, while the ink—all of which is made at the Government print shop—would be adequate to color many rivers.

"In the neighborhood of 65,000,000 public documents in the form of bulletins, reports, reviews and results of research investigations are annually distributed by the Division of Public Documents of the G. P. O. It maintains a mailing list of 1,100,000 names. It receives 325,000 letters of inquiry a year."

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE GIRLS?

Figures compiled by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company which relate to the ten year period 1911 to 1920, show that despite the decline in the mortality from tuberculosis which has taken place during the last decade, the disease is actually increasing among girls between the ages of 15 and 20 years. Adolescent girls constitute the only group in which the tuberculosis death rate has not declined.

During the six year period 1911 to 1916, the average annual death rate from tuberculosis among white girls, aged 15 to 19 years, who were insured in the industrial department, was 144.5 in 100,000; by 1918 this rate had increased slightly to 145.8 and in 1920 it rose further to 151.5.

During the same time that the tuberculosis death rate of adolescent white girls was increasing five percent, the mortality among adolescent white boys was decreasing twenty-five percent.

The records at the North Carolina Sanatorium show that three women apply for treatment for every two men and yet the death rate for males of all ages is almost twice the death rate for females. It would seem

that girls are in need of more careful medical attention during the adolescent period and that more attention should be paid to the possibility of an infection from tuberculosis, if the disease cannot be positively ruled out by an examination by an expert on the disease.

And yet, though I saw some of the finest shad ever taken from a river and lovely herrings, when I went to breakfast there was grapefruit from Florida, bacon from Chicago, cereals from Michigan, coffee from Brazil, sugar from Cuba, syrup for cakes from Louisiana—and not a thing except the new laid eggs from Chowan county, and I wouldn't swear they were home-laid, though they tasted fresh and were delicious. And they might have served a meal fit for the gods by giving shad roe and herring and cornbread cooked in the old North Carolina style.—Josephus Daniels at Edenton.

FROM CARY TO COURT OF ST. JAMES

By Josephus Daniels in News & Observer

I started out to write about the commencement of Cary High School and branched off to discuss the mistake of making concessions when principle or sound policy was at stake. But it was not so much of a rabbit path as you may suppose, for the Cary High School of today is the successor of the earlier schools which were conducted here when two men, who served their country in diplomatic stations of importance, were learning the rudiments of an education. Of Alfred D. Jones, counsel general to Shanghai, I wrote yesterday, not much of his service as a counsel for he was stricken shortly after he entered upon his duties and was not given time to demonstrate how well he would measure up in the field to which he had been appointed. At the same time he was at school here—not the handsome and commodious building that is now the pride of the county—Walter H. Page was his schoolmate in the small wooden schoolhouse where they were taught the three r's. At that time Cary was the home of Mr. A. F. Page, one of the noblest captains of industry and vision the State has produced. It was here that Walter Page, afterwards ambassador to Great Britain in the eight most critical years of the world's history, was born. Mr. A. F. Page, in co-operation with other sterling men—let me name some of them, Rufus H. Jones, A. H. Merritt, Dr. Malette, H. B. Jordan Atlas B. Yates, John W. Creel, Rev. A. D. Blackwood and others—saw to it that there was as good a preparatory school here as was possible under prevailing conditions. Not a few young men who got their first gleam of knowledge in the Cary school won high place. Of them all, Walter H. Page attained the highest eminence in public station and reflected credit upon the place of his birth. He was a born lover of books, endowed with high qualities of mind, with initiative and imagination and

freedom from conventionality. Perhaps he owed as much, perhaps more, to his mother than to his father. Both were of fine mettle and sterling stuff. It would be difficult to name two parents in the State who were looked up to more in their community or who gave to their country children of stronger character or larger usefulness.

It was a far cry from the little wooden schoolhouse in Cary in the seventies to the Court of St. James. But after all it is not so far a cry as we are wont to believe. Most of the great ministers and statesmen of America have come out of country homes or homes in villages. It is not how big a town a man is reared in. It is how big the man is and whether he permits himself to be circumscribed by his environ ment. A dilligent student, Page was trained in college at Trinity, Randolph-Macon, Johns Hopkins (I think) and later spent some time in Germany where he broadened both his mind and his horizon. But, though whatever concerned mankind in any part of the world interested him and he read avidly books on every subject, even when abroad he was thinking of coming back to North Carolina to do his life-work. He won his position in other lines but he was first of all an editor. He taught school, he took a dash in politics, he was ambassador, but all the while the editorial instinct was uppermost. He learned after many attempts to speak with power, but his gift was with the pen. He always wrote a speech that was far better than its delivery. This was as true when he made his great address at Edinburg as when he first essayed to speak in the school here on Friday afternoons.

After he had completed his course in college and university, taught school awhile, the one thing he had ever kept in view—the establishment of a real newspaper in Raleigh—brought him back home in 1884. He had written for other papers. He knew he had the goods. He wished to build up a vigorous, truth-telling, frank paper in the capital of his State. He essayed the task in perhaps the most unpropitous era it could have been undertaken. But when he established the State Chronicle in brightness, in interest, in a new and inspiring note it appealed to the younger and more progressive thought of the State. They hailed it with gladness and hope. It was wholly different from any paper then published and since. It had his original touch, his daring disregard of convention, and his faith that the average man wanted a different kind of a newspaper than the State then possessed. But he did not reckon upon the chief thing that prevented the success his venture deserved: the poverty and illiteracy of the people, coupled with the provincial spirit and the pressure which political solidarity imposed. I remember the enthusiasm which thrilled me, then just beginning as a boy to try to write locals in the Wilson Advance, when Page struck out on new lines in the State Chronicle. It seemed a call to rise above all hindering traditions and to go forward with faith along new highways to larger freedom and larger prosperity. Young people of this day

cannot appreciate the conditions that then existed. A silver dollar looked as big as a cart-wheel, and nearly every man was forced to expend all his energies to secure sustenance for himself and family. The older men had gone through Reconstruction and just succeeded in rescuing the ship of state from those who came dangerously near scuttling it. They were resolved not to risk a return to those days of peril. Some of them feared the new ideas of Page, though he hated the blight of Reconstruction as much as any. Conservatism with a big "C" was predominant. Page called it Stagnation. The fine men at the helm were true to their ideals and in some things were following the only course that would preserve all that had been won. Page was impatient of ultra-con servatism and scored it roundly. We youngsters hailed the plainness of his speech even when he seemed to go too far. The people needed awakening and Page was truly waking them up. I came to Raleigh in the winter of 1885 to edit his paper while he was absent for a few weeks. At that time he had felt the impossibility of the success of which he had dreamed. He had converted his weekly paper into an afternoon daily. It was bright and enterprising and he printed the news and something of the modern touch rather than in the brief paragraph which generally prevailed. At that time the big news story occupied, say, a quarter of a column and the editorial upon some political or literary topic had first place and made a column or sometimes two. Page made the big news story two columns, with a corresponding decrease in the length of the editorial. But it had spice. It hit the bull's eye. It had style, "style all the while," to quote modern slang.

But money did not flow in, and it required money to print a paper. Page wished to keep out of the political atmosphere and never ask office or political favor. But he entered the race in the early part of 1885 for Public Printer. That position then paid a man $3,000 or more, and that was big money. More than that: the editor who was chosen Public Printer was supposed to be the spokesman, the organ so to speak. of the Democratic party. Page did not aspire to that when he began the State Chronicle. It was far from his thoughts. But in January his friends persuaded him that the young men of the State could elect him and that his election would lift the Democratic party out of the ruts and make it responsive to a larger and broader public service. Moreover, he desperately needed the money. So he announced that his paper would like to be given the State Printing. It was a ringing and clarion sort of announcement, penned more in hope than in desire. Some of he younger fellows rallied to his candidacy. But it was of no avail, he only received 16 votes, but they represented legislators who yearned for a New Day. The older men—(were they wiser?)—felt that the ideas we entertained would not bring the results we desired but might send the ship on the rocks.

Page then did a characteristic thing. He could not continue his paper as daily—it was losing

money. He therefore converted it back into a weekly, with a brilliant editorial entitled "Change—But Forward." Soon in the Spring of 1885, he accepted an editorial position in New York, the State Chronicle was continued by Mr. Arendell and Mr. Shotwell until October when I went to Raleigh to try the job. He loved the paper, and, busy as he was, for months sent a weekly letter signed, "W. H. P." which was the brightest thing that appeared in any North Carolina newspaper. But it stirred up the folks! And when he got after the preachers and the women, declaring that "the preachers herded good women by sagnant pool" the batteries were opened. He hit back. But other engagements demanded his time, and from that time he seldom wrote for North Carolina journals. He won large success in large fields before the year 1913 called him to the great station where his devotion to duty in trying times cost him his life. He wasn't always just to those laboring in the state, they were not always just to him, but he had an abiding love for the State that gave him birth, and whenever he saw an old friend what was going on in Cary or Aberdeen or Raleigh was of deep interest to him. And, when he passed into the beyond, according to his desire his body was laid to rest in the wholesome soil of his beloved state where he had planned to spend the last years of his life. And to write! ....

"There is no man in America who can write so good a private letter" said President Wilson to me one day. He was correct. In a period when letter writing had gone out of practice, he wrote with the fluency, charm and grace of the best masters of the golden age of letter writing. I had myself half an hundred, which showed his real soul and his true self, which were found in **The News and Observer** file. They were not written with the thought that any eye would read them but that of a younger co-worker, with whom he was often in argument and sometimes in utter disagreement.

It is a glory to a town to have given the world so eminent a diplomat and Cary is justly proud of Ambassador Page, its most distinguished son. He will live in history among the most brilliant of the brilliant diplomats who have represented the United States in Great Britain.

At the several sittings of the late Democratic State conventions the first man on had and the last one to leave was Alexander Smith Webb, of Warren county. He is the father of Charlie Webb, of Asheville, and Alex Webb, of Raleigh. Though up in the eighties, he is younger than the foregoing named sons. He keeps young by enjoying himself, keeps a close watch on Jiggs, Mutt & Jeff and is proud of the fact that he never had but one sweetheart in all of his life and he still lives with her.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

By Mary Tucker Magill.

John Marshall was one of a large family of children. Their father was not a rich man, and when John was a boy it was not easy to get the comforts of life. The father made up his mind, however, to send his children to school.

No doubt that in after years John thanked him many times for this schooling. Nor would he ever regret the hardships by which he gained what made him the great and good man that he was.

You may be sure that he, like other little boys and girls, was often tired of his books, but he did not give up for that.

As John Marshall grew older, there was no office in the gift of his country that he could not haffive had. When he died he was greatly mourned, and it was felt that in his death the country suffered serious loss.

He was very poor, and often had to dress shabbily. When he lived in Richmond, he used to go to market with his basket on his arm, and bring home what was needed.

One day he was returning away from the market with his purchasees, when he heard a young man near him speaking harshly. Marshall turned and saw a finely dressed young man, who had bought a turkey, and who could not find any one to carry it home for him.

"Of course I cannot take it home myself," said the young man ."What am I to do?" And he was very angry at the bare idea.

John Marshall stepped up to him, and said quitely, "Where do you live, sir?"

The young man turned, and seeing a shabbily dressed old countryman, thought, "This old fellow wants to make a little money, so I shall let him carry my turkey." Handing over the turkey, the young man said, "You may follow me."

Judge Marshall did so. When they reached the end of their walk, the young man took the turkey, and handed the bearer a piece of money. The young man was astonished when it was declined, and said to some one passing, "Who is that curious old fellow?"

"That is Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States," was the answer.

You may imagine how the young man felt as he said, "What made him bring home my turkey?"

"Perhps to give you a lesson on false pride," was the answer.

"Many a man who occupies prominent places to-day, has reached them by making of his failures stepping stones to better and bigger things."

Brilliancy vs Honesty

By Swift Davis (a pupil)

Randall and Withers were brothers. Moreover, they were twin brothers. Both were born on the same day and only a few minutes difference between their ages.

No two more physicially similar boys could be found. But at the surface---physically---similarity ended. Mentally, Randall was wonderful. Very quickly he caught the point of each of his lessons in school. He could write; he could talk; he could teach. Happy, indeed, were his parents when they contemplated the future of this prodigy.

Withers was a slow-going, ordinary boy. Brilliancy was not his to claim. In school, how different he was from his brother! Randall was quick to let the teacher know he understood but Withers said naught. He narrowly passed his limit-mark. In a few words, Randall was brilliant; Withers was dull.

But far greater in importance than the mentality of these two boys are their morals. Randall, the brilliant, is he honest? Yes, but in this he does not obey the dictation of his heart. He is honest merely because he is *afraid* to do wrong. He is afraid of the law and its punishment. How often this applies to the case of some men of to-day.

Withers, the slow-going---put the same question to him: is he honest? He is, but not in the manner of his brother. Many are the scoldings he received from his parents because of his appearance at home with black eye, bloody nose, scratched face and torn clothes. No, he is **not** afraid of not being honest. Why, then, is he straight forward? The contrast between him and his brother is that he not only has a conscience, but he is subject to it.

But not being aware of these facts, it is easily understood why the parents are more indulgent to Randall than to Withers.

We know the brothers' characters, so, the curtain drops and twenty years elapse. . . . . .

Withers and Randall are now thirty-five years old. Neither have succeeded to a remarkable degree in life. In spite of their diverse disposition, they, with their wives live in an apartment house each holding similar positions and drawing similar salaries.

The wives are at home preparing dinner and doing their various housework. The bell rings, and upon opening the door it discloses a telegraph messenger. Randall's wife, Adelaide, signs and pays, as is the custom and opens the telegram (which, by the way, is addressed to her husband.) The message:

Your father lies on his death bed. Come immediately.---Hand [Lawyer]

The wives are horror-stricken(?) The husbands are notified and all leave for the country home.

. . . . .The funeral is over and Lawyer Jack Hand reads the will only a section of which is printed:

"I, Clement Southerland, bequeath to my son, Randall, the the sum of ten thousand dollars ($10,000).

"I also bequeath to my son, Withers, the sum of five thous-

and dollars ($5,000)."

So you see the result of "standing in" with the parents. But Randall did it falsely. He was at heart, corrupt.

Brilliancy is on top. Randall has a better chance than Withers. Does he succeed?

The news of their inheritance is spread far and wide. As a result many poverty-stricken inventers with worthless inventions; sharps with get-rich-quick schemes and many others crowd their doors daily with the assertion that all they need to make a fortune is capital and the brothers have the capital.

At last one idea appeals to Randall. This is a safe proposition---apparantly. He and Withers can make a big fortune out of it in a year. But it is a dishonest proposition. Randall is aware of this fact, but it does not concern him; he feels safe. No conscience troubles him. He tries to inveigle Withers into the scheme. He works hard to convince Withers, using all his his brilliancy, for he may need Withers' money. After a few days' argument Withers promises to give an answer the coming day.

That night, in his slumber Withers dreams---dreams of his boyhood. Once more he is in his old school desk working in his English. He reads:

"Let your conscience be your guide."

Next sentence:

"Honesty is the best policy."

"The only"---breaking off from his dream he awakens. When his mind is back to the present, he reverts back to the problem which confronts him. But, strange to say, it is no longer a problem. His mind is already made up. His decision favors honesty. In the morning he tells the waiting Randall his decision. Randall is furious. He turns to leave. Withers calls him back to plead with him to drop the scheme. But Randall is firm and leaves.

Once more let us drop the curtain for twenty years. . . . . .

Randall lives in disgrace, wretched and pitied. He has been deserted by his wife; he has only a dollar to his credit. Even the dogs when passing him cross the street. He has no future; no ambition. He has succeeded only in failure. This is Randall, the brilliant, but dishonest.

Withers is now the president of a local bank. He is respected by all who know him. His happiness lies in his family in which he rejoices in three healthy children. At the next election he is to run for senatorship. He is a director of many institutions. Many men have received a helping hand from him when in dire need. Withers, the dull, but honest has succeeded.

"It is all right to spend money to make character—it is all wrong to spend character to make money."

TEACHERS MUST "KNOW THINGS"

By T. C. Clark

Time was when almost anything went in a Bible class. If the teacher was known to be "pious" he was recognized as a fit instructor of the youth. He might have little or no education, he might live in a rut mentally, he might even be neglectful of what was happening in the great world; just so he was "good" he received the O. K. of the superintendent and the parents.

But that time has past. The young men of to-day are coming to know things. The high schools are becoming veritable universities, and the students are becoming experts in social and philosophical questions, and in science and current history are gaining wide knowledge. The teacher who is uninstructed is a bold one to enter upon the responsibility of teaching young men.

Such a teacher must have the modern point of view. That is, he must see things in the large. He must have his eyes turned toward the remarkable developments in the world's life to-day, in science, in politics, in religion. Unless he has this view, he will fail in getting the confidence of his pupils. It was the writer's privilege a short time ago to visit a live young men's class. The regular teacher was absent, and a substitute led the young men for the one Sunday. It was really pathetic to note the failure of this man in winning his pupil's confidence. He knew nothing of their thought world, and mumbled over obvious and indifferent facts in a way that brought an inner contempt. This teacher did not know that religion is now looked upon as a part of life, not some dead, musty cemetery of useless facts. After a half-hour with him one felt that he wanted to get out into the open air again, and breathe fully and freely.

Only the man who knows can succeed with young men to-day, unless perhaps he has the genius of heart-knowledge and sympathy that come without the learning of books and schools. Such a man can always command respect.

THE AUTOMOBOOB

(Oxford Friend)

With more than five thousandmiles of good roads made or in the making, North Carolina will be a paradise for that species of road nuisance, the party who loves to step on the gas in an automobile and see all the various components of scenery blend into one futuristic streak, unless some kind of suasion is brought to bear on him. Sometimes he is a skillful driver and sometimes he is not. Sometimes it is not a he at all, but some representative of the fair sex who is unfairly jeopardizing the lives of other drivers and pedestrians.

In this week's Collier's is an editorial fulminating against the

ignorant driver, is which a newly coined name (or rather a rehashing of names) is employed to describe the person who knows just enough about automobiling to pull or operate the wrong thing in an emergency.

Collier's new word is "Automoboob," but some how it feels that this is too weak and polite a term and asks assistance from the puplic in putting the label on the undesirable citizen referred to. Also it sicks all good drivers on him.

But read for yourself:

"What about the gentleman or lady who knows nothing about the care of a car, or its operation, except to press a few buttons and pull a few levers and steer a lurching course through our swift and orderly motor traffic?

"Good drivers don't like him. The American Automobile Association, with 350,000 members, is after him. It has conceived a punishment that is both cruel and unusual---and we are for it. The association offers a prize for a name that will describe him. Collier's is glad to offer one suggestion. Here it is:

AUTOMOBOOB

"We will be glad to give wide circulation to this or any other descriptive term chosen by the A. A. A. on behalf of the millions of sensible, careful drivers who want real comfort and pleasure on the roads.

"Further, we guarantee that if communities---instead of meting out painless fines---would slap "Automoboob" (or any better word they can find) in big letters on the front and back of the car of every driver convicted of reckless driving, and would provide a heavy penalty for removing it before the time set, the roads would soon be a lot safer for everyone.

"If you know a better word, send it in."

WHAT IS THE GREATEST EARTHLY BLESSING?

By S. S. Harris in Advocate

The phraseology of the question excludes the right of advocating more than one thing, yet it must be admitted that no one blessing entirely separated from all others could produce happiness; I have therefore selected that which necessarily embraces or implies those blessing from which the highest degree of happiness and usefullness eminate, namely, RIPE INTELLECTUALITY.

It has been well said that knowledge is power, and the wealth of the mind is the only true wealth. It is an incentive to energy and the inspiration of invention. It is the motive power of commerce and the masterwheel of mechanism. It has harnessed steam and tamed electricity. It captures the wild ferocious king of the forest and makes him as docile as a lamb. It leads great armies to victory and alleviates the suffering. It discovered a vast savage wilderness reaching from ocean

to ocean upon which it erected the greatest nation of the earth. It discovered the law of gravitation and comprehended the solar system. It is the foundation stone of government and the capstone of civilization It has embraced Christianity and controls society.

This is specially the greatest earthly blessing to woman. It seems that God in His infinite wisdom did not intend woman to perform manual labor, and she is not supplied with the sinew and muscle equal to the sterner sex, but with Ripe Intellectuality she can launch out upon the sea of life and paddle her own canoe, and in many vocations can excel her masculine competitor. However, I would emphasize this blessing to woman as mother.

It not only furnishes an immense variety basket from which she can select almost anything that will gratify the mine and heart and a shield and balm to her own life, but the elevating influence to society as it is transmitted down the lines of posterity is inconceivable. Suppose all mothers could be endowed with this blessing, what a grand world this would be? It can be illustrated in a measure by a great imaginary pendulum swinging from the hand of God with circular vibration, swinging around and around, widening its scope with every revolution, reaching farther and farther, until the whole face of the earth is covered, wiping out crime and misery, idolatry and superstition, vice pauperism; all of which are born in ignorance and nurtured in illiteracy, and finally lifting all humanity upon such a high plane of development that Ripe Inellectuality would pervade the human race and the Son of God be the accepted King of the world.

Physical health, material wealth, personal friendship, public popularity, etc., are necessary adjuncts to happiness; but a robust body may have a feeble mind, and men of ordinary physical and mental capacity quite frequently amass immense fortunes, while it is an old axiom that a sound mind necessitates a sound body; with this combinaton wealth its a natural result, and with this triune blessing the vast fields of usefulness, pleasure and happiness are bounded only by the limits of this world.

The most enviable position of eminence, the dizziest height of distinction, the ideal embodiment of affection are attainable. If you would be a famous author take up the pen. If the heart panteth for the plaudits of oratory mount the rostrum. If you are ambitious for military heroism buckle on your sword and go forth to battle, or if your aspirations reach out for the honors of statesmanship don your conventional suit and you are ready. Where-ever inclination leads unexcelled success attends you.

Let the natural impluse of the healthy mind and body have its sway toward your fellow creatures and friendship will be expressed in every handshake, admiration twinkle in every eye to which you are exposed, public popularity will sound in the bells and cannon of the great cities which you may visit, and in social circles you are monarch of all you survey.

Imagine youself one of a party of such friends, comprising both sexes, with elegance and refinement pervading the realm, breezes of chastity fanning every face, decorum

vieing with gracefulness, loveliness smiling upon the brow of graduer, wit wrestling with sarcasm. I can also see the electric sparks flashing from eye to eye, and taste the delicious intellectual fruit gathered from the richest fields of literature and extensive travel among all nations, tongues and peoples.

It seems to me after the enjoy ment of such a company, and the mind and heart filled to overflowing, under the melodious strains of "Home, Sweet Home," I would fall asleep, and dream of "rising in the air, and float up and away, away off into those supernal regions, in the impossible heights, which in the infinite mystery of their remoteness mock all mortal aspiration," and as all things terrestrial fade away in the distance below, and the brain grows dizzy and the heart faint, in the twinkling of an eye mortality puts on immortality, and the loving arms of the Savior reach down and and lifts me into heaven, and there with the angelic hosts drink from the divine intellectual fountains throughout the endless cycles of eternity.

This leads to the climax of what constitutes Ripe Intellectuality. It is not meant in the foregoing argument that the natural, unregenerate man, even with the highest degree of physical, mental and material endowments can attain to the sublime possibilities which are vouchsafed to the man who has been regenerated an born into the spiritual realm. Holy writ teaches that "the natural man receiveth not the spiritual things of God, nor can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned."

But with the new birth, and the light of heaven radiating into the heart, mind and conscience, his soul is enthused with aspirations to ascend higher and higher in pursuit of knowledge, wisdom and holiness. Egoism with its motives dominating every activity is transformed into altruism with the chief purpose of his life devoted to the betterment of humanity; and as he grows in grace and develops into ripe Christianity which is the real essence of Ripe Intellactuality, his natural and supernatural powers are consecrated to the uplift of his fellowman and the glory and praise to God. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" is the paramount thought and the performance his greatest delight.

The best exemplar of these facts is the life of Saint Paul, who possessed all the elements of Ripe Intellectuality more nearly than any man of whom history gives an account, and whose beneficence has been handed down through all generations for nearly two thousand years with increasing power overshadowing all other earthly blessings so completely that they are left in abject obscurity.

It seems to me that the greatest earthly blessing is potentially the greatest heavenly blessing also, for what is this life but a preparation for the life beyond the grave? Without she realization of which hope the infinite purpose of God pertaining to man, the crowning achievement of all creation would be unaccomplished.

Guilford County has done some more progressing. Cabarrus take notice.

Institutional Notes.

By S. B. Davis

Mr. Ankers reports a depth of 28 feet in his new well, No. 4.

Marion Butler was the only one to receive a visit Wednesday.

The barn boys have a new mule, having traded another one for it.

Wooden gallies to hold the mailing type list have been made by the wood shop.

Feet are tender and very sensitive at first, but as they toughen all will be well.

The White House, or our hospital, has been re-shingled by the workmen and is now weather proof.

Word has been sent to each cottage granting the boys a much coveted privilege, namely, that of going barefooted.

We are busy installing a new water main and hydrants. Ditches have been dug in which to lay the pipe; it looks as if we were going to have trench war-fare.

Miss Wilson, a teacher in the County schools, sister of Mr. Wilson, one of our popular officers, was a week end visitor at the school Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

A half a dozen of Wenworth's second year Algebras have arrived. Three boys were placed in this study and are making rapid progress.

Some new job type of the Wedding Text and Gothic design has arrived at the Printing Office. The same mail broght a mailer to be used in mailing our UPLIFTS.

A tract of land near our orchard has been broken up and harrowed by the boys. This land last year was our watermellon patch. It is not known what crops will be planted there this year.

Miss Ollie Fitzgerald, daughter of Mrs. Mattie Fitzerald, of Marshville, who has been visiting her mother for some time, took Kodak pictures of the Printing Office force and of the evening school section which was drilling at that time.

Each cottage has received a durable refrigerator which, of course, will be filled with ice from our new ice plant. The ice plant is not yet quite finished but as soon as warm, or rather hot weather arrives, it is expected to be making ice.

The societies of the two cottages, Mecklenburg and State, have ajourned for the summer vacation. The participants of the last meeting of the Shaw Society were: Sims, Allen, Kennon, Wilson, Absher, Shipp and Autry. The last named did unusually well.

Allie Williams, before he was placed in the bakery, had been a house-boy. He was making such a success as a baker, that Mr. Hilton took him to the bakery and gave him a real chance. Now, Allie can bake bread almost as good as Mr. Hilton.

The J. T. S. played the Cabarrus Mills again last Saturday. On this occasion, however, fortune did not smile on the Grey Suits, for they were defeated by a score of 7 to 1. In spite of their team losing, the boys all enjoyed the game and are

looking for another one with this same team. Russel pitched for four innings and Holman traveled the remaining three In the first session the visitors scored a run and from then on piled up an insurmountable lead. Jack McLellon must be given special mention because of his remarkable fielding in the right pasture, Long runs forward and backward catches were pie for him. Then, too Williams, Cook, and Honeycutt must be given credit. The Cabarrus Mills may accept this as a challenge for some future game.

Last Tuesday word was circulated from friend to friend that the students of the school would be entertained that night by the radio. Not a student had seen or heard a radio until then, so a good deal of natural curiosty was evinced. That night when the bell rang each cottage went into the auditorium where the radio was installed. If some anticipated huge and complicated machinery, they were doomed to dissapointment. The only thing that met their eyes was a square box connected to a medium sized horn by a wire. A student was anxious to know "how can people talk through the air by that?" But just then Mr. Coltrane, happened to connect up with Pittsburg and the speaker's question was answered for him, but not entirely satisfactorily. The horn began to speak presumably announcing the playing of some instrument by some person. Then after a moment's pause, the playing began. The music was easily distingnishable, but an irritating noise like the sound of a needle on a record after it has finished playing, disturbed the sweetness of it. Then, too, Charlotte would "butin" with some whistle on other musical instrument. But on the whole our students enjoyed the radio immensely. During one of the slack moments Supt Boger explained the radio to the enjoyment of an aforesaid speaker, and how it happened to be here. After a few more munbers. the students returned to their cottages.

Two small boys were discussing the various excellences of their respective parents, and the conversation had reached the highly critical and even personal stage.

"Well," remarked Tommy Stubbs, "you can say what you like, but I reckon your father's about the meanest man that ever lived. Fancy him letting you walk about in them old shoes, and him a shoemaker, too!"

"Bah," replied Bobby Roberts. "M father ain't so mean as your father, anyway. Why, fancy him being a dentist and your baby ouly got one tooth!"

Two old salts who had spent most of their lives on fishing smacks, were arguing about mathematics. Finally, the captian of the ship proposed a problem. "If you sold 126 pounds of codfish at 6 cents a pound," he said, "how mnch would you make?"

Both men worked awhile with pencils and paper, but neither seemed to get very far. At last old Bill turned to the captain. "Is it codfish they caught?" he demanded.

"Yep" replied the captian.

"No wonder I couldn't get an answer!" exclaimed Bill in disgust. I've been figuring on shad all the time."

NOTICE

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THE UPLIFT

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

State Library

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD, N C., MAY 6, 1922 NO. 26

MEMORIES ENSHRINED.

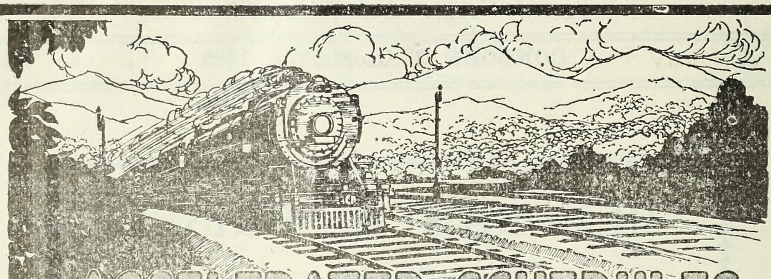
—— May 10 ——

Twenty-four years ago, "when the tocsin of war sounded, it was the blood of the old Confederacy that laid the first red rubies upon freedom's altar. The instantly the world remembered that it was the South whose soldiership and valour wrested Yorktown from the British—the South whose Patrick Henry kindled the fires of the Revolution, whose Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, whose Washington commanded the Continental army, whose Madison framed the constitution, whose Marshall interpreted the organic law—aye, the South to whom the Union was indebted for existence; and if from 1861 to 1865 she drew her sword against the Union's flag, it was in defense of the Union's constitution!

"The men did not die in vain. They live in a literature that loves a lost cause. Troy's downfall awoke the harp of Homer. The Greek-sung glories of Thermopylae have sprung from the death bed of Leonidas. The triumph of Wellington at Waterloo has not eclipsed the Marengo of Napoleon and in the distant years to come, Fame's loudest blast will sound to all the listening world the name of Lee."

——————PUBLISHED BY——————

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA.			5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	lv	10.55AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	10.40AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	5.30PM	6.30PM	
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
					NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

MAY MORNING

By John Milton

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

* * * * * * * * *

MEMORIAL DAY---MAY 10th.

Memorial day had its origin in what was called Decoration Day. The idea originated in the state of Georgia. Its observance has spread to most of the states, both North and South. Officially it has become, and of right, a holiday.

The date of month, however, varies. The reason for this does not consist in any bickering over the propriety of the occasion, or from a lack of appreciation of the the beantiful practice of remembering our heroes by covering their graves with flowers. The different dates, observed by a number of states, is the result of the seasons

Flowers seem their best about the 10th of May in North Carolina---and a

the dear old Confederate who gave up his life for his country deserves in memory their very best. In Virginia, for instance, the date is May 30th; this being due to the profuse blooming of flowers coming at a later date than in North Carolina.

There is a reason, however, for North Carolina selecting the 10th and not the 9th or any other date near the first of the month. On that day---the 10th of May---we have a reminder of the anniversary of the death of the Confederate army's right arm, the sainted Thomas Jonathan Jackson.

* * * * * * * *

LEST WE FORGET.

This issue of THE UPLIFT would honor the memory of all veterans of the War Between the States and the actors in that awful period of American history. This writer, joining even those that engaged in that conflict wherein they bore the burden of the hardships and the sorrows, has no feeling of animosity whatever against the leaders and their descendents of the Federal side. He could very well do so, however, because in nature there is, in fact and truth, what science has discovered and determined "prenatal influence."

The mothers, anxiously awaiting the news of loved ones on the battle fields, receiving news of the death in battle of a soldier-son, brought into existence all over the Southland child-life that had bred in it all the tendencies of sorrow, anxiety, distress, suffering---real and imaginary trials that bind the children of the Confederacy without appeal to the mercy of relief and freedom. These can never and should never forget the heroes of '61-'65.

There is no disposition, no desire, to revive any bitter feelings. The story of the Confederacy is a story that should engage the whole nation with a feeling of pride mingled with sorrow.

That the young and future generations of the South should be pemitted to forget the heroic struggles and the actors in the Confederacy, is a crime chargeable to the teachers and leaders of the South. Remembering in love these heroes, is no offence to a Union, to which we are all loyal, and none stands more ready to uphold her flag and defend her against all comers. History proves this, not only to our own glory but 'to the common glory of all American people.

Painful is the fact that many a high school pupil is permitted to pass out into active life without a speaking knowledge of the simple facts of the story and leaders of the Southern Confederacy---due entirely to the

tranny of the course of study and the character of modern teaching and ideas. It is nothing short of a sin against childhood. A citizenship that takes no pride in the deeds of their forefathers reflects no glory on a county.

* * * * * * *

WHAT WOMEN HAVE CONTRIBUTED SINCE 1865.

On the first Easter morning the women remembered their dead, so the Southern women of the nineteenth century put on their mourning attire. There was scarcely a home in the whole Southland that did not have a new-made grave to demand its care.

Right well did our women rise to the occasion, for early in 1866 Confederate Memorial Associations sprang up like magic throughout the South, the first one being organized at Columbus, Georgia, on April 26, 1866; and at Charleston, S. C., on May 14, 1866. On May 31, 1900, a general Association was formed at Louisville, Ky., now containing more than seventy district associations. These associations have given a tender thought and impressive activity in seeing that the graves of Confederate soldiers are marked; that the survivors are properly remembered; and that suitable exercises are annually held commemorative of the courageous service of the Confederate soldiers, living and dead.

To their splendid and earnest organizations may be attributed the establishment, in large measure, the Soldiers' Homes of the several states. They may have come, sooner or later, but the activity and the love of the noble women of the South hastened the day of the establishment of these restful places for such of the old soldiers as wish to avail themselves of their care and protection. This writer well remembers thirty-four years ago, how concerts and entertainments were held to create funds to aisist in the maintenance of the North Carolina Soldiers' Home. One of the most beautiful and engaging entertainments ever held in Concord was a Confederate Concert, engineered by Madames J. P. Allison, R. S Harris, Dr. Herring, Dr. Fetzer and the writer. The proceeds, amounting to nearly two hundred dollars, went to Raleigh, supplementing the maintenance of our State Home. Like entertainments were held all over the state, and not abandoned until the Legislature rose to a sense of its obligation for a complete and just support.

Woman! First at the cross, last at the grave.

* * * * * * * *

Something must be done, and that quick. Lady Nancy Astor walked

into a Baltimore shoe-store, tried on a pair of shoes, she liked them; tried another pair and liked them---this thing kept up until she had invested $188.40. Finally she put her feet into a 4 ½ C and walked off as if nothing had happened. Sister Astor is putting notions into the heads of our wives and sweethearts that will hurt.

* * * * * * * *

NAME THEM.

If Cabarrus county be an average, there are now in North Carolina just 6,200 veterans of the War Between the States. In fact, no one knows the exact number.

THE UPLIFT has addressed a request to a representative citizen of each county in the State, asking for the names and addresses of the survivors of the 60s. These glorious old heroes are passing so rapidly to join Lee and Jackson on the other side, that it is necessary to fix a date and ask for the survivors in the several counties of date of May 10, 1922.

These will be published in THE UPLIFT as fast as received or is practicable.

* * * * * * * *

Our neighbor counties have pressed into a willingness two most excellent gentlemen and experienced legislators to consent again to return to the General Assembly, after an absence of some years. Hon. Z. V. Turlington, of Mooresville, will go from Iredell; and Judge B. B. Miller will be one of the representatives from Rowan. That's fine.

* * * * * * *

Governor Morrison has declined to appoint colored folks to the office of Notary Public. His course will be regarded as perfectly consistent.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT WE MISSED.

Home and its delightful setting at this season of the year, is the best place in the world; but the desire to be in Greensboro this week had a powerful banking in it. It would have been no small privilege and source of entertainment and profit to have looked in on and listened to the brilliant women gathered there in the annual convention of the Federated Clubs of North Carolina.

The annual gathering of these representative women from the several towns and cities of the state reflects a progressive spirit in the respective communities from which they come. The deliberations, conclusions and

legislations of these women carry a much greater significance than formerly because they bear a political voice that attracts the interest of all mankind, especially the political leaders and social welfare workers.

THE FOX AND THE MOSQUITOES.

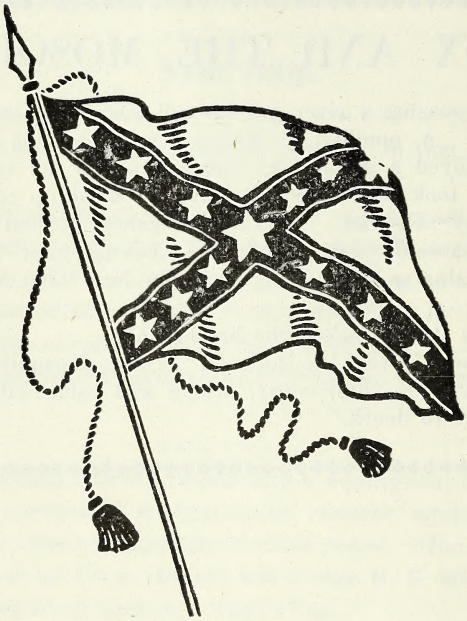
A Fox after crossing a river get its tail entangled in a bush, and could not move. A number of Mosquitoes seeing his plight settled upon it and enjoyed a good meal undisturbed by its tail. A hedgehog strolling by took pity upon the Fox and went up to him: "You are in a bad way neighbor," said the hedgehog; "shall I relieve you by driving off thoseMosquitoes who are sucking your blood."

"Thank you, Master Hedgehog," said the Fox, "but I would rather not."

"Why, how is that?" asked the hedgehog.

"Well, you see," was the answer, "these Mosquitoes have had their fill; if you drive these away, others will come with fresh appetite and bleed me to death."

WE HAVE THEM YET FOR A LITTLE WHILE.



Stop, think for a moment. How many of the old Confederate soldiers can you name in your midst? They are going—going fast, to meet, on the other side, the brave comrades who fought as they fought for a cause they believed right and righteous. I do not know that the following list of the Cabarrus veterans, who are yet with us, is complete but it represents the surviving Confederate veterans as revealed by the records kept by Capt. H. Baxter Parks, of Concord, who kindly furnished same to **The Uplift.**

Township 1. J. L. Stafford, Dr. S. A. Grier, Wm. N. Spears, J. P. Culp.
Township 2. J. S. Harris, D. C. Dayvault, George Misenheimer, W. J. Hunsucker.
Township 3. ALL DEAD.
Township 4. A. L. Demarkus, John Lowrie, W. A. Davis.
Township 5. ALL DEAD.
Township 6. J. M. Safrit, T. J. Safrit, J. C. Sikes, Billy Cruse.
Township 7. Henry Moose, John H. Moose, Mike Rinehardt, George Rice.
Township 8. John Cook, A. C. Barrier, George W. Blackwelder, William

Barringer, J. T. Hahn, George Page, John A. Barrier, W. H. Mincy.

Township 9. Jacob R. Barnhardt, Thos. Rinehardt, Al. Bost.

Township 10. John S. Turner, Jas. S. Russel, D. P. Boger, W. H. Hudson, Charley Muse.

Township 11. T. S. Pharr, W. J. McLaughlin.

Township 12. G. M. Lore, Rev. T. W. Smith, C. A. Pitts, M. M. Gillon, H. S. Puryear, Columbus Holshouser, T. S. Shinn, G. W. Brown, R. O. S. Miller, C. W. Allman, Chal Plott, D. B. Coltrane, John McInis, A. M. Brown, H. B. Parks, A. G. Bost, G. L. Winecoff, C. F. Walter, John A. Propst, Rev. Jacob Simpson, Joe White, Capt. Chas. McDonald, W. J. Hill, A. E. Walter, J. C. Honeycutt.

Just sixty-two of the brave, dear, old fellows are left to us in all of the whole county. They are going fast. In the language of another:

"Veterans, God bless you! You served in the noblest army ever mustered upon the planet. Your scars link us to an immortal past. You have been heroes in peace no less than in war. You have taught us to be brave in danger, patient in trial, magnanimous in victory and undaunted in defeat. Would that we could keep you always, men of grey with hearts of gold! But the remorseless hour-hand moves round the dial. The voices of comrades call from out the west. One by one, Time is paroling the Old Guard, and soon the last of Lee's paladins will whisper to his mates beyond starlight: "I am coming, boys, I am coming." What a gathering at the river will the last reunion be—

'Where falls no shadow, lies no stain,
Where those who meet shall part no more
And those long parted meet again!' "

On our memorial day, May the 10th "Mothers and Daughters of the Southland! Fare ye forth! Let the magnolia forsake its lofty bough! Let the violet quit its lowly bed! Let the lilies of the valley join the mountain laurels in beauty's pilgrimage to knighthood's holy land! Come, spirit of the Mother South! Come from the haunts of the storied past! Come from the mansion's pillard pomp! Come from the hovel's humble hearth! Take toll of the gardens where the roses bloom and squander the garlands where the loved ones lie! Bid the live-oak don her widow's weeds in the woodland's deepest solitudes and make the wild rose wander to the farthest couch on which a warrier dreams! Zephyrs, sweep your aeolian harps! Rivers, chant your funeral requiems! Ocean, peal your organ thunders! Your theme today is Dixie's dead. Let the willows weep on every lowland plain! Let the cedars sigh on every highland height! And if an unknown grave be overlooked, O Dixie, round a dewdrop there and whisper in the south wind's softest breath:

'Thy mother loves thee still!' ".

"Everybody has his faults," said Uncle Eben. "De principal difference in folks is whether dey's sorry for 'em or proud of 'em."

SOWING AND REAPING.

(Presbyterian Standard)

Youth is the sowing season, and old age is the harvest time, and in nothing are there more erronerous views than as to the connection between what you sow and what you reap.

It is true the Scriptures are very plain in their teaching, but when men and women wish for pleasure, they can easily persuade themselves that they will be exceptions to this general rule. Parents have a great deal to do with what their children sow, and they will be held responsible for what they sow, yet at the same time we must realize that often parents with the best of motives in training their children have to contend with environment, and above all with inherited tendencies, because the moral law is right when it says that the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. That law of reaping what is sown is inexorable. The sin of some ancestor generations back weakened the power of resistance of your children and makes it a foregane conclusion that he must fall, unless some powerful counteracting influence is brought to bear to neutralize this evil.

The parent not only has to overcome heredity, but too often there is a lack of concert between father and mother, one being to stern, or the other too indulgent. The result is seen in the child's future life.

Then the young being free agents choose for themselves, especially in this day when the independence of the child is encouraged beyond anything in the experience of the past. They may hear the warnings of the old, but they also see the example of those who were once wild, but are now respected and sober citizens.

They hear them boasting of their wild days, and thus they naturally believe that such a youth is in some way the natural way for preparing a respected old age. These men who thus boast are no exceptions to the rule of sowing and reaping. They may have wills strong enough to curb their appetites, and thus are able to present a fair exterior, but too often their hearts within are like the whited sepulchres of scripture, "full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

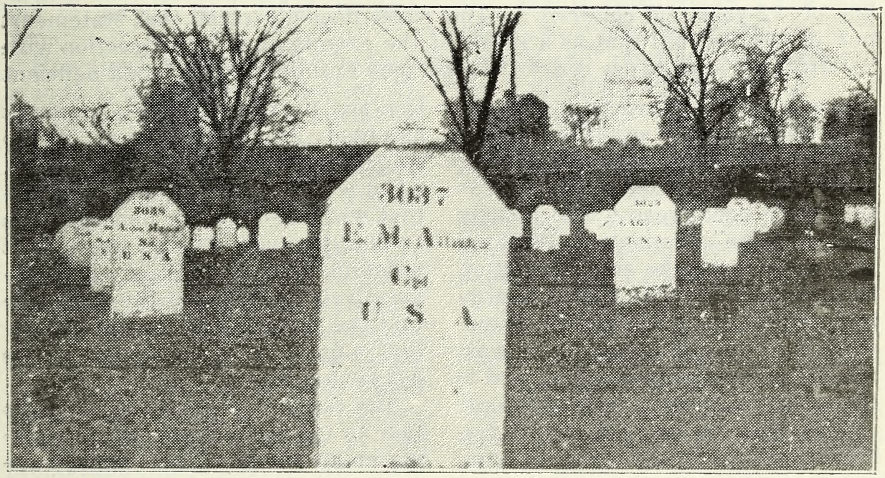
Let no one deceive himself. This law of sowing and reaping is fixed. Some one reaps the harvest, and as a rule the one sowing has to do the reaping. The very apparent exceptions, when thoroughly examined, prove to be no exceptions. That man who sowed his wild oats in his youth and now in his old age is full of vigor and is respected in a community, by no means proves that the law is not true.

Blessed with a vigorous- constitution and a strong will, he may have passed through the experience of youth apparently unhurt, and he may be cited as one who does not reap what he has sown. Old age, however too often brings the harvest, or even granting that he does not reap the harvest in a wasted body, it too often comes in the shape of heartaches and

sleepless nights, grieving over the life of his sons.

The other side of the law is full of comfort. If we sow to the Spirit, we reap life everlasting.

LIES BURIED AT ARLINGTON.



The foregoing is the picture and surroundings of the grave of Everette McAllister, son of Mrs. Robert Lee McAllister, of Mt. Pleasant, Cabarrus county. He was among the first---if not the first---to volunteer from Cabarrus in the World War.

He was, however, the first Cabarrus soldier to lose his life in the war beyond the seas. Volunteering in May 1917, he went into training until on Thankgiving of said year he set sail for the scene of the great contest; and landed abroad and reached his destination on Christams morning.

He was killed in the battle of the Marne, July 15, 1918. His remains were brought to this country and re-interred at Arlington July 21, 1921, three years after making the supreme sacrifice.

Just twenty years old, with a bright mind, having just finished his education at the Collegiate Institute, at Mt. Pleasant, when he volunteered in the service of the cause of democracy. He gave his all. What more could man do for his country than to die for it?

"I wonder what makes the water look so yellow?" asked mamma the other day as she looked at the globe of goldfish. "Why, I des the gold must be tomin' off the fishes," replied little Irene.

Talking About The Facts.

(Statesville Daily)

"Some of the things that startled the country as a result of investigations made in connection with the war are now being examined critically," remarks the Raleigh News and Observer. One of the startling statements, now being questioned, is that "nearly half the population have the mentality of 12-year old children." This paper does not recall that statement, but it was asserted that as a result of the examinations in connection with the draft act a large per cent of the persons examined were found deficient mentally and physically. It is absurd on its face to say that "nearly half the population have the mentality of 12-year old children" for the very good reason that nobody has made an examination, or found it possible to make an examination to determinine that fact. If anybody said that it was simply guess work, not founded on any basis worthy of serious consideration, and is therefore valueless if not slanderous.

Reference is made to this statement simply to call attention to numerous similar assertions made and accepted as facts which have no real foundation in fact. Physicians, alienists, interested in their work and examining large numbers of people who are physically and mentally defective, come to the conclusion that few are mentally and physically sound, and they proceed to declare that a large portion of the population are defective. The statement is accepted as fact because of the standing of the man who makes it, when a little analysis will convince that while he may be honest in his opinion the basis of his assertion is unsound. His observation is comparatively limited, and the inference that the larger part of the population is made up fo similar types does not always follow.

The truth is a whole lot of folks take in too much territory in talking about things of which they have not postive knowledge and cannot have. They simply assume that a limited experience gives them knowledge they do not possess. They make a guess and the astonishing part is that so many of them get their guesses accepted as facts because their standings is such that their assertions go unquestioned.

PUTTING BIBLE IN NEWSPAPERS

At an expense of one dollar for every million readers, the Back to the Bible Bureau of Cincinnati, is getting one verse of scripture daily printed in about one thousand American newspapers and magazines. Its total daily scripture readers are estimated at 10,000,000 now, two years after the bureau's inauguration.

A goal of 110,000,000 Bible verse readers daily is announced, with a five-years program to make it effective.

The Bureau's idea is that daily reading of one Bible verse makes for

good citizenship, and that the best pulpit through which to reach all persons is the daily press. The organization is non-sectarian, its daily verses going to publications of all faiths, free of charge and not only to newspapers but to trade journals, and to society and labor publications,

How the idea started and its rapid growth is described by George W. Hartzell, a Dayton, Ohio, manufacturer, an advisory member of the Bureau. The chairman is James N. Gamble, of the Proctor and Gamble Company.

The Bureau was inaugurated two years ago by Addison Y. Reid, of Cincinnati, who is now its secretary. He had been conducting a propaganda for prohibition, sending daily contributions to a number of newspapers, and paying for their publication. With the adoption of the prohibition amendment, Mr. Reid stopped that work, but decided to try a campaign of Biblical verse.

At first he paid for the publication of daily Bible verses just the same as he had paid for the propaganda. The verses went to only a few newspapers. After about six months paid publications, other newspapers, becoming interested, and discovering that Mr. Reid was furnishing the scriptural quotations, asked him to supply them also, offering to make publication without charge. Thereupon Mr. Reid stopped paying for insertion of the verses, and the present Bureau was inaugurated.

Mr. Hartzell said that in these two years the Bureau has expended $10,000, all of it for printing and postage, as there are no other expenses, all the work being voluntarily done by a group of Cincinnati residents. The response to the Bureau's letters offering the scriptures has been uniform from all sections of the country, Mr. Hartzell stated. The daily papers now publishing include 46 in Canada and publications in Hawaii the Philippines and Korea.

Many papers have been putting the daily verse at the head of the editorial column, but not all.

"A large Ohio daily," said Mr. Hartzell, "is running the verse completely across its daily comic page. When I asked the editor why he chose that position, he replied:

"Why, don't you want it in the most conspicuous place?'

"This editor added, laughing. 'Perhaps the readers of the comics need balancing more than anyone else.'

"The editor of a Bellingham, Washington, paper made a personal investigation to discover whether subscribers really read these daily verses. He reported that he found that thousands actually read them.

"The verses are selected by Mr. Reid, who before having them mailed, submits them to a committee of ministers and church officials for approval."

Mr. Hartzell said that the Bureau is now engaged in raising a fund of $200,000, the amount it is estimated the work of extending the publication to a 110,000,000 daily circulation will cost in the next five years.

Maybe Hank cannot cut the fertilizer bill in two, but the south would certainly like to see him try.—Greensboro News.

MARRYING ON NOTHING.

(Greensboro Record.)

Former Govenor Osborne, of Michigan, informs the world that when he married he had nothing and was able to give his bride only a five cent ride on a street car for a wedding trip. He did have one other nickel and spent that on a five-cent boquet for her.

Thats interesting testimony, first hand stuff, proving that all a couple wanting to marry needs is courage and some ability. The ability that the ex-governor and his wife had was worth more to them than a house and a lot, an automobile---if they had automobiles then---and a nice collection of stocks and bonds and money in the bank. They took the plunge because they were not afraid and they came up, swimming naturally and got to a nice place on the shore because they had some sense.

But they wasted no time in dreaming. It is a safe bet that they went to work, both of them, buckling down with every ounce of energy and gumption that they had. Probably Mr. Osborne's wife had more to do with his successful career than he did.

It is doubtful if few couples have much when they marry. Their parents may have something, but that in many cases is a detriment, keeping the young folks from striking out vigorously. It is a rare young man who saves his coin with the intention of marrying. He spends it to make a good appearance in the eyes of the intended.

It is true that the parents of young folks may have plenty of coin but that is generally the worst thing that could happen to the youngsters. It keeps them from striking out vigorously. They do not have to work and so perhaps they don't. What's the use? There are exceptions of course, some people would get ahead no matter what the barriers in the shape of rich parents, but most of us get in the habit of working because we have to do it.

This is no advice to a fellow with only ten cents to go marry. The fellow waiting to marry until he has $10,000, however, seeing marriage getting further away can, from a consideration of the Mr. Osborne's case, quit being so afraid of matrimony. It will not hurt him if he is any good.

Sir Douglas Haig, the Scottish commander-in-chief of the British armies, tells this: ''A Scot bored his English friends by boasting about Scotland. 'Why did you leave Scotland?' a Londoner asked, 'since you liked the place so much?' The Scot chuckled. 'It was like this,' he said, 'in Scotland everybody was as clever as myself, but here I'm gettin' along verra weel.' ''

DR. HUBERT A. ROYSTER.

In his address before the Medical Society, in session at Winston-Salem, said among other things:

"The minimum requirements for a career in medicine," Dr. Royster declared, "are a preliminary education, four years in the medical school and a license to practice. While these requirements are indispensable, they are by no means sufficient. Three high attributes stand out as the real elements of a successful physician, without which all requirements fall to the ground. This trinity is brains, culture and character.

"The misfits in medicine, as well as in other occupations, are due largely to lack of understanding. There are many in the cornfield today who ought to be in medicine—they have brains; there are others in medicine who ought to be in the cornfield—they have none.

Common Sense Prime Requisite

"A finely endowed intellect is needed to carry on in the realm of medicine, to withstand its temptation toward the illogical, to keep clear-headed in the midst of fact and fancy. Such endowment comes not from science itself; it issues permanently from a mind nurture in the ways of thinking. The handmaiden of brains, essential for the doctor, is common sense, which is simply the ability to put brains to good account.

"Make no mistake about culture. Culture is refinement, accuracy poise, resourcefulness, it is not effeminacy, weakness, conventionalism, impracticability. We have been getting too far away from the humanities, from classical education, from academic scholarship, if you please. In the quest of science—and there is no noble pursuit—we have set up ultilitarian courses, called pre-medical and certainly pre-medicated, for the purpose of reducing to a minimum all those things which do not bear directly upon the matter in hand, and swelling to a maximum those that are concerned in the material things of medicine. In this picture we have left out the very bed rocks of learning—the capacity to interpret the phenomena and the power to express the findings.

Inaccuracy Chief Sin

"We are living in an age the chief sin of which is inaccuracy. We are inaccurate in thought, in speech, in spelling, in writing. We know a great deal; but do we know anything very well? Short cuts and practical preparations are the order of the day. Language, the only medium through which thoughts are giving out, has been almost forgotten.

"We cannot divorce science and culture; we cannot go on rearing a race of seekers after truth who are not trained thinkers; we cannot fail to preceive that the education of a candidate for a learned profession means for us, as it has meant for all the older nations, a thorough grounding in the ancient and honorable arts and classes before we approach the special study needed for

our dignified calling. That way our great fathers trod, who outstripped us with the means at their disposal, that way lies our hopes of elevation, of bringing back the well-rounded medical man and adding to him the marvelous scientific attainments of the present age.

The One Big Asset

"The one big asset for the medical man in the acquisition of the scientific attitude in his student days. Every physician should remain a student the whole of his natural life. A pitiable sight is the practitioner who was known as a 'good student' but who after five years, more or less, has degenerated into a routineist, never reviewing his former knowledge or adding to his original store.

The Cry of the Charlatan

"What has no place in science is the post hoc erge porter hoc habit of mind. It is the most dangerous of all doctrines for the medical men. It is the rankest empiricism and furnishes the platform for all quacks and imposters. 'Whereas I was blind, now I see' is an insidious appeal to effects in utter disregard of the means—the cry of the charlatan. Montaigne wrote that when a man is sick and gets well, he cannot say whether it was because of the remedies used, the lapse of time or his grandmother's prayers. It requires a powerful mental efforts to get away from the belief that whatever happens after an event is always on account of it; but we must get away from this belief or we shall not retain our clear thinking.

"A turn in the affairs of medicine is just before us. Whether that turn will be toward new and untired fields or along some old and well-worn paths, the future—the near future—will determine. The struggle is on between medicine as practiced by the private physician in the time-honored relation and practice by groups in an impersonal collective fashion."

As To Diagnosis

Dr. Royster said that "due to the multiplicity of technical detail and the accumulating mass of new discoveries in modern medicine, it is now more than ever true that no man diagnoseth to himself." After discussing diagnosis, the speaker declared "there never has been or never will be anything to take the place of cultivated brains and trained special sense. The dual instrument, ready for instant and proper use, will be found as the chief equipment in the office of the real physician.

Asking the question "and what will become of our specialism? Where will it end?" Dr. Royster said: "But increasing sub-divisions of specialism give us pause, so much so that by reaction we are beholding a newer specialists the general practitioneer. He is in a class by himself, left in charge of those who are actually sick, with the issues of life and death on his hands, both early and late. He is the keystone of the medical arch; without his support the whole frabic would fall to the ground; family after family are depending on him for counsel, relying on his judgment in every crisis. Of

what use are specialists unless there is the intermediary to say when they are needed? And since the general practitioner is by distinction become a specialist and expected to know a little about everything, why should not the professed specialist be required to know something about general medicine? One finds oneself somewhat in agreement with the recently suggested proposal that examining boards may require five years in general practice before allowing the privilege of going into a specialty.

Group Medicine

"Many are rushing into group medicine as a solution of the whole matter. Such practice brings to bear upon each case the combined study of a number of specialists, who, examining the patient individually, finally comes together for establishing a complete dignosis or leave it to one member of the group to pronounce the judgment. Work in groups has come to stay, for it is inevitable that men will associate for mutual help and encouragement. Team work is the modern slogan and it is the way to win the game. But if the group discounts the individual and the individual forgets the patient, we have not group medicine, but gang medicine, and their product is syndicated science, than which nothing can be more unscientific.

After discussing arguments for and against group practice, Dr. Royster said "My feelings is that the group idea is one of the most useful modes of service in medicine. But no group should be ironclad or unwieldy; its tendency to send out machine-made work should be changed into that of a hand-picked work. It should stop straining at gnats and swallowing camels, and learn that the group was made for the patient and not the patient for the group. Just as strongly should we realize that the practice of medicine will never—and should never—get away from the personal relation of patient and physician."

Need Of The Hour.

"Battling with custom, prejudice, disease.

As once the sone of Zues with death and hell."

"A spirit of uncertanity prevades our rank and file," said the speaker, who asked "What are we going to do about it?" Continuing, he said. "We are going to change to progress; we shall go forword; we will meet and master every disturbing difficulty. A stubborn element of conservatism is the rule in this commonwealth. We are to prone to 'be not the first by whom the new is tried' and often the boast of being 'the last to lay the old side.' This is perhaps a virtue; but a virtue run to seed may constitute a vice. Are we not something afraid of the new because it is new? Over and over again it has been asserted that 'our people are slow to change,' that they will resent any interference with the existing order of things. It is only true. Thus will come our adjustment to the forward movement—not through compelling agencies or rapid fire orders, but by seeing that whatever benefits the people of a state, who gave us the commission we hold, also benefits the medical profession whose highest aims we

have at heart and whose noble principle we as individuals are striving to maintain.

Goal For Profession

"In conclusion I have an idea to express for this society. First, I would have it conform in every particular to the specifications set forth in Article Two of the constitution adopted in 1902; which stated that 'The purpose of this society shall be to federate and bring into one compact organ the entire medical profession of this state with a view to the extension of medical knowledge and to the advancement of medical science; to the elevation of the standard of medical education and to the enochment of just medical laws; to the promotion of friendly intercourse among physicians and for guarding and prospering their material interests; and to the enlightenment and direction of public opinion in regards to the great problems of state medicine so that the profession shall become more capable and honorable within itself and more useful to the public in the prevention and cure of diseases and prolonging and adding comfort to life.

Prime Principles

"I would have this society embody these principles in the conscience of its every member, especially recalling the significance of the order in which the principales are presented: I would have it a place where righteousness reigns and no mean thing may live, I would make it a guide and not a trades union; I would keep it a heaven where politics doth not enter and where selfish exploitation both not corrupt; I would wish everyone to think not of what the society is, but what he is to give the society; I would want it a communion where freedom rules, where each fellow may have the aspiration and opportunity to develope what is in him, but I would also carry its standard so high that we may draw all men up to it and never for one moment trial its colors in the wretched dust of the unqualified and the unfit.

"We have every reason to feel encouraged. My note is one of optimism. If only we may glorify brains as the consummate need; if we reverence culture as a means of grace; if we set character above circumstances then indeed shall we grow in capacity, refinement and virtue, assuming our rightful station as devotees of a learned profession, and champions of the real things in life."

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we sire
From the loanly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round
I count this to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broder view.

THE TOWN THAT WAS LOST AND FOUND

(By Emma Mauritz Larson in Young Folks.)

"Lost, somewhere in Ohio about a century ago, a town. Wanted now so that its 150th birthday may be celebrated." That is the ad that might have been published in the Ohio papers this last year, though of course it wasn't. But there were some people in the state so deeply interseted in finding the exact place where Schoenbrunn used to be that they spent eight months of historical research and seven weeks of actual digging, and it seems very likely that they have located the place where the interesting little town was.

One of the things that made the search hard was the fact that Schoenbrunn was burned to the ground when it was only ten years old and the storms and snows and rains and suns of the 140 years since then have done all they could to obliterate every trace of the ruins of the sixty homes along the two streets that ran like a letter T.

But it was a town worth searching for, for it had the first school house, and the first church, the first Temperance Society and the first Peace Society west of the Alleghany Mountains, a big load of honors for one village, and a town made up mostly of red men at that.

Four years before the American Revolution broke out a young man from the Moravian town of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania decided that since his church believed in giving the gospel to all men he would turn into the wild country beyond the mountains and work with the Indians. He was well equipped to follow the two Moravian missionaires who had just gone out there, for he knew the difficult tongues of many Indian tribes and had the friendship of the Pennsylvania Indians.

It was springtime when he reached Geklemukpechunk, the capital of the Deleware Indians in the Tuscarawas Valley. The chief, Netawotwes, received him with favor and said, "Yes, we have heard of the work of our white brothers, the Moravians, in the east, how they desire peace between the white and red men, and that there shall never be war upon the earth, and how they teach the Indian children in schools and even build great houses for my brothers, the red men, to worship the Great Spirit in. I will give you land for such a town. On the Tuscarawas river, that is the Open Mouth River of great plenty, is a place cleared, an old Wyandot town site, where you may make houses and fields. And near by is a spring to give you water."

So David Zeisberger, when May came around again, brought from the Moravian towns of his own state five Indian families to start a Christian town in Ohio. The chief's gift of land was indeed a good place for the new town, and during the spring and summer the axes were busy cutting logs for houses and the school and

the church. By autumn the town had been named Schoenbrunn, or Beautiful Spring, from the natural spring which supplied them with clear, cold water, and September saw the chapel dedicated.

By this time other Indians had been converted, but it looked like the chapel built to accommodate five hundred could never be filled out in this wilderness of heathen red men. But the preaching and teaching of David Zeisberger was winning and the lives of the Indian families who had laid aside blankets and tepees and were building good homes and raising grain and cattle and living in peace and happiness with each other made even a stronger sermon. So the red men poured in to the chapel at Schoenbrunn and before long it was crowded to the doors for the services.

The Indian Agent for the Western District of the American Colonies came for a visit and was amazed. "You have, way here out in the wilderness, such a state of civilization as wouuld be praiseworty if you had a town entirely made up of white men. How you have accomplished it with these savages I cannot imagine."

After a time there were sixty houses on the two streets shaped like a T and the fields and meadows stretched out far with fine harvests and sleek cattle. There were neighbors of their own belief now too, a few miles farther down the river two other Moravian Indian towns had been started, Gnadenhutten and Salem, towns whose very names meant the home of happy peace. But peace was not to last long.

The Revolutionary War had broken out and it brought troubled times to the white Moravians in the east because of their convictions against fighting. But their sympathies were strong for the Americans and they opened the big stone Brethren's houses in their three Pennsylvania towns as General Hospitals. Two thousand wounded were sent to them at one time, among them Lafayette, who chose to stay in one of the comfortable homes in Bethlehem and who went away praising the Moravians for their kindness and skilled care and the industry which kept every one busy spinning and weaving blankets for the army. Washington came to this Pennsylvania town of the Moravians too, and was most pleased with the services being rendered by these peace-loving people.

Count Pulaski, the Polish patriot, who was helping the Americans, came to the Moravian town of Bethlehem and was so interested in the fine academies and the industries that when some of his 4,00 troops camping around the town became rowdyish, the Count himself stood guard all night long. The grateful Moravian women embroidered him a banner in the fine stitches they knew so well and he was carrying this when he fell at the battle of Savannah. One of his officers snatched the fallen banner from beside his dead leader and long years later it was secured by the Maryland Historical Society, a vivid record of the faith of the Moravian women of Pennsylvania in the righteousness of the American cause.

So, though the Moravians were not in the army, they did valiant service in the East in hospital work and in supplying food and clothing for the fighters. They kept up their missionary work in the three little new towns in the Ohio wilderness, Schoenbrunn, Gnadenhutten and Salem. This might well be called direct war service, for the towns influenced the Indians in a wide circle, keeping even the heathen Indians from attacking the colonists in this time when their home defense was weakened by fighting the British.

So David Zeisberger went on with his work among the Indians, using Schoenbrunn as a center for his teaching and bringing to it the red men who wanted to build permanent Christian homes. It was a most uncomfortable place for a town to be located in these days of war, for though the Pennsylvania Moravians thought their mission towns far out in the wilderness and safely away from the white men's war, Scholenbrunn was really half way between two wilderness forts. The one, Port Fitt of the Americans, and the other, Fort Detroit of the British, both looked suspiciously at the Indians in between.

One day in the late summer of 1781 when the gardens were at their best and the fields almost ready to harvest, a strange company appeared on the streets of Schoenbrunn

"You sympathize with the Americans," said these British. "We don't like to have you half way between our Canadians post and Fort Pitt." And they carried the entire population of the three Moravians towns on the Tuscarawas away toward Canada. But near the Sandusky river in Ohio the homeless captives were halted for a winter of great suffering. Their only food, corn, was so scarce that famine was near and they begged their captors to allow them to return to their old homes to recover what corn from the fields might have lasted sound through the winter.

At last their British captors consented to an expedition back to Schenobrunn and Gnadenhutten and Salem, all of whose fields had been left with the harvest ungathered. David Zeisberger, who was always in the mist of the greatest danger, never afraid, was not there to lead them back to gather the corn, for he had been sent to Detroit to be tried on a trumped-up charge and though he was quickely acquitted, he was not allowed to return to his suffering friends wintering on the Sandusky. But one hundred and fifty men, women and children, were selected from the whole population of the three Ohio towns to go back for the food.

It was early march when they came to the deserted towns, and cold winds were still blowing, but they went at once to the fields, leaving only two or three Indians in the homes to arrange things for their staying several days until they could gather all of the harvest that remained in the fields after the winter storms.

Before many hours, though their steady labor in the Gnadenhutten fields were broken by visitors, a hundred soldiers from the east under Col. Williamson, of Virginia.

"Ah, you are friends then," said these Moravians Christian Indians of the wilderness. "We have heard from David Zeisberger and others of the brave fight the Americans are ma-

king to be free. And we are glad that the people of our mother church in Bethelehem in Pennsylvania have had the chance to take care of your wounded and weave blankets of your coats for the fighters. We are sorry we have been too far away to help, and that we are even more helpless now because all of the people of our three towns were carried off by the British towards Canada. We have been all winter in the terrible cold without houses, in a place on the Sandusky and have only now been allowed to return for corn. Ninety or so of us are here in Gnadenhutten and the other sixty are at Schenobrunn, North of here, and Salem, south of here, to bring their corn. We will not finish for several days. You will stay all night with us in our log houses in the town?''

And the American militiamen said they would stay, that they were glad to have found friends. It is one of the great shames of our early history of America that this Colonel who had been sent out by the colonies to find certain wild border Indians who had been robbing and molesting white men in eastern settlements, was neither honest nor brave, nor just. He pretended to be friends with these Moravian Indians, accepting their hospitality, and moving into the town for the night. He knew that they were peaceful Christian Indians, that they had been held captive by the British and could not possible be the few robbers he was after, and that as Moravians they were strongly in sympathy with the American cause.

But instead of meeting honor and faith with honor and right dealing from these first moments, he had planned to kill these red men and women and children. ''All Indians are alike. What does it matter that these are Christians whom the Moravians have taught not to fight. They are the easier for us to kill,'' he told his men. ''You see how easily they gave us their guns which they had in the field to kill game for food when I said we were Americans and were their friends. They are an easly lot to get rid of, but we'll wait until we have all the crowd together from the three towns.''

Strangely enough, the Indians unconsciously helped this plan for they suggested that they send word of the arrivals of these white friends to Scheoenbrunn and Salem, and they sent two messengers on horseback. But, fortunately, the Indians of the other two towns hadn't arrived when the Colonel carried out his cruel plan, and in two of the big log shops, built for their industries, he killed the ninety peaceful Indians.

Taught by their religious leaders not to fight, they bravely faced these new captors who had tied them up men in one building, women and children in another. They begged only for a night's time and spent it in holding services, and singing and asking for courage to meet death. The story of the end of these ninety Christian Indians martyrs is too cruel to tell in detail, but two little lads escaped and ran to the other towns, meeting their Indians on the way, coming to celebrate the arrival of white friends. So the two little lads turned back the sixty who fled in to the wilderness and finally reached Canada. There they had a settlement on the

Thames river and when David Zeisberger was released from the Fort at Detroit he went to them, still undaunted in his plan to build many towns for Christian Indians.

Meanwhile, the cruel militiamen, who with their Colonel shared the blame for when he took a vote only eighteen of the hundred soldiers voted for mercy and life for the peaceful Indians, pressed on the Schoenbrunn. When they did not meet their expected prey on the way and found no one in the town they were the more enraged.

"We will fix it so that no one will ever dare to come back here," they said and set fire to the school and the big chapel that, in its ten years had seen many a beautiful service of music and preaching, and to every home and shop.

The ruins must have been clear enough in those early days, but as time went on they were buried in the fields, and now for more than a hundred years no one has known postively where Schoenbrunn stood. Five sites near the famous spring have been mentioned, and each has its adherents. So the searchers of 1921 who wished to find the exact site for a public commemoration on May 3rd, 1922, of the town's founding by David Zeisberger, went eagerly at the search.

Records at Washington and in the historical archives of Ohio were searched for months and every tiny phrase that would help to locate the two streets was gathered. A map drawn by David Zeisberger in 1772, showing the layout of the streets was a help and it indicated a bank of earth which was a help in the final surmise of the location. But alas, this map did not include the spring which would so simplify the exact location.

There are so many church members, if interested at all, it is no more than to get a seat in the grandstand. Some folks go to church, to be entertained by the preacher and the choir, just as the players are expected to entertain on the baseball grounds. But grandstand religion will not get one very far on the road to the skies.—Christian Advocate.

CASE OF THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

One has to live in the rural section to understand and fully appreciate the uneven chance and opportunity offered to our citizens. The eternal sapping of the vitality of the rural section is so serious that the matter deserves a first-hand and intimate study of the situation.

THE UPLIFT has had much to say along this line for the past months. In it was nothing personal, but the hope alone of bringing the people who are in the saddle and drawing easy salaries for short hours under delightful comforts to realize that they are not functioning to the advancement of the rural cause. It may be treason to say this; but one who knows the conditions twenty years ago and knows them to-day through an intimate association, is perfectly aware that the machinery inaugura-

ted to care for the rural problems is not functioning efficiently.

Somewhat along this line just read this story furnished the Christian Advocate by Rev. H. C. Byrum, who has most clearly analyzed the situation in his section--one of the best in Lincoln county. Read what this earnest and emphatic preacher has to say:

"I am now on the old historic Rock Spring circuit. Some of its churches date back to 1790. One has the honor of being the first Methodist church organized west of the Catawaba river. For more than a century Methodism has been operating in this territory. We have now somewhere about 950 members. Think of this. No college graduate, for this more than a hundred years, has ever lived within the bounds of the work and served the church or as superintendent or Sundy school teacher. We have two graduates as members at present, but both are teaching away from the charge. We have one graduate teaching within the bounds of the charge, but is with us only while teaching.

This year will finish my twentieth year in the conference. Four years of the time I had a Trinity College graduate to superintend a Sunday school. My recollection is now that I have never had a college graduate to teach a class. I believe I did get one Davenport graduate once to read the lesson text for the class. I am throwing no stones at education or college work. I believe in it with all my soul. The hour is at hand, we need to deliver some goods. The leadership of the church came to this charge and asked for $10,000. It was promised. Then for six or eight thousand more. One thousand of it was promised. There is not a Sunday school room on the charge. We have three students in our church schools from this charge. We have more than this number in other church schools. When I ask why are you not in our schools, they say we get the same advantages in other schools for one hundred dollars a year less. When I call attention to this, I am informed that the difference is in quality. But with this long list of years without any experience with the products I am dumb.

I was thinking that the powers to be might think on these things. If we are dead sure of our course, then go ahead; if not, see if the fodder is to high and kick down the rack. There is something out of balance when it comes to getting the rural people to patronize our schools.

Again, there have been 21 names transferred from this charge within the last six months; 19 of them have gone to the towns and cities. We have about 250 more who live in towns and cities who seldom ever meet with us in services. We have had chapter after chapter on "Community Life." Well, that thing has been tried out right here in the village of Denver. More than 50 years ago this was a great community center. Today we have signs of decay and death. Our young people are leaving just as fast as they grow up. The old folks are dying. Soon we will furnish a fine subject for a story-writer who wants to write on "The Deserted Village."

We would have some interesting facts before us if we only knew what per cent of rural pastors' salaries have been paid to date. How many of them are beseiged from every side to get the money

from every hand for the various causes. Oh, these secretaries. I have a high regard for them personally. You cannot find a finer lot than the ones we have. But we will make Christian Scientists out of them if we don't mind. The first thing you know some of them will actually be believing that they have jobs when they have not."

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE NEGRO YOU OWN?"

(Progressive Farmer)

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels was one of the speakers at the recent unveiling of the monument to Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee, Alabama. He says that the thing that perhaps impressed him most about his visit was the practical, horse-sense talk a colored woman made to the Negroes to him. How can you do it?

"In the old days the owners of slaves found slavery profitable to them. That is why they owned slaves and why they opposed emancipation. How did they make a slave profitable to them? They did three things:

"1 They made the slaves get up and get out early in the morning.

"2 They made them work after they got out in the morning.

"3 They made them come in at night and go to bed and get their night's sleep.

"Now, every Negro who hears me owns a Negro—you own **yourself.** You can make that ownership of a Negro as profitable to yourself as the slave-owner made the slave profitable

"1 Make the Negro you own get up and out in the morning.

"2 Make the Negro you own work.

"3 Make the Negro you own come in at night."

As Mr. Daniels said, "This is just about as good advice for white folks as for Negroes." Every white boy and every white man ought to say to himself: "I own a white man it is up to me to train him and treat him so he will be ten times more profitable to me—by inspiring him to use both brain and muscle for me, than the mere muscle-service of a slave was ever worth to a master."

THE 'LOWANCE

Another beautiful idol born of the rosy days that came out of the war, which was set up in the modern household, and which now finds itself crowded close to the outer edge of the ring, where it lies considerably disfigured, is the "allowance." We can recall the amusement of a group of the older and more experienced fellows as they sat in a club room in the days when everybody seemed to have money, and listened to the conversation being carried on between two young men recently embarked in matrimonial enterprise.

One was telling the other how well he was providing for his wife. There was to be no drudgery for her—he had given her a fixed "allowance" of $50 a week for household expenses, and she should never know an hour of worry. The other was be-moaning the hardships that had been the lot of his sisters and of his mother, and there should be none of that for his wife. He had also given her an "allowance." Last week it became known that the $50-a-week-allowance man was going around trying to find a friend to endorse for him at the bank. The fellow who was not going to allow his wifey to undergo the hardships his mother had faced, had long since quit dropping in at the club. He had driven in his brass tacks and was rolling the baby carriage. And so the country is gradually getting back to earth and the high-fliers with it. The Observer is mentioning this incident because of the trouble many young men got themselves into by reason of the emulative impulse. Because other young fellows were establishing their wives on "allowances," why should not they do likewise? Everything was lovely and the goose was hanging high so why not give the wife an "allowance" and live in ease and "style?" And in most instances, the lovely young things that had the allowances sailed around in fine style, buying a good many things they could done without, and when "deflation" came along they had blank checks enough, to be sure, but not much at the bank back of the checks. The system of "allowance" was good enough when money was to be shaken from the bushes, but it was found not to work so well when the "over-drawn" notices began coming in from the bank.

If Keesler were writing this editorial he would be sure to put in something just here by way of prodding the young people for not having put part of the "allowance" into building and loan investment, either for stock, or on savings account, but as Keesler is not writing this, we will say it for him. In the days when the married men, young and old, were setting up their house-holds on the basis of the "allowance," the country had entirely lost sight of the lesson of thrift. They divorced themselves from all ideas of economy, as if times were always going to be flush and the goose would always hang high. If the allowance had been soaked down into a savings account, some young men and some of the older men, also, would not now be going around hunting an endorser. But no very great hurt has been sustained—the greater blow has been given to pride, and recovery from that is easy. While, in many cases, the allowance has been mutally agreed upon as an incident of the past and conversations overheard in the clubs are cast in soberer and more sensible tone. We are making return to the sane ways that mother lived, even if some hardships and some drudgeries are involved; the spirit of envy of the life of others better conditioned is undergoing a wilt, and a disposition is being cultivated to make the best of one's opportunities and to live according to these opportunities.

The greatest blessing that could come upon a household is contentment, and than contentment there is no better foundation in the world up-

on which to build. It abides when the "allowance" has fled and been forgotten.—Charlotte Observer.

DURHAM COUNTY'S DAY.

On Thursday, April 27, the institution had as honored guests a splendid delegation from Durham. Headed by the Board of County Commissioners, this delegation came to officially turn over to the institution the completed Dormitory Cottage which the county had authorized and paid for

In the party were the commissioners, Messrs. H. L. Carver, chairman, C. M. Crutchfield, F. S. Thomas and D. H. Stallings, Commissioner Turrentine being prevented by illness to come.

Mr. W. E. Stanley, the wide-awake County Welfare Officer, was the master of ceremonies. After a luncheon in the Durham Cottage— and it was a hungry crowd having come by moter cars, 157 miles—all repaired to the Auditorium, where the student body had assembled, headed by the institution band, which Director Lawrence has so splendidly trained.

Rev. T. M. Green, representing the Durham Ministerial Association, conducted religious exercises, followed by some worthwhile and helpful remarks. At this junction Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Treasurer of the Jackson Training School, spoke the words of welcome to the visitors and made an effective address in which he traced a devotion for and a service in behalf of "A Vision" which culminated in the establishment of the Jackson Training School.

Judge W. H. Young, of the Juvenile and Superior Courts of Durham County made a pleasing address, touching forcibly upon the necessity of an organized service in behalf of the unfortunate, at the conclusion of which, for the Board of Commissioners of Durham County, he officially turned over the Cottage to the institution with the best hopes and prayers of his county, for the success and progress of the School. J. P. Cook, for the Board of Trustees, accepted the splendid and handsome gift which represented a cost of $22,250,00.

Following this, in a most interesting and effective manner Mr. Wyatte Dixon, representing the Junior Order, presented the School a Bible and U. S. flag. When Mr. Dixon unfurled the flag the student body, without notice, rose as one boy in doing respect to Old Glory. These thoughtful and much appreciated gifts were accepted by Supt. Boger in a happy manner making clear that no opportunity is ignored to make a proper use of the fullest meaning and influence of these two—the Bible and the flag—in the conduct of the institution.

Throughout the exercises Lawrence's Band dispensed thrilling music. And America and Carolina, with Miss Mary Gaither at the piano, was sung by the entire audience.

Throughout the rendering of the pleasing programme, there was in evidence the high esteem in which Mr. Stanley, the Welfare Officer, is held by the officers and citizens of Durham. He is recognized as one of the

best in the State and he shows that ability and good common sense that would shine even in the State Department of Welfare Work. Gen'l J. S. Carr, who was scheduled to be present and make an address, sent his regrets because of an unexpected call out of the State. This fine and beloved gentleman never loses an opportunity to give to the Jackson Training School his blessings and other evidences of an encouragement.

In the Durham party were, besides the officials already mentioned, Miss Magaret Clark, (the only lady,) who is the assistant to Mr. Stanley, and Messrs. C. W. Stallings, T. L. Pendergrass, Sid High, E. C. Smith, W. T. High, Jack Hodge, A. P. Carlton, S. G. Marshall and last, but not least, Jas. A. Robinson, long time a popular and beloved newspaper man of Durham, who is deeply concerned in rendering a faithful service himself in the cause of all uplift work throughout the State.

The entire student body and officers of the Jackson Training School enjoyed the presence of the Durham folks and felt honored by their visit. It was, indeed, a happy day in the life of the institution which seeks to serve humanity.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Edward Cleaver, Lambert Cavenaugh, Ralph Cutchin, Joseph Moore, Malcolm Holman, William Handcock, Jas. Huneycutt, Henry Faucett, Jack Mcleland, Swift Davis, Fitzhugh Miller, Hoyle Faulkner, Murray Evans, Victor High, Harry Ward, John Wright, Newlan McDonald Marshal, Williams Floyd, Linville Arch Brady, Tom Hanna, Richard Johnson, Dohme Manning, Albert Keever, Sylvester Sims, Rufus Wren, Lloyd Winner, Max Thompson, Chas. Rothrock, Paul Leitner, Murphy Jones, Preston Winders, Willie Harvel, Carlton Hager, Milard Gilbert, Julius Kemp. Allen Oglesby, Paul Kimmery, Jack O'Neill, Alvin Cook, Roy Caudill, Nomie Williams, Robert Holland Eunice Byers, Walter Mills, Ben Poteat, Grover Cook, Walter McMahan, Johnie Branch, Dick H. Johnson, Cleburn Hale, Walter P. McNeil, Fred Mills Herbert Apple, Carlye Hardy, Connie Loman, Ramond Scott, Paul Green, Walter Taylor,

"B"

Thomas Moor, Chester Shepherd, Elvis Carlton, Earnest Carver, Charlie Stone, Charlie Jackson, Charlie Lisk, Garfield Mercer, James Allen, Plaz Johnson, Luther Chenault, Kelma Smith Magnus Wheeler, Raymond Keenan, Loxley Saunders, Floyd Huggins, Arthur Montgomery, Jas. Shipp, Frank Thomason, Doyle Jackson, Jno. Moose, Allie Williams, William Wilson, Marion Butler, Vass Fields, William Gregory, Washington Pickett, Aster Adams, Brevard Bradshaw, Moses Fasnacht, Everett Goodrich, Parks Newton, Harry Sims.

Institutional Notes.

By S. B. Davis

Lyman Sikes, a former boy who is now working on a farm, was a visitor here Tuesday.

Mr. Jenkins, welfare officer of

Halifax county, brought a boy to the school Friday

Mr. Ankers has left for his home in Richmond Va., for a short vacation. Work on the well No. 4 will stop for a time.

Doyle Jackson, Edward Cleaver, Earl Crow, Worth Stout, Winders, and Edgar Warren were the recipients of visits last Wednesday.

One of the students, by the name of Luther Chenault, has returned to the work force after an absence of some time which was compelled by a hurt ankle.

Bertram Hart and J. A. Shipp are now rescreening the doors of all the cottages, to keep out the summer pests, flies. Hart supervisers the work.

A new flag, Old Glory, has been hoisted on high, to take the place of the old one which was getting quite ragged, due to the buffetings of the elements.

Work on the Gaston Cottage is rapidly advancing. The Rockingham Cottage has been finished some time ago and now is awaiting the arrival of furnishings.

William Hancock was visited Tuesday by his sister, Miss Francis Hancock and her friend Miss Sadie White, both of whom are now students of King's Business College of Charlotte.

The boys learning the Linotype are getting quite efficient. The fastest operator is Edward Cleaver. Soon the printing office will be turning out as good operators as any Linotype school.

Mr. Knox Baines, Memphis Tenn., who is connected with Bakery Equipment work, was at the school Monday looking over our own bakery. He was accompanied by Mr. R. S. Monroe, Savannah, Ga.

Along with the delegates from Durham, came Messrs. S. R. and W. T. High, who are brothers of Victor High, student of this school. To say that Victor was surprised and delighted to see them, is putting it mildly.

The butter churn is being worked daily now, at the Administration Building. Monday, Arthur Montgomery, the very adept worker of this machinery, churned 30lbs. of butter. On this day he distributed three pounds of butter to each cottage for the boys.

It is expected that the ice plant will be opened Thursday, of this week. The fountain at the pavilion is now supplied with water cooled by ice; but this ice had to be bought. The ice plant will save this small, but nevertheless important expense and many more larger ones.

Rev. Kenneth McKeever of Concord and Dr. Shaw, of Statesville were visitors here last Tuesday. Mr. Crooks had known Rev. McKeever when he was a small boy but had not seen him in twenty years more or less. Therefore the visit was very much of a delightful surprise to him. He also knew Dr. Shaw.

The barn boys are now planting their watermelon crop. Last year the boys had watermelons two and three times a week. And yet a good deal of that crop was killed by late

frost. If no late frost occurs the boys are confident that this delicious edible will be as plentiful if not more plentiful than last season's crop.

Upon a recent visit to the now-being-erected dairy, the reporter learned two facts not very well known among the students and officers. These are that the silos are 30 ft. high and have a special apparatus for conveying the food to the cows. The cement floor is now being laid and one of the workers gives it as his opinion that the work will be finished this week.

Miss Lalla Teague, Matron of 2nd Cottage, has left for her home in Newberry, S. C. Miss Teague is high in the opinion of the boys who were under her charge and they, together with all the boys, express the wish that she has a pleasant and happy visit. May she return soon! Miss Eagle is substituting for her for the time being.

The boys of the State Cottage have received a Bible from a friend who is very dear to them. More than once has Mrs. M. H. Freeland donated articles to the boys. Some were edibles. Some were practical gifts. The boys of the State Cottage surely appreciate this gift. It will always be a reminder of her to them. Mrs. Freeland has a son here, and he is making a worthy record.

Rev. R. A. Swarengen, of Kannapolis, conducted services in the chapel Sunday, April 23rd: He first became aquainted with the students and won their approval by telling and acting a joke for them. Then, taking for his text part of Amos 4: 12: "Prepare to meet thy God," he spoke on the topic of "Proof of and turning to God." Rev. Swaringen, please accept this as hearty invitation for another in-the-near-future visit.

Monday and Tuesday of last week the Institutional Band played at the White Hall School entertainment. The band boys enjoyed going to play for this audience, and by the applause accorded them, it is evident that the audience also enjoyed the playing. Arthur Montgomery deserves credit for his beating of the big drum and Mr. Boger says, "If you want to hear someone really beat a snare drum, you ought to be around when the band is playing in the pavilion." Parks Newton beats the snare drum.

School was recessed Monday from Mr. Johnson's room to aid Mr. John Goodman in carrying a number of large poles which are to be used in rebuilding our telephone and electric lines. The wires are not just now being installed, but new pole sites are desired. The poles were balanced and tied on the fore wheels of a wagon. Then this strange contraption, which was called a "battering ram" by Mr. Johnson, was pushed by boys from behind and pulled by the boys in front. All went well on the first trip until student Absher decided to ride. Absher, you must know, is not a little boy, and he, at a rough estimate weighs somewhere near two hundred pounds. So, when he perched his bulky self on the conveyance, it stopped suddenly. No one could guess the cause until a boy's glance perchanced to rest upon "Pat" Absher. Then, he let

out a yell and pointed to Pat. Pat abdicated from his lazy but lofty throne. After that the boys saw that he, too, worked.

Sunday was an unusual day in that it detered from the usual routine. On this day, instead of a preacher holding services, ladies from Concord, assisted by a few men, came out and told stories, spoke, sang, read and recited. Mr. J. J. Barnhart presided, and opened the exercises by reading a selection from the Bible and then leading in prayer. The Misses Cedelaide and Mary Morrison sang a duet. Then Miss May White gave a very inspering and uplifting talk, which was very much enjoyed by the boys. Following a song sweetly sung by Miss Helen Fisher, Miss Margaret Hendrix next told a story of "St. Christopher" in such a manner that it held the students breathless with interest until the very end. Another duet by the Misses Morrisons was as much appreciated as their first song was. Miss Annie Snider next conducted a reading for the students and after a song by the audience and the Benediction by our ever present and faithful friend, Rev. T. W. Smith, the students were dismissed. To the ladies who took part in this program the boys and gentlemen desires to express their gratitude for their kindness.

State Library

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., MAY 13, 1922 NO. 27

CHRISTIANITY PAVES THE WAY.

In a word, the only real cure for war is the all-round introduction of Christianity. The mere conversion of individuals in what we conceive of as his individual relationship is not enough. A man may speak the truth, and love his family, and pay his bills, and pray to his God, and then go forth with the utmost alacrity to shoot him whom Christ called his brother. The introduction of Christianity socially to the life of any one nation is not enough. It is conceivable that the people of a nation might so organize their industries and their politics as to be essentially Christian in all the relationships within that nation, and then from the very devotion to the type of life within their own nation they might be utterly belligerent toward every other nation. Christianity has to come to the place where it looks upon a man as a man.—F. J. McConnell, D. D.

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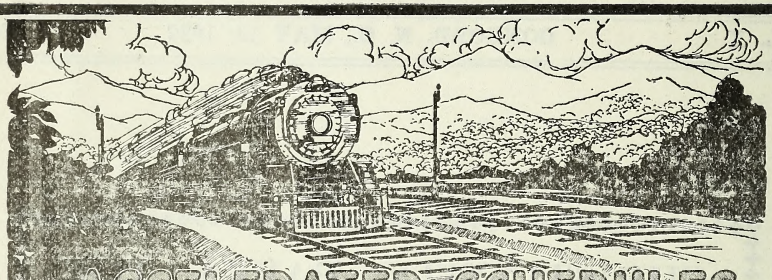
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.59AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

20th OF MAY—MECKLENBURG'S GLORY

Though Mecklenburg furnishes the name of a great event (at that time Cabarrus county was embraced in the Mecklenburg territory,) the whole state has a lively interest in the history-making event, which Charlotte jealously presses to her bosom, and ought to.

There are yet some doubting Thomases, but they assume this attitude simply in a spirit of tease or influenced by the results of a little hair-splitting. But something like the Mecklenburg Declaration, which is to be observed in some style this year, did occur in such a way and manner as to warrant our pride and perfect safety in accepting.

Dr. Wiley's North Carolina Reader has this reference to the event that took place in Charlotte May 20th, 1775, or thereabouts:

"At the time of the adjournment of the second provincial congress, the people of North Carolina were in a state of high excitement.

There can be no doubt that many then, and even before that time, looked forward, with hope, to the prospect of an independent government; and those who are familiar with the character of the inhabitants and the course of events at that day, will not doubt that a republican sentiment was gathering strength, and had many able and fearless advocates. There could be no prosperous or secure government in North Carolina, unless founded on democratic principles; and this was seen, felt, and acknowledged before the flight of Martin.

In this state of the public mind, Col. Thomas Polk, of the county of Mecklenburg, issued a notice to the committee-men of the county to assemble in Charlotte, in the month of May, 1775. It was understood that the most momentous questions would come before the committee; and when it met, in the court-house, a great crowd of people were in attendace.

Abraham Alexander, a former member of the legislature, was chosen chairman, and John McKnit Alexander and Dr. Ephram Brevard appointed clerks. A number of papers were read to the committee and the people; and a handbill, brought by express, and containing an account of the battle of Lexington, in Massachusetts, on the 19th of April preceding, was also read. Several eloquent speeches were made; and, at their conclusion, the people loudly cheered for independence.

A committee, consisting of Dr. Ephrim Brevard, Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch and William Kennon, Esq., were appointed to prepare resolutions suitable to the occasion; and while they were out, the question of independence was still discussed.

On the 20th, at noon, the convention reassembled, amid an anxious throng of spectators, and amid breathless stillness the resolutions absolving the people from all political connection with England, and declaring them a free and self-governing community, were read. They were discussed and unanimously passed; and then, from the court-house steps, Col. Polk read them aloud to the concourse of people, who received them with three prolonged cheers, throwing their hats into the air and manifesting other extravagant signs of joy.

Capt. Jack was engaged as their bearer to the president of the provincial congress, and was also instructed to deliver copies to the delegates from North Carolina to the continental congress. As Capt. Jack passed through Salisbury, the general court was sitting, and at the request of the judge, Mr. Kennon, one of the committee who drew them, and an attorney of the court, read these resolutions in open court, in the hearing of a large multitude of people, judges, lawyers and citizens, attentively listening and approving

The delegates in congress at Philadelphia thought it prudent not to present these proceedings to the body of which they were members, and by this cautious policy the resolutions were in a measure smothered, lost to history, and for nearly half a century were unknown to the world, and until a copy of the "Cape-Fear Mercury" containing the resolutions was discovered and made public."

THE LATE D. A. TOMPKINS WROTE:

If William Tell never lived, none the less does the story

represent a sentiment that did live, and which will continue to live for all time, iconoclasts to the contrary notwithstanding.

If it could be proved that the meeting ascribed to May 20th never took place, still would the Mecklenburg spirit of independence in advance of the rest of the country survive. The emblem of the hornets, the resolves of May 31st, and abundant other proof of the independent spirit of the times survive to sustain the fact that everything else here was in accord with the Declaration of May 20th, 1775.

The same evidence and plenty besides goes to show that there was a declaration.

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CONFESSIONS ARE IN ORDER.

Rev. Dr. J. R. Bridges, editor of the Presbyterian Standard, in a late number of that paper makes note of the tenth anniversary of the "Woman's Auxiliary" which has been doing great business in the affairs of the Presbyterian church.

The Standard, noting the doubts entertained by certain ones over the women entering into such great activity with any good to the church, and others taking comfort in the belief that the movement would prove "a flash in the pan," makes a most splendid confession that amounts to a declaration that all is well. The Standard says:

"This was not due to any doubt of woman's ability, but to the feeling that the conservatism of the Church would finally compel them to be content to work in a quiet corner of the vineyard. This dream proved that married life, though extending over an experinece of thirty odd years, had taught us no lesson as to woman's persistency when once she has decided that she intends doing a certain thing.

Ten years have passed, and with each year has passed our inherited conservatism, and now we are forced to confess that the Lord's hand was in the movement."

The truth of the matter is that except for the work, the activity and the vision of the women, organized and unorganized, the church would be struggling at a harder rate than now characterizes her efforts to accomplish her great work. The women, if they have not kept the church alive and in action, have at least kept her growing.

Some of these days, the cause in all its nakedness and greatness, will appear to the leaders that the proper field of activity for the churches is in the unchurched world and not in the folds of the several denominations. This canibalistic religious enthusiasm is repugnant to fine taste and orderly religious action. The church gains nothing in the sight of the unchurch-

ed by her ability to capture the sheep of other folds: and the weakness of being changed and captured does not reflect such a credit upon the vacilating as to influence any converts and souls from the great multitude of the unchurched in our own state, which should be the slogan of all wise, religious leaders.

It was, after all, a happy day in the life of the church when women rallied to the work of the church. They were needed: they have proven the wisdom of the movement in all the denomonations and it's a mighty agency that is now working in the cause of the church, christianity, good morals and correct society. The women have by their faithful service issued a challenge to the men, including the preachers, in this work of the Lord, by bringing into the fold those who are now unchurched.

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MEETING OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL BOARD

The semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School was held at the Institution on Tuesday of this week. In attendonce were Madames T. W. Bickett and Margaret C. D. Burgwyn, Miss Easdale Shaw, and Messrs. R. O. Everett, Herman Cone, D. B. Coltrane and J. P. Cook.

Various satisfactory reports of the activities of the school were received, plans for a further growth and development were agreed upon, and a general inspection of the plant was made. Just before luncheon, the winners in the Fairbrother story-writing were called, and Mrs. T. W. Bickett, in beautifully chosen words, of good cheer and fine advice, presented to each his earned prize. This was a pleasing event to the Board and, of course, it was a very important event in the lives of these promising youngsters.

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A CORRECTION.

In THE UPLIFT of May 6th an error of omission occurred in the listing of the surviving Confederate soldiers now living in Cabarrus county. This is most likely a clerical error that crept into Capt. Parks' report.

Mr. M. M. Gillon, one of the best men that Cabarrus ever produced, himself a follower of Lee, calls attention to the omission of the names of J. Frank Fink and H. W. Barnhardt, of No. 5, Thomas Brumley, of No. 2; and Dr. L. A. Bikle and Col. James N. Brown, of No. 12. Col. Brown is in his 95th year, and in addition to being a Confederate is a veteran of the Mexican War. This addition, which we believe is now correct, makes the

total number of the surviving veterans of the War Between the States in Cabarrus county just 67.

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The ravages of the Mississippi river, having broken through the levees and flooded tens of thousands of acres in the state of Mississippi and Louisiana, are among the worst of all history. Thousands of people are homeless and destitute of food or property, and the loss and suffering are appalling. There is always something occuring to make us understand that we cannot tell when a catastrophe may overtake us; and these things teach people everywhere that the spirit of man must not feel too secure and arrogant. At best, we are helpless—and never independent of the interest, help and association of our fellow men.

* * * * * * *

"You may tell the women of North Carolina that if they want to do something they must get out and fight. The opportunity for service was never brighter nor the necessity greater." That is the message sister Nancy Astor sends to the women of our state. Had this delightful woman, who has turned the head of all Virginia by her return visit, after becoming famous and popular in England, found it possible to come among us she would have discovered that the Tar Heel sisters are thoroughly aroused not only to their privileges but are conscious of their power.

* * * * * * * *

Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. It is probably well that the state is not to continue paying out its good money for the services of a man, whose attitude and remarks are so beclouded as to leave the impression that he is not orthodox, who ignores certain social laws and is so uncertain in the views he entertains as to make the conservative fear that his influence upon the young is unwholesome.

* * * * * * * *

The rat-killing women, who drove a spanking good trade in Concord, leaving not a very good recommendation for the efficiency of their stock-in-trade, and whose method of business was followed by an inspector from the national government, have had themselves "writ" up in a syndicated letter, carrying their photos. That very same pair could make a return trip and find suckers on an equally as sorry a proposition.

* * * * * * * *

The winner of the Fairbrother 1st prize, whose little story is published

in this number of THE UPLIFT, is known among his associates as "Woodrow" Wilson, while his name is really William. Master "Woodrow" gives a novel reason why he does not desire to be rich; but the fact that he aspires to "run a train down the mountain by his mother's door" is a worthy spirit and a fine ambition.

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Friends of the craft will please observe the long article in this issue, under the title of "Stories and Picture Studies" covering about seven pages. The entire piece was set up on the Linotype by Master Edward Cleaver, a mere strip of a youngster, with only a few weeks' practice, in 6 hours. If it can be beat, in the language of Venus, a famous rural Rowan correspondent, "trot out your operator."

* * * * * * * *

Is there any earthly excuse or reason for sending out of the state for men and women to perform services for which they have had no special training when we have in our midst many men and women far superior to the imported ones? Unqualified surrender to theory and bluff make actions indefensible.

* * * * * * * *

It is claimed that the activity of the K. K. K. forced the resignation of Prof. Lindeman of the faculty of the N. C. College for Women. This is hardly correct. There were probably other and more vital reasons for the ending of the unfortunate situation.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Clark's letter this week carries a perfectly legitimate and timely challenge to the women. Let's begin now to fight for the obliteration of the double standard, which is a cowardly disgrace that has too long afflicted society.

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From all sources the reports indicate that the women had a glorious meeting in Greensboro last week. They are wide awake to their privileges and responsibilities.

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Cotton—the great king of the South—has its eyes open and is moving in the right direction.

* * * * * * * *

Lincoln County has two women aspiring for the office of County Treas-

urer. They are seeking the honor, however, through two different channels.

THE LION, THE FOX AND THE BEASTS.

The Lion once gave out that he was sick unto death and summoned the animals to come and hear his last Will and Testament. So the goat came to the Lion's cave, and stopped there listening for a long time. Then a Sheep went in, and before she came out a Calf came up to receive the last wishes of the Lord of Beasts. But soon the Lion seemed to recover, and came to the mouth of his cave, and saw the Fox, who had been waiting outside for some time. "Why do you not come to pay your respects to me?" said the Lion to the Fox.

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," said the Fox, "but I noticed the track of the animals that have already come to you; and while I see many hoof-marks going in, I see none coming out. Till the animals that have entered your cave come out again I prefer to remain in the open air."

"IT IS EASIER TO GET INTO THE ENEMY'S TOILS THAN OUT AGAIN."

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST WOMEN.

By R. R. Clark.

Since the women have been admitted to membership in the electorate they are giving attention to the rank discriminatory laws enacted under the regime of the mere men; and it is cause for wonder if the men, those who are broad enough to comprehend the depth of the iniquity of some of the enactments that discriminate against the wonmen, are not heartily ashamed that these statutes are permitted to disgrace the law books. It would seem that those who are not so prejudiced that they never can know and never will understand, would embrace the opportunity to wipe the offending statues off the books as quickly and as quietly as possible, so that they may be forgotten.

The clubwomen, in session at Greensboro, adopted a legislative programme, mentioning quite a number of things that they will bring to the attention of legislative candidates and urge on the next session of the Legislature. They will ask, among other things, that the "age of consent" be raised from 14 to 16 years; and that the law which prohibits the acceptance of the unsupported testimony of the woman in cases of seduction or abduction, be amended so that jurors can have the privlege of believing the woman if they think she is telling the truth. These are the statutes I had in mind as cause for shame, as a disgrace to our civilization—laws that the men should want wiped off the statutes books quickly, so that their part in the shame may be soon forgotten.

Our laws authorize a girl at the age of 14 to consent to her own ruin, to voluntarily commit an act which may damn her body and soul. But a girl is not permitted to contract legal and honorable marriage except by consent of parents or guardian, until she has reached the age of 18. That is, a girl is not supposed to have capacity to choose a mate in honorable wedlock, without supervision, until she has reached the age of 18 years. But at the age of 14, yet a child in mind and body, she is left entirely free to become the victim of the wretch who may presume on her youth and ignorance. So far from seeing any inconsistency in this matter, our law-makers, within recent years, men who aspire to leadership in public affairs, have brazenly and defiantly defended it and refused to increase the age to 16, two years short of the legal age of marriage. The infamous double standard of morals, and the false standards of society, which make the erring woman an out-cast while her partner in guilt suffers little if at all, should move one to cast all possible protection around the girls. But so far it has failed in North Carolina because respectable men, husbands and fathers, simply cannot get away from the idea that the man should be allowed greater priveleges than the woman in sex relations.

The other law is no less infamous, if not more so. In case of indictment for seduction or abduction the woman may testify, but the jury is not permitted to accept her testimony unless she is corroborated. Let that

sink in. The lowest specimen on the face of the earth, if he is in the form of a man, no matter what his color or his character nor how infamous his offence, may go on the stand and testify in his own behalf, and the jury can accept that testimony uncorroborated if they believe the witness. But no matter how high the character of the woman previous to her fall, her unsupported testimony is not sufficient, no matter how strongly the jury may believe in its truth. The law was made, of course, to shield the man. It is obvious that in case of that kind corroborative testimony is rarely available.

It is impossible to understand how men of breadth and fairness and justice can defend such infamy as these laws represent. They were enacted at a time when all laws were made with the purpose to subject the woman to the will of the man; or at least they denied the woman an equal show with the man. And men who have accepted the practices of custom, without considering the injustice, may not have realized the enormity of the disgraceful statutes. But there is no longer excuse, if it be excuse, for lack of understanding. The women have the vote. If they do not use it to rid the statute books of such infamy, if they do not refuse to support, but do their best to defeat, candidates who refuse to aid, and that promptly, in blotting this discrimination from the statute books, they will deserve all that and more. In other words, if the women do not use their new freedom to secure justice for themselves along with the promotion of better morals, they will prove their unfitness for membership in the electorate. I do not believe they will permit the discrimination to continue. They may preceed slowly until they get their bearings; but once they feel sure of themselves, I am of the opinion that trouble is coming for the unreconciled reactionaries who would continue to treat the women as children, notwithstanding the equality of citizenship. I admit that the wish may be father to this thought, but I have faith in the women. If I did not believe they would do better than the men I would not have championed woman suffrage.

What I Would Like To Do And Why I Would Like To Do It When I Leave The Jackson Training School.

Answer to Col. Al. Fairbrother's Question.

Some weeks ago, Col. Fairbrother sent the editor a check for fifteen dollars, asking that the boys of the training school be called upon to put on paper their answer to the question involved in the title of this article. A great number of the boys told the story of their desire.

By elimination on the part of competent parties, the many papers were reduced to seven in number. These were turned over to Prof. A. S. Webb, superintendent of the Concord Public Schools, to select the

1st, 2ond, 3rd, 4th and 5th best. He marked the papers simply by figures for no names appeared on the papers. Taking the key, we find that the following is the result of Mr. Webb's decision:

1st—William Wilson	$5.00
2ond—Edward Cleaver	4.00
3rd—Swift Davis	3.00
4th—Jacob Columbus Mead	2.00
5th—Vass Fields	1.00

This writer can very well understand the reason for Prof. Webb's feelings when he was prompted to accompany his decision with two one-dollar bills and this note:

"My dear Mr. Cook:

I am not sure that the awards are right but that is the way it appealed to me. I can't leave any of of them out so I am inclosing a dollar apiece for six and seven.

(Signed) A. S. Webb."

6th, and 7th are: William Gregory and Loxley Saunders. So, after all, these little fellows get honorable mention, through the kindness and tender heartedness of Prof. Webb, to the tune of a dollar each.

The Uplift congratulates the boys, who are winners, and it wants to here assert that every one of the papers turned in exhibited real merit; and all showed that each boy had a laudable ambition tucked away in his little self, that under favorable circumstances and the great kindness of the state must finally blossom into something worthwhile.

This friendly little contest amounted to no little. It put pep into the boys, it gave them something to think about and the occasion to search seriously and earnestly their own hearts and minds. It put many of them, perhaps, to the point of deciding that they had a mission and that there is a service for them to perform. Aside from this, the practice of putting on paper what thoughts went through their minds is of incalcuable value.

To anybody else that wants to father or mother another research, the door stands wide open; the boys are ready. Let us have your proposition. The winners particularly desire that **The Uplift** assure Col. and Mrs. Al. Fairbrother that their generosity and thoughtfulness are fully appreciated by them.

WILLIAM WILSON—WINNER 1ST PRIZE.

It has always been my way of thinking from the time I knew right from wrong that every boy shonld learn a trade. There is no use of a man being a beggar, it is because he wants to be one; if he is a plumber, it is because he wants to be one.

Get up and get, don't wait for things to go your way; get up and help them to go your way. I am now fourteen years old and ever since I was seven I wanted to run a train; my father was an engineer, and so do

I want to be one.

When I leave the school I am going to finish my books at high school, then go to college and learn all that an engineer needs to know. Then after I do all these things, I am going to work and work until I am twenty-one years old. By that time I will surely have a reasonable amount of money. I will then go to Asheville and ask for a job as an engineer. The run I will want will be down the mountains from Asheville through Saluda right by my mother's door.

All this might sound kindly sideways to some people but this is what I mean. I don't want to be a rich man when I am grown. Of course, I don't want to be in want. It is not because there is no chance of my being rich but because my people always said, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. I am looking to go to heaven when I die and a rich man can't very easily go.

When I am on duty on the train I can learn more about the good Old North State and can see the scenery and at the same time be earning an honest living. It may seem strange but it is the truth that I can run a train as young as I am. I can start it. I can stop it. I know a good many things about one. My father has taught my biggest brother, I have also been taught by my father.

The question of why I would like to be an engineer is a simple one. I have been at the Jackson Training School for about two years and I like the place very much. I had not been here over a year before Mr. Boger put me in the sewing room to make the boys clothes. I had never before sewed on a sewing machine. Now I can make anywhere from four to seven shirts in one afternoon, not counting the forenoon. I can also make overalls, sheets and uniforms. I could get a job in a tailor's shop but I don't want to take the women's work away from them.

I want to be an engineer to help my country along. My country has got to have somebody to run the trains, so I might do it as well as anybody. I want to make my mother proud of her boy.

"We must hold it as precious charge, this fulfilling of all that citizenship means, to the memory of those veterans who suffered throughout the unrealization of years. So what are we doing to seal our union with the national body politic? In what way can we co-ordinate in national efficiency? Where and what is the use of having citizenship if we do not apply it."—Mrs. Sidney P. Cooper.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF IREDELL COUNTY.

The Uplift is endebted to Hon. J. A. Hartness, the Clerk of Court of Iredell county, for the furnishing of the names and adresses of the living Confederate soldiers of Iredell county.

Though Iredell county is above the average North Carolina county both in size of territory and population, the list shows that there are living just eighty-one of the heroes of 61-65.

IN STATESVILLE:R. E. Beaver, J. C. Brown, J. M. Clark, R. B. Cook, Wm. S. Eagle, D. W. Edwards, W. J. Evans, Frank A. Freeze, W. H. H. Gregory, W. G. Hendren. R. B. Joyner (96 years old), N. L. Lewis, F. E. Menis, W. M. Mills, C. A. Mills, G. F. Mitchell, G. W. Nash, Jas. G. Page, E. K. Robbins, J. M. Shook, J. E. Simpson, A. W. Taylor.

STATESVILLE, R. F. D.: J. A. Fox, P. W. Brawley, J. M. Crawford, H. Huffman, Wm. F. Orren, J. M. Rickert, J. P. Stout, H. A. Tomlin.

MOORESVILLE:J. P. Austin, John W. Cowen, Aaron Plyler, W. A. Raney, N. L. Robinson, F. S. Shook, T. A. White; A. A. Kelley, Mooresville R. F. D.

TROUTMAN:W. M. Bradshaw, J. Y. Cavin, Geo. C. C. Dearman, J. A. Galligher, W. M. Hoover, W. H. Hunter, W. E. Ledwell, J. H. Link, E. P. Rogers, and E. W. Overcash, Mooresville, R. F. D.

ELMWOOD: John Foster, Silas Freeland, Hail Hair,

HARMONY:J. C. Joyner, (R. F. D.,) Thomas Renegar, J. B. Stroud, (R. F. D.), William L. Wooten.

HOUSTONVILLE: L. Barnard, Z. R. Tharpe.

TURNERSBURG:W. R. Moore, T. B. Campbell (R. F. D.,) H. H. Harbin, (R. F. D.) Wilford Horn.

LORAY:A. C. Combs, J. A. Morrison.

SCOTTS:J. A. Deal, A. Guy.

EUFOLA:W. A. Fisher, W. W. Stewart.

CLEVELANDsG. L. D. Eller (R. F. D.)

NEW HOPE: John J. Godfrey, Thomas M. Snow.

BARIUM SPRINGS:.Henry T. Johnston, W. P. Whitley,

STONEY POINT: T. M. Marshall, (R. F. D.,) W. A. Prim, F. M. Teague, W. T. Watts.

MT. MOURNE: Robert E. Mayhew.

OLIN: J. C. Siceloff, Thomas M. Walker, H. C. Warren.

CATAWBA: L. York.

And the foregoing be all that are left in Iredell county of the brave fellows, who risked all uncomplainingly in answer to the call of their country. The line is fast growing thinner.

THE NEGLECTED DUTY OF THE SCHOOLS.

By Dr. Clarence Poe.

Again, people are asking this question as never before: What are our school doing to give worthy ideals to the multitudes of eager, aspiring, truth-seeking boys and girls who pass through their portals?

The schools of today teach facts, but what are they doing to develope character or even happiness? If Edwin Markham was right when he said that man's three great needs are represented by three B's---"bread, beauty, and brotherhood"---what are our schools doing to train our youth for this three fold challenge of life? In our country schools the practical subjects like arithmetic are taught in terms of town things and town interests, and it is often hard to get half-way recognition for agricultural subjects. Beauty is largely forgotten and brotherhood even more largely so. Do we not teach boys and girls to think of individual and personal success rather than of success through service to one's fellows and one's community? As Dr. Henry F. Cope says:

> "There, I am convinced, is the very heart of our weakness in educational matters---that our present system of public education is organized for the education of individuals in individualism . . . . It matters not at all what the youth has learned of the encyclopedia of science if he has felt no passion for life, if he has never quickened with a thrill for humanity, if he has never seen a vision nor dreamt a dream of a better, fairer world."

And if our schools are failing to train the young for noble citizenship, for community service, for neighborhood betterment, are they not also letting our boys and girls drift without moral chart or compass? Are they not failing to provide any compelling moral guidance for life? Granting that parents themselves should give moral training to the young, must we not face the fact that half the parents are not giving such training? And is not the general public suffering seriously because of this widespread neglect? Can our nation afford to let such a condition go on without remedy?

Here in America, we of course cannot, must not, teach the doctrines of any religious sect. But even though this is true, should not the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, the Two Great Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount be early taught to every boy and girl as forming a universally acceptable moral basis for life, whatever one's sectarian views may be? And will the seeming moral degenercy of today be checked until we do give such training?

It is of great importance in a republic, not only to guard society against the oppression of its rulers, but to guard one part of the society against the injustice of the other part.—James Madison.

HARVEY BIRCH.

By J. Fenimore Cooper in "The Spy"

"Well, Tom, a slanderous propensity is incurable—but," stretching forward his body in the direction he was gazing, as if to aid him in distinguishing objects through the darkness, "what animal is moving through the field on our right?"

"'Tis a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump 'tis a dromedary!" added the captain, eying it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed—"Harvey Birch!—Take him, dead or alive!"

Mason and a few of the leading dragoons only, understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with the lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a suddenly termination of the race.

Birch prudently kept his position on the rock, where he had been seen by the passing glance of Henry Wharton, until evening had begun to shroud the surrounding objects in darkness. From this height he had seen all the events of the day as they occured. He had watched, with a beating heart, the departure of the troop under Dunwoodie, and with difficulty had curbed his impatience until the obscurity of night should render his moving free from danger. He had not, however, completed a fourth of his way to his own residence, when his quick ear distinguished the tread of approaching horse. Trusting to the increasing darkness, he determined to persevere. By crouching and moving quickly along the surface of the ground, he hoped yet to escape unseen. Captain Lawton was too much engrossed with the foregoing conversation to suffer his eyes to indulge in their usual wanderings, and the peddler, perceiving by the voices that the enemy he most feared had passsed, yielded to his impatience, and stood erect, in order to make greater progress.

The moment his body arose above the shadow of the ground it was seen, and the chase commenced. For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of his danger, and his legs refusing their natural and necessary office. But it was only for a moment. Casting his pack where he stood, and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and the wood his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left, and cut him off from this place of refuge. The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was passed unseen. But delay now became to dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a par-

llel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them; and the aforesaid cornet was making eager inquires of the trooper near him, on the subject, when a man, a short distance in the rear, crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instant the sentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley, shouting:—

"Harvey Birch—take him, dead or alive!"

Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and bullets whistled in every direction around the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair filled his heart, and in the bitterness of that moment he exclaimed:—

"Hunted like a beast of the forest!"

He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden, and was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution; for he had already been condemned to death, and had already escaped the fate by stratagem. These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions. He again fled before them. A fragment of a wall, that had withstood the ravages made by war in the adjoining fences of wood, fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side. Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers, and the execrations of of their riders, Birch was enable to gain a sight of the base of the hill, on whose summit was a place of perfect security.

The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to make room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurrahs of the men, and the thundering tread of the horse, too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop or die!" was uttered above his head, and in fearful proximity to his ears.

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder, and saw within a bound of him the man he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening saber. Fear, exhaustion, and despair seized his heart, and the intended victim fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth.

As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again, with the sword of this discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors; and yet there

are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil.

All the wrong of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch branished the powerful weapon in the air; in the next it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper. The peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

Work is one of the greatest blessings to the human race. It is noble to work and ignoble to shirk. Work is the noblest birth-right of the human race. Fit yourself for some honorable work and then follow it properly.

ON A BATTLE FIELD

(Henry W. Grady)

A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field, the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter, bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lantern drew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went from one part of the field to another.

As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown tomorrow he will get well." And again leaving him, not to death but with hope; all night long these words fell into his heart as the dew fell from the stars upon his lips, "if he but lives till sundown he will get well."

He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high moon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest. "If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane; I will open the battered gate, and the mocking bird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the

old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hands shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown I shall look once more into her deep and and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their little hands into his heartstrings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I live till sundown they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall once more run over my face"

And then he thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on the ebbing life and held on the stanch until the sun went down and the stars came out and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

It is said that it cost more than $10,000,000 a day to run the government of the United States. Stupendous as that sum is, it represents less than a dime a day for each citizen of Uncle Samuel's domain.—Monroe Enquirer.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

(By Elijah Kellogg)

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody stands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage

chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparata, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quite as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherds flute, there was a friend the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, knew not why; I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbing temples and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet clasps, behold, he was my friend! He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the praetor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay, upon my knees, amid the lust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay. And the praetor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans." And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! Thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! Thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a hasher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life blood lies curdled.

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall, with his lily fingers, pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be. If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's

knife. If ye are men, follow me. Strike down yon guard gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylae. Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash. O comrades! Warriors! Thracians! If we must fight, let us fight for ourselves. If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors. If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle.

STORIES AND PICTURE STUDIES.

By Mrs. E. E. McMillen.

Picture study usually implies nothing more than looking at pictures for mere entertainment or with more advanced students an examination of masterpieces for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the technique of the artist. The story teller makes no use of the second of these methods of approach, but an extended use of the first. Pictures entertain but each masterpiece has an additional interest in the story that is associated with it. A picture is the starting point for many an interesting narrative. The child may learn the story back of the picture and something of the life and work of the artist who painted it. Pictures may be selected and arranged in an orderly sequence so as to set forth the significant event in a life or in an epic.

Perhaps the most beautiful and complete picture story one could arranged is that of the life of Christ as shown in the picture of the masters.

Here are a list of pictures that may be supplemented with other pictures and may be purchased from Perry Picture Company.

Plockhorst—The Announcement.

Correggio—The Holy Night.

Da Fabriano—Adoration of the Magi.

Raphael—Sistine Madonna.

Raphael—Madonna of the Chair.

Bodenhauser—Mother and Child.

Durer—Flight into Egypt.

Van Dyck—Repose in Egypt.

Hofmann—Worship of the Wise Men.

Hofmann—In the Temple with the Doctors.

Hofmann—Christ and the Doctors.

Hofmann—Christ blessing little Children.

Hofmann—Driving out the Money Changers.

Hofmann—Anointing Jesus' Feet.

Hofmann—Teaching from a Boat.

Hofmann—Christ's enter into Jerusalem.

Geiger—Kiss of Judas.

Rubens—Descent from the Cross.

Munkassy—Christ before Pilate.

Naack—The Resurrection.

Spurgenberg—The Three Marys at the Tomb.

Plockhorst—Easter Morning.

Ender—Holy Women at the Tomb.

Hofmann—Easter Morning.

The children should become familiar with at least 15 or 20 masters. Of the Italian master we might take:

Lenardo Da Vinci. (1452-1519)

Michael Angelo (1475-1564) Titian (1477-1576) Raphael (1483-1520) Correggio (1494-1534) Guido Reni (1575-1642) They should know something about the life of each one.

Lenardo Da Vinci's great strength, both of body and mind should be noted.

A story should be made of the following incident of the Master Verrochio and his pupil. Verrochio commanded his pupil to paint in one of the angel heads in a picture which he was hastily finishing. Seeing that his pupil could paint it better than he could have done, he hastily burned his brushes and palette and declared he never would paint again.

The two Da Vinci's pictures that are best know and of which the most should be made are "The Last Supper" and "Mono Lisa."

Michael Angelo and Raphael might be studied together for they were leading artists of Rome and Florence in Sixteenth Century. Michael Angelo loved architecture and sculpture better than painting., but at command of the Pope he was obliged to drop the mallet and chisel to take up the brush, and adorn the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, tho' he told the Pope that this should be the work of the painter Raphael.

Raphael was also a sculptor but we know him best as a painter. He painted "The Madonna Della Sedia "or Madonna of the Chair and "The Sistine Madonna.

The Sistine Madonna was perhaps the last picture of the Holy Family ever painted by a master artist.

The story associated with the Madonna of the Chair was that of an old hermit who had but two friends, one a young girl named Mary, the daughter of a wine dresser and the other an old oak tree which stood near his hut. A terrible storm destroyed the old man's hut and he was compelled to find refuge in the tree. Mary took him to her home and cared for him. The oak tree was cut down and casks were made from the wood. Before the old man died he prayed that both his friends might be remembered, Mary was afterward married and became the mother of two beautiful children. One day the painter Raphael passed her home and saw Mary and her two children in her garden. He took the top of one of the casks standing near by (which happened to be one of the casks made from the hermit's oak tree) and sketched them upon it. He carried it home and from this painted the Madonna della Sedia. The old hermit's prayer was answered.

The Sistine Madonna is named for St. Sixtus. The left hand figure gives us a feeling of a divine moment in the lives of the people pictured.

Perhaps one reason for this lies in the ethereal setting of the picture.

The Madonna is standing upon and being lifted up by the clouds. St. Sixtus is looking in adoration upon the Mother and child, while St. Barbara upon the right is gazing down upon the earth. The two cherubs at the bottom complete the unity of the picture. While Michael Angelo and Raphael were working in Rome and Florence Titian was working in Venice. The Venetian pictures were not able for their brilliant coloring, while perfection of line was of secondary importance. When Titian accepted the invitation of the Pope to come to

Rome, Michael Angelo admired the wonderful coloring of the Venetian painter, but deplored the fact that he could not draw better.

The Roman painter believed that the secret of good art was in correct lines while the Venetians tho't more of coloring. Titian's picture of St. Christopher is a wonderful representation of the old legend of the giant carrying the Christ Child across the stream. Correggio's life and works differs from any other Italian artist we have considered. He was never placed under any great painter but studied in an art school in Mantua. Correggio painted that famous picture "Holy Night." In this picture the Holy Night radiates from the child in Mary's arms and lights up the mother's face. At the left side are figures of a shepherdess and two shepherds. The woman shades her face from the light with one hand, while with the other she holds her offering two doves in a basket for the Christ Child. In the background is Joseph with a mule.

Day is just breaking as is indicated by the faint light in the East. Above circles and angelic choir. Correggio was very fond of painting Cherubs, angels and children

Guido Reni should be included in our list because he is the creator of the Aurora. This picture and the story it portrays should be taught to every Grammar Grade child. This picture enriches the old Greek stories. Aurora, the Goddess of the dawn, is opening the gates of the morning for her brother Apollo, the sun god. Below is the earth wrapped in darkness. Apollo, is his chariot drawn by his impatient steeds, is surrounded by the hours in the form of graceful maidens.

There are two Spanish artists with whom the children should be familiar.

Velasquez (1599-1660) and Murillo (1617-1682) Velasquez was the court painter for Philips IV. At the age of 23 his teacher advised him to leave Seville his birthplace, and go to Madrid. He wished to see the King, but did not till some time later on his second visit. When the King saw one of his portraits, he sat for a portrait himself. When the picture was finished the King was so delighted that he kept Velasquez with him, fitting up a studio for the young painter in his palace. Soon Velasquez and his family settled in Madrid. Rubens the great Flemish painter, when on a visit to Madrid, told Velasquez of the great master pieces of Italian art.

Velasquez then asked permission to go to Italy and see the masterpieces of these artists. Philips, after some argument gave his permission to go, with an exact understanding from the artist that he would return to the Spanish court. In 18 months he was called back by the King and painted court pictures there until the end of his days. Because of these pictures of Velasquez the court of Philip IV. is made familiar to us.

Murillo's works differs from Velasquez in that his subjects were usually children or religious subjects. He painted peasant children while Velasquez depicted the children of the court. Velasquez depicted realistic truth, while Murillo depicted symbolical truth or that which was more or less imaginary, His Saint Anthony of Padua the story of whose life Murillo was very fond won for him the title "The Painter of Heaven."

Murillo's Madonnas are very beau-

tiful.

While Velasquez was painting royality in the court of King Philip in Spain, Van Dyck the Flemish painter was preforming a similar service for King Chas. of England. He now a court painter had studied with the famous Ruben and was considered his best pupil.

We have two important Dutch artists Rembrandt the painter of people, and Paul Potter the painter of animals.

In Rembrandt's work we are particularly drawn by the strong faces which he portrays. Paul Potter began his study of animal life very early and at the age of 14 he was able to paint with great success the animals he loved.

His picture The Bull is one of his best.

Of the English artists we find Reynolds (1723-1792) Turner (1775-1851) and Landseer (1802-1873) Reynolds held first place in the realm of portrait painters. Some of his pictures of children remind us of Murillo's children. He had the happy faculty of catching their attitudes while in play. Reynold's child pictures are fascinating to children, and their imaginations often run riot in interpreting these pictures. One little girl of nine years upon seeing "Age of Innocence" for the first time exclaimed, "Oh!" she must be looking straight into fairy land. Turner was a lover of color and never cared so much for correct form.

Landseer, the animal painter who has been called "The Animal Story teller of the Victorian Age," is a great favorite of the children. Each of his dog pictures for which he is famous tells a story.

The French painters who the children should know are Trayon (1810-1865) the artist who received his inspiration as an animal painter from Paul Potter pictures. He considered one of the best painters of sheep and oxen. Also Corot (1796-1875) the lover landscape. His trees and foliage are distinctive and children like his nature picture. The two peasant painters Millet (1841-1875) and Breton 1827 should be studied together so that their lives their ideas and their general effect may be compared. After a sixth grade class had been looking at the pictures of Millet and Breton one child in comparing their work said, Millet's people look like real working people and Breton's look like city folks dressed up to look like people who worked in the fields. This remark we know was very true. Rosa Bonheur who was a lover and painter of animals is a favorite with the children.

It is said What small boy has not wished for a horse like the Noble Charger.

Of the American artists children should know something of the work of Whistler and Sargent.

There are many more who contributed to the world of art of which this book does not mention. So in presenting an artist to the children it is good judgment not to leave out the many little incidents which may be told about their lives. For example take the story that is told of Landseer when he was presented to the King of Portugal. The King said, "Mr. Landseer, I am delightful to make your acquaintance I am so fond of beasts. If the children forget Landseer for

a time this will recall him to their memories.

Miss Amy Foote of the state Teachers College of Colo. has used the following plan to make picture study very attractive to her sixth grade.

In order to gain interest of the children several pictures by the same artist were shown to them every day two and then a little of the life of the artist, or some of his characteristics were given in an attractive manner. After interest was developed, gradually some of the technique of the work was considered unity, balance, rhythmical lines, and atmosphere.

Unity was introduced to the class in the picture. "The Return to the Farm." by Troyon, by saying to them "Which cow did you think Troyon liked best? Why? The pupil agreed upon the white cow, but second questions brought forth a variety of answers. Then Miss Foote showed them how every picture has its center of interest a unit toward which all other figures and lines in the picture pointed.

Men like "Willet and Corot" she said did not have any difficulty in arranging their lines and figures by Vanduck or the court painters who painted the children of King Charles and many other royal groups had difficulty. I wonder why? Then one small boy excitedly answered, "Because they'd all wanted to be unity."

In some of Millet's pictures we can show balance very effectively. For instance cover up the small figure of the horse and rider in the background on the right side in "The Gleaners" by Millet. Show the picture to the class. Determine whether or not they feel that something is gone. The same may be done with "The Woman Churning" Cover the doorway and the chickens entering the house. Here you can introduce atmosphere because of the glimpse you caught thru the door gave distance to the picture. Result of the children's interest in pictures was that they began to get copies of pictures for themselves and wanted to study the artists according to their Nationality beginning with Italian masters.

Miss Estelle Hurll in her book "How to show Pictures to Children," tells us of the use of picture posing.

The pictures which illustrate a story would naturally be the first ones used in the story hour. A list of these pictures are;

Leonarda da Vinci Last Supper.
Titian The Tribute Money, Saint Christopher.
Raphael School of Athens, Saint Peter in prison, Saint Catherine, Saint Cecilia, Sistine Madonna, The Transfiguration, Madonna of the Chair.

Correggio—Holy Night, Repose in Egypt, Marriage of Saint Catherine.

Guido Rini—St. Michael and the Dragon Aurora.

Rubens—Descent from the Cross.

Van Dyck—Portrait of Charles I., Children of Charles I., Baby Stuart.

Velasquez—Prince of Balthazar, Portrait of Aesop.

Murillo—St. Anthony of Padua, Christ Feeding the Multitudes, Saint John and the Lamb, Saint Francis of Assisi.

Rembrandt—Christ Blessing the Little Children, Sacrifice of Abraham.

Reynolds—Angel Heads, The Infant Samuel.

Turner—Dido Building Carthage, Ulyssess Deriding, Poly-phemus.

Millet—The Angelus.

The Story of Saint Christopher.

Once upon a time a long time ago beyond the seas, there lived a boy named Christopher. As he grew up he was unusually strong and giant like. He drove cattle to field and lived in the mountains and on the plains. Being alone much of his time, he had little opportunity for play or sport with the other children, and when he came home his parents did not play with him or entertain him, and so he sought recreation where he could find it in other places. He was so full of energy and his parents often scolded him. This drove him off to himself in bad moods. On one occasion he set fire to a forest all in sport because he had no one to join him in better things. His stepmother scolded him and punished him so that he would often go away alone or join bad companions in mischief. Finally one day quarreling with a man, he killed him because of his greater strength.

Fearing to return home, he wandered in strange lands, sometimes working for his living, and sometimes living on what was given him. Wherever he went people admired his broad shoulders and manly form, for he was giant like in size. One day he heard of the Emperor of Germany who was king and the mightiest man in all the world. As Christopher admired and worshipped strength he wanted to serve the Emperor. At last after long journeys, he came and stood before the German Emperor and offered his services. The Emperor was at that time waging wars for his kingdom and when he saw Christopher, giant like and strong he admired him and readily accepted his services taking him along as a body guard. Christopher was delighted, and threw his whole strength into the service of the Emperor, and did many wonderful deeds.

So strong was Christopher that he would bear logs on his shoulders and place them across ravines to build a bridge for the army to pass over. The Emperor always encouraged him all of which pleased Christopher for he tho't he had at last found him who was most worthy of worships and service.

But on one occasion as the Emperor was riding near a forest he made the sign of the cross and turned in another direction. Then Christopher said to the Emperor "Why did you turn back from the forest?" The Emperor said, "The devil lives in that forest, and I fear him." Christopher then said "Why! I tho't you were afraid of nothing. But the Emperor answered, "This demon of darkness is very strong and I fear him." Finally Christopher said "If you are afraid I wish to leave your service and join myself to the devil because I do not want to serve any but the strongest. So Christopher parted with him as soon as the king paid him his wages.

Now Christopher turned his face toward the dark forest, and there in the depths found a black altar where on the devil sacrificed the body of people and hard by it he found the devil and likewise offered his services to him which were accepted. Everything went well till they came by a hill in an Eastern land. On the top of the hill there stood three crosses.

The devil turned aside as if in fear. He said to the devil, "Why are you afraid?" Then the devil said "On that middle cross was crucified a man

who is greater than I and I fear him.'' Again Christopher said, if your are afraid, why, then I am done with you I want to serve him who is not afraid. And so he parted from the devil, and as he went away the devil laughed and mocked him. Christopher wandered for a long time inquiring here and there for the man who had died upon the cross. Finally one day he found a priest who lived in a cave that opened upon a beautiful river. Tired footsore and weary he sat down at the invitation of the priest who brought him refreshing water from the spring and gave him food. After he had rested a moment, he said to the priest, ''Can you tell me about the man who died on the cross?'' For he had never heard of this man until the devil had told him. The priest consented to tell him the story of his life. He told Christopher how the man of Galilee had lived and toiled, and suffered to make the world better and how he had been crucified, dead and had risen again and that tho' this man was dead, his spirit was still in the world to make the world better. Then Christopher said to the priest. ''He is the one I wish to serve, but how can I?'' The priest said, You see this river? There is no bridge for the people to cross; it is wide and dangerous at times and if you wish to serve him help those who try to cross it for you have mighty strength and in that way you will be serving him who, tho' dead still lives.

This pleased Christopher so much that he built a house of logs and boughs by the river side, and when people came to the river he would wade through the water, take them on his shoulders and bear them across. Years passed by Christopher grew gray in the service of humanity and his Master. He soon became a friend of all the country and loved by all.

One dark night when Christopher lay upon his bed he heard someone calling like the voice of a child. ''Oh, Christopher, kind good Christopher come and help me across!'' He arose from his bed and seizing his great staff waded thru the water until he reached the other side of the river, but there he found no one. So he waded back thru the water and lay down upon his couch again. No sooner had he done this, and he heard the same voice again. He responded faithfully as before but found no one. Still a third time he heard the same voice calling for help. This time he sat up in his bed and was troubled for he tho't some one was calling him he could not find him.

Now he made a third trip across the river, and there he saw a little boy.

He asked who he was and told him that he had crossed the river twice to find him. The little boy told him he was there all the time.

Then Christopher bent low and took the little man on his shoulders and waded thru the water but the boy grew heavier until he seemed as heavy as a man. When Christopher reached the other side and put him down, he saw in his presence a young man in appearance, with a shining face.

This man said to Christopher, ''I am he whom you serve; bury your staff and after a certain number of days buds will appear thereon.'' Then he disappeared vanishing as a mist, or as a shadow, tho' Christopher saw not. Then he went and lay down upon his

couch and slept in great peace of mind and body.

Years passed. Christopher was still loved by all the people and faithful to his work, but his days were numbered. Tho' somewhat feeble, he still bore the people on his shoulders across the river. One dark stormy night when the wind roared thru the tree tops, and the rain fell, Christopher lying upon his bed, heard a voice call. He tried to rise and answer, he did go in response to the voice, but it was his spirit only that went, the last call had come to him.

The next morning the storm was gone and the sky was blue. People came to cross the river and called as usual to Christopher but there was no response. They tho't perhaps he was asleep and went to the cottage. There they found him asleep but it was the long sleep. And a smile was on his face. Because of his service to the people they afterwards called him Saint Christopher.

(Master Cleaver, who set the foregoing article, followed the piece of re-print. It contained a number of typographical errors which must not be charged to him. In the entire article he made just one error, taking the copy as a perfect guide. This error was leaving out "is"—Editor.)

THE KING-KILLERS.

CROMWELL having died in 1658, the English, most of whom were still greatly attached to the royal family, soon begged Charles II. to come back and take possession of his throne. He gladly returned to England, where he punished no one for the revolution, except the men who had condemned his father, to death. A few of these king-killers, or "regicides," as they were called, fled from England as soon as they heard the king was coming, and three took passage for America.

Two of these men, Goffe and Whalley, after some trouble, reached the New Haven colony, where Puritan friends helped them to hide. The king sent orders to arrest them, and magistrates began to search every house to secure the regicides. For about eighteen years these two men lived in constant dread of being caught; but, thanks to their many friends, they always escaped. They dwelt for a while in a deserted mill, then in a cave, and once hid under a bridge while their pursures galloped over it, expecting soon to overtake them.

The fact that the New Haven people had sheltered some of his father's judges, added to the complaints of the Quakers and discontented colonists, displeased Charles II. greatly; and he finally declared that New Haven should cease to form a seperate colony, and joined it to Connecticut, which received a new charter (1662).

It is also said, however, that these two colonies were united mainly to please, the Connecticut people, because they had won the king's favor by sending him a pretty message to welcome him back to the throne. The charter he gave them was the most liberal ever granted the colo-

nists, although the one Roger Williams secured for Rhobe Island also granted many privileges.

You doubtless remember the treaty made between the Indian King Massasoit and Governor Carver, when the Pilgrims first came to Plymouth. This treaty was kept forty years, and Massosoit and his tribe faithfully helped the colonists to fight the other Indians. But when Massasoit died, his two sons, who had received the names of Alexander and Philip, began to rule in their turn.

Alexander knew, by the wampum belts which were the history books of his tribe, that nearly all the land of his Indian father had been sold to the white men, piece by piece. It had been given in exchange for beads, kettles, blankets, etc., and now very little was left. But the Indians fanced that, although they had sold the land, they could still hunt and fish there as much as they pleased. The colonists, however, would not allow them to do so, and drove the Indians farther and fathers off, until they began to feel cramped for space.

It is said that when one of the colonists once came to bid an Indian chief to remove still farther from the white settlements, the red men invited him take a seat beside him on a log. Crowding nearer and nearer his guest, the chief bade him move again and again, until he forced him to the very end of the log. But when the colonist declared he could not move another inch without falling off, the chief calmly answered: "It is just so with us. We have moved as far as we can go, and now you come here to ask us ot move farther still."

This feeling of unfair treatment made Alexander so angry, at last, that he formed a secret alliance with the Narragansett Indians to kill all the white men. But the Plymouth governor, hearing of this, promptly sent for him, bidding him come and clear himself of the accusation of treachery. Then, as the Indian did not obey at once, Winslow quickely set out, with his men, to bring him by force.

Alexander, furions at being thus compelled to mind, fell seriously ill from fever. The colonists then allowed his followers to carry him home; but on the way back, the Indian chief breathed his last. Ever after, his people were in the habit of saying that he had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds, where the palefaces could never come to crowd him out.

THE SANDPIPER'S NEST

By Celia Thaxter

One lovely afternoon in May, when I was wandering up and down looking for flowers, I heard a cry of distress. In a moment a little sandpiper crept from under a bush, dragging itself along as if every bone in its body had been broken.

Its wings drooped and its legs hung as if almost lifeless. It uttered cries of pain and kept just out of the reach of my hand, fluttering along as if

wounded.

Suddenly I remembered that this was only the sandpiper's way of concealing from me a nest. Her object was to make me follow her by pretending she could not fly, and so lead me away from her treasure.

Then I carefully looked around for the nest and found it quite close to my feet, Mrs. Sandpiper had only drawn together a few leaves, brown and glossy, a little green moss, and a twig or two, and that was a pretty enough house for her.

Four eggs about as large as those of a robin were within. No wonder I did not see them, for they were pale green like the moss, with brown spots the color of the leaves and twigs.

I could not admire them enough, but in order to remove all fear from my little friend, the sandpiper, I came very soon away, wondering that so very small a head could contain so much cunning,

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Institutional Notes.

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

The school has purchased two new mules to help in the spring planting.

The morning section operator of the Linotype is Jack Pressley. He is rapidly acquiring a first hand knowledge of the machine.

Mrs. Wrenn, of Hoffman, has taken charge of the Durham Cattage in the place of Mrs. Fitzgerald who has left for her home.

Another boy is proud of the fact that he has had his first lesson on the Linotype machine. Young Vass Fields is expected to make good at his job—a printer.

One boy at the School possesses a gold tooth. This is admired by the boys, some of whom would lose a tooth to get a gold one. Smith is often asked, "Is it pure gold?"

Capt. T. L. Grier went on a business trip to Charlotte last week. While he was there he saw a few ball games. As he is the manager of our own team, seeing these games will certainly aid him in coaching our boys.

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, preached to the boys Sunday in the Chapel. He spoke on the topic: "The True Character of Satan." Along with Mr. Myers came his choir, who sang a few selections. "His little girl" sang a solo for the boys, which was enjoyed very much.

It was mentioned once before of the originality of the boys. Now one of the chief of these boy inventors is working on an invention, the nature of which he will not divulge. His name can be given however. It is William Wilson.

The new body type which was ordered some time ago, has arrived at last, to the joy of the boy-printers. This issue is set out of the new type. It very nearly matches our Linotype design and greatly improves the appearence of The Uplift.

William Hatch, of Mt. Olive, received a crate of strawberries from his mother, Mrs. C. B. Hatch. But unlike an average boy, he shared his fruit with the other boys in the cot-

tage—thirty-three boys. He does not know the meaning of selfishness.

Mrs. R. B. Cloer has been sick for a time, but we are glad to report she is now very much improved. There was no matron to substitute for her during her illness, so Mr. Cloer deserted the shop for a while, and took her place. The boys under his charge voted him a "capital" matron.

Mr. Ankers arrived at the school Tuesday night. Work on well No. 4 was begun Wednesday. Thursday the reporter went down to the well digger, to see how he was progressing. Mr. Ankers said the depth of 48 ft. had been reached. Mr. Ankers was putting in a new pipe during the reporter's visit.

Ice made in our newly finished ice plant has been given to all the cottages. To the old house boys getting ice from the ice plant is an unusual procedure. The house boys all grasped wheel borrows and rushed to the plant. In a minute they vere all on their way to the various cottages each conveying ten to fifty pounds of ice.

The State is erecting another cottage at the School. It is located just behind the School Cottage. Mr. Misenheimer is doing the surveying and other work needed first in building a cottage. Then when it is finished it will house thirty boys. These thirty boys will be taken from unfavorable environments and placed in this school. Soon they will take an interest in doing right; next they will take pride in doing right and after a time they cannot be compeled to do wrong.

Saturday, April 29th, the two rooms under charge of Messrs. Johnson and Crooks matched their spelling ability. After a long and hotly contested struggle, Mr. Johnson's students finally defeated those of Mr. Crooks. When the spelling match was over, Mr. Crooks realized that more time was still available, so he procured some grammars and had a grammar match in the same manner as in a spelling match. This contest was not finished, however, for the boys knew the English so perfectly none would sit down.

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., MAY 20, 1922 NO. 28

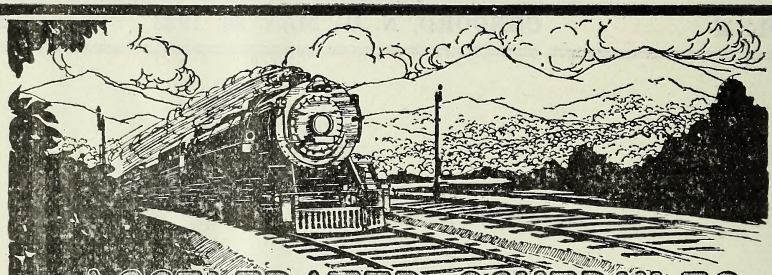
State Library

BREAKING HABITS.

That great scientist of California, Luther Burbank, takes a tree that has been going to the bad for some reason or other for hundreds of years, and at last has become altogether ugly and noxious and by the shock of a new creation he breaks up all its old habits, turns its energies into new channels, and makes of it a lovely and fruitful thing. And if your magician can work that miracle, and break up the habits of a tree, and make of it a new thing, beautiful and fruitful, why should it be thought a thing incredible that God can break a man off from his past, and recreate him in the image of righteousness and true holiness?—W. L. Watkinson, D. D.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 29 & 30. BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Birmingham, Atlanta, Washington and New York. San Francisco-Washington tourist sleeping car northbound. Sleeping car between Richmond and Atlanta southbound. Observation car. Dining car. Coaches.

Nos. 35 & 36. NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA & NEW ORLEANS EXPRESS. Drawing room sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta and Washington and New York. Dining car. Coaches.

Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

COME UP HIGHER.

J. G. C.

I saw the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful, and grand,
Looking out across the land,
When the golden light was falling
On distant domes and spire;
And I heard a low voice calling,
"Come up higher, come up higher,
From the low land and the mire,
From the mist of earth desire,
From the vain pursuit of pelf,
From the attitude of self;
Come up higher, come up higher."

* * * * * * * *

SEEM PROUD OF THEIR ANCESTORS.

Dr. J. C. Massee, formerly pastor of Tabernacle Baptist church of Raleigh, but now of Boston, Mass., is back in Raleigh delivering a series of lectures. In one of them he made this declaration: "it is impossible for a man to be a Christain, and believe in evolution." The reverend doctor does not believe that he evoluted from a monkey or an ape, and he is conscious that he is a Christian, and he knows that to believe that stuff he must discount the powers and teachings of the Bible. Most normal men—in fact, all normal folks are in sympathy with Dr. Massee's views.

Now come six men, posing as professors and members of the faculty o

the department of Biology and Entomology in the State College, at Raeligh, taking issue with Dr. Massee and declare that "that all scientists and impartial students of the subject are convinced that evolution is as much of an actuality as is the phenomenon of gravity." While that is not so, it may be these scholarly gentlemen think that those who do not agree with them could not be classed as "scientists and impartial students." It is time to call a halt in this progamme of instilling into the minds of the young any doubts that would lead to their abandoning the great truths, which the Bible clearly teach, and which have for ages made men upright, honorable and of service to their fellow man. Profs. Z. P. Metcalf, B. W. Wells, C. O. Eddy, I. V. Shunk, J. E. Eckert and A. C. Martin are the professors and "scientists and impartial students of the subject" that sign the protest against Dr. Massee's utterance. Are they North Carolina folks? Doesn't sound like it. If they have any comfort or special joy and pride in having descended from apes, let us not deprive them of anything they may get out of it; but North Carolina should not at this stage of unrest be paying out its good money to men to teach Darwinism to our youths and young men.

Dr. Riddick, President of State College, ought to send for Col. Bryan. This is not a subject for the 3 K's.

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MASTER SWIFT DAVIS—INSTITUTIONAL REPORTER.

This promising young fellow is the institutional reporter. Those who read his "items" are compelled to recognize that he "has a nose for news." Whenever the editor walks into the office with a bunch of the morning papers or a magazine, Swift casts a wistful eye at them, and soon he is gaining permission to "look over them." He has a wonderful memory and no little ability. He will read an article, and come as near reproducing it as many of more advanced age. He aspires to be a chemist; but somehow THE UPLIFT has picked him out for a Feature Writer at some future day on the Charlotte Observer or one of its prominence and character.

This young fellow won the third prize in the Fairbrother inquiry, and no sooner than his prize of three dollars was turned over to him he asked the privilege of making an investment of a subscription to the Charlotte Observer. At that end of the line, Col. Harris, taking note of Master Swift's communication, has the following interesting editorial in Sunday's Observer:

"We are inclined to handle this morning a letter received during the week from Swift Davis, a Charlotte lad who is equipping himself for useful

purposes in life at the Jackson Training School, mainly because the letter is illustrative of the inspirational services of that institution and of how it lends opportunity for constructive work in the direction of developed good citizenship. The letter from the young fellow is in itself an editorial, easily woven into a good story for the boys. He presumes the editor will be surprised that he, a student at this school, should be subscribing to The Observer, but, says young Swift, one reason is that I was born and reared in Charlotte. "That, however," he writes, "is only incidental. I know that you have read and do read THE UPLIFT, our official organ, and I work in the department which publishes this magazine. I have learned here the power of writing and the love for writing. Loving to write, naturally I love to read not only articles that enterain but articles of instruction and of a political nature. Some may say that one cannot 'love' material objects, but if I do not 'love,' I know I like The Charlotte observer. The editorials never fail to give me food for thought. Who knows but that some day I may be writing for The Observer?"

This young chap who is unquestionably training for a useful citizen, then tells how and why he profits by reading this paper and how his personally-earned money is being invested in an individual subscription, but that is aside. The point is, that here is a lad who has seen a vision and finds in the Jackson Training School the instrumentality through which this vision is to be realized. The printing office at that institution not only affords opportunity for a practical education in the art, but affords boys like Davis a chance to develop their talents as writers. The lad who writes so intelligently and well as young Davis is bound to improve with maturity of body and mind, and The Observer believes it can see indications that for one thing, the Training School is turning out a future editor of qualifications. The building up of young Davis is but an example of how the Jackson Training School is building up several hundred boys every year and turning them out into useful pursuits. Swift Davis, of Charlotte, may not realize the fact at present, but he is giving this splendid institution one of the best advertisements it has ever had.

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BEEN LOOKING AT HER FOR FIVE YEARS.

One of the truest pictures yet painted of an actual condition is that exhibited by Mrs. Charles W. Sewell, of Indiana, herself a farmer's wife, at the National Agricultural Conference recently held in Washington. Among other things she said:

"The farmer's wife is his business partner as the wife of no other business man can possibly be. The man who has a shop or factory or office closes the door of his business when he goes home. His wife has not been there. She knows nothing about how the day has gone for him, in a business way, whether for weal or woe.

"But the farmer's wife is an entirely different position. She lives

fn the factory. She washes for and boards the men that work in the shop. She knows if the cattle break into the growing corn that financial disaster will result; so unaided she drives them out and then with her own hands builds up the fence. She knows full well when the tractor doesn't run right. She can tell it by the unmistakable brittleness of your temper at the noon hour!

"The farm woman sees the storm sweep down over the prairie, destroying the ripening harvests. The uninitiated, the city person, would see only a fine growing crop and think how many dollars it would mean if properly harvested and marketed. But your farmer's wife sees far more than that in the growing crop. She sees new linoleum for the kitchen floor, a new suit for the good man, a trip to her childhood home, long-deferred music lessons for the little daughter, or the first quarter of advanced education for the promising farm boy. That's what she sees.

"But in the face of all that, when the storm does come—fully realizing all its impart in wiping out the work of the farm family for an entire season—she bravely hides her own feelings, slips her hand into her husband's, and says, 'Never mind! We will weather it somhow.' She is his real partner, asking not only to share the pleasures and the profits but ready and willing to drink to the last drop the dregs of his bitter cup of losses and discouragement."

And what she receives towards the educational qualification of her children for life's work is in many instances an incompetent teacher, a grocery clerk, an imbiber of coca cola, without animation, without experience, and with no interest other than in the little salary attached. While this farm woman is bravely meeting her task, the man who placed over her children a make-shift of a teacher draws three thousand dollars for his valuable and expert service.

* * * * * * * *

CO-OPERATION.

This thing we call co-operation is of dynamic force. What can't be accomplished single-handed, may prove of easy accomplishment when heads, hands and hearts of a few people join in one common purpose.

It is a very easy matter to organize most any profession or occupation; but the difficulty is in getting that particular organization to function dilligently and unceasingly. There is one exception, however, to the foregoing statement. The hardest proposition that genius ever went up against is the matter of organizing the farmers anywhere near a 75 per. cent basis; and when the organization is effected it becomes a problem how to make it function and survive.

The Grange lost its pep; the Alliance hit the ceiling; the Farmers' Union

is petering out; and now comes, perhaps, the most practical measure that ever confronted the farming interest, that of co-operation. There is just enough business and reason in the premises to make it appeal to practical folks. But it, too, is having a hard time. Conflicting interests are attempting to throw a monkey-wrench into its organization; all kinds of adverse stories are being told about its alleged failure where tried out; but THE UPLIFT, somewhat of a horny-handed son of toil itself, is inclined to subscribe fully to this editorial declaration in the Progressive Farmer: "enough falsehoods have been told [about co-operative marketing] to make Ananias turn over in his grave with jealousy."

In the finality all legitimate businesses will profit by the outcome of co-operative marketing, well organized and heartily and faithfully supported. Let the leaders take courage; laugh the opposition to a rout; and let the producers participate in legitimate and remunerative profits. Justice can hurt no honest man.

* * * * * * * *

WAS MAJOR FINGER'S WHOLE DREAM REALIZED?

When the late Marjor S. M. Finger, then state superintendant of the public schools of North Carolina, conceived that the girls of the state deserved and should have a state-aided educational institution, and developed the idea of what resulted in the Greenesboro Normal, he cast about over the state for two men to make the campaign. His idea was to prepare girls for teaching in the public schools of the state. After considering all the available men for the campaign, he proceeded to make the selection by elimination. Every time his wise conclusion came direct to the door of Dr. E. A. Alderman and the late Chas. D. McIver. Major Finger's dream was realized in the final establishment of the school for girls. It would be interesting, however, to know what percentage of the graduates of the Greensboro Normal (now the N. C. College for Women) actually take work in the rural public schools, the purpose Maj. Finger had uppermost in mind.

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A DEAD GIVE-AWAY

The Presbyterian Standard in a late number carried a most sensible article bearing on the commoness of titles. That they may be had—these Ph.D's, D.D's. A.M. &c—from some Western institutions by the payment of a fee of twenty-five dollars and the answering of a very simple questionaire, makes them common and of little value. Whenever you see a contribution

in the papers signed with "Rev" or "Dr." or has behind it "A. M." or some other title, nine times out of ten it is either the name of a negro or some one who came by his title by the easy route and is using it to lend importance to himself, which otherwise could not be had. To avoid sorrow and the waste of precions moments, we always look to see how a communication is signed before we read it—we have been "sold out" too often already by reading seductive medicine advertisements. The average negro always puts "A. M." after his name; and some small preachers write "Rev." before theirs. They can't resist it.

* * * * * * * *

The school board of the Concord schools very properly and wisely turned down the proposition of the twelfth grade. Confidentally, couldn't the equivalent of the work of the twelfth grade be absorbed in the eleven grades without injury to the child or hardships on the teachers? The belt might be tightened slightly, a few more hours could be devoted, some lost motion eliminated. Honestly, isn't fifteen years of a boy's or girl's life spent in attaining an A. B. degree too much time? In the days past when they made fine A. B. scholars, the equal of any of to-day, the deed was accomplished in less than twelve years all-told. The claim that college and university curriculms have been extended is untrue—a slight rearrangement only has taken place to fit into a fad or a hobby.

* * * * * * * *

Fads have to spend themselves. Playgrounds and parks grew out of a condition of a thickly-settled, tenement congested city, where homes have no yards and the sun-shine is rarely seen except on the tops of sky-scrapers. The average North Carolina town and city have homes blessed with ample, shady lawns. There need be more concern about light, pleasant occupation for the children rather than so much play. The men who are actively doing things to-day, and the women who are good mothers, fine house-keepers and faithful church-workers, were men and women who played, when children, in their own yards and answered the call of father and mother when some light task needed the attention of a dutiful, ambitious youngster. The play idea is getting too rank.

* * * * * * * *

In this great progressive and statistical age, there need be no surprise if, in the interest of promoting the growth of "scientists," the next Federal census includes this very logical question: "Who was your ancestor—an ape, a monkey or a baboon?" This is just as important, in fact more so, as

to know whether the subject is white or black, foreign or native born. It would be very interesting to know the folks in good old North Carolina who feel certain that they sprang from the baboon.

* * * * * * * *

By way of the News and Observer, and from the pen of Ben Dixon McNeil, THE UPLIFT has in this issue a most entertaining and instructive story of what it means to build the hard-surfaced roads which now engage the activity of the state. The finest thing of all that occurred in the administration of the late Governor Bickett was his discovery of Frank Page and the engagement of his service in this business of building roads for North Carolina.

* * * * * * *

Affairs are getting better. A recent trip down the Seaboard offered absolute proof of this statement. The 5 P. M. train was crowded to the doors —most of them were traveling men. You know them from their grips, the little sheets they are studying and the examination of Dunn's and Bradstreet's reports. When "drummers" begin to stir lively, there is a reason for it. Demand is in the air; people are wanting something; and others, detecting this, hasten to supply their wants. Glory!

* * * * * * * *

Every crime and evil doing, while sin is at the root of them, is occasioned by idleness. Keep the child and man busy and interested in the accomplishment of something useful, and this thing you call the crime-wave will recede. In all probability a good habit will thus be formed.

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The Concord Rotarians and Kiwanians could render the local public another very valuable service were they to find out why the local cotton market is under that of nearby towns, and cause the local market to stand up with others.

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If the constitution forbids the teaching of the Bible in the public schools, is it not unconstitutional to teach a theory that sets at naught the great truths taught in the Bible?

* * * * * * *

Having a painful recollection of the last one applied, we rather rejoice that the U. S. Senate has put a tariff tax of 25 per cent on mustard plasters.

It took an 8-hour debate, however, to make the plaster tax stick.

* * * * * * * *

Today one hundred and forty seven years ago, we have reasons to believe, the folks in Charlotte village were having a big and exciting time.

THE BAT, THE BIRDS, AND THE BEASTS.

A great conflict was about to come off between the Birds and the Beasts. When the two armies were collected together the Bat hesitated which to join. The Birds that passed his perch said: "Come with us;" but he said: I am a beast." Later on, some Beasts who were passing underneath him looked up and said: "Come with us;" but he said: "I am a Bird." Luckily at the last moment peace was made, and no battle took place, so the Bat came to the Birds and wished to join in the rejoicings, but they all turned against him and he had to fly away. He then went to the Beasts, but soon had to beat a retreat, or else they would have torn him to pieces. "Ah," said he Bat, "I see now

HE THAT IS NEITHER ONE THING NOR THE OTHER HAS NO FRIENDS."

LIVING IN HISTORY.

Sir Walter Scott

Sir Walter Scott, justly called the Wizard of the North, was born in Edinburgh, in 1771. He was lame and in delicate health, and, in consequence of this, spent much of his youth in various parts oi the country with friends. This made him familiar with the Scottish character and habits, as well as Scottish anecdotes, tradition, and history, more especially the Scottish border history. He was exceedingly fond of out-of-door life, and his reading was mostly romances. He was a great reader, and in this way as well as by conversation acquired that mine of information upon which he drew so freely in after life. As a boy he was not scholarly in his tastes, and did not apply himself well. He knew some Latin, but no Greek. Later he learned to read German, French, Italian, and Spanish. He had great fondness for inventing and telling stories, and did it remarkably well, thus early showing his bent of mind. His poems were written before his novels. The more noted ones are "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," and "Lord of the Isles." His first novel was published anonymously. The long list that followed cannot be given here. Among the most famous are "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," "Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "The Talisman," "The Antiquary," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Quentin Durward," and "Waverley."

Scott was ambitious, not only to make a name, but to establish a great estate. In 1811 he bought the first of what afterwards became Abbotsford. In the course of years he expended great sums of money here, altogether not less than $300,000. He became connected with a publishing house, and its failure in 1826 involved him in a debt of $600,000. He attempted to pay this great sum by his pen, and before his death six years later he had paid $330,000, a task never before equaled. The amount of work done in this period by Scott is marvelous, but he broke down under the strain.

Thomas Hughes

Thomas Hughes was born in England in 1823, and died in 1896. His "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" made him immensely popular. Aside from these books, he wrote a great deal, largely in favor of a form of socialism. Among his most popular books, beside those already mentioned, are "Our Old Church—What shall we do with it?" and "Rugby," an account of a cooperative colony, attempted in this country, in Tennessee. He also wrote "The Manliness of Christ," a strong and very original work. The following extracts from "Tom Brown's School Day's," though very far from giving you a complete story, will give you an excellant idea of the character of the work. You will certainly read it in a complete form. While it may not rank high as literature, it is a book that will do you good to read.

Henry Ward Beecher

Henry Ward Beecher, son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe, was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1813 and died in

1887. In childhood he gave little promise of future distinction. He began preaching at Lawrenceburg, Ind., but soon removed to Indianapolis. In 1847 he went Brooklyn, as pastor of Plymouth Church, where he gathered an immense congregation and became the most noted preacher in America. He was also a popular writer and lecturer. He wrote one novel "Norwood," a tale of New England life. He published many volumes of sermons, essays, lectures, and adresses.

Charles Kingsley

Charles Kingsley was born at Dartmoor, England, in 1819. He took honors at Cambridge and was ordained, becoming first courate and then rector of Eversby. He was always ready to plead the cause of the oppressed and neglected, and none the less ready to attack abuses. He was intensely fond of nature; perhaps this taste made possible the "Water Babies," one of the few perfect fairy tales of the language. Kingsley's descriptive powers were very great; he is not excelled, perhaps, in this respect by any English writer. While he wrote some poetry, and some of merit, and that which has been popular, on the whole, he does not take high rank as a poet. His greatest novel is "Hypatia," but "Westward Ho," "Alton Locke," "Two Years Ago," "Yeast," and "Hereward the Wake" are all excellent. You are most likely to be pleased with "Westward Ho." Kingsley died in 1847.

Daniel Webster

Daniel Webster, one of the greatest orators that has ever lived in the western hemisphere, was born at Salisbury, N. H., in 1782. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy, and was so diffident that he could not be induced to declaim before the school. He entered Dartmouth very poorly prepared, but led his class before the close of the first year. After graduation he taught school for a time to earn money to help his brother through college. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1805. In 1812 he was elected to Congress and opposed the war with Great Britain. In 1816 he removed to Boston. He soon came to be regarded as the foremost lawyer in New England. His reply to Hayne is one of the most memorable speeches ever made in Congress. His Bunker Hill Orations, and the Oration on Adams and Jefferson, are among the greatest speeches ever delivered in this country. He was Secretary oi State under Harrison and opposed the annexation of Texas. He died in 1852.

This wonderful country of ours is now spending $70,000,000 a year on cosmetics. And it is getting so that when one sees a girl without any paint at all on her face, it seems as if she must have left home in a big hurry, and that nobody ought to whisper to her to run right back and put something on her face. The woman of the east thinks it a dreadful thing if a strange man should see her regular face, and it may come to that in this country.—Greensboro News.

CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS OF DAVIDSON COUNTY.

Mr. C. M. Thompson, a prominent citizen of Lexington, and himself a veteran of the sixties, upon request of THE UPLIFT, has kindly furnished the names of the Confederate Survivors now residents of Davidson county.

LEXINGTON: Capt. F. C. Robbins, C. W. Trice, C. A. Hunt, C. M. Thompson, George Musgrave, R. M. Shoaf. Robert Cooper, Joel Cranford, Cicero Goss, J. A. Richard, J. T. Yarborough, Harvey Trantham, George A. Thomason, J. A. Abernathy, Alfred Smith.

LEXINGTON, R. F. D's: L. L. Conard (1), West Philips (3), G. W. Crouse, (6), J. L. Hedrick (6), John H. Smith (2), Henry Bower (2), James Myers (3), Riley Lenoard (3), G. F. Hedrick (5), G. W. Beeker (5), Capt. John Koontz, (3), Wesley Byerly (3), Obe Byerly (2), Robt. Scott (4), R. J. Wagoner (1), D. S. Leonard (1), Lewis Willams (1), Rowland Walser (4), Philip Hedge (4), James Thomas (1), John H. Swing (6), George Easter (3), Henry L. Sink (5), Frank Miller (1), J. H. Thompson (3), R. B. Gentle (3), B. F. Hedrick (6), Wm. Fritts (2), Wiley Lenoard (6), Goe. A. Hedrick (6), Barton Myers (3), Albert Myers (3), B. C. Gobble(3), George Koontz(3), Jake Bylery(2), Zeno Tussey(6), David Hedrick(5), David Perrell(4), Lindsay Byerly (4), Andrew Sink (1), Alex Evans (3), Andrew Byerly (2).

COMPLEX: John Kerns, Jim Kerns.

DENTON: S. J. Buie, G. W. Williams.

NEWSOM: T. B. Stokes, William Walker, E. M. Reeves.

LINWOOD, R. F. D: W. F. Miller, (2), Alfred Kuster (3), W. A. Sharp (3), Thomas Lanning (1), J. G. Shoaf (3), J. H. McCarn (2), Henry Feezer (2), C. A. Barnes (1), W. A. Mc Bride (1), Sam Simmerson (1), Frank Younts (2).

HIGH ROCK: Fred Morris; R. F. D.—A. D. Kinney (1), Silas Cross [1].

THOMASVILLE: B. L. Owen; R. F. D.—William Jarret [4], Andrew Clodfelter [3] T. W. S. Grimes [4], J. W. Lee [4].

JACKSON HILL: C. L. Badgett.

HANDY: Jack Keith.

Total in Davidson, 84.

What I Would Like To Do And Why I Would Like To Do It When I Leave The Jackson Training School.

By Edward Cleaver---2ond Prize.

Upon seeing Col. Fairbrother's kind offer in the THE UPLIFT, I at once determined to express my veiws on "What I should like to do and why I would like to do it when I leave the Jackson Training School." After I leave this institution I will finish at the High School, and then I hope to

have the opportunity to go through college. Having had a thorough educational training, I hope to be fitted for the position that is now my ambition, An Editor.

One reason why I should like to be an editor is that I sincerely desire to be of great service to my state in which I live. Many of our great men have come from the editorial chair. Another reason why I want to be an editor is that I want to make a profitable living in the world. An editor's position is one of great responsibility. He may lead us to peace or to war, to bliss or sorrow.

All news, if it is to circulate fast, must be spread by wide-awake newspapers. I know a woman, who had a son in the late war. He was wounded and unconscious. No identification card or book was to be found upon him. As a result his mother was not notified of his condition. A comrade, however, knew his name but nothing else. In the list of the wounded, his dear mother saw his name. She forth with went to his bedside, and he, because of the joy of seeing her,soon rallied and left the sickbed. Undoubtedly the paper aided in his recovery. The mother realized this and was grateful to the newspaper.

Another reason why I want to be an editor, is that North Carolina needs men to take the place ofthose, who are continually going to their reward in the great beyond; and I hope to be able and competent some day to fill one of these vacancies. The whole world in every department of life and activity is looking for such men as want to be of service to their fellow-men and their state.

People depend upon the editors in a large measure to lead them; and in order to do this,the editor ought to be not only conscientious but be prepared to lead them in the right way and not in the wrong.

To be an editor is my life's ambition.

It is necessary for the welfare of the nation that men's lives be based on the principles of the Bible.—Theodore Roosevelt.

ETERNITY ONLY CAN MEASURE.

By C. W. Hunt.

I have been thinking for some weeks along a line I had thought on before, but somehow it came with more emphasis, and after I had read Dr. Poe's splendid article on education in last number of THE UPLIFT, my thoughts centered on this: do we not do too much agitating, on the order of a broadcasted radio message, much of which is wasted on desert air, like the flower "born to blush unseen?" Often time money and good postage and paper are wasted sending matter to those whose names are among the well known, but who need none of the "dope" when if that energy was centered on some deserving boy or girl with an ambition, but who has no show, instead of wasting good intentions we could develop and set in motion a wave that would roll on when all who

had to do with it had turned to dust again.

At the breakfast table we were discussing a certain talented girl, without means, but with an ambition for an education, whom a certain welfare worker [in private] was securing a scholar ship for in college, that she might help to work her way through, and come out to teach others and thus send on down the ages an influence that only eternity can measure. That is real work, by the side of which broadcasting pales into insignificance. Often it has occurred to me that a canvass to ascertain where those are that can be helped would amount to ten times the good to be done by campaign in general for better homes, better food and such. A life touched for better things by such an act as I refer to here not only brightens it, but it brightens others around it. Nothing like a personal touch; the seeing and realizing at close quarters what can be done to make things better around those we labor for.

A man seeking to do good, that will last, after he has gone hence, could do nothing that would raise a grander monument to him than the education of a sweet aspiring girl, the taking up of a deralict boy, placing him in a place like Jackson Training School, making a man with an intention to do all the good he can.

"The great and satisfying happiness of life need never be sought after. It always comes as a by-product of ordinary duties."

A GIANT METEOR FOLLOWS NANCY ASTOR.

Something was bound to happen to keep the Virginians braced up upon the departure of the brilliant and charming Lady Astor. Her triumphant visit through the Old Dominion and to the scene of her childhood stirred the folks so that something out of the ordinary had to be pulled of to keep the Virginians from a state of pining.

Nature took care of them. Under a Norfolk date line and May 12 this account of a giant meteor was sent out to the press:

"The shock of a twenty-ton meteor which crashed to the ground in an isolated spot in Nottoway County, 12 miles rorth-west of Blackstone, ate last night was felt for a radius of fifty miles while the brilliant glare of the incadecent body illuminated the heavens over southern Virginia and sections of North Carolina. The trail of light, as the meteor fell in a slow curve from the zenith at an angle at about 45 degrees, was visible in this city, Richmond and at points along the James River, creating general excitement and even consternation on the part of the negroes.

The meteor, composed of a metal-

lic substance, crashed into a grove of oak trees with an explosive roar some distance from any house, making a hole with an area of 500 square feet and burying several trees with it. Flames which immediafely shot up were visible for many miles, while trees caught fire.

The shock of the fall was felt at Lawrenceville, Petersburg, Chase City, and at other points. At Lawrenceville, 100 miles west of here, windows were rattled and houses were shaken while at Chase City similar effects were noted. Automobilists on the roadways in Mecklenburg county said it seemed as though their cars had caught fire, so great was the illumination.

In Norfolk the meteor appeared to be about half the diameter of the full moon and much like a street arc-light. Its tail, of orange brilliance with a sharp blue flame fading out at the extreme end, apparently was about ten or twelve times as long and fully as broad as the body.

In Richmond a streak of light was noticed before the ball of fire was seen swirling through space to be followed by the reverberations of an explosion. The entire southeastern skies were illimunated as if by a flash of lighning and a burst of flames."

Parties, returning from Charlotte, saw this meteor at a point below Concord. It was described as being of the size of a grape-fruit and displaying a tail. It appeared to reach the earth not many hundred yards away, and afterwards finding that it realy touched earth in Virginia about two hundred miles away, the Concord parties were proud that they did not quit their automobile and attempt a location of the visitor.

Meteors are small, erratic bodies rushing through the planetary system, and getting hot in the process, appear in the atmosphere surrounding our earth as "shooting stars." Some of these falling bodies have reached the earth, as did the one of Thursday night, and such are called "aerolites" or "meteorites." Numbers, of course, are burned up before they reach us, and who can tell what destruction such a catastrophe may represent, or whether it be or be not inhabited world which has thus been plunged to destruction by fire.

They are of a metallic or stony nature. On certain nights in August and November it has been calculated that these meteors will appear. They fall from certain constellations, after which they are named; as Leonides, from Leo, in the November displays. The star showers sometimes present the appearance of a beautiful display of rockets. Millions of them rush around the sun, and when, as occasionally happens, our earth comes near them, we have a grand display of celestial fireworks.

It is estimated that the average number of meteors that traverse the atmosphere daily, and which are large enough to be visible to the eye on a dark, clear night, is 7,500,000; and if to these the telescope metors be added, the number will be increased to 400,000,000. In the space traversed by the earth there are, on the average, in each volume the size of our globe [including its atmosphere], as many as 13,000 small bodies, each one capable of furnishing a shooting star visible under favorable circumstances to the nakedeye.

SENTENCED TO DIE.

(Near East)

Twelve Men, with grave faces, were met to decide and issue of life or death.

No burly criminal stood there to receive punishment for his crimes, —only a little child, begging for life.

Her sin was hunger and nakedness.

She trembled, and almost fell, as she stretched out thin, bare arms in supplication.

"Hunger!—Bread!" were the only words she spoke.

A long time passed, while those men fought to escape the verdict they must render. But then the words came:

"We have not found anyone who will give you bread, little girl. We have told a great many people about you, but they have given to so many other boys and girls that they are tired of giving. There is not enough bread, now, to go around—no, not even a crust. We are very sorry, dear little girl, but—we must let you die."

A cruel jest? No! A cruel fact, multiplied thousands upon thousands of times! If only one such pleading child were condemned to die because "we are "tired of giving" it would be enough to blanch the cheeks of every man and woman who reads this page. But upon many thousands of boys and girls the sentence of death has just been passed.

In Armenia a Christian race is being blotted out—while the world looks on. In Armenia peace did not come when the rest of the world stopped fighting. Last year 140 villages were destroyed; thousands of mothers and grown daughters were violated and slain; fathers were herded into buildings and burned; multitudes of orphaned children were driven into the wilderness to wander and die, unless, perchance, they might be gathered, like lost lambs, into folds of safty by the Near East relief. Conditions are worse than at any time since the armistice. Frantic appeals for more food to save the children, for more clothing to cover their naked bodies, for more hospitals and orphanages to give them refuge come surging over the cables to "kind, generous Americans," the hoped-for savior of Armenia.

And in the moment of this crisis, when the question of life or death for unnumbered thousands of children must be answered, the tender charity of American mothers and fathers has begun to fail. Their answer to the multitude of little orphans whose only sin is hunger, and nakedness and immeasurable grief, has been,—in December, and January, and Feburary, and March—not more money, and more clothing, and more food, but less. And so the cruel order has gone forth from the offices of the near East Relief to reduce all expenditures twenty-five percent. Twenty-five children from every hundred now receiving care must be turned away. Among the many thousands whose wails of hunger, and sickness, and cold have not yet been answered, not one can be satisfied.

HOW FRANK PAGE WORKS.

Ben Dixon MacNeill in News and Observer.

"You can't sit down and write a letter to Sears Roebuck saying 'Enclosed find $250,000 for which please ship to me at once ten miles of hard surfaced roads. Roads are not in the catalogue, and you have got to build 'em."

Thus did Highway Commissioner Frank Page illumine the mind of a restive citizen who had come to Raleigh to find out just what sort of wires had to be pulled to get a piece of road finished, why somebody didn't get behind that fiddling contractor and make him do something.

"He's been piddling along there now since last September, and not done yet. Looks like he will not be through this whole summer. Why, look to me————." And so on, He just couldn't understand it, couldn't see any reason why they didn't go on and finish it and let people get some use out of it sometime.

A Lesson From Home

"How many tons of fertilizer did you buy this year?" The question took the restive citizen somewhat aback. He was thinking about the slowness of contractors.

"I got forty tons this year. Why?"

"How far did you have to haul it and how long did it take you?"

"Four miles, and off and on, the boys were about a week at it, maybe more than that. The weather was bad some of the time and—"

"Do you know how many tons of rock and sand and cement that piddling contractor has got to haul, some of it ten miles, before he finishes that job you are kicking about?"

He didn't know. He hadn't thought about it, though he had seen trucks going back and forth. "Well, I'll tell you. That contractor has got to move 4,336 tons of stuff, some of it ten miles and all of it an average of five miles, and he has got to haul it in good weather," stated the Commissioner.

Why Not Hurry?

"Well, why don't he get him some more trucks and get through with it?" The inquisitor was in no wise ready to surrender.

"Why didn't you get all the wagons in the neighborhood and get through with your fertilizer in one day?" the Commissioner countered.

"Wouldn't pay."

Wouldn't pay you, would it? Well, how long did it take you to get your fertilizer in the ground?"

"Part of it is under the shed yet. You know how to put out fertilizer. It took about two weeks, one distributor, one plow and then a cotton planter."

"Why didn't you get half a dozen distributors and half a dozen plows and do it all in one day?"

"Say, don't you know any more about farming than that? Don't you know that's foolishness?" The restive citizen, who happened to be a farmer and a member of the board of county commissioners back at home was beginning to think that the Commissioner was gone plumb beyond all reason, or that he was not good enough Tar Heel to know even

the rudiments of farming.

"Don't you see it, don't you see that there has got to be common sense in building roads just like there is in farming. You can't get your fertilizer home in a day, plant your crop the next, harvest it the day after and spend the rest of the year doing nothing. It just doesn't work out that way. It's the same way about building a road." The Commissioners had convinced one citizen that it takes time to build a road.

All of which about sums of why North Carolina can't get its roads built overnight. Building a mile of hard surfaced road involves more labor and more material than the construction of a ten-story building, but stretched out along 5,280 feet of ground it doesn't show up, and most of the work is done out of sight of the public.

Some Science In It

Building a road involves a more highly developed technique than building an office building. Things have got to be just so, even to the number of seconds that the rock and sand and cement are mixed together in the mixing machinery, the number of gallons of water that go into the mixture, the accuracy of the measurements of material, the texture and qualities of the material, the set and the curing of the mass after it is belched out of the mixer.

The weather has got to be right. It can't be done in the rain, nor right after rain, and when it doesn't rain, the creeks run dry, and drouth is likely to stop work for weeks at a time. Hard surfaced roads come only through patience, and constant attention to the minutest detail in the measuring and mixing of the aggregates, and the 14-day vigil that comes while the cement is getting its "set."

16 Miles Per Week

Three hundred feet of pavement per day, and an average of four days work a week in the spring, summer and fall, is an average that contractors and highway engineers and inspectors dream about at night. Just now there are 70 construction gangs in the State maintaining that average, and 84,00 feet of pavement are added to the State system every week. But think back to the rains and snows and freezes of last winter, and the rains that are ahead.

Figured back to the basis of the individual job, it is less than a quarter of a mile a week, and a mile per month is a profitable average in good weather. That is where the citizen who wants his road when he wants them gets restless and not infrequently gets so restless that he gets his hat and comes down to Raleigh to see what's the matter. If he can't come, he buys a stamp.

"Why can't he get along faster? Have we got to stand for that detour for the rest of our lives?" Constantly the question recurs, the folks cuss about getting stuck on a detour somewhere and write sarcastic letters about the whole business. Chief Engineer Upham calls it a "detour year," a year when so much of the touring in North Carolina will be detouring.

It's a Sizeable Job

But why can't it be done faster? How many of these restless citizens know what the State of North Car-

olina asks for when it offers a road to a contractor, or how he will go about selling the road to the State? How many ever saw the specifications of hard surfaced construction. Take for instance the project to be let down in Cumberland county week after next. This is what is wanted:

Clearing and grubbing, 17 acres; excavation, 59,200 cubic yards; ditches,2,000 cubic yards;1,184 lineal df cast iron pipe, 16 to30 inches in diameter; pavement, 116,940 square yards; 6-8 inch thickness. The job is 11.07 miles long, stretching toward Raeford, and in most particulars is an average of the conditions throughout the State.

The contractor will figure the thing out on the unit basis, and submit his bid. Should he happen to be low, he will assemble about $75,000 worth of machinery and equipment, buy 665 carloads of crushed stone, 358 carloads of sand and 167 carloads of cement. He will go to work, and in a year or so, he ought to be through the job.

How Job Is Started

Back of the bidding in of the contract is yet another story, of how the State found out exacly how much work there was to be done, and set the specification down on a piece of paper. First, of course, Commissioner McGirt designated that road as one he wants built as soon as possible, and it ws designeted for "immediate construction." Instructions went out to the engineering department.

Preliminary surveys were made to locate the road, to mak whether it should go this side or the other side of such and such a field or just where it should cross this hill. After the first survey came other engineers, and designed the road, accounted for every shovel full of dirt that would have to be moved, computed the last truck-load of rock that would be needed. Then the plans came to Craven's department and every foot of the road, grades, curves and the like were made ready for the blue print.

Find Local Materials

Before the specifications are sent to the contractors, the Department of Inspections and Tests takes a hand. One of its men goes down to the prospective job and over every acre of the ground looking for native materials that will come up to the specifications. If there is any stone, he finds out if it will do for road building. He looks for sand, for gravel, calculated the quality, and measures the haul, and takes note of the accessibility.

Reports of these investigations are attached to the call for bids. The contractor can figure just how much local material he can use, and how much he can save. One contractor recently made out his bid before he got the material survey, and when he did get it, he cut$65,000 off his bid and got the job. Otherwise he might have been buying stone from West Virginia when there are acres of it within a stone's throw of his job. This department costs something like $2,00 per month, and saves, well, nobody knows how much.

Ordinarily the contractor does not buy his cement and in some cases the purchase of the sand and stone is left to the Commission. A fixed price is made on materials, and the

bid is figured on that basis. The Commission buys through competitive bidding in large quantity, and generally is able to effect a big saving. If he does his own buying, he gets stuff as low as he can, and usually at a price obtained before the bid is submitted.

Included in the contractor's outfit is a concrete mixer, eight to twelve 3-ton motor trucks, with dump-bodies and a very short wheel hase, a loading crane, steel forms, and a raft of smaller miscellany. For the grading, twenty to forty teams, and if the work is heavy enough, a steam shovel. For the 1,190 carloads of material that he will use, the railroad will provide side tracks. He builds loading and measuring bins, and a warehouse for cement.

Get Ready First

First the grading. Any school boy who hasn't forgotten the formula for extracting the cube root from 60,000 cubic yards will be able to figure just how big a pile of dirt that is. It is a tremendous pile of dirt, but it comes in handy filling up low places on the right of way, making embankments and fills and the like. Five per cent is the maximum grade allowed on a State road, a rule that has been abrogated not more than twice in all North Carolina, and then for special reasons.

Water pipes have to be laid, and the machinery set up. These things are done usually while the grading is getting under way, and the subgrade allowed to settle. If subgrade is too technical a term, it is the ground, just plain, everday ground, where the concrete is going to be laid down. It has to be drained and smoothed out and solidfied, and settled and made ready for the tremendous weight that it is to carry for the next few decades. It is as important as the foundation of a sky-scraper.

At Last the Pour

Then they begin to pour, as the saying is. That is they begin to put down concrete. A truck comes lumbering down the right of way, loaded with three tons of rock, cement and sand. The aggregate is "one-two-and-a-half-five," or one part cement, two and a half parts sand and five parts crushed stone. It mounts a turn-table, is turned around, backs up to the mixer and dumps the aggregate into the hopper of the mixer.

Ninety seconds, after the mass is whirled around and around in the mixer a sluice opens, and the gray, sticky mass comes out into a traveling bucket. The bucket shoots out along a sweep, the bottom drops out and the mess is spilled out over the subgrade, which has been smoothed out like a floor. There laborers with spades smooth it out, and tuck it up against the steel sides of the forms. The first concrete is laid, two and one third cubic yards of it.

More trucks and more whirling of the mixer more falling out of the bottom of the bucket. Three hundred feet in one day is a tremendous trip for the mixer to move along the right of way, and there are smiles of satisfaction. If the schedule of the trucks is not carefully worked out, the mixer must wait, or trucks must stand in line waiting their turn to disgore the dry ele-

ments that will presently become concrete. Or if the water dosen't flow in a steady stream. It is a highly synchronized business.

But that is not the end of the road. It is not finished. The next fourteen days are as critical as the proverbial baby's second. Then is the time that the summer meticulous care must be taken. Otherwise the concrete will crack. It must get its set, and then it must be cured, and somebody has got to sit up at night with it.

First comes a man with what they call templates, a sort of a glorified and magnified trowel that smoothes the smallest wrinkles out of the wet, soggy surface, and leaves it as clean as a pane of glass. Then very tendely they lay burlap or canvass over the new laid pavement,and turn on the hose. For 24 hours a steady stream of water kept running over it. The burlap is kept soaked.

After that they take of the burlap and spread two inches of earth over the surface. More water constantly keeping the earth always wet for 14 days. Twenty one days and the earth is removed and at the end of the 28th day, traffic can begin to travel over it. By that time it has its set, and has been thoroughly cured, to use a phrase that these roads technicians have borrowed from the tobacco grower. The road is finished

"Contractors are just as honest and conscientious as any other class of men in the world, but some of them have to be watched." Mr. Page says now and then He watches them all the time.

Never a second while the work is in progress is it away from the eyes of an inspector. Long investigation and costly experience have taught road engineers how to compound the mixture that goes into a road, and the specifications say what it is. Sand is cheaper than cement, and stone is cheaper than sand, and there are contractors who would not hesitate to put in less cement if they could get away with it.

The specifications say that the road must be six inches thick on the sides and eight inches thick in the middle. Half an inch cut off the depth anywhere would mean eight per cent less cost in the road, and that much more profit to the contractor if he could get away with that. Some of them try it, and some of them lack training, and many of them don't need watching. But they all get it.

Up at the loading bins, there is an inspector who watches every bag of cement that goes into the box, measures the stones for it and the sand. Down at the mixer is another man who watches the indicator to see that the mix is ninety seconds. Thirty seconds off would speed up the job, but it would show up later when the cement began to crack.

Another check is maintained back in Raleigh in the testing labratory. The contractor submits to the Commission an account of every bag of cement that he uses and an account of every foot of pavement he lays. They can figure out to a yard how much pavement he ought to have laid with so much cement. They do figure out, and some recent figuring will probably develop some things.

One inch of the right sort of ce-

ment have two and half billion particles in it. On that depends its value. Other cement is not good for roads, but the contractor can get it for less money. Some contractors would use it, but the testing departmen tests every shipment of cement that comes to a job in North Carolina. Very often the manufacturer wails and gnashes his teeth and sell a rejected car load of cement to somebody who is less careful.

But why can't all this be done faster?

Hard surface roads are 18 feet wide, and there is room for but one concrete mixer and three men working abreast. Two mixers on different locations would double the size of the organization, the overhead cost of operation, and the cost of equipment. Concrete work has its limitations, and anyhow the roads are going to last several life times if time is taken with building them.

The restive citizen got his hat and went home. He din't know until he got to figuring on the gack of an envelope that this year North Carolina will buy 19,512,000 tons of road building materials, dump them into a hundred hoppers and see them come out on the other side in the shape of 450 miles of hard surfaced roads, or that the State was so almighty particular about it.

A man becomes at last what he loves best.—David Gregg.

ADOLESCENT BOYS OUT OF SCHOOL.

A recent investigation of 245,000 employed boys yield many facts about such boys that are interesting and suggestive to educational authorities. The study, which was made by Mr. H. C. Burdge for the New York State Military Commission, is based on a questionnaire sent to sixteen, seventeen and eighteen-year-old employed boys and shows the following findings.

Six sevenths of all sixteen, seventeen and eighteen-year-old boys in New York State are out of school.

Over sixty-five per cent of the employed boys remained in school one or more years beyond the compulsory age limit.

Over thirty per cent left on or before reaching the legal age for leaving school.

About six per cent left illegally.

About thirty per cent left school before fifteen.

The median employed boy left school at about 15.5 years of age.

The median employed boy completed about 8.3 grades.

The grades completed by the median employed boy vary from 8.3 in Greater New York to 7.7 in the farm-boy group.

The vast majorty of these boys left school because they "wanted to go to work" and not because they were obliged to.

Less than fifteen per cent reported that they were obliged to go to work.

About ninety per cent of the em-

ployed boys received their education in the public schools.

Relatively few employed boys received any training in State-aided vocational schools.

Mathematics is the best liked study among the employed boys.

English is the least liked study.

Less than ten per cent of the employed boys attend night school.

Over sixty per cent state that they do not wish to attend.

Less than three per cent of foreign-born boys attend night school.

The median employed boy received between fifteen and eighteen dollars per week.

Less than two per cent of the employed boys are assisted by schools, churches, and employment agencies in getting employment.

About one-fourth get their jobs through friends and acquaintance.

About three-fourths get them by applying.

Over forty per cent spent less than four and one-half months on their last job.

About sixty per cent spent less than seven and one-half months on their last job.

Most boys leaving school on or before completing the eight grade enter and desire to enter the industrial trades and occupations.

Most boys who complete one or more years in the high school enter and desire to enter professional, clerical, and retail business occupations.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.—Reese.

THE HYGIENE OF THE HOME.

By Muriel Barnes.

It is universally agreed that a woman who honestly and intelligently supervises or cares for her home makes a worthwhile economic and social contribution to her community. More and more the present day social order is recognizing the force that well ordered homes can exert

Therefore, our homes now must be something more than mere places of protection or of peace and pleasure. To fulfill this real purpose they must contribute to mankind's efficiency by contributing to the health and strength of every member of the family; hence a home to really be of service in these modern times must be a safe and sanitary place to live in. It must be free of dirt, dust or——— of any kind where germs may lurk or linger. Insects, such as water bugs, flees, mosquitoes or roaches must be kept out of the home by the simple device of keeping that home free of unsanitary waste improperly disposed of.

Fortunately, the modern homemaker is baring menance of overfurnishing. With decreased furniture and so-called ornaments the task of keeping the home clean is made infinitely lighter. But it is

not only the interior of the home that makes for its sanitation ; the grounds, the yards, the out houses all play an important part in the health of the home.

A home where the common house fly is permitted to roam at will is not a place of protection but a place of potential danger. A home without adequate ventilation; without facilities for letting in the air and sunshine, is not a place of safety but a place of actual peril. We now realize that man has never manufactured a disinfectant or ag erm-destroyer equal to that created by nature from oxygen and nitrogen, of the air and the heat-making qualities of the sun. These elements should be freely admitted not only to the living and sleeping rooms but to the kitchens and storage rooms; to pantries and provision closets and to all places where the the necessary articles of living are kept.

Doctors and druggists, pills and potions are indeed powerless to protect us if we neglect the elements of sanitation in the home. Each day this is being learned more thoroughly and it is the homemakers' obvious duty to society that the practical application of these lessons be not delayed nor their benefits denied.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest.—Longfellow.

THE VALUE OF YOUTH.

By Elizabeth Forman

It is a scathing indictment of our spiritual progress that man is the last of God's creatures to be scientifically studied. Not till the end of the 19th century was discovery made of the child. It been heralded as the crowning achievement of that century; that the result of that discovery has been so meager is a matter of concern to all of us. At every crisis in the world's history the bitter cry has gone forth, "God give us men." A time like this demands great hearts, strong faith and willing hands.

"Men whom the lust of office cannot tempt,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,

Men who possess opinions and a will,

Men who have honor and who will not lie.

Strong men, uncrowned men who lift their head above the fog in public duty and in private thinking."

The cry will be needless in the future in proportion to the realization of the world that in it's hands lies the plastic mind and heart of youth and so all the hopes and possibilities of the future.

Just here I feel that I must go back of my subject a little and express some impatience with our governing bodies, because they are not yet awake to the necessity of safe-guarding the value of youth by proper laws for the elimination by surgical procedure of those unfit for reproduction. The social value of youth is enormously reduced for

lack of such laws. Someone has put it simply and clearly by saying "We must get the right people born and the wrong people not born." We have estimated the national value of youth by numbers alone and so put ourselves in the position of the men who estimates his wealth by the number of coins he owns not knowing whether they are counterfeit. Ruskin says, "It is a matter of no final concern to any parent whether he shall have two children or four, but, it is a matter of quite final concern whether those he has shall or shall not deserve to be hanged."

A nation's real strength and happiness do not depend upon properties or territories, nor on machinery for their defence, but on their getting such territory as they have well filled with none but respectable persons which is a way of infinitely enlarging one's territory possible to every country. Darwin says that except in the case of man himself hardly anyone is so ignorant as to allow his worst animals to breed.

The world never put forth its strength against evil when they are small. The multiplication of jails, poor houses, insane asylum and corrective institutions to take care of the youth which come from the degenerate and mentally deficient warns us that this evil has reached gigantic proportion and that legislation must soon begin to provide for youth its proper heredity.

Five hundred million dollars are invested in prisons, two hundred million for their maintenance. Six billion dollars spent on crime each year. Youth comes into the world a potential asset to society as it comes in response to a universal call and in fulfillment of a natural law. When it becomes a liability the fault is with society as society has the advantage of the accumulated knowledge and wisdom of the ages, to which the child has an inherent right and society suffers when youth is deprived of it. Heredity gives us potentialities, environment makes them actualities. Their relative importance is a secondary consideration so that we have them both perfected, and as, unhappily, we cannot as yet secure for our youth freedom from heredity taint we must use that powerful weapon environment to the limit of its possibilities.

If every child born into the nation this year were correctly trained what period of time would elapse before graft, political trickery, murder, theft and all the greater and lesser brood of evils would be relegated entirely to the barbarous past? Will you accuse me of extravagent optimism if I say fifty years, and yet I think you must agree with me that so powerful are the influences of environment that we can almost absolutely determine the moral and spiritual destiny of our youth.

Walt Whitman expresses the idea very happily in his poem:

"There was a child went forth every
every day.
And the first object he looked upon,
that objedt he became,
And that object became a part of him
For the day or a certain part of the
day,
Or for many years or stretching
cycles of years."

Beginning young, action becomes habit, and habit becomes character,

which gives to youth its supreme and eternal value.

We should give our youth a sound body and such training as shall enable him to make a living. Mental and moral self-reliance and the proper outlook for social efficiency.

We might spend hours counselling with each other as to the value and methods of acquirment of these things, but what especially concerns us who are banded together "In His Name" is the awakened conscience. Jesus said "I came that you might have life and that you might have it more abundantly." There is no fullness of life in this sense unless one has part in the life of God. It is the goal to which all this training must lead; without this spiritual awakening and growth youth will be of very little lasting worth to society because it will not have that to bestow which society most needs for its prosperity and happiness. A youth imbued with courage, morality and lofty purpose shall feel a burning indignation at wrongs, at injustice, at foul living, shall bring rich contribution of enthusiasm to the world's life, shall replenish the soul of the world.

Now, have we as professed fellowers of the Master banded together "In His Name" no obligation or responsibility other than to talk this over?

Quite recently in California a boy 16 years old was sentenced to 30 years in prison for murder in the second degree. The judge in passing the sentence said it was sad but he said we can't shut our eyes to the past, the boy had been associated with a dangerous element. What about shutting your eyes to the fact that a boy 16 is sent to prison for 30 years as a result of his enviroment? Who is responsible for the fact that there existed a dangerous element ready to contaminate a boy of 16? Thirty years of prison life will make this boy a dangerous enemy of society. Is that the best that civilization can do for the protection of youth. What can we do? What is our part in the great work of throwing safeguards around the youth?

Do good,—all the good in thy power,—of every sort,—and to every person.—Adoniram Judson.

SUMMER RAIN.

By Henry Ward Beecher

Men begin to look at the signs of the weather. It is long since much rain fell. The ground is a little dry, and the road is a good deal dusty. The garden bakes. Transplanted trees are thirsty. Wheels are shrinking and tires are looking dangerous. Men speculate on the clouds; they begin to calculate how long it will be, if no rain falls, before the potatoes will suffer; the oats, the corn, the grass—everthing. To be sure, nothing is yet suffering, but then—

Rain, rain, rain! All day, all night steady raining. Will it never stop? The hay is out and spoiling. The rain washes the garden. The ground

is full. All things have drunk their fill. The springs revive, the meadows are wet; the rivers run discolored with the soil from every hill. Smoaking cattle reek under the sheds; Hens, and fowl in general, shelter and plume. The sky is laden. The clouds are full yet. The long fleece covers the mountains. The hills are capped in white. The air is full of moisture.

Rain, rain, rain! The winds roars down the chimney. The birds are silent. No insects chirp. Closets smell moldy. The barometer is dogged. We thump it, but it will not get up. It seems to have an understanding with the weather. The trees drip, shoes are muddy, carriage and wagon aresplashed with dirt. Paths are soft. So it is. When it is clear we want rain, and when it rains we wish it would shine.

But, after all, how lucky for grumblers that they are not allowed to meddle with the weather, and that it is put above their reach! What a scrambling, selfish, mischief-making time we should have, if men undertook to parcel out the seasons and the weather according to their several humors or interests!

But if one will look for enjoyment, how much there is in every change of weather. The formation of clouds, —the various signs and signals, the uncertain wheeling and marching of the fleecy cohorts, the shades of light and gray in the broken heavens,—all have their pleasure to an observant eye. Then came the wind gust, the distant, dark clouds, the occasional fiery streak shot down through it, the tun and hurry of men whose work may suffer!

Indeed, sir, your humble servant, even, was stirred up on the day after "Fourth of July." The grass in the old orchard was not the best. Indeed, we grumbled at it considerabley while it was yet standing. But being cut and the rain threatneing it, one would have thought it gould, by the nimble way in which we tried to save it!

Blessed be horse rakes! Once half a dozen men, with half a dozen rakes, would have gone whisking up and down, thrusting out and pulling in the long-handled rake, with slow and laborious process. But no more of that. See friend Turner, mounted on the wheeled horse rake, riding about as if for pleasure. Up go the steel teeth and drop their collected load, down go his feet, and the teeth are at work again; and at every ten or fifteen feet the windrow forms. It is easy times when men ride and horses rake! No more hand rakes, and no more revolving horse rakes!

Meanwhile, the clouds come bowling noiselessly through the air, and spit here and there a drop preliminary. But the hay is cocked, the sides dressed down, and all is ready —except the hay covers! Alas for our negligence. The manufacturers had offered to send us some for trial, and we had forgotten to say, "Send them along!" And now, with our hay out and the rain coming, we mourned our carelessness. With good hay covers, our two dozen little haycocks would have been as snug as if in the barn.

Well, if one thing suffers, another gains. See how the leaves are washed, the grass drinks, the corn drinks, the garden drinks, everything drinks. It is our opinion that everything, except man, is laughing and rejoicing. Trees

shake their leaves with a softer sound. Rocks look moist and soft, at least where the moss grows. Even the solitary old pine tree chords his harp, and sings soft and low melodies with plaintive undulations.

A good summer storm is a rain of riches. If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they would hardly enrich the land so much as the soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and, catching the willing drops, they assay them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and grasses. When the heavens send clouds, and they bank up the horizon, be sure they had hidden gold in them.

All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mines of Heaven that send down treasures upon man without asking him, and pour riches upon his field without spade or pickax—without his search or notice. Well, let it rain, then. No matter if the journey is delayed, the picnic spoiled, the visit adjourned. Blessed be rain—and rain in summer! And blessed be he who watereth the earth, and enricheth it for man and beast!

Institutional Notes.

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mr. Ankers has reached the depth of 68 ft with the well.

Judge Willams, of Charlotte, was a visitor at the school Saturday.

The house-boys are now getting ice so frequently it seems a regular part of their routine.

Mr. R. B. Cloer, popular officer here, was visited by his father, Mr. J. W. Cloer, of Taylorsville, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Tuesday, the 9th, was a day of vacation from the studies of school. But it was not one from work, however, for some raked hay, others hoed and still others did needful work.

Rev. Mr. Dryman, of Brown Mill Methodist church, was the conducter of services in the Auditorium, Sunday May 14th. A few minutes before his arrival the boys sang a number of religious songs and hymns. Rev Dryman spoke on the topic "Man."

Mr. J. D. Haney, Charlotte electrician, worked on our electrical apparatus last week, transfering the wires from the old to the new poles. He also fixed our apparatus so that the authorities will not have to send to Concord to have the supply of electricty cut off over the whole school. This can now be done here.

The Fairbrother Contest being over, Mr. Johnson announced to his students that another contest pertaining to the Latham Pavilion is now open. Many boys are writing for the prizes which are as follows: 1st prize, $3; 2nd prize, $2; 3rd prize $1. The ones who won in the Fairbrother Contest are all striving to their utmost capacity to win at least one of these prizes.

Boys in digging ditches prepartory to laying pipes, frequently encountered big rocks which barred

their further progress. The supervisor of the ditch digging, Capt. Grier, decided the the quickest, easiest and best way to remove the rocks would be to blast. Now explosions startle different working parties and caused them to scatter helter-skelter for safety. The blasting does the work, though, and it is well worth its trouble.

Louis Norris, Claude Coley, Ellis Nance, Fred Parrish, Dick Brockwell, Earnest Jordan and Kieth Hunt joyously dropped whatever work they were doing when came the news: "Someone is here to see you!" They then, after greeting parents and relatives, showed them around the School, filling the ones who had not visited the school before with new-found admiration of the scenery and buildings; increasing the admiration of the old visitors.

Sunday the 14th was the day which is celebrated the country over with reverence. It was Mother's Day. The students feel that dedicating a Sunday to the Mothers of the world is the only fitting tribute. They know that no one is more blessed than Mother. When they speak of her, their voices take on a lower and softer tone. Their eyes well with feeling whenever they hear the word Mother. The students wrote home Monday, the 15th, with letters full of expressions of gratitude to mother.

The Institutional Band under the capable leadership of Mr. Lawrence, sojourned to Concord Tuesday, the 9th, to play for the American Legion. The next day being the 10th of May —Memoral Day—they went again to Concord to vie with others in doing high honor to the still surviving Confederate Veterans. Each Band individual came back with stories of wonderful "good times" each good time reflected upon the unselfishness of the Citizens of Concord in making the Jackson Training School students feel at home. Whenever any of the boys go to Concord, they are always treated kindly, curteously and helpfully.

Something has occured at the school which made all of the boys happy. It has made the Mecklenburg Cottage boys happier and yet made the reporter happiest of all, because he is a native of Mecklenburg. The joy bringing event was the installing of the bronze tablet on Mecklenburg Cottage. There is no need of pointing out the Mecklenburg Cottage to any visitors because they can see it in print. The Mecklenburg Cottage boys are eagerly awaiting the visit of the committee from this up-to-date county who are to present the cottage to the school. The Mecklenburg Cottage was made possible by the efforts of Rev. A. A. McGeachy, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Charlotte.

J. T. S. WINS.

Saturday witnessed one of the most exciting games of ball that was ever played on J. T. S. soil. The J. T. S. met and defeated the team hailing from St. John's Church. The game was one full of features and remarkable plays. From the first until the fourth innings neither side scored, although it called for some unusual fielding on the J. T. S's to hold the other side score-

less. The St. John players sure hit the pill! Singles constituted their main hopes, but the clever playing by the J. T. S. still held them down. The home team pitcher was batted freely as he did not wear himself down by pitching in his utmost strength. He had a justly placed confidence in his fellow team mates. In the fifth inning the fun commenced—fun for the visitors. The J. T. S's opponents began that inning by applying the stick to the ball. The out-fielders were sent to scurrying to all parts of the pasture collecting knocked-away balls. Three outs were finally called against them after they had chalked up a 1 to 0 lead over the J. T. S. The School scored not a run in the next session, but the visitors repeated their previous performance. Faces grew long and many of the School fans believed that the J. T. S. had lost the game. But, like others the players "died fighting." The next inning was void of any runs, though full of hits for both sides. Then came the turning point of the game. When the school went to bat it scored one run. School fans' hopes ran high again, and such cheering and rooting! But after that one run the side was retired. Anxiety prevailed until St. John was also retired and when the J. T. S. again went to bat, each player was told to "do your best." Each player must have obeyed this instruction, for again a run was placed to the credit of the J. T. S. Now the two teams were tied and such a race for the victory! The visitors were again turned back without a run. The home team came to bat full of hope. This hope was realized, for soon one of the J. T. S. players crossed the home plate, coming from third. The game was over. J. T. S. won by the score of 3 to 2.

Score by innings:

		R.	H.	E.
St. John	000 011 000 0—2	?		5
J. T. S.	000 000 011 1—3	6		8

THE UPLIFT

Issued Weekly---Subscription $2.00

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., MAY 27, 1922 NO. 29

State Library

ACQUAINTANCE WITH AUTHOR.

"One Sunday afternoon Margaret Bottome was returning to her home in New York City," said Mr. S. D. Gordon. "She had been attending the famous Bible class of Dr. William Thomson, the man who made 'The Land and the Book.'

"As she reached home she found a caller. He was a scholarly, cultured gentleman, a professor in one of the New York City universities. In expressing her regret at being out when he called, she explained she had been at Dr. Thomson's class.

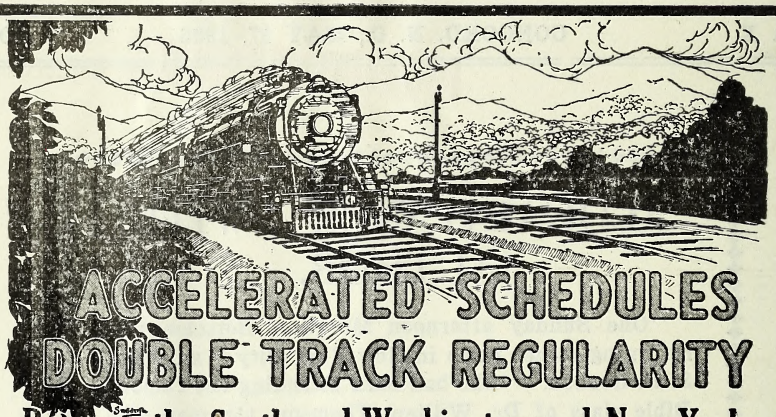
"With his contempt only thinly veiled by his fine culture of manner, the caller said, 'Oh, you believe in the Bible, do you?'

"Margaret Bottome was a woman of rare personality and attractiveness. She turned to her visitor, and very quitely said, 'Oh, you see, I have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the Author of the Book.'

"And that made all the difference to her. With her unusual gift of simple speech she had told the secret of getting an understanding and mastery of this Old Book."

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921

Northbound						Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar	5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

The truly richest old man in America probably carries a dinner pail and measures his wealth in health and happiness and not money.—The Buffalo Times.

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"CHILDREN FOR SALE CHEAP."

That's a very engaging article elsewhere in this issue from the pen of Prof. C. C. Zimmerman, of the State College, at Raleigh. He analyzes the educational problem in the rural districts of North Carolina in such a way that there seems no chance of escape from the charge of a seriously neglected responsibility on the part of the leaders.

Prof. Zimmerman dates the educational revival in North Carolina from the popular administration of the late Aycock. Unfortunately the great boost Gov. Aycock gave to the cause of education stopped almost wholly in the towns and cities—it spent but little of its brilliant force on the rural problem. It's a hard thing to say—it is a most painful thing to face—but it is the everlasting truth that in the main the rural schools, except in a few instances, are not functioning one whit better or more efficienty today than they did in the days when Major Finger, John C. Scarborough and C. H. Mebane administered the educational matters of the State. In recent years, the leaders have been running after half-baked theories, making the machine top-heavy and in some instances very fancy and high-sounding—working the end fartherest from the child and the cause, making a great noise and spectular posing, but the average rural child has been growing up in ignorance.

This took place, too, in the face of the fact that the funds collected for

educational purposes is twenty times as great as formerly.

Let's make the platform of the "modern cavalier" carry an even half dozen planks. How would this do for the sixth: "Give the County School authorities more legislative power—latitude to exercise some, good common sense in handling the one hundred(100 counties) different school problems; and demand that they make service rather than salary their slogan.

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DR. ALEX GRAHAM'S HISTORICAL CONTRIBUTION.

THE UPLIFT has a security box, where it places its few valuable collections. In that strong box goes the fourth page of the Charlotte Observer of May 20th, 1922. It is Prof. Alexander Graham's contribution of evidence as to the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. It is valuable, entertaining and, in a large measure, very satisfying.

Those of us who revere the memory of the Confederate cause and the heroes that made it immortal in history by their valour, their bravery and great sacrifice, cannot but regret that Dr. Graham would offer as testimony anything that may have been said by Muzzy's History, already tabood, condemned and kicked out. Dr. Graham quotes Muzzy as saying: "North Carolina led all the colonies in the matter of independence, and Massachusetts and Virginia and all the other colonies fell in behind and followed her example."

We are unable to find in Muzzy's History (The Revised Edition) the foregoing quotation; but at the bottom of page 113, in a foot-note, printed in very small type, this occurs: "In May 1775, some North Carolina patriots, of the county of Mecklenburg, had voted that 'the king's civil and military commissions were all annulled and vacated.' This vote was practically a declaration of independence by the patriots of Mecklenburg County, but no formal declaration was drawn up, and the North Carolina delegates failed to report the resolution to the Continental Congress." The "much cussed and discussed Mr. Muzzy," therefore, must have undergone a slight change in his views about the character of this historical event. But the historian (?) Muzzy did not repent of what he said on page 47 of his Revised Edition: "There is little in the history of the Carolinas to detain us. It is a story of inefficient government, of wrangling and discord between people and governors, governors and proprietors, proprietors and king. North Carolina was described 'as a sanctuary of runaways,' where 'everyone did what was right in his own eyes, paying tribute neither to God nor to Caesar.' "

Dr. Graham's citation of other evidence is from high and reliable sourc-

es, which he has marshaled in a fine manner toward making out a strong case for the Mecklenburg Declaration; and, years and years to come, copies of his story and account of this great event of 1775, and handled so splendidly by the Charlotte Observer May 20th, 1922 will be brought out from various sources and homes to enlighten new comers and new generations.

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REMEDYING SOME WEAK POINTS.

Dr. Brooks, the State Superintendant of Public Instruction, has issued a letter to the county school authorities, that indicates that his thoughts just now are running along very practical lines. He notifies counties that they need not expect any contributions from his department towards the salaries of the County Superintendents. Very wise act. When he started contributing towards the local salaries, the cost of the local offices shot skyward. Jumping from $1,500 to $3,000 with a salaried clerk, was traveling at a pretty rapid rate. Under the new ruling the salaries must be met locally and doubtless in the future will be fixed on a basis commensurate with the services rendered.

In the very same pronouncement from the State Department of Education, may be seen another ruling which is headed in the right direction. The requisite for a two-teacher school, under the crazy-quilt school law, was an average attendance of thirty. The ruling now makes the minimum of 38 for a 2-teacher school, "preferably forty." This basis for designating the two-teacher schools seems, to practical school teachers in the rural sections, as fundamentally wrong. This matter should be decided on the grades represented in said schools rather than entirely on the number of pupils in attendance. But the fact that a bad error has been acknowledged and a correction attempted, by which a waste of school funds will be avoided, shows very gratifying evidence that the real problem of rural education, for which the department is primarily maintained, is receiving business-like attention.

Let's go some more.

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Miss Bessie Thompson, of Leasburg, Caswell county, is an avowed candidate for the State Senate from the district composed of the counties of Durham, Alamance, Orange and Caswell. She is described as a woman of the highest intellectuality and thoroughly progressive. If Miss Thompson succeeds, and THE UPLIFT is pulling for her with all its might, she will be an outstanding historical figure in North Carolina—the first woman to

sit in the North Carolina Senate Chamber with all the rights of full citizenship including the privilege of voting and being heard on all questions.

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The officials of the State Fair are having some little excitement over whether to move or enlarge the fair grouuds, or stay put. General Julian S. Carr, who saved it from bankruptcy twice, made a public confession of his regrets in naming a certain gentleman assistant to the president. The general public had come to wonder why the General was thrusting honors so carelessly.

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Our neighbor, The Concord Observer, is moving into new quarters. Editor Keistler is conscious of his surroundings. In full view of the Court-House and the City Hall, and right at his door is a grave-yard. If the brother be not good, the authorities will have but a few steps to take in bringing him to account.

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The Monkeyites in the high places in North Carolina look foolish and very monkeyish before the great majority of our people, who believe The Book is the one infallible guide.

THE MAN AND THE WOOD.

A man came into a wood one day with an axe in his hand, and begged all the Trees to give him a small branch which he wanted for a particular purpose. The Trees were good-natured and gave him one of their branches. What did the Man do but fix it in the axe head, and soon set to work cutting down tree after tree. Then the Trees saw how foolish they had been in

GIVING THEIR ENEMY THE MEANS OF DESTROYING THEMSELVES.

FINDINGS OF AN INSPECTOR.

For several days last week we had in our midst an interesting gentleman from up North. They are coming every few days, all of them are welcome and everybody else who feel an interest in the great work of the Jackson Training School. Occasionally a fool comes among us—I mean by "fool" one who has absolutely no practical knowledge of the great problem that confronts an institution of this kind and then goes into the details of giving advice, instruction and a general revisement of methods. These folks make one tired. But these occurrences are rare.

Some months ago a pretty little Yankee girl, wearing her dress on a level with her knees, assuming a superiority of authority and a commission from a higher source, monkeyed about the premises for a period, then went off with her eyes skinned for "defects" and closed to the things that loomed large and important and even remarkable for an effort of just thirteen years. The tragedy of the thing lies in the fact that the pretty little Yankee girl knows no more about the science and prevailing methods concerning the handling of the delinquent then a jay-bird knows about evolution.

But Dr. W. H. Slingerland, special agent of Child-Helping Russell Sage Foundation, of New York, (by the way he is typical of our imaginary picture of an orthodox Kentucky Colonel, and is a real pleasure to look at and listen to) spent a few days on the ground. Dr. Slingerland has visited every instution of this kind and some trying to be of this kind in the United States. Upon his leaving, the editor of The Uplift handed him a self-addressed enveloped and requested him to write back his opinion of the Jackson Training School. We did not care to take his remarks for publication while the excitement of his enthusiasm was at fever heat—we preferred the impressions of a cool and deliberate moment

And the following is Dr. Slingerland's letter:

"In response to your special request for a few paragraphs in regard to the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, I am glad to say that the institution impressed me as one of the best of the schools for delinquent boys in the southern states, and one that will rank well with such schools in any of the states.

I congratulate you on an excellent site, high and sightly, well drained and healthy, and attached to a fairly fertile body of tillable land.

I congratulate you on your buildings, which are above the average in kind and quality. Especially do I feel that your fidelity to the Cottage Plan, and it in its entirety, so that each cottage is a "complete domestic unit" is to be highly commended. The possible home life in such a plant is far above what can be attained in one that is congregate or has more or less of centralization.

I also feel that your growth is phenonmenal, especially for the last year or two. I note that seven cottages are now occupied with their complement of boys; that two more are practically ready for their famlies; and that contracts for two more

are let, and they will be available in a few months. This will give you, when they are all occupied, eleven cottages with 30 boys each, or a total population of 330. You expect to reach this point within a year.

Let me suggest that this number will very largely increase your responsibilities, and the numbers and variety of members in the Staff. I trust that a high grade of workers may be maintained; that the academic school may be properly enlarged and strengthened; that more high grade Industrial or Vocational departments may be maintained, under the leadership of competent Trade teachers; and that the excellent spirit that now seems to pervade the School may not be lost when numbers multiply.

I am glad to express my appreciation of your excellent Superintendent, Professor Charles E. Boger, to whom I feel much of the steady advancement of the School is due. I also found serveal of the Staff, with whom I was brought in contact, excellent and devoted persons, for whose influence and efficiency there can be no doubt.

Your Chapel is a Gem. It is one of the best, though far from the largest, in such schools throughout the Nation. You are favored above many in having the special co-operation of the Kings' Daughters, and this their latest and most expressive gift is indeed noteworthy.

Your School Building is one that is a credit to the School and to the State. I rejoice to find a school building erected with definite regard to future needs, not barely so as to accommodate the population of today. Here you can adequately supply rooms and the equipment for several hundreds more than you now have without undue crowding. It is a splendid way to build, thus anticipating growth. I note also the special service rooms. To have a central library room, and a librarian, seem to me very desirable. I was pleased to find that provision was made for a Clinic Room, where all sorts of examinations and minor treatments can be given. The excellent auditorium must supply a "long felt want." I hope the basement Gymnasium may soon be equipped for service. Altogether, it is one of the best and most inclusive buildings of the kind I have seen anywhere.

The School has been highly favored in the matter of health, and so far there has been little need of a real hospital. But that favor may not always last, and especially as the numbers are doubling up so fast. I beg to advise that adequate hospital facilities be provided the earliest possible day.

I was impressed by the homelike spirit of the institution, and the desire of most of the boys to remain as long as possible. One of the lads said there was only one thing he was worrying about, the fact that he probably would be sent home the next parole day. If he is a sample of many, and I think he is, the Board and the Staff are to be congratulated on the success of their work.

If I may judge from sample copies of THE UPLIFT that came into my hands, this little paper is not only unique as an institution periodical, but is worthy of a place among the very best of those published in the Industrial Schools of the country. Its office, the printing office of the School, is an excellant example

of an Industrial Department that does real vocational work.

The State of North Carolina may well be proud of the excellant start made here in building a plant for a real School for this class of immature citizens. Let me emphasize my pleasure in the fact that the institution is without any "visible signs of the penal idea." It is not a juvenile prison, it is a Special School, and the School idea is written large in every part and structure of the plant. The small element of custodial care necessarily a part of the institution can almost be ignored in our vision of its larger and better function. I wish that all of your citizens could visit and study the school, and recognize these important facts."

It is believed by some outsiders looking in that the learned brethern, if they did not descend from the simian tribe, at least are making monkeys of themselves just now.—Monroe Enquirer.

POWER OF CUSTOM.

By R. R. Clark.

It is usage that fixes the standard in manners, conduct, form of expression, the habits of the individual and the mass; custom fixes the standard of convention and continued practice takes the form of unwriten law. Usage, custom, is constantly changing and the matter of vital concern is whether it changes for better or for worse. Forms of expression, the use of words, change and are fixed by usage, regardless of the original meaning of the words. Chester A. Lord, and old New York newspaper man, has been writing in the Saturday Evening Post some very interesting reminiscenes of newspaper men and newspaper work in New York in the old days. Naturally the reminscenes deal much with Mr. Dana, who made the New York Sun famous for so many years. Mr. Dana, as older newspaper readers know, was a very scholarly man and under his adminstration the Sun was a model of correct English and altogather a splendid production as to scholarship and language. Mr. Dana frequently "called down" the writers on his newspapers for the misuse of words. Neither usage nor the dictionary counted with Mr. Dana. He went to the origin of the word, its derivation, and insisted on its use only in its original meaning. For instance to say that one is "in the prime of life" means, according to usage, middle age. Mr. Dana didn't allow that to pass. Prime, said the scholarly old editor, is from the Latin word primus, which means first, and a man in the prime of life is in the first of life and therefore a young man.

But with all the instruction of Mr. Dana and others like him usage goes on fixing the standards for the use of words and the customs and practices of life. In recent years it has become the common practice to say and write "Congressmen and Senators" in referring to the members of our national legislature. Congress is made up of two bodies or houses, the

House and the Senate. There are Senators in Congress and Representatives in Congress, and, strictly speaking, a Congressman is a member of either house. But it became custom to refer to the members of the House—the Representatives in Congress—as Congressmen and that has been fixed by usage, not because it is correct.

Change of usage, of custom, is necessary and desirable. Hanging on to a practice simply because it is custom, is foolish. The thing to determine is whether the change is right or desirable, is for the best. In the old and sinful days it was not accounted wrong, generally speaking, to keep a little strong drink about the premises and custom sanctioned its use within reasonable bounds and sometimes within unreasonable bounds. But the abuse of the custom resulted in the outlawing of the liquor traffiic and the use of intoxicants is no longer considered respectable, or at least not in good form. One instance when the change is for the better, it must be admitted.

But there are other changes in manners and customes that can't be commended which are tolerated, and the toleration means they will soon become fixed practices. That is where the trouble comes in. In attempting to break away from fixed standards, which in many instances could be relaxed without harm if not with profit, the disposition is to go too for and the wrongful practice, being tolerated, gradually becomes fixed and accepted because of usage. I haven't the time nor the reader the patience, to enumerate some of the changes which have been for the worse, in manners and conduct, but I am going to suggest one of vital concern, and that is in the standard of honesty.

There have always been dishonest people and always will be, but I am suggesting that certain forms of dishonesty have been tolerated until they are brazenly put into practice and even find defenders. Formerly when banks were few and the use of checks uncommon, worthless checks were rare because it had not occurred to many people that they could fill out a check and pass it over for an obligation, whether or not they had any funds in bank to meet the check. But after the use of checks became common giving checks without funds in bank to meet the payment came into practice and it is becoming alarmingly common because drastic measures have not been taken to check the worthless checks. In any gathering of merchants or bankers this practice of giving worthless checks in payment of bills is a subject for discussion because it has become an almost everyday practice among some of our so-called "best people." It isn't confined to the sharpers and fakers who get forged checks cashed by the unwary and then pass on. It is your home folks, some of them high in social, business and religious circles, who readily write checks and pass them for value received when the check is worthless because the drawer had no funds in the bank when he wrote it and knew he had none. Some of the worthless checks are made good after more or less trouble, the drawer adding lying to the first sin by pretending that he didn't know he had checked all his funds out of the bank when he wrote the check. At least

99 per cent of the people who write checks know, or can know, whether they have the money in the bank.

Of course the practice is dishonest. It is false pretense, pretending to give something of value for value received when it is well known that the check is worthless. Why isn't something done about it? Because so many so-called respectable people have fallen into this disreputable and dishonest practice that it has attained a sort of standing by usage. If the practice continues, and it is being accepted, seemingly, as a necessary evil, presently if one should be arrested for giving a worthless check, as he should be, a cry of persecution will be raised. It is custom; others do it; and he who objects to it will be criticised as unreasonably severe. Nevertheless every man who accepts in good faith a check which proves worthless should immediately send and officer with a warrant for the drawer, unless he has reason—sound reason—to believe that an honest error was made. Certainly the warrant should be next in every case where it is learned that giving worthless checks is a habit. A few cases of prosecution would break up the practice and honest people owe it to themselves and to the public to place a brand on those who persist in dishonest practices simply because they are allowed to get by with them.

In accepting usage as a standard be certain that the usage isn't morally or legally wrong. The conscience if given a chance, will in most cases fix the moral standard.

I was entering the Concord postoffice, Monday afternoon, and, in passing two baby carriages, each with a child, one of the dear little fellows (or may have been a little sister) raised up and smiled. The colored nurse angrily gave the child a push and ordered, "Durn you, stay down dar." It is not "where is my wondering boy;" but rather "where are some wondering mothers, these days?"

"CHILDREN FOR SALE CHEAP."

By C. C. Zimmerman.

In these days of million dollar bond issues for city schools and petitions for a fatal reduction of county expenditures for school and welfare work by "citizens and taxpayers" organizations in the rural districts, some of the more public-minded and progressive Tar Heel folks will perhaps be interested in the rural schools of the State. Rural schools mean the 7,738 schools in North Carolina, of which Schools 4,500 in this year of grace 1922 are one-room one-teacher schools.

People haven't always had schools of any kind, and free public schools have existed only a few decades. Primitive people taught their children the productive habits of the tribe by singing, dancing, and playing together. As these people made their living by hunting and fishing, and by taming the wild animals, their schools consisted of war games,

fighting games, fishing games, and dances for the development of the individual.

Tarheel citizens of today don't make their living by hunting, fishing, and the taming of wild animals. Unlike the Tarheel before the day of Sir Walter Raleigh, the present day citizen of North Carolina makes his living by growing fine leaf tobacco in the face of tobacco wilt, by growing fine cotton under boll weevil conditions, by selling factory made shoes under conditions of business depression, and by all the other trades and occupations characteristic of industrial civilizations.

So the Tarheeel of today must have a higher brand of intelligence and training than was required during the fishing and hunting days or even during the days immediately prior to the boll weevil, the income tax, and the coal strike. What is North Carolina doing about it, and what has she accomplished?

North Carolina under the leadership of the great Charles Brantly Aycock, has seen that "every North Carolina child has a chance for an education." Every county and every township is dotted with rural schools, and every town has from one to a dozen—all for the purpose of teaching Tarheel boys and girls the things necessary for modern citizenship and modern methods of making a living.

The most sacred institutions in North Carolina right now are her schools. They are sacred because these schools are the seats of knowledge, the brains of civilization, and the hope of all future progress.

Take the public schools from North Carolina over night and keep them away for ten years. At the end of that time the civilization of North Carolina would have gone back a hundred years.

But there are two things about the schools of North Carolina that should engage the attention of every citizen. First, the towns because of their increased wealth and better facilities of communication have improved their schools faster than the country, so that the country boy is handicapped in the competition for the things which make life comfortable and agreeable. In the second place, modern methods of gaining a living are changing so fast that business has outstripped our schools, that while our schools teach Latin, Greek, and theoretical mathematics, business men are talking about profits, sales, international trade, and cost accounting.

And while our rural schools are telling about young Lochinvar who came out of the west and about the boy that stood on the burning deck, our farmers are talking about credit, world conditions, diversified farming, boll weevils and war finance corporations.

Let's take Wake county rural schools as typical of North Carolina.

There are still 63 white one-teacher, two-teacher, and three-teacher schools in Wake county, and only 14 outside of Raleigh and Wake Forest have four or more teachers. Forty-six of the 55 rural schools for negro children are only one-teacher and two-teacher schools. These conditions exist in spite of the fact that the North Carolina Educational Commission in its 1920 report found it almost impossible to have an efficient rural school with less than four teachers.

The terms in 25 of Wake county's

132 rural schools are only 4 or 5 months long, and the terms in 82 others are only 6 months long. Thirteen, or less than ten percent of the schools outside of Raleigh and Wake Forest, have terms of 8 months or longer. Yet every school in Raleigh has a 9 months term.

An average of more than 5,000 of the 13,700 rural school children are absent each day. The greatest percentages of these absences occur in the smallest schools with the shortest terms and the lowest paid teachers.

Our rural people through false ideas of economy and lack of interest in these sacred institutions are handicapping their own boys and girls —their own kith and kin—in the struggle for existance.

The salaries of 21 of the 373 rural teachers iu Wake county are less than $300 a year. Of all the rural teachers combined, only 22, or 6 percent, get more than $1100 a year. Wake county rural people are just kidding themselves if they think they are going to get the kind of school teachers they ought to have for less than $1200 a year or $100 a month. The 22 teachers who do receive living salaries teach in the towns such as Zebulon, Wendell, Apex, Cary, Fuquary Springs, and Holly Springs.

Don't blame it on John C Lockhart, Superintendent of county schools. Mr. Lockhart is one of Wake counyt's most ardent exponents of good schools but he has been handicapped by a lack of followers.

There never was a time in the history of North Carolina when farm boys and girls needed education more than they do now. Each succeeding age only increases that need. Have farmers of North Carolina ever faced the problems they do to day? Cooperative marketing, proper credit conditions, the problem of home raising of food, diversified farming, the boll weevil—are not these tough problems for farmers to face?

That the prosperity of the town and the country are independent is no longer a question of doubt. Good business on the farm means good busines in town. Good business—profit-paying business—will never settle permanently on North Carolina farmers until the country schools teach each embroy farmer the correct solution of agricultural problems.

The superintendent of schools in a county of the kind which shelters several taxpayers organization that are now clamoring for such anarchistic changes in public expenditures as would be fatal to all progress, told a recent visitor that 70 of 86 schools in the county were of the one, room one-teacher type with terms of six months or less. The county had only one improved road, and this road was impassable during the rainy season. Yet these people were demanding the resignation of this county superintendant because he had increased the school expenses $9,000 the previous year by making the educational standards a little higher.

There they were! More than one-fifth of the people in that county could neither read nor write. Stuck in the mud, and cutting up their tow line.

Need one be surprised to find that the town and city boys who compose the freshman classes at North Carolina State College of Agriculture and

Engineering have an average of 96 months pre-College education compared to 77 months pre-college education for the country boy who enroll in the same class.

A smaller percentage of the country boys ever go to college at all, and those who do are handicapped to the extent of more than two years of preliminary training.

North Carolina citizens, the time has come to call to arms. Let another Aycock step forward to bear the banner of the rural school.

Here's the program this modern cavalier should battle under.

1. An eight month school law compulsory for every child in North Carolina, white and colored.

2. A taxation system whereby every man will be forced to give until it hurts. People are not conscious of the loss and cost of the inefficient six-month school system.

3. A salary increase for every rural school teacher by twice, and an efficiencp increase in every rural school by five times.

4. A measure proposing to sprinkle some quintessence of Dodo juice upon the tail feathers of certain politicians, who live in towns with electric lights and good schools, and further their private ends with political speeches to farmer organizations on false economy and tax reduction.

5. A measure proposing the painting of a sign on the door of every North Carolina School with a term of less than eight months reading thus:

"Children for sale cheap. This community thinks more of dollars than of its boys and girls."

People who wish to stop this intellectual suicide in a large number of North Carolina communities can do so by the backing of such a modern cavalier. One generation of proper schools in North Carolina will make her a garden of Eden. She can build a rural civilization higher than any civilization that every lived on paved streets or in city blocks.

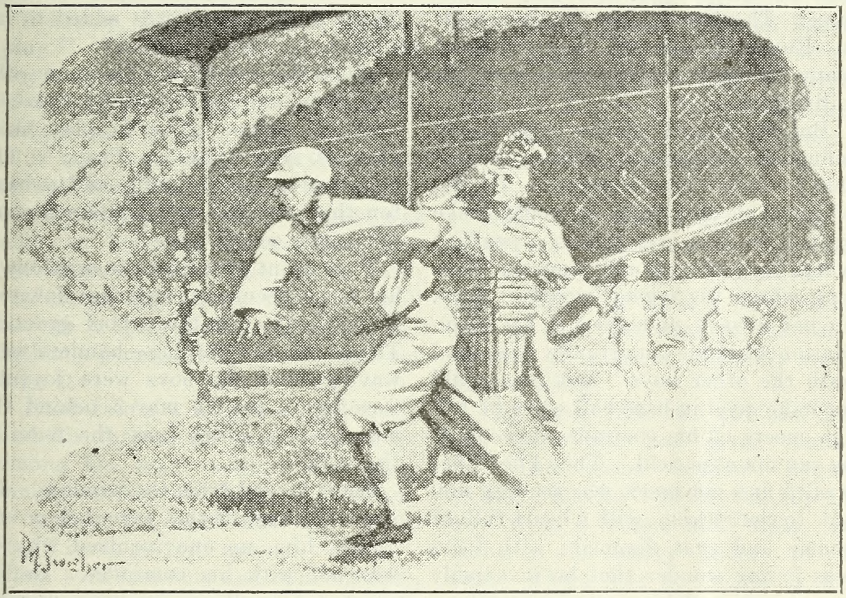
North Carolina has the people, the land, and the money. What she needs is the vision.

THE WOMAN WHO HAD SEEN LIFE.

The farmer's wife is the woman who has walked across the ploughed fields some stormy, wintry night that she might help her sister in that greatest hour of trial. She has taken into her arms and tenderly dressed the tiny, hepless baby. In other times she has reverently composed the limbs of the silent dead. In the eyes of the city woman she has so for forgotten poise and dignity as to know how to milk cows, harness the horses, and learn the rude surgery of the farm. Yes, she goes even further than this—in the spring time of the year she will carry baby lambs and little pigs into her clean warm kitchen that she may save them from perishing. But after all, isn't she the woman who has really seen life?—Mrs Charles W. Sewell.

THE RUNT

By Carroll John Daly



Lankey Johnson is suffering; not suffering from poverty, but from jealously. Though he ran down the rich, he envied them—and envied in particular "Runt Koster, the little millionaire of the school.

Now, it was no more "Runt's" fault that he was wealthy than it was Lankey's fault that he was poor, and although Lankey couldn't believe it, Runt was suffering too. While Lankey could talk about his poverty and glory in it, Runt couldn't blow about his wealth—some boys might have—but Runt wasn't built that way.

There was a good deal of truth in the things Lankey said. They were mean things and cut Runt, deeply, but they were true; even Runt couldn't deny that, though they just hurt the same. Yes, Runt's wealth brought him favors which he didn't seek didn't need and didn't desire.

Runt had two rooms and a bath in the new school building which his father had presented to the school. Runt didn't want them but his father laid down the law and it must be admitted that even the great ones of the school bowed before his wealth.

Runt was pampered openly in class, coached by the instructors so that his weekly report might be a good one. In athletics it was the same thing; he was picked for the substitute center field on the ball nine—the position

which Lankey Johnson filled, and filled on his merit alone. Runt played in games, of course, but only when those games were won or lost beyond all hope. The Coach, Pop Squires, rode in Runts automobile and received many favors from Charles Koster, the millionaire.

But Runt with all his wealth and influence complained within himself that he didn't have a chance. He liked baseball and knew he could make good if he was ever put in a position where he had to stand alone—a position where his money wouldn't help. He had always made good in his examination when his opportunity was equal with the other boys. But how could he make good in base ball when he felt the sneers of his comrades as soon as he ran uponthe field. They knew that wealth and not merit was sending him out to center and with a heart full of shame and eyes dimmed with tears was it any wonder that he invariably struck out and his nervous twitching fingers dropped easy flies. If he ever got the chance—the chance where something depended on him—but he haaved a sight—it would never come to him without the asking and he just couldn't stoop to that.

Lankey Johnston's envy turned to hatred. He wasn't exactly a mean boy, but his whole being cried out against the injustice of the thing When a game was won; simply packed away; and nothing but the glory left; he was taken out and Runt put in.

Runt hated to go in, but he went for he wouldn't admit before the boys that his position was brought.

Runt had many companions but few friends and as time went on and the whispered scandal was brought to his ears he sunk more and more within himself. So the rich boy who loved games and company sought seclusion; and as he wandered off by himself the phrase "stuck up" was added to his burden.

Came the day of the big game—the day when the entire "Smith School" traveled fifty miles to play their greatest rival "Austen Prep." The boys had a special train and a band for this was the gala celebration of the whole school year.

Poor Runt stood by the window in his magnificent room gazing down at the activities on the school grounds. The ba nd was playing—banners were waving—and the boys were joyfully forming in line to march behind the automobiles, which bore the team to the station.

Runt turned from the window. He was a member of that team but no one missed him, no one inquired why he was not with his comrades. He inspected himself in the long mirror; his base-ball suit was new, unsoiled and of better material than that of his companions. Money had done that and more. But one thing he felt it could not buy him; a place in the hearts of his school mates. He didn't want to ride in the train with his friends with the team didn't the glory he didn't deserve.

Runt rode to Austin in the big Pierce Arrow with his father and little sister, Betty. His father didn't understand him and talked constantly of the glory of the day the honor due the team of which Runt was a member.

"We'll see that you play to-day, son," his father patted him on the back. "Don't look so downcast," he

misunderstood the boy's looks. "A word to Pop Squire will fix things. You just leave it to your old Dad. He knows how to handle men."

"Please, father. I don't wish to play." There was real agony in the boy's voice. "Nonsense—there is glory to be won and I'll see that you have a hand in the wining of it."

It was Betty who understood only to well Runt's position, for he had often confided in her when his heart was near to bursting. It was she now who smoothed away the mental pain; explaining that Runt was not well enough to play and so obtaining her father's promise that he would not urge it.

Runt sat in a field box with Betty and his father; he just couldn't sit among his team mates. For eight innings he watched the game go steadily against his team until the score stood seven to four against "Smith." Then with two outs and none on base, Lankey Johnson came staggering in from center. A delay in the game; then came the announcement that Lankey had a touch of the sun and could play no more.

Pop Squires was in a diemma; he had used all his available players in an inaffective effort to obtain the much much needed runs. Now he looked hopelessly about---there was no one left---there was nothing left for him to do; he signaled Runt. Runt ran out in the field; not as he had run before, for there was no shame. His money hadn't bought this. There was no one else to go, to be sure, and his appointments wasn't complimentary or flattering, but they needed him—no mater how bad they might think him—they needed him. When the next player struck out Runt ran gayly into the bench with his team.

In the first half of the ninth, with two out, and all hopes seemingly gone. Benny Hoffman knocked out a single and Joe Rogers stretched a long single into a double. This left a man on second and third; and Harry Percy, with a brace of doubles to his credit came to the bat.

Now the Austin pitcher had a good pair of ears and had used them to advantage. He overheard the talk concerning Runt's poor playing and as runt was next to the bat he decided to take no chances; so he passed Percy.

The bases full, two out and Runt up; Runt who had never made a hit. The game seemed hopeless to the "Smiths" boys. Oh, for Lankey with a single and then Bull Robison the heavy hitter of the eam. There was no cheers as Runt steppped to the plate, nothing but silence—the silence of despair.

But Runt had confidence. He had played the whole game in spirit as he sat in the box and had studied the pitcher and new he threw a straight ball that he could hit. He knew more than that, for he knew when that ball was comming. He had watched the pitcher closely and knew that every time he threw that straight ball he bent his right knee almost to the ground.

It was with an easy, confident air that the pitcher faced Runt; then with the grace of assurance he delivered the ball. Straight towards Runt it sped so that he stepped back to avoid being hit. But just before it reached the boy it broke and curv-

ing out came across the center of the plate.

"Strike one!"

A groan broke the silence.

Alone, of all that mass, Runt seemed undisturbed. He walked back to plate and pounded his bat upon it. His eyes were clear and steady and the hands that held the bat did not tremble. He had longed for this chance and it had come—this fight against the wealth which was smothering his ambitions.

Another quick delivery and the ball cut the corner of the plate just above Runt's knees. Still the boy held his bat over his shoulder—the ball resounded in the catcher's glove.

"Strike two!"

There were several who cried out—but the majority set in silent agony or arose to leave the field.

The pitcher smiled prepartaory to his third delivery. So sure was he that victory was within his grasp that he gave but a passing glance to the three base runners.

Through the silence, as the pitcher wound up, came a cry.

"Oh Runt." It was Betty who called out. The cry was wrung from her—for she felt the sneers of the school and thought what her brother must be suffering.

As the echo of that cry died away the pitcher threw the ball; but just before that ball left his hand the pitcher's knee bent so that it nearly touched the ground.

That was the signal that Runt awaited; that was the sign his steady eye had sought and he knew before that ball started that it would be a straight one and would cut the very center of the plate. It was this ball that the Austen pitcher most prided himself on.

Runt's chance. Runt's hope. He never waiter for that ball to reach the plate, but holding his bat at the very end he swung; swung with all the force, all the power of his hidden muscles.

Crash! Through that silence the heavy crack of the ash against the leather sounded like a pistol shot. Like a flash Runt was off; speeding towards first. He knew he had hit the ball fairly, and with all his strength but he did not know just how far. As he ran he raised his eyes; a thrill of pride went through his whole body for as he looked the the centerflelder turned and with hunched shoulders and bent head sped out towards the high grass.

Cry after cry came from the stand—followed by the shout.

"A homer---a homer!"

And it was a home run, for Runt crossed the plate a good ten feet ahead of the ball.

It was a happy red-faced, panting boy that took his place on the bench. He watched hissis ter--his only friend ---standing on the seat and waving her flag well above the shouting throng. His cup of happiness was very nearly full for the score was eight to seven with the "Smith" team one rdn ahead; and Runt had done it The homer was needed, too, for Bull Robinson, the heavy hitter the team, struck out. Let there was something lacking in the praise of his comrades. So strong was the feeling against Runt and so deep rooted the opinion that the boys held; that more than once Runt caught the word "Luck."

It wasn't luck and Runt knew it and he could not help but resent the whispered comments. Was it possible that after all, his money was going to over power common justice. Yes; he could even fell the restraint in the words of praise of Pop Squire. Deep in his heart Pop was putting it down as luck; and Runt knew it. He looked up in the stand; no, they didn't put it to luck, there; they were too happy—bdt when the whispered word had passed around. What then? Runt compressd his lips. He knew the answer.

It was with a feeling of bitterness that Runt took up his position in center field. Could it be that other things besides money stood between himself and his companions?

The first man of the "Austen" team drove a single through short and the next took his base on balls. The third player grounded through second and it was only by Runt's quick fielding that the first batter was held on third. He got a cheer for that and his spirits rose. Perhaps he might yet be able to earn a position on the team.

It was looking mighty bad for the "Smith" School nine. Bases full; none out and but one run needed to tie the score. And worst of all the most dangerous man of "Austin" Prep. was advancing slowly to the plate.

Now, it came to Runt that the runners were laying pretty far off the bag. He wanted to call the second base-man's attention to it, but he feared it would be considered presumptive on his part. But he had an idea what was taking place. They were going to try a triple steal or the hit and run play. He didn't stop to think whether or not he was doing right, he backed his own judgment and started running toward second. Then the pitcher threw the ball.

Bang—there was a crack like the snap of a whip as the Austen player leaned heavily upon the ball. The ball shot straight and low out towards the unprotected second bag. A sigh went up from the Smith boys for it looked like a sure hit—good good for two runs at least, for at the crack of that hit all the base runners had started.

Then a cry went up, for Runt was not in center field but well in towards second and running like chain lighting toward the speeding ball. Could he get it—could he even stop it. They answered, no. The best player on the team never could have made that catch—but Runt. Well it was enough to make them laugh—but the situation was too serious. Then as they watched, the small form of Runt drove through the air—he turned a complete somersault; but those who watched closely saw that the boy's bare left hand had grasped the ball and held it, before he ever touched the ground.

But the fall, severe as it was, had not dazed Runt. He was up in a minute and before the runner from first knew just what had happened Runt touched him out. Two out—then a cry went up from the Austen school. The runner from second heard it and was making a mighty effort to return to the bag. But if Runt acted quickly, he thought quickly also, and as the runner approached the bag Runt made a dive and reached it a

second or more ahead of him—three out. Runt—the despised Runt had made a triple play unassisted.

It was some moments before that vast throng understood just what had really taken place—then a mighty shout rent the air. The game was over and "Smith" had won.

Lankey Johnson was one of the first to reach Runt.

"Oh, forgive me," he cried. "I did it on purpose. I hated you so I pretended to be sick. I wanted to show you up. But I'm so glad you made good. You deserve my position and I am glad you are going to get it. For you will get it."

"You won't loose center." Runt laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder.

Then Pop Spuires, who only heard the end of the conversation, spoke up.

"Oh, you won't loose center, Lankey. Runt's too valuable a man to stay out there. He used to think he was somewhat of a pitcher and—some how I think so, too."

"I made good, then?" Runt's face was beaming.

Pop Squires raised his hand.

"Listen," was his only answer.

From the stand came the lusty school yell and at the end, "RUNT—R-U-N-T—RUNT."

The next instant the entire school bore down upon him and hoisting him high upon their shoulders bore him triumphantly from the field.

FROM FAMINE FIELDS.

By Martha Haskell Clark in The Outlook.

I am a little better than a movie show
Because I speak reality. You know
That I was there, have worked and shared and seen.
And yet, like shadow pictures on the screen,
The scenes I paint brings but a passing thrill.
Of pleasant horror. Self-complacent still.
Your murmur, "Sad! So sad!" and go your way,
While cards, and tea-rooms, and the latest play
Will reap their easy millions through the week.
You cannot sense the things of which I speak.
You are not heartless. Could I only lay
One baby's body at your feet today,
Or here and now bring swift before your eyes
One mother watching by her child that dies,
You would be pitiiul, would strain to give,—
And thousands doomed by apathy would live.
Great God of Nations, give me words to stir
These sleek-fed aisles oi broadcloth and of fur!

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF STANLY COUNTY.

Mr. S. H. Hearne, a substantial friend of the Jackson Training School and one of the leading citizens of Albemarle and well known throughout North Carolina, has gone about the business of listing all the surviving Confederate Veterans now living in Stanly county. There are just 88 of the heroes of the 60s yet with us. They are:

ALBEMARLE: E. M. Biles, U. F. Hathcock, E. W. Williams, B. F. Snuggs, J. L. Gilbert, R. D. Thompson, W. H. Honeycutt, J. D. Smith, M. McKethaw, J. Cicero Pickler, Enoch Williams, William D. Blackwelder, G. W. Watson, Howell Harwood, M. M. Poplin, Joseph Morton, John H. Underwood, (R7), Frank Melton (R11).

NEW LONDON: Henry Arey, Job Calloway, J. H. Hearne, Silas Luthan, F. E. Reeves, D. E. Ridenhour, William Southerly, Eli Vandengriff Amri Vanhcy, J. M. Stafcrd (R 12).

PALMERVILLE: J. W. Jenkins, W. D. Reinhardt.

NORWOOD: D. C. Poplin, J. W. Eddins, R. S. Ellis, J. J. Colson, W. H. Watkins, W. D. Nichols, J. J. Cooper, James Floyd, Walcom Thomas, Frank Harkey, George Lee.

RICHFIELD: W. A. Misenheimer, G. M. Misenheimer, H. D. Plyler, J. B. Parker, D. H. Ridenhour.

BLOOMINGTON: Eben Burleyson, D. Basworth, W. F. Furr, D. E. Huneycutt, E. R. Harris, C. L. Harkey, C. W. Lambert, William Mason, Frank Mason, J. E. Hatley (R 11).

LOCUST: Eli Huneycutt, Dock Huneycutt, Jackson Huneycutt, James Burris, Israel Little, Jesse Long, Jacob Hathcock, J. B. Jenkins, (R 8).

BIG LICK: Wesley Burleyson, W. R. Brooks, Daniel Hinson, Wesley Whitley, C. F. Dry (R 7).

ENDY: A. L. Eudy, Nathan Poplin, J. W. Burleyson, J. W. Whitley, T. L. Tucker (R 5).

OAKBORO: E. L. Whitley, J. E. Hartsell.

AQUADALE: L. T. Gaddy, F. G. Turner, J. S. Curlee.

COTTONVILLE: Frank Cooper, W. R. McSwain (R 5).

MILLINGPORT: H. H. Eudy, Julius A. Fisher, Fileman A. Harward.

GLADSTONE: Marvel M. Ritchie.

MISSION: Adam Burleyson.

FINGER: Isaac Shoe, G. H. Sides (R 12).

To be sure! The people that heard the Raleigh debate on evolution know just as much about it as they did before. * * * * * There is but one sources of reliable information about the origin of man, and The Book is that source.—Charlotte Observer.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONKEYITES.

By D. D. Cochran, of Rocky Mt.

As each person or living thing, is the outcome of a previous life, back to the beginning of all life, we would be glad if the evolution scientist, who is a Christian, would answer two questions only; inasmuch as all Christians believe that man has an immortal soul.

Do animals have immortal souls? If not at what stage of evolution from animal to man does the soul appear? I for one would like to know.

THE HOLIEST THING ALIVE.

C. D. Bulla in Christian Advocate

I do not remember when my eyes first looked upon her beautiful face. I have heard that she went down to the valley of deep darkness to bring me from God's everywhere into the here. When I found myself in the country home, she was with me. She drew me close to her warm bosom and spoke gentle words. I have not found those words in my books, but I knew their meaning from the first, and they comforted me.

I soon learned that a low cry brought her to me; and when she came near, hunger and cold and fear vanished. Often when she looked down into my eyes as I lay in the cradle her lips moved, though I heard not a word. Whether baking or sewing or spinning or reading, she was never out of reach of the high chair. It is written: "He shall give his angels charge over thee."

For a long time I was not farther from her than the length of her apron string. It reached to the yard. She watched me from the porch as I played on the carpet of soft grasses and gathered posies and listened to the song birds in the trees that shaded our home.

That narrow strip of gingham reached to the schoolhouse across the bridge. She gave me a basket lunch, and I walked through the snows in little boots with red tops and copper tips. Seated near the teacher's desk, for reasons good to the pedagogue, I looked through the windows of the "Elementary Spelling Book," by Noah Webster, L. L. D., in Wisdom Land.

That apron string streched ont to the village church. When the great bell rang on Sunday morning, she took me to the services. Sometimes as the good man prayed or the people sang she shouted. I did not know why she said "Glory" and "Hallelujah," but her face was bright and she said she loved everybody. At such times I thought she might go away into the blue skies and was glad when she became quiet and put her arms about me, saying: "God bless my boy!" She gave me money with which to buy a New Testament. My sister taught me the "Blesseds" by heart; and because she did, I know more about humility and penitence and mercifulness and

singleness of purpose. For those gracious words spoken by Jesus on the Mount have never left me.

The time came when I heard somebody say: "A fellow should't always be held by an apron string." I was sorry to hear anybody say that, because at the other end of one apron string was the best friend I ever had. The slightest pull at my end of the string brought her my side day or night. She bound with soft bar dages and balm all my hurts of hand and head and heart.

Later on I heard about a land of gold and sunshine and flowers, beyond the village and the church steeple, on the western sky line. One foggy day when I did not see clearly I slipped my hand from the loop of the apron string and wondered far in the twilight country. I saw many strange and interesting things, yet I was not happy. I had money in my purse, but it did not buy the things I needed. When I prayed the only answer was a voice, saying: "They love and miss you at home." Something kept tugging away at my trunk until I started back to the home of my childhood. It was bright and cheery at the old fireside. A new life began to course through my veins. I slipped my hand into the loop of the apron string, to remove it again never, please God. Since then I have journeyed far at the call of duty, but again and again a slight tightening of the apron strings has brought me into companionship with the guardian angel of my whole life-time.

My mother has reached the one hundredth milestone on her way to the land of day and song. The Lord has been her sun and shield. He has given her grace. He will give her glory. I shall miss her when she leaves me for that sweet and blessed country, but I shall find her again by the gentle drawing of the apron string of deathless love. I do not forget that my children have a mother.

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

What I Would Like To Do And Why I Would Like To Do It When I Leave The Jackson Training School.

Answer to Col Al. Fairbrother's Question—3rd Prize

Upon reading Mr. Fairbrother's kind offer in the UPLIFT, I deemed it an opportunity—one with the door open— to express myself on a subject which has long been a pent-up hope in my soul.

Before coming to this school I "dabbled", so to speak, in chemistry. A few simple experiments, such as testing water, making ink, etc, delighted my science-hungry soul. Little di I then realize the true value of the profession of chemist; but now, after ten months from this work and little experiments, I find that my desire for it has not decreased in the least. On the contrary, it has grown.

Perhaps, to some boys, who lead a happy-go-lucky, take-what-ever-comes life, it would seem foolish to have a life's schedule already planned, but this is so in my case.

When I leave this school, it is my desire to take up my special educa-

tion where I left off (Due to the fact of the lack of education among the boys who come here, no higher grade than the eighth is required). This means three more years of earnest work in the High School. If it is possible by exerting my utmost effort, I must go through college. Perhaps, I may write a few articles and stories which may appear to the public interest. Regardless of the mode—be it cleaning the streets, or doing some higher work—I will go through college but go honestly.

After a college experience, if my information is correct, I must take a special four-year course in chemistry. This I mean to take, and, if successful, I will attain to the much desired position of expert chemist.

And now comes the ugderlying reason for this ambition: the value of chemistry to mankind. Once a painter disappeared; he was last seen painting a newly-finished building. Most people believed that he had fallen from his scaffold into a cask of acid, which was standing below the spot where he was seen, and thus he had been destroyed. But how was this to be proved?

No one had seen him fall into it; consequently his grief-stricken wife was unable to collect the insurance on his life, because there was no proof his death. She had no relatives and no means; she was slowly starving for the lack of proper food and care. Herein is the part the chemist plays: a chief chemist, whose name is unknown, took a sample of the suspected acid and tested it with favorable results, confirming the former suspicion and thus saving a life.

Liquid air is a very important chemical discovery. Submarine navigators desire great motive power andalso air for the crew to breathe. Airship inventors want great power and tightness combined. In sugery, the intense cold of liquid air has the same property as great heat without causing a blister and frequently it take place of a surgeon's knife. Hence this discovery in chemistry saves many lives without disfiguring the patients.

Other similar testimonies could be cited, but space does not permit —suffice to say, that chemistry, besides being a very interesting science, is a professian of importance and great profit if one becomes an expert in it. If, by some invention or discovery, I can make the life of man on earth more comfortable and profitable, WHY SHOULDN'T I?

Editor Sherrill and I were chatting in front of the City Hall late Sunday afternoon. Two young girls (apparently eleven or twelve years old) rigged out in spectacular costumes passed by. Their stockings were rolled down three or four inches below the knees; and the flimsy, short dresses lacked at least four inches reaching the knees. Mr. Sherrill, in astonishment, said, "look there! What is that?" We agreed they were twin orphans. Oh, womanhood, rise up in your might and demand in this land the preservation of that womanly modesty, which our mothers used to rightfully claim and did possess.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Two men met on a steamer crossing the ocean. Something drew them together. Each did not know that he should have known the other. They had many conversations before they reached the other side.....They talked on almost every conceivable subjcet. At last their talk turned to the Sunday school. The older seemed eager to speak. He made a bold confession. He said he did not find himself able to get up much enthusiasm on that subject. He said he was once a Sunday school teacher, but he could not see that he was doing any good and so he droppd out. The testimony of the younger man was different. He said he could not help believing very firmly in the Sunday school. He had started attending when very young. With more earnestness than was his usual manner he said that he had very good teachers in school and that some of the deepest impressions of his life he received in that class. So effectual was the teaching that under it he gave his heart to God and entered joyfully into His service. In the course of the testimony the young enthusiast named the school he had attended. Instantly the other said, "Why it was that school I attended. It was in that school I taught. My name is so-and-so." Reaching forth his hand the younger said, "And I was in your class. I remember you now. Some of the lessons you taught I shall never forget." From that day a new tie bound those two men. They were often seen standing side by side recalling old memories and agreeing on the silent influences set in motion in the Sunday school.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

On Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born, at the small village of Woolsthrope, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman and went to live at North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother who was very kind to him and sent him to school.

In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupation. He had a set of litle tools and saws of various sizes, manufactured by himself. With the aid of these Issac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with so much skill that he seemed to have been born with a saw or chisel in his hand.

The neighbors looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufastured. And his old grandmother, I supose, was never weary of talking about him. "He'll make

a capital workman one of these day," she would say. "No fear but Isaac will do well in the world and be a rich man before he dies."

It is amusing to conjecture what were the anticipations of his grandmother and the neighbors about Isaac's future life. Some of them, perhaps, fancied that he would make beautiful furniture of mahogany, rosewood, or polish oak, inlaid with ivory and ebony and magnificiently gilded. And then, doubtless, all the rich people would purchase these fine things to adorn their drawing-rooms. Others probably thought that little Isaac was destined to be an architect, and would build splendid mansions for the nobility and gentry, and churches too, with the tallest steeples that had ever been seen in England.

Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice him to a clock maker; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession. And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for himself, and would manufacture curious clocks like those that contain sets of dancing figures which issue from the dail plate when the hour is struck; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock, and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates.

Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water.

This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

Besides the water clock, Isaac made a sundial. Thus his grandmother was never at a lost to know the hour; for the water clock would tell it in the shade and the dial in the sunshine. The sundial is said to be still in existence on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has passed since Isac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life; it marked the hour of his death; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

Yet we must not say that the sundial has lasted longer than its maker; for Isaac Newton will exist long after the dial—yea, and long after the sun itself—shall have crumbled to decay.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of gaining knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of his strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind, and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of phil-

osophy.

Not.. far from his grandmother's residence there was a windmill which worked on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest, he pried into its internal machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the millstones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools.

It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill. Though not so large, I suppose, as one of the box-traps which boys set to catch squirrels, yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world.

"But, Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill."

"What is that?" asked Isaac, for he supposed that, from the roof of the mill to its foundation, he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend.

"That is true; I must look out for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to consider how the deficiency should be supplied.

He might easily have made a miniature figure of a man; but then it would not have been able to move about and perform duties of a miller. As Captain Lemuel Gulliver had not yet discovered the island of Lilliput, Isaac did not know that there were little men in the world whose size was just suited to his wind-mill. It so happened, however, that a mouse had just been caught in the trap; and, as no other miller could be found, Mr. Mouse was appointed to that important office. The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark gray coat. To be sure, he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind. But perhaps some two-legged millers are quite as dishonest as this small quadruped.

As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy. At night, I think it probable, he looked up with reverential curiosity to the stars and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt a presenti-

ment that he should be able hereafter to answer all these questions.

When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband being now dead, she wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthope. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar that his mother sent him back to school, and afterward to the University of Cambridge.

I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far to long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man. He was the first that found out the nature of light; for, before his days, nobody could tell what the sunshine is composed of.

You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses. When he had once got hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided through the sky. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits. The boy had found out the mechanism of a windmill; the man explained to his fellow-men the mechanism of the universe.

While making these researches, he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. his mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away; for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence.

Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog, Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at wark more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and over threw the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door and preceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

"O Diamond, Diamond," he exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct toward the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown. He was made a member of Parliament and received the honor of kinghthood. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to

what remained to be known.

"I seem to myself like a child," he said, "playing on the seashore and picking up here and there a curious shell or a prety pebble, while the boundless ocean of truth lies undiscovered before me."

At last, in 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died—or, rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator as earnestly as while his spirit animated a mortal body. He has left a fame behind him which will be as endurable as if his name were written in letters of light formed the stars on the midnight sky.

Institutional Notes.

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mr. J. W. Clore's visit at the School was noted in last week's issue of The UPLIFT. When he arrived at home he sent back to the school a much needed and appreciated gift.

A medicine chest for holding remedies for stumped toes, cut hands and scratched faces will soon make its way to the office where the aforesaid injured boys take their complaint and ask for cures.

Malcolm Holman, Charles Mayo, Everett Goodrich and Ralph Poterfield rejoiced last Wednesday. To some the visit of their parents was a surprise; others expected and were looking for them.

The lumber, brick and other material that is needed in constructing the new cottage, has arrived. This material is being rapidly unloaded so the construction of the cottage will not be delayed.

The digging of our well, by Mr. Ankers, has been delayed because of rock obstruction. Mr. Ankers says this delay will soon be remedied, however, and work will go on faster than ever. His depth at the present is 70 ft.

"Practise makes perfect." This adage sure holds out in the case of our ball players. Every evening two boys 'chose' and have a game of practise. Each boy does his best and of course when one does his best he can go his last trial a little better and so on until we have a very nearly unconquerable nine.

Rev. T. N. Lawrence, minister of Concord, preached to the boys Sunday, May the 21st. This was the third Sunday of the month—the time for the Charlotte minister to come, but none arrived due to some unknown condition. Rev. Lawrence read the story of David and Goliath from the Bible and then told the boys of some of the present day Goliaths they will have to contend with and and struggle with.

Preston Holbrooks, of Greensboro, was a visitor at the school Saturday. When he was told of the societies, and their need of money, he promptly and generously donated three dollars to the Cone Literary Society. This money will, in all probability, be used in subscribing to some useful magazine or paper which will increase the knowledge of the society,

individually and as a body. Mr. Holbrooks formerly was a boy here and he realized the needs and value of the society. He was dressed in the attire of a successful citizen.

Dr. W. H. Slingerland, Specia' Agent of the Department of Child-helping, Russell Sage Foundation, New York City, visited the School Thursday, the 18th. He was on a visiting tour of schools similar to the Jackson Training School and had already viewed sixty of them. Dr. Slingerland answered a question which had long confronted the students. The question was this: What do the plain citizens think of schools of the Jackson Training School sort? Dr. Slingerland said that when these schools were first established most people thought of them as prisons for delinquent boys. "Now," said Dr. Slingerland, "the thought has arisen that these schools are just special schools for special boys under special conditions." Dr. Slingerland's talk was enjoyed by all hearers.

ANOTHER VICTORY

Roughly estimated, 250 yelling and cheering spectators saw the J. T. S. again wallop Cabarrus Mills by a score of 5 to 1. This gave the J. T. S. credit for two victories out of three games played with Cabarrus Mills.

The game commenced with J. T. S. in the field, Holman pitching and Cook catching. Faucette commanded the first station pending the arrival of Hobby. The visitors couldn't connect up with Holman's puzzling delivery and were forced to take the field scoreless. J. T. S. players were unable to do anything with Troutman's heaving also, so they ended the first session similar to the visitors.

In the first half of the second frame Holman again retired the side without allowing them to gallop over the platter with a single tally. But when J. T. S. used the warclub the second time she became acquainted with the platter to the tune of one run. Holman clouted a single and by stratagem trotted over the marking point. Fortune again frowned on Cabarrus in the next inning, for she failed to tie the score. But to the J. T. S. fans it must have seemed that Fortune's grin extended from ear to ear. Three more runs were placed on the J. T. S. side of the scoreboard!

For the next four frames neither side crossed the platter, though both sides clouted the pill. Williams, a sure center fielder, traveled a large portion of center field just in time to snatch a fly from the warclub of a Cabarrus Warrier. It was in the third inning when the Cabarrus Mills manager derricked the pitcher, Troutman, and because of lack of players, sent him to the middle pasture, taking the place of a kid of fourteen birthdays. Simpson took charge of the mound. In the eighth session Holman lost his chance of pitching a shutout game when one of the Cabarrus Millers scored. But one run was all the visitors could claim and when the last out was called on them, the J. T. S. still lead by the aforesaid score. Russell was clearly the leading slugger, getting a trio of hits in four trips to the bat. Troutman headed the visitor's clouting list, getting two bingles in four chances. Evans and

Honeycutt, both for the J. T. S., smashed out two baggers. Honeycutt made two hits in four trips to the bat and Evans copped two hits in three trips.

Score by innings:

		R.	H.	E.
Cabarrus Mills	000 000 010	1	7	9
J. T. S.	013 000 01x	5	13	4

Batteries: Troutman, Simpson and Yost; Holman and Cook.

BIG DEVELOPMENT

That it may continue adequately to "Serve the South," Southern Railway System has recently placed orders for new equipment consisting of 20 locomotives, 5,390 freight cars of steel construction, 500 automobile cars of steel construction, 100 steel passenger cars, and 250 cabooses cars of steel underframe construction.

The magnitude of the order can better be appreciated when it is realized that if it were possible to place the freight car equipment in one train it would be 47 miles from the engine to the caboose. If broken up into trains of an average length, it would comprise 250 freight trains, or one train every $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Washington to Atlanta.

The new passenger cars, if coupled into one train, would be a mile and a half in length from the engine to the rear coach, and represent 20 trains of the average length. The coaches are of the latest design and are of all steel construction.

In placing this large order for new equipment, which will be delivered in time for the fall business, the Southern has demonstrated its faith in the return of business prosperity in the South and this will place the Southern in position to handle with safety and dispatch this increased business.

NORTH CAROLINA
STATE LIBRARY

THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 3, 1922 NO. 30

State Library
Alex Webb

WE DETERMINE OUR CONDITION.

A contractor asked a young employee once to estimate the probable cost of a house that he proposed building. After careful calculation he replied: "I think we can afford to build that house for $3,000." "Very well," said the employer, "you go ahead with the house and you may have the profit you make." Now the young man was soon to be married and he thought he might increase his profit by using inferior cement, poor shingles, and cheap lumber and by covering up all defects by putty and paint. In this way he added considerable to his gains. By and by the wedding day came, and among his wedding presents he found one from his employer,—the deed to the house he had just finished. The bride was delighted, but John did not seem so enthusiastic. After their honeymoon, however, they moved into the house. At first all went well. But in the course of a few months the foundations began to settle; great cracks appeared in the walls and ceilings; the roof began to leak. He had built his own house, and so he could not complain. In youth we are building the characters that will be ours through life. If we put in poor material, rotten motives, warped ideas, vicious habits, or even just second grade qualities, we must remember that we cannot escape from the ultimate consequences.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

Nos. 137 & 138. ATLANTA SPECIAL. Drawing room sleeping cars between Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Washington-San Francisco tourist sleeping car southbound. Dining car. Coaches.

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Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

Note: Train No. 138 connects at Washington with "COLONIAL EXPRESS," through train to Boston via Hell Gate Bridge Route, leaving Washington 8.15 A. M. via Penna. System.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Tracked Trunk Line Between Atlanta, Ga. and Washington, D. C.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

JUNE.

Clad in the glorious robes of royalty,
Bordered with verdure, fringed with nodding ferns,
And gemmed with starry blossoms, June returns,
While all the misty batteries of the sky
With peal on peal of thunderous revelry
Salute her coronation. Fiercely burns
The lightning's crimson fire; the tempest yearns
Its soverign to proclaim right loyally.
In proud review, down from their cloudy camp,
Poured the massed squadrons of the rain, with tramp
And clash of arms. Then swells the melody
Of bird-notes in a joyous symphony.
The sun breaks forth, June reigns, and earth the while
Worships the radiant beauty of her smile.

—Willis Boyd Allen

STATE-AID TO FARMERS.

In certain quarters a new idea is being earnestly advocated by certain propagandists. Accepting as a fact that 100 thousand families live in other people's houses in towns and cities and that 117 thousand are cultivating other people's lands, these propagandists are advocating state-aid to these to purchase on easy terms their homes and their farm lands. There is some merit in the proposition, if we are to accept at full value the reports coming out from Denmark, Australia, Ireland, England, Scotland and even California in our own country.

Facts will pretty well sustain one's observation that there are hundreds

of families in towns and country that have not the remotest desire to own their own homes. These are, of course, not the very best people. One of the first indications of a good citizen is his absorbing desire, whether he ever succeeds or not, is to own his home. Whenever a man owns his home, or wants to own his home, he becomes vitally interested and exercises a healthy concern in all questions that affect the community of which he and his family are a part. Home-ownership and farm-ownership should be encouraged.

The plan is for the state to lend its credit, as is being done in the matter of building school houses, in issuing bonds at a low rate of interest and then lend the money to individuals at a slightly higher rate, but lower than the legal rate, for the purpose of purchasing homes and farms. It is a part of the contract, however, in the scheme that the borrower agrees and binds himself to pay the annual interest and one-thirtieth of the loan every year. The only difference in this and that which prevails in the matter of schoolhouse building, the act recently having been declared by the North Carolina Supreme Court as constitutional, is that in this the state deals with an individual and in the former the state deals with a corporation or a county unit.

The advocates of this proposition claim that what is usually spent in the form of rents will meet the annual expense, and at the end of thirty years the people will have something to show for what they have paid out in the way of rents and part of the crops.

The idea is practically worked out in the Farm-Loan Banks which the national government is conducting. The benefits of this system the advocates desire to extend to a larger number, by having the state finance the matter by way of lending its credit. The scheme is gaining ground and some able advocates; and it is entirely possible and probable that in a few years some statesman, wishing to attract the attention of the dear people to his progressive spirit and his humanitarian impulses, will mount this programme and ride it through to success. Stranger things have happened. We have just started. For ages the idea of the State's function was to check and prevent things—the prevailing idea is now to urge them on and give a lift.

* * * * * * * *

SUPERINTENDENT POU'S REPORT.

Elsewhere THE UPLIFT carries a late report by George R. Pou of affairs relative to the State Penitentiary. Though it represents a series of acts

which threw men and women into prison, there is something about it that makes entertaining reading—not because of the crime and the criminal, but the information it gives regarding the activity of the courts, a picture of the lame places in society, what laws are most frequently violated, and last but not least the very sensible observations made by Mr. Pou.

For a great state like North Carolina the entrance of 380 prisoners during the past twelve months—an average of three to the county, and one a day—does not seem large; but when we remember that this report does not include the scores and scores that each county find guilty but do not go to the penitentiary to receive their punishment, the picture is such as to cause a serious consideration. That the population of the penitentiary has increased from about seven hundred to nearly eleven hundred, is occasion for serious study of the question of law-observance in North Carolina.

The average person, also, would think that the majority of law violators were of the colored race. The statistics for the past year disprove that view. Of the 380 admitted to the Raleigh prison, during the year 216 were white, and 164 were colored. Taking into consideration the relative number of each race, the percentage of colored folks placed in the penitentiary during the past twelve months is far ahead of that of the white; but this is nothing to be proud of.

The most startling thing about the exhibit is the large number of the population of the state prison that have had educational advantages. Was there something lacking? This is a vital question that should concern the leaders. It would have added to the interest of Mr. Pou's statement if he could have supplied the information as to how many of his prisoners had taken interest in Sunday Schools or had any active church affiliations.

What Mr. Pou says about the criminal insane is gospel truth. The intimation is that Gov. Morrison may suggest some humane legislation, bearing on this matter.

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"IGNORANCE IS DEATH."

A large audience attended the closing exercises of the Concord High Scoool. The entire programme was entertainingly carried out. Supt. A. S. Webb seemed happy in the close of what is regarded a very successful year. The graduating class numbered thirty-three. In the class were seventeen girls and sixteen boys. This looks good; for in former years too many boys, stung with the clerkship-bee, dropped out before reaching graduation from the High School department.

Perhaps never before in the history of the school has an abler address been

delivered than the address of Hon. W. R. Webb, of Bellbuckle, Tenn. A most engaging manner is his; his message profound, full of wisdom; deep thinker, superb scholar. His deliberate, clear delivery was oratory itself. There was magnetism in every word the great scholar used, so much so that a crowd of foolish, silly girls and dudish boys in the rear soon became quiet and joined in the enjoyment of the work of this master.

Mr. Webb, the famous teacher of Tennessee, and for a short time a United States Senator, filling out an unexpired term, is a native of North Carolina, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, and did a brave soldier's part in the 60s. In emphasizing culture, Christain living and acting, a continnous growth, with ideas and ideals, the charming and eloquent speaker and teacher proved beyond doubt to a vast audience that faced him in the school auditorium, Tuesday evening last, that Ignorance Is Death.

* * * * * * * *

COMPLETE DIVORCE.

The elimination of the Bible from the public schools is perhaps about complete. There may be and there may not be any explanation in this of the statement of Supt. George Pou. of the State Penitentiary, who shows how many of the convicts have reached the seventh grade and even beyond.

But it is a fact that the Bible plays but little part in the education of the vast majority of our children. The other night, at the graduating exercices of a large and interesting class of boys and girls, who had completed the course in a High School, not even the suggestion of a simple prayer appeared on the programme. It was immaterial whether there was Divine care and direction of the efforts of the young engaged in the exercise, not even asking for guidance for the judges, giving them wisdom to make just decisions in matters that were forever to be of some concern to the participants.

Man feels his keeping; he wants no assistance; he depends on his own powers and wisdom. Bnt it was a proof anyway, that the constitutional separation of the church and state in this instance is absolute—a complete divorce.

* * * * * * * *

Public selfishness and living-to-one-self spirit in the land would become intolerable and make one have, after all, a poor estimate of the good of man spending just a few years on this earth and then "cut down," except for the occasional manifestations of broad thoughtfulness for and interest in those

who are to come after us. An example of this unselfishness, which make us think more of the high purposes of this life and give a sustaining hope, was the completion of the magnificent gift of Mr. J. A. Odell, of Greensboro, in the form of a much needed building at the Greensboro College for Women. It is a memorial to his sainted wife, but it is a living contribution to the aid of worthy women for years to come. Here's where money does its loudest and best service.

* * * * * * * * *

They are tearing down the old court-house in Greenshoro, to make room for a seventeen story building for which the Jefferson Life Insurance Company recently let a contract. The building was erected in 1857. When the cornor-stone was placed, in keeping with the practices of those days, a quart bottle of corn liquor was placed in the chest. The whole of Greensboro, it appears, is terribly excited and watching for the time when the corner-stone is reached. What happens then is very problematical. What a change has come upon this country and its people and their customs. It is safe to say that a dozen people in all of Guilford would never consent to introducing into a cornor-stone of any kind of a building to-day a whole quart of pure corn liquor. They couldn't if they would; and they wouldn't if they could.

* * * * * * * *

Gov. Cam Morrison was about to be written down as the "Good-Roads Governor" of North Carolina. He himself has thrown a monkey-wrench into that arrangement of historical events. Hear him:

> "Some people say that I want to be known as the 'Good Roads Governor of North Carolina.' This is not true. My ambition is to be known—at least for a while—in the traditions of North Carolina as the 'Health Governor.' Good roads are very important, and I hope to see ours the finest system of highways to be found in the Republic; but good roads are not of any account to sick or dead folks. It is much more important to have a healthy population."

* * * * * * * *

It seems to be a real pleasure for some people to share their possessions with their friends—it is easy for them to be generous. As we write this we have in mind a certain person who each year sends a check for a considerable sum to the Training School. This friend of ours has the spirit of the ideal giver; for in making his gifts he has no thought of recompense nor is he seeking the admiration of the public, but he gives because he forgets to hoard and has learned to live. We refer to none other than Mr.

Parks of the Parks Belk Co. whom we wish to thank openly for the liberal check which he sent to us recently.

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In a number of counties of the state, we note that the County Superintendents have made engagement for teachers for their several schools for the coming year. This method will save the necessity of picking up at the last moment alleged teachers in the persons of grocery clerks, who actually don't know the name of the Governor of North Carolina, to lead the educational work in some of the districts.

* * * * * * * *

"I expect to live to see a woman Governor of North Carolina and there are many who would do a better job of it than some men have"—Josephus Daniels in a speech at Carolina (Maxton) Commencement. Why, of course! Every county has a woman or two big enough and smart enough to fill that great office. Nominations are in order.

* * * * * * * *

Tom Lacy, son of State Treasurer Lacy, won the essayist medal at Davidson College. My, how time flies! Just a few years ago, it seems, Tom Lacy was playlng around on the floor of the Treasury office with blocks and picture books; and, now, modestly walking off with a prize that represents a genuine achievment.

* * * * * * * *

They are re-locating Meredith College, the Baptist school for girls. Having purchased a site at Method, out a few miles from Raleigh, a wag confesses that there is no design to make it a Method—ist institution. But turning down Greensboro's offer near unto $150,000.00, shows how the Baptist cling to Raleigh.

* * * * * * * *

That 87-year old Scotchman in Robeson county, who had himself examined and then went up thousands of feet into the air, had a very lively curoisity to know how it feels to ride in a flying machine. The gay sport declared after landing that it was one of the greatest enjoyments of his life.

* * * * * * * *

There is much worthwhile to think of in the interesting article that Prof. C. C. Zimmerman contributes in this issue of THE UPLIFT. He seems justified in declaring that there are "Only two kinds of deaths excusable"

which is the title of the article.

* * * * * * *

The next time the dictionary is revised, it would be probably just as well to eliminate the word, "modesty."

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THE DOG AND THE WOLF

A gaunt Wolf was almost dead with hunger when he happened to meet a House-dog who was passing by. "Ah, cousin," said the Dog, "I knew how it would be; your irregular life will soon be the ruin of you. Why do you not work steadily as I do, and get your food regularly given to you?"

"I would have no objection," said the wolf, "if I could get a place."

"I will easily arrange that for you," said the Dog; "come with me to my master and you shall share my work."

So the Wolf and the Dog went towards the town together. On the way there the Wolf noticed that the hair on a certain part of the Dog's neck was very much worn away, so he asked him how that had come about.

"Oh, it is nothing," said the Dog. "That is only the place where the collar is put on at night to keep me chained up; it chafes a bit, but one soon gets used to it."

"Is that all?" said the Wolf. "Then good-bye to you, Master Dog."

"BETTER STARVE FREE THAN BE A FAT SLAVE."

CAPTAIN SALLY THOMPKINS.

By H. E. Zimmerman

Captain Sally Thompkins was born in Virginia. Her father died several years before the war, when the woman of the family moved up to Richmond, taking with them their retinue of servants. For awhile the young woman buised herself with church work and in nursing the sick. Then came the war. The terrible days of fighting around Richmond in 1862 showed that the city could not adequately care for the thousands of wounded men streaming in from the battlefields. The city was already chocked with refugees from the outlying country. The army hospitals were crowded to the doors. There seemed no end to the straggling ambulance trains. It was Miss Thompkins who saw most clearly the need of private hospitals. She got a house and went to work. The house belonged to Judge Robertson of the Supreme Court of Virginia, who placed it at her disposal for as long a time as she might need it. Using her well trained servants as attendants, Miss Thompkins opened the Robertson Hospital, and from then till the end of the war devoted herself, her time and her private fortune to its maintenance. "Miss Sally," as the soldiers called her, was a beloved figure in the quiet wards. Her patients worshipped her. Other private hospitals started, and many did good service, but after awhile abuses crept in. Patients were sometimes overcharged and sometimes neglected. Finally Gen. Lee ordered that every hospital not under the command of a commissioned officer should be closed. The first Miss Sally knew of this order was when the ambulance drew up bebore her door to remove her patients. She met the crisis with characteristic decision. Leaving orders that not a man should be moved until she returned she hurried across the city and laid her case before the president. Mr. Davis shook his head. Of course he knew of the good work she had been doing and he would like to help her, but there was the order. "Why not commission me?" asked Miss Sally. That certainly was one way out. Mr. Davis approved her suggestion and she got her commission at once.

When the new captain returned to the hospital, she found the work of

removing the wounded already begun. She showed her commission, the men were carried back into the house and the ambulance drove away. Accompanying the commission was a salary. That was a godsend, for her funds were low and the appetites of the convalescents voracious. Every penny of the new income went for feeding the inmates of Robertson Hospital, which remained open till the end of the war.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—F. W. Farrar.

DOING THE BEST WE CAN.

A few days ago our committee on Sunday school lessons was extended an invitation to visit in a body the H. J. Heinz factory in Pittsburgh. The invitation was accepted. The heads of the plant were very cordial. It was not my first visit there, but I went with greater eagerness than a stranger, for I knew about what was in store for us. After luncheon we gathered in the auditorium to listen to a statement of the phenomenal growth of the plant and of the character of the work it is doing. Instantly our eyes were caught by a motto in large letters on the arch over the platform. A number of us simultaneously took out our notebooks and copied it. This is how it runs, "Do the best you can, where you are, with what you have, today." To those of us who know the circumstances, it is a brief but accurate biography of Mr. Heinz. It may also be the rule under which all of us shall do our work. To do our work. To do anything less than what we can is not succsss. To sit down and lament the unfavorable circumstances in which we are placed in which we are, placed and to wish to be in another's shoes is the strright road to failure. To say we have no talents and therefore can do nothing is cowardly and leads to defeat. To defer till tomorrow what we should do today and to wait for other times and seasons is bound to spell failure. Read that motto again and perhaps it will put into you a measure both of contentment and of aspiration.—Selected.

The world is full of roses,
The roses are filled with dew;
And the dew is full of heavenly love
Which drips for me and you.
—J. Whitcomb Riley.

ARE CHURCH PAPERS READ?

The Dearborn Independent

In a discussion of the results of an multiplicity of religious publications, the California Christian Advocate questions the benefit to the church of so many as are at present struggling for existence. The same multiplicity exists in the secular field, and for the same reason, but the elimination of superfluous literature is not so simple as it is with the religious bodies.

One great trouble is that so many inferior and useless offerings are put on both markets. Individuals aspire to teach the world who themselves lack the equipment either to instruct or to interest.

The editor of a church paper should be of the brightest mentality, thoroughly educated, with an ability to compel attention, and with a knowledge of the world few of the students of theology possess. Not only should he be fitted for his work, but he must be fitted to it. The aptitude, the natural talent, is not to be gained, but thorough education gives ability so to clothe his ideas as to present them as polished jewels to an eager clientele. That clientele must be won by merit.

No paper has the right to claim support merely on the ground of loyalty on the part of sect or party or class it claims to represent. It may achieve a financial support that will keep it alive, but the man who takes it from a sense of duty has no use for it usually, and its printed contents is not known to him. He subscribes just as he would give to a beggar—to get rid of the suppliant in the easiest way.

The pastor who suggests from the pulpit the need of the general support of the church paper should be more careful than he is in general to avoid aid to the unworthy. No pastor should except a commission as an agent for private enterprise. He is paid to do a certain work for his church. If he knows or believes a publication to be of value, there can be no criticism if he says so, publicly or privately, but there his efforts should cease.

Two propositions made by the Advocate are not to be questioned: the multiplication of papers does not increase the number of readers, and the expence is a waste and a drain on the sources of supply to those worth while.

Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral statue beyond your darkest reckoning.—Gladstone.

THE CHANGE

By Dr W. W. Staley

Much of the evil of this age grows out of peripatetic population. When people remained among their kinsmen and acquaintances it surrounded them with a moral restraint that they lose among strangers. Transportation and multiplicity of occupations make residence and birthplace no longer coterminous. Immigration and emigration have changed the habitation of mankind. Mankind is, therefore one in interest; and the gospel is right that says: "The field is the world." The state is no larger than a county was a hundred years ago. The gospel in that day dealt with the individual and the family; now it deals with the community and the world. In those "good old days" family life and family character counted in religion as well as business and politics; but those days cannot return. They passed away with the passing of the muzzle loader and the tallow candle. People take more risk in the business and in the social circle where they are unknown; and that accounts for the multiplication of crime and lust.

This new order has created a demand for a new application of the gospel on a larger scale. It is not enough, now, to make a good family: it must be a good community to protect the individual. It is not enough for the individual to keep the Sabbath the Sabbath itself must be kept holy: and the community must be kept virtuous for the safety of the individual. When families lived far apart, each family could have its own pigpen; but when the community grows into a city no family can have a pigpen. The question then becomes a community question. The individual merges into the community. All sanitary laws grow out of this community relation. This new relation grows larger all the time. The gospel for the whole world grows as an obligation upon the church. The time is coming when no nation can be safe till all nations are safe. The urge for world-peace grows out of this necessity. The missionary program is not an ideal of enthusiasm; it is a huge obligation for protection of Christianity as well as the salvation of mankind. What is called the social gospel is simply the application of the gospel on a larger scale. This of coarse, does not neglect the individual, but blesses the individual in countless ways. Business is no longer an individual enterprise, but a corporate enterprise, which is simply legal co-operation. As the world comes closer together, this is a necessity. Democracy is nothing more nor less than monarchy expanded into the rule by the people instead of by one man. Individual rulership is dead; individual religion no longer covers the ground; though the individual spiritual power is greater as it becomes a factor in community religion. One steel rail does not make a rail-road, but one steel rail out of place in the track may wreck a train. The single rail becomes more important as it joins its brother-rail in the hundred mile track. Individual religion becomes mighty linked up with community temperance, honesty, virtue and social purity.

N. C. PRISON POPULATION.

News and Observer.

Murder is the most widely practised and the most generally punished felony in North Carolina, according to a census of the population of the State Prison for the year ending May 5, 1922. Of the 380 men and women admitted to the prison during the twelve months period, 94 were committed for murder on sentences ranging from two years to life time.

Larceny and house breaking take second and third places in the roster of crimes for which men are sent to prison, with highway robbery, rape, assault with deadly weapon, thief of antomobiles, burglary and violation of the liquor law sfollowing in the order named, with a scattering of other crimes down to the one man who was committed for wrecking a bank, and two for embezzlement.

During the year the prison population registered a net gain of 272 prisoners over discharges, paroles and pardons. The total population on May 5 was 1,052, and since the prison was established in 1873, forty-nine years ago, 17,906 men and women haved passed through its doors. The gain in population has been slight from year to year until this past twelve months.

Last Tuesday Superintendent George Ross Pou issued to each member of the Citizens Committee of One Hundred, named by the State Welfare Confbrence to study prison condition and suggest remedial legislation. passports that will take them into every prison and prison camp in the State. Actual conditions can be learned in that manner, and Mr. Pou hopes that out of it may come some plan for better prison management.

The general knowlege of the average citizen of the State about the place where North Carolina punishes its men and women convicted of felony is usually vague. The prison is to most a place to which a man is sent if he is over taken in wrongdoing serious enough to warrent a sentence of two years or more. What comes of him after that, nobody knows exactly, and not a great many people have been seriously concerned about it.

Three classes of work are available for the prisoner when the judge sentences him to years "at hard labor." The prison can either build roads, it can farm, or it can engage its forces in mining. Laws and customs prohibit competition with any skilled aritzan. Most of the prisoners in the State are either at work on highway construction, or are employed at the State Prison farms.

Last year the prison took in 380 men and women convicted as follows: murder, 94; grand larency, 69; housebreaking, 67; highway robbery, 19; rape, 15; assault, 14; theft of automobiles, 14; forgery, 12; burgalry, 12; prohibition laws, 11; false pretense, 6; bigamy, 4; kidnapping abduction, 4; arson, 3; conspiracy, 3; secret assault, 3; embezzlement, 2. The remainder are for a miscellany of crimes.

Two hundred and sixteen of the 380 were white men, and 164 negroes. The average age of the prisoners

admitted is 28 and the average sentence is 7 years. Of the 380 prisoners, 95 are illiterate, 230 have education reaching as high as the seventh grade; 75 are high school or college trained. Two-thirds of them are physically fit for road work.

The physically fit are sent out to prison camps. The less able bodied are sent to the Prison Farm four miles west of Raleigh; the disabled, totally or partially, are kept at the central prison here. The negro male population of the prison is 543; white, 380; females, white 11 and black, 33; criminal insane, 65. In the Central Prison are kept 169 men and women, black and white.

This is the reaction of Superintendent Pou to the appointment of the Citizens' Committee:

"What do I think of the appointment of the Citizens Committee for the study of prisons? Fine! If they do not allow fanatics and sentimentalists to sway them. They must not heed the fellow who believes a prisoner is no longer a human being—those whom we sometimes call hard-boiled; this class believe a prisoner is not entiteled to any consideration but should be cuffed and banged about until his very soul and spirit is broken.

"Then the opposite class—fanatics and sentmentalists—they believe prisoners should be robed in white, asked if they will work and be fed on ice cream and chicken three times a day. I do not know which of the above class of people do more harm.

"Then comes the middle class, those who believe a prison is a prison, not a Sunday School Conference. They believe in providing good clothes, good food, good quarters, proper medical attention, treated humanly and worked as in the intent of the law. I hope I belong to the latter class.

"Show me a prisoner in the State's Prison who is dissatisfied with the treatment accorded him and I will show you a prisoner who has not performed his duty.

"Relative to our support I cannot understand why it is deemed proper for us to compete with the laborer and the farmer and not with the manufacturer. There is a class of prisoners who are unfit for manual labor who could be utilized in some industry.

"The Criminal Insane Department of the State Prison should be abolished. While I have made some improvement since my incumbency the State of North Carolina is really guilty of crime for its past and present neglect of the Criminal Insane. Why don't I remedy it? Because I have neither the authority or the funds. Because a demented person commits a crime is no reason why the great State of North Carolina should deprive him of all possible chance of cure and proper treatment. Govenor Morrison realizes the necessity for placing the Criminal Insane where they can receive the same attention given other unfortunate Insane persons.

"Is the State Prison self-supporting? in a manner—yes but only by rigid economy in every department (as it should be) and partially by deprivation of some things prisoners are really entitled to. The records of the State's Prison disclose that it has hardly supported itself from it earnings for the past few years. And now we have not a fertile, easily cultivated farm to produce from.

"The majority of the farm we have

near Raleigh is naturally poor land. A part of it is very susceptible to proper fertilization and cultivation, but the most of it is in a run down gulley-washed condition and it will be several years before it can show a profit. So we cannot depend upon our farm to assist us materially in support of the prison. Candidly I do not believe we will do more than make farm expenses.

"Why we now have a population of nearly eleven hundred while a year ago we had nearer seven hundred. About one-third of our population are crippled or diseased and are non-producers. About a year ago we received $3.25 for prison labor, today we receive $1.75 per day. A year ago we paid guards $50 per month, board and lodging; today we pay them $40, board and lodging. The price of labor was therefore necssarily cut practically fifty per cent in order to hire them out, while we were only able to reduce our guards pay t venty per cent. One half our expense is for guarding.

We had rough sledding the past winter, Capt. Busbee, who has been with the prison for thirty years, says last winter was the most disastrous he has seen with the prison from the standpoint of bad weather and no demand for labor. You know we receive no money for our men when it rains or it is too wet for work. We begged contractors to take our man but they would not do so. We were only able to put out about half the number available.

"What do we raise on our farm? Well I am cultivating five hundred acres on old Caledonia in corn and peas. The yield of peas if we have good seasons, will furnish us sufficient quality to feed our men for one year. We will have sufficient corn to feed our teams, fatten our hogs and grind a great deal into corn meal for our prisoners. We have wheat, oats, corn, peas, sweet and Irish potatoes, a large truck patch including fifty thousand cabbage plants at our Camp Polk Farm. Pigs? Yes, we have about four hundred head and they are a sight worth seeing. We also have one hundred acres in long staple cotton and three hundred and fifty acres in short staple."

Whatever it may be called, we know that enthusiam warms our hearts and fills us with a thrill of happy purpose. If we are enthusiastic about our class, about our schools, about our town, about our home, our farm, our car—anything, indeed, to which we have a bond of ownership—we must certainly have nothing within us that is mean or hampering, nothing but which will be helpful, inspiring, uplifting. Whatever we are enthusiastic about that do we love and cherish. If it is our job, then our job is a thing of glory, however, humble it may be. And doing our work, when stimulated by the fire of enthusiasm, we will render service worth while—Young Peoples' Weekly.

ONLY TWO KINDS OF DEATHS EXCUSABLE.

By C. C. Zimmerman.

A factory is thought of as a place where peaple produce finished goods —shoes, bicycles, or gingham aprons. But North Carolina has 269,763 factories of another and no less important kind—places where raw goods are produced. These are her 269,763 farms—raw goods factories.

For a long time after the beginning of the factory system of production, states allowed the factory owners to produce the goods under the most uncomfortable and unsanitary conditions. But the last quarter century has proved that unsanitary factories and unsanitary working conditions endanger the lives and the working capacity not only of the wage earners but also of society as a whole. The results is that today we subject our factories to strict health inspections and sanitary laws.

It is now time that progressive Tarheel citizens should turn their attention to the sanitary and health conditions on the 269,763 farm factories of the state—72,594 of which in this year of the Lord 1922 continue to dump their dish water, slop, and house refuse from the kitchen into the back yard.

If a hotel in North Carolina was to serve a meal from an unscreened kitchen the sheriff would close the place overnight. Yet 77,425 farm mothers serve meales to 77,425 families from an unscreened kitchen three times a day—a total of 232,275 meals, not one of which is protected from disease laden flies.

A common boast of the farmer is that his occupation is the most healthful occupation in the world. Yet in the last 10 years the death rates in the cities of four states have dropped below the rate for farm people in those states.

In 1900 approximately 20 people in each thousand died each year. In 1921 the death rate was only about 12 per thousand. But the death rate of the city people has declined twenty percent in those two decades and that of the ceuntry folks only three and a quarter percent. Let the reader ask himself this question; If farming is the most healthful occupation in the world, why are the city disease and death rates declining faster than those of the country?

It is because the city people have made sanitary rules and regulations. It is because the city people use tooth brushes, bathtubs, and typhoid vaccines, while country people continue to use patent medicines, castor oil, and kerosene rags. The city people call on the doctor or dentist; the country people wait for the patent medicine vender to call.

The people of this country spend half billion dollars annually for drugs and medicines, more than three hundred million of which goes for patent medicines, Four fifths of this money spent for patent medicines is spent by country people. Instead of calling the doctor the country people turn to the bottle of Soakems Penuria or Dowem's Tal-

nacko.

The health of the city people has improved because they have increased the consumption of health goods and because they teach, preach and practice preventative hygiene. Thirty years ago there were less than 2-700 drug items on the market. Today there are more than 45,000 each of which aims to eradicate some definite ailment of society.

The city doctor goes into the school and eliminates the unfit by making them fit. The city teacher, an expert in her line, teaches sanitation and hygene. The city sanitary and health officer polices the disease germs from the street. The city boys are fit.

The country doctor is handicapped in his work by the antagonism of the rural people. The country teachers, most often an eighteen year girl with no teaching experience, does not ofter have either the propideals or the prestige that will fit her to teach proper health practices. Each farmer considers his home a castle and will not listen to the advice of the rural health officer. The farmer in his ignorance allows the fly to tract from the privy to the well and the butter dish. On the average, the country children are not so fit as the city children.

Only two kinds of deaths are excusable—those from oid age and those from accidents. In the last 20 years the people have begun to learn that death from disease are inexecusable.

Where four died from typhoid fever 20 years ago only one dies now. The reductions in deaths from measles has been three to one; scarlet fever three to one; diphtheria three to one; tuberculosis ten to six; pneumonia three to two; yellow fever has been eradicated, and small pox and typhoid fever are beginning to see their finish.

The country is the most healthful environment in the world. The farmer possesses the sunshine, the air, the growing grass, and the running water. The city dweller has the foul slum, the disease laden wind, the paved street, and the pipe juice.

But the farmer closes his window at night to keep out the pure air. He throws the slop from the poarch and kills the grass in his yard. He places his house, barn, and privy at a too convenient distance from the well and invites the fly to bring in disease germs through unscreened doors and windows.

Shall we wonder that the city is fast stealing from the country the prestige of good health?

Shall we wonder that the farmer is handicapped by sickness, disease, and death. Shall we wonder that the patent medicine man considers the farm folkes his own particular game.

North Carolina has as her adviser a first-rate public health expert, Dr. W. S. Rankin. But Dr. Rankin can't remake a rural civilization by himself. He must have the help and cooperation of the 270,000 farm families. He must have the help of thousands of good health preachers —the teachers, ministers of the gospel, farm and home demonstration agents, doctors, and county health nurses.

And they are willing to help. More than 3,000 farm homes were screened last year as a direct result of the advice and urging of Mrs. Jane S. McKimmon's 49 home demonstration girls. The community picture

shows under the directions of Colonel W. G. Crosby showed health films and gave health lectures last year to more than 450,000 farm people. During the same year puplic health officials under Dr. Rankin's guidance treated thousands of teeth and removed thousands of tonsils for the rural school children. The rural school teachers, where they have the proper training, are giving their help. Through these agencies countless numbers of rural people have been vaccinated for typhoid, small pox, and diphtheria.

North Carolina has done a great work for her people, but she must do more. She must stop this continual race suicide which comes through ignorance of sanitation. She must breed a race of people to run her factories and till her idle soil.

Here is the progamm on which she can do this work. Read it and see if yon can help.

1. Put an active county health officer in every county of the state. Where negroes live give them special officers—disease germs do not draw the color line.

2. Put at least one Home Demonstration agent in every county to work with the rural people.

3. Multiply by five the efficiency of the open country and village schools.

4. Coordinate these forces for a continuous drive against diseases and unsanitary practices.

If North Carolina is great in the future as she has been in the past, she will be great because she rears great people.

No people can be great unless they possess strong and healthy bodies. We cannot have a great civilization unless we have a heatlhy population.

"A short time ago there died in this country a woman who was known far and wide for her philanthropy. She had never had a great deal of money nor a great deal of time, but the world is a better place because of her generosity. Someone who knew her well said this of her, 'It wasn't what she gave, but the way she gave it. When she did you a favor ,it was a pleasure for her to do it. When she gave a Christmas gift it was not only carefully chosen, but it was beautifully wrapped. Whatever she gave, she gave magnificently.'

"The teaching profession is primarily a giving profession. If a teacher has nothing to give or does not know how to give it, he is not really a teacher at all. He may be a storehouse of valuable information or a theorist of parts, but he is not a teacher. If he cannot bridge the space between the pupil and himself, he cannot teach.

"The way in which he bridges this space is the measure of a teacher's success in his profession. One sees, from time to time, teachers with sour faces unyielding demeanor. These are the unwilling givers; the miser of the profession. How does the successful teacher teach? Willingly; dynamically; as if he loved it. He not only gives; he gives magnificently."—Connecticut Schools Bulletin.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF BURKE COUNTY.

Mr. John C. McDowell, a prominent citizen of Burke county and one who esteems most highly these heroes of the War Between the States, has kindly furnished the names of the survivors now living in Burke county. Mr. McDowell reports 105, and adds that in the list there is only one surviving officer, Captain L. A. Bristol.

MORGANTON: W. W. McGimsey, N. W. Allen, Joseph L. Allman, Charles Bradshaw, L. A. Bristol, W. A. Brittain, Julius A. Brown, W. T. Causby, J. M. Chester, W. A. Clontz, E. Coffey, L. A. Crawley, A. N. Crawley, D. F. Denton, W. T. Dula, H. C. Fisher, J. L. Fox, R. G. Gibbs, W. J. Gibbs, W. F. Hallyburton, J. P. Hawkins, Daniel Hicks, George A. Holder, J. A. Houck, S. A. Johnson, I. I. Davis, W. A. Ross, N. T. Keaton, Edney McNeely, J. P. May, Joseph Mull, Jr., Samuel M. Mull, Mark Poteet, J. A. Rector, J. S. Scott, S. B. Scott, S. L. Settlemyre, John Shoup, Julius Smith, Daniel Smith, William M. Sparks, Leonard Whisenant, Richard Williams.

MORGANTON, R. F. D's: S. M. Asbury, Jackson Miller.

CONNELLY SPRINGS: Nathan L. Chapman, J. T. Brittain, D. A. Cook, W. A. Hildebrand, Amos Huffman, W. L. Lowman, J. W. Parish, J. A. Perry, W. P. Rhoney, S. W. Roper, W. A. Stamey, Louis Warlick.

GLEN ALPINE: John E. Arney, T. S. Bright, W. L. Carswell, G. M. London, J. L. Simpson, Joseph W. Simpson.

GIBBS: Nathan Clark, Amos F. Alexander, W. H. England, J. J. Wise, Daniel Ramsey, B. B. Clark.

DREXEL: W. A. Berry. D. C. Hudson.

TABLE ROCK: William L. Allen, J. W. Jaynes, Theodore McGimsey, J. B. Williams.

ENOLA: William Benton, Ambrose Hudson,

VALDESE: M. A. Holler, Jones M. McGalliard, Edney Powell, R. M. Powell, W. M. Powell.

HICKORY: Silas Berry, S. M. Wilkie, W. A. Wilson.

CHAMBERS: John Chapman.

HENNESSY: Ephriam Lane.

DOGWOOD: Joe C. Baird.

GILMER: John C. Coffey.

BURKEMONT: D. J. Dale.

HILDEBRAN: Leander P. Hildebrand.

WORTMAN: Peter Lail.

PERKINSVILLE: R. P. Laxton.

GAMEWELL STORE: C. H. Lewis.

ROLLINSs Malton Moses.

FONTA FLORAs J. P. Parks.

DYSARTSVILLE: T. P. Satterwhite.

BURKE: Alva Smith.
PARK HILL: Alexander Smith.
CHESTERFIELD: R. W. Sudderth, Peter Swink.
HARTLAND: J. W. Williams.
MARGARETTA: Stanhope Johnson, Hugh Howard.

The average young person loses enough time between the ages of twelve and twenty to become the best informed citizens of his or her community if only the lost hours were put to use.

WAITING FOR THE ARMADA

By Charles Kingsley

See those five talking earnestly, in the center of a ring which longs to overhere, and yet is too respectful to approach close. Those soft, long eyes and pointed chin you recognize already; they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flamecolord doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he,—Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the Elizabeth Jones; but who is that short, sturdy, plainly dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart and hands behind his back, looking up with keen gray eyes into the face of each speaker? His cap is in his hands, so you can see the bullet head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short, square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. A coarse, plebeian stamp of man, yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him; for his name is Francis Drake.

A burly, grizzled elder, in greasy, sea-stained garments, contrasting oddly with the huge gold chain about his neck, waddles up, as if he had been born, and had lived ever since, in a gale of wind at sea. The upper half of his sharp, dogged visage seemed of brick-red leather, the lower of badger's fur; and as he claps Drake on the back, and with broad Devon twang shouts, "Be you a-coming to drink your wine, Francis Drake, or be you not?—Saving your presence, my lord,"—the Lord High Admiral only laughs, and bids Drake go and drink his wine; for John Hawkins, Admiral of the Port, is the patriarch of Plymouth seamen, if Drake be their hero, and says and does pretty much what he likes in any company on earth, not to mention that to-day's prospect of an Armageddon fight has shaken him altogether out of his usual crabbed reserve, and make him overflow with loquacious good humor, even to his rival Drake.

So they push through the crowd, wherein is many another man whom

one would gladly have spoken with face to face on earth. Martin Frobisher and John Davis are sitting on that bench, smoking tobacco from long silver pipes; and by them are Fenton and Withrington, who have both tried to follow Drake's path round the world, and failed, though by no fault of their own. The man who pledges them better luck next tlme is George Fenner, know to "the seven Portugals," Leicester's pet, and captain of the galleon which Elizabeth bought of him. That short, prim man in the huge yellow ruff, with sharp chin, minute imperial, and self-satisfied smile, is Richard Hawkins, the Complete Seaman, Admiral John's hereafter famous and hapless son. The elder who is talking with him is his good uncle William, whose monument still stands, or should stand, in Depotford Church; for Admiral John set it up there but one year after this time, and on it recorded how he was "A worshiper of the true religion, an especial benefactor of poor sailors, a most just arbiter in most difficult causes, and of a singular faith, piety, and prudence." That, and the fact that he got creditably through some sharp work at Porto Rico, is all I know of Willian Hawkins; but if you or I, reader, can have as much, or half as much, said of us when we have to follow him, we shall have no reason to complain.

There is John Drake, Sir Francis's brother, ancestor of the present stock of Drakes; and there is George, his nephew, a man not overwise, who has been round the world with Amyas; and there is Amyas himself. talking to one who answers him with fierce, curt sentences, — Captain Barker, of Bristol, brother of the hapless Andrew Barker who found John Oxanham's guns. and owing to a mutiny among his men perished by the Spaniards in Honduras twelve years ago. Barker is now captain of the Victory, one of the queen's best ships, and he has his accounts to settle with the dons, as Amyas has; so they are both growling together in a corner, while all the rest are as merry as the flies upon the vine above their heads.

WHO I AM.

By Swift Davis (A J. T. S. Pupil)

I am your most valuable possession, yet you never give me a second thought. I show you many pleasures, yet you never thank me, I cannot be regained once I am lost, yet to an utmost degree you are careless with me. You use me every day, yet I rceeive no salary from you. Because of me you rejoice, sorrow, laugh, weep; sing or curse. You would rather lose a fortune than me, yet men do without me. If I leave you, you are helpless, yet some men have never had me but attain great heights of success. I am guarded by you vigilantly, yet unconsciously. I am priceless, yet every one of you own and are careless with me. Some men use an imitation of me, but do not profit by it. I show you many others similar to me, yet you never care to look at me unless I am hurt.

You do not see me, yet you can see me. By me men usually judge your character, for I do not deceive. Can you guess who I am? I am your **Eye**. Now that you know me go back over my assertions and see if they are true.

The birds are moulting. If man could only moult also—his mind once a year its errors his heart once a year its useless passion! How fine we should all look if every August the old plumage of our natures would drop out and be blown away, and fresh quills take the vacant place! But we have one set of feathers to last us through our threescore years and ten—one set of spotless feathers, which we are told to keep spotless all our lives in a dirty world. If one gets broken, broken it stays; if one gets blackened, nothing will cleanse it. No doubt we shall all fly home at last, like a flock of pigeons that were once turned loose snow-white from the sky and made to descend and fight one another and fight everything else for a poor living amid soot and mire. If then the hand of the unseen Fancier is stretched forth to draw us in, how can he possibly smite any of us, or cast us away, because we came back to him black and blue with bruises and besmudged and bedraggled past all recognition?—James Lane Allen.

What I Would Like To Do And Why I Would Like To Do It When I Leave The Jackson Training School.

By Jacob Columbus Mead---4th Prize

I am just a small boy at the Jackson Training School; and I think that every boy would like to do something when he leaves the school—and I think that every boy should do something.

It has been my desire to be a mechanic ever since I can remember; and I am going to be one. Any boy who tries is always what he wants to be. I am going home and show people what I can do.

If a boy tries there is always a helping hand to aid him; and if a boy tries to win he wins; but if a boy does not desire to be anything, he need not expect to be anything. I am going to work and earn what I can and be of use to people in that way.

Why I would like to be a mechanic is because I like the trade, and I already know a little about it and I can learn more. That's what I am going to do; and I do not intend to go home and worry my mother for money—I mean to work for it and give it to her, not take it from her.

I can be doing something all the time for there is machinery all over the world. I can help people and be doing myself good, all at the same time. I mean to be a mechanic not a piece of one. Look, if one of these big machines gets broke I could then fix it. There would be lots of things I could do.

Sometimes a boy gets into trouble,

and people say that he will never be anything—they know not what they say. Send him to this institution, and when he returns home ask the people what they think of him. This place makes something out of a boy. This institution has done lots for me and I sure do appreciate it.

Most peroidicals for women are edited by men. The majority of women's dressmakers are men. Music appeals most largely to women, but it is composed largely by men. The membership of the church is largely of women, but the world's greatest preachers are men. Why?

JAIKIE'S FLOWER GARDEN.

By S. R. Crockett

Once I wrote obout two little boys who played togeher all through the heats of the Dry Summer in a garden very beautiful and old. The tale told how it came to pass that one of the boys was lame, and also why they loved one another so greatly.

From over seas there came lettersone, two, and three, asking to be told what these twodid i the beautiful garden of Long Ago, what they played at, where they went, and what the dry sumer heats had to do with it all. Perhaps it is a foolish thing to try to write down in words that which was at once so little and so dear. Yet, because I love the garden and the boys, I must, for my own pleasure, tell of them once again.

his father's, which is the same thing,

It was Jiminy's garden, or at least or even better. For his father lived in a gloomy study with severe books, bound in divinity calf, all about him; and was no more conscious of the existance of the beautiful garden than if it had been the Desert of Sahara. On the other hand, Jiminy never open a book that summer except when he could not help it, which was once a day, when his father instructed him him in the Latin verb.

The old garden was cut into squares by noble walks bordered by boxwood, high like a hedge.

There was an orchard also, with old gnarled trees green-mosed, that bore little fruit, but made a glory of shade in the dog days.

Up among the branches Jiminy made a platform, like those Jaikie read to him about in abook of Inbian travel, where the hunters waited for tigers to come underneath them. Ever since Jaikie became lame, he lived at the manse and the minister let him read all sorts of books if so he wished. Jiminy cared little about books, but Jakie looked upon each one of them as a new gate to paradise.

Once iit who used always to do what Jimmy bade him; but, after Jaikie was hurt, it was quite different. Jimmy now came to Jaikie and said, "What shall we do to-day?" And then he would wheel his friend in a little carriage the village joiner made, and afterwards carry himamong the orchard trees to the place Jaikie wanted to go.

"Jiminy," said Jaikie, "the flow-

ers are bonnie in the plots, but they are all prisoners. Let us make a place wher they can grow as they like.'' Perhaps he thought of himself laid weak and lonely, when the green world without was all a-growing and a-blowing.

''Bring some of the flowers up to this corner,'' said Jaikie, the lame boy, and it was not long till Jiminy brought them. The ground was baked and ry, however, and soon they would have withered, but that Jaikie issued his commands, and Jiminy ran for pails upon pails of water from the little where now the water had stopped flowing, and only slept in pools with a little green scum over them.

''I can't carry water all night like this,'' said Jiminy at last. ''I suppose we must give up this wild garden here in the corner of the orchard.''

''No,'' said Jaikie, rubbing his lame ankle where it always hurt, ''we must not give it up, for it is our very own, and I shall think about it to-night between the clock-strikes.'' For Jaikie used to awake and count the hours when the pain was at the worst.

So in the little room next to Jiminy, Jaikie lay awake and hearkened to the gentle breathing of his friend. Jiminy always said when he went to bed, ''I'll keep awake to-night sure, Jaikie, and talk to you.'' And Jaikie only smiled a wan smile with a soul in it, for he knew that as soon as Jiminy's drowsy head touched the pillow, he would be in the dim and beautiful country of Nod, leaving poor Jaikie to rub the leg in which the pains ran the next stroke of the clock.

As he lay, Jaikie thought of the flowers in the corner of the orchard thirsty and sick. It might be that they,like him, were sleepless and suffering. He remembered the rich carnations with their dower of sweet savor, the dark indigo cornflowers, the spotted musk monkey flowers, smelling like a village flower show, They would all be dropping and sad, and it might be that the ferns would be dead—all but the hart's tongue; which, though moisture-loving, can yet train itself to endure and abide thirsty and unslacked. But the thought of their pain worked in Jaikie's heart.

''Maybe it will make me forget my foot if I can go and water them.'' So he arose,, crawling on his hands and knees downstairs very softly, past where Jiminy tossed in his bed, and softer still past the minister's door. But there was no sound save the creak of the stairs under him. Jaikie crept to the water pail, and got the large quart tankard that hung by races up and down, and to listen for the side of the wall. It was a hard job for a little lad to get a heavy tin vessel filled,—a harded one still to unlock the door and creep away across the square of gravel. ''You have no idea,'' he said afterward, ''how badly gravel hurts your knees when they are bare.''

Luckily it was a hot night, and not a breath of air was stirring, so the little white-clad figure moved slowly across the front of the house to the green gate of the garden. Jaikie could reach out only as far as his arms would go with the tin of water. Then painfully he pulled himeslf forward toward the tankard. But in spite of all he made headway, and soon he was creeping up the middle walk, past the great central sundial, which seemed

high as a church-steeple above him. The ghostly moths fluttered about him attracted by the waiving white of his garments. In their corner he found the flowers, and as he had thought, they were withered and droping. He lifted the water with his palms, and sprinkled it upon the plants, taking care that none dripped through, for it was very precious, and he seemed to have carried it many miles. As soon as they felt the water upon them, the flowers paid him back in perfume.

"I wish I has some for you, dear buttercup," said Jaikie to the golden chalices which grew in the hollows by the burnside; "can you wait an-

"We have waited long," they seemed to reply; "we can surely wait other day?"

Then the honeysuckle reached down a single tendril to touch Jaikie on the cheek. "Some for me, please," it said; "there are so many of us at our house, and so little to get. Our roots are such a long way off,and the big fellows farther down get most of the juice before it comes our way. If you cannot water us all, you might pour a little on our heads." So Jaikie lifted up his tankard and poured the few drops that were in the bottom upon the nodding heads of the honeysuckle blossoms.

"Bide a little while," said he, "and you shall have plenty for root and flower, for branch and vine and stem."

There were not many little boys more loving than Jaikie in all the world; and with his work and his helping and talking, he had quite forgotten about hisfoot.He began to creep back again in the quiet, colorless night; but before he had gone away, the honeysuckle said, "Remember to come back to-morow and water us, and we will get ready such fine full cups of honey for you!"

And Jaikie promised. He shut the gate to keep out the hens. He crept across the pebbles, and they hurt his knees more than ever. He hung up the tin dipper again on its peg, and climbed the stairs to his bedroom. Jiminy breating as quietly as a lazy red-spotted trout in the shadow of the bank on a warm afternoon. Jaikie crept into his bed and fell asleep without a thought.

He did not awake till quite late in the day, when Jiminy came to tell him that somebody had been watering the flowers in the Corner of the Shadows during the night. "I think it must before Jaikie had time to tell him how have been the angels," said Jiminy, it all happened. "My father theinks so, too."

A man has no more right to make a living out of a community without giving something back to that community than he has to receive that for which he does not give value received.—Christian Sun.

CLOCKS RUN MORE RAPIDLY AT NIGHT THAN IN DAYTIME.

Clocks today are formally listed in the high-life class. They run faster at night than by day, says Science and Invention.

If the first clock ever made had run correctly, at noon on Thursday it would show 8:13 p. m. Saturday; would have gained 20,293 seconds—2 days, 8 hours and 13 seconds—since clocks of our present type were invented in A. D. 996 to supplant hour glasses, water clocks and measured candles. The 20,923 seconds include the leap year gains.

At last, so the volunteer statistician says.

However, as the clocks have been corrected day by day, at noon today it is noon today.

The vagaries of the clocks have been disclosed by Dr. R. H. Tucker of Lick Observatory, a prominent astronomer, who has given special attention to clocks.

He find that three first-class clocks at Lick Observatory have gained .06 of a second every night for several months,

The results of his investigation are included in the annual report of Dr. W. W. Campbell. director of Lick.

The clocks were checked from a large list of stars whose positions are known with high precision. The report says meridian transits were recorded .06 seconds of the time too early in the sunsit as compared with thh sunriseperiod. Differences of temperature would account for only 5 per cent of the discrepancy.

Nobody knows the cause, but Dr. Tucker is still at work on the problem.

Prof. Charles Burckhalter, director of Oakland's Chrbot observatory, asked for his opinion on it, said that Dr Tucker was the expert of experts on this question, but that the public need not be alarmed, as the discrepancy discovered by Dr. Tucker has been rectified day by day automatically.

THE QUAKERS.

While the English were founding the New England colonies, many changes had taken place in England. King James I. was succeeded by Charles I., and the English, weary of monarchs who did not keep their promises, rose up in rebellion in 1643.

By this time, the English Puritans had increased so that they became masters of the country. It was governed by their chief, Oliver Cromwell and called the Commonwealth of England. The Puritians, being in power, made the Roman Catholics and the Church of England people as uncomfortable as the latter had once made them. Many Catholics Anglicans were therefore only too glad to cross the ocean, in their turn, so as to found new homes where they could worship as they pleased; and

you shall soon hear how they prospered.

Cromwell, as Protector of the Commonwealth of England, made a new law (1651), called the Navigation Act. By this law it was decided that the colonist should build no more ships, and that all their goods should be carried across the ocean only in English vessels. This law was very unjust, and captains of English ships speedly took advantage of it to raise their prices for freight. So, while England was rapidly growing rich, her colonists grumbled sorely at the heavy rates they had to pay.

That same year began the great Quaker excitement in Massachusetts. The Quakers were the disciples of a very good man, George Fox They called themselves Friends, but were called Quakers by the other people, because they often said one ought to quake at the thought of the wrath of God.

As some of the months and days of the week bore the names of the old heathen gods, the Friends would not use them, but, instead, numbered the days and months, speaking of the first day of the sixth month, the twelfth day of the second month, and so on. They would not take any oaths, either, but used only the words "yea" and "nay." They further treated all persons alike, calling even the king by his given name, and refused to take off their hats in his presence. Although generally quite and modest, a few of the Quakers were so anxious to spread the teachings of their preacher Fox that they came over to Massachusetts, knowing they would be ill-treated there.

Nevertheless, they began preaching, and firmly but quietly refused to stop when told to do so. They were therefore tortured and punished in many ways. A few were whipped, sent to jail, or put in the stocks. Their books were burned; they were driven out of the colony; and as all this was not enough, four of them were hanged. The Quaker excitement finally grew so great that some of them were sent back to England and the rest forced to take refuge in Rhode Island, where they could practice any religion they liked. But the Quakers who had been shipped back to England, and especially a few discontented colonists, complained very much of the Massachusetts government, and made considerable trouble for New England.

Why is it, when one is wakeful at night and waits for the clock to strike in order to learn the time, it is always half-past something?—Newark Evening News.

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.—Confucius.

"It is poor economy that saves ourselves at the expense of another."

Institutional Notes.

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Supt. Boger went to Charlotte, recently, on a business trip.

Garland Banks was visited by his 'home folks' one day last week.

Miss Hattie Fuller is being visited by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Fuller, of Chester, S. C.

The State Cottage defeated the Mecklenburg Cottage, Monday in a fast game of ball.

Thomas Hannah, a third Cottage boy, has left our midst to go home on an honorable parole.

Sunday afternoon, after preaching, the band played in the pavilion, much to the enjoyment of the boys.

Mr. Hilton was visited Sunday, by his wife, Mrs. Hilton, his little son and his sister-in-law, Miss Pace, all of Charlotte.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cloer have been visited by the latter's father, Mr. J. M. Pickert, and his daughter, both of Irdell.

Sunday, a few weeks ago Mr. Cloer borrowed the camera of Paul Green and snapped a few pictures of the boys in Mecklenburg Cottage. Saturday the pictures came back developed and many were the demands for them.

John Edwards, Malcolm Holman-Murray Evans, Johnnie Wright, Oscar Johnson, Roy Johnson and John Kemp were the lucky ones Wednesday, May, 24th. They showed the visiting parents or relatives around the school.

The lawn facing our cottages is so pretty and inviting that it is hard to keep off it. But the students know far too well not to mar a lawn as beautiful as this one by romping and playing on it. Therefore every day adds to its beauty.

A ball game with the Hartsell's Mills, was to be played Saturday. Indeed, they did play a few innings, and when the game was called because of rain, the J. T. S. led by a score of 1 to 0. It is planned to play this same team next Saturday.

The dairy barn is now completed This means many more cows must be purchased, and many more cows mean much more milk. Milk means health for the boys. Health cannot be bought with money, and knowing this, all the boys feel as wealthy as any millionaire.

As no school was held last week, the lines were assembled and the best cotton hoers were picked out and were sent to hoe the cotton of various planters. Some went to Mr. A. B. Pounds' crop and after hoeing it, they were "setup" by Mr. Pounds, who brought them ice cream.

Saturday, May 20, when the cottage lines assembled at the trees, Mr. Boger introduced to the boys a real friend. This was the friend who has done so much for the school. She was Mrs. J. S. Grierson, of Charlotte. This was her first visit, but the boys hope it will not be her last.

For their Sunday School lesson last Sunday, the boys studied one entitled: "Jeremiah Speaks Boldly

for God." They derive many practical solutions to every day obstacles from such lessons as this. It is because of this fact that interest is always taken in the next Sunday's lessons.

The school section has, of late, been improving the crop of potatoes. Part of this work is to sift lime over the plants to kill the bugs which destroy the potatoes. Other work is to hoe the potatoes, giving them a better chance to grow and produce abundantly. Still other work is to set out young sweetpotato plants.

The fire hydrants have arrived here and are soon to be put in use. A fire is one of the rarest occurances at the school. Indeed, only one fire has occured in the life of the school and that was only a small one one. But the superintendent believes in prepardness and that is the cause for the installing of the fire hydrants.

Mrs. H. S. Willioms, Mrs. John G. Parks, Mrs. J. V. Davis and Mrs. Williams of Guilford College were the guests of Miss Mary Gaither, Friday, May 19th. Miss Gaither conducted the visitors around the the school. They were especially interested in the work being done in the Printing Office and each requested a sample copy of THE UPLIFT.

Mr. Hilton, in charge of the bakery, decided to move his oven to a more spacious and desirable location. But moving the oven was too much of a job for his boys, so he had to beg permission from Mr. Shaw, in charge of the printing office, to use the physical strength of the boy-printers. "They went, they saw, and they conquered." Now the oven is established and Mr. Hilton is profuse in his thanks.

Our grapes, strawberries and other edible fruit are now growing ripe. Some strawberries are already ripe and many are gathered to be made into pies and various other forms suitable to the palate. Many are eaten uncooked. But in the minds of the boys a fixed picture remains. It is a picture of summer Saturdays. On these Saturdays the boys all walk through the hot sunlight to the river. But they do not object to the hot sun, for the waters are more pleasant because of traversing through it. When they arrive at the school again watermelon awaits them! Cool delicious watermelon! Then a ball game—then supper—the weekly allowance of candy—then bed.

Continued work on the State Cottage will soon cause its completion. Perhaps some people may think that the attitude of the boys at this school toward improvement of the school is one of utter indifference or may even suspect the students bear an ill will towards the school. But in this they are badly mistaken. The reporter has good reasons for making this statement, for he is one of the boys and is intimately acquainted with them and their thoughts and moods. He knows that whenever the news comes that another cottage is to be built here, the boys rejoice. Why? For the simple reason that they have learned their life's lesson, have profited by it and are glad to know that other boys are to have the same benefits.

NOTICE

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 10, 1922 NO. 31

"A FELLOW FEELING"

To put ourselves in the place of the other fellow would have much to do with softening our criticism of his supposed weaknesses.

To see things through other people's eyes, as well as our own,would greatly help in reaching proper conclusions in any given situation. We only need to be as true to others as we are to ourselves that there may be grounds enough for right relation between man and man. Henry Ward Beecher said on one occasion, "In friendship your heart is like a bell struck every time your friend is in trouble." To sympathize with those who are down and want to help them up again—to give the glad hand of fellowship to those who are discouraged on life's way —to speak a word in season to them that are weary —to help others bear their burdens as best we may is to be like Him who, in the spirit of selfforgetfulness, gave His life "a ransom for many." "He may breathe, but never lives, Who much receives and nothing gives", but this holds with reference to our sympathy, our helpfulness and our co-operation as well as to our money. The last and least thing the good Samaritan gave the wounded man was the money to pay his fare.—Dr. Brown

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY

Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30			No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon	. . .	lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar	5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	. . .
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.60PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

"THE WAY UP AND OUT."

The most ignorant person among us will admit that "no chain is stronger than its weakest link." That county in which the town and city folks are in sympathetic touch with the peoples of the surrounding country, is the most prosperous. Take a map of North Carolina, and you can by this very rule pick out the most progressive and prosperous counties.

Genuine patriotism and a progressive spirit would have us say, "I'm a Cabarrusite," not a Concordite; "I'm a Mecklenburger," not a Charlottean; and so on down the line. Without a particle of the spirit of criticism or knocking, it seems unfortunate that the leading bodies—such as the Kiwanians and the Rotarians—in their commendable enthusiasm and forward and constructive vision confine themselves entirely to those things that concern Concord alone. It is a fundamental truth, that none would gainsay, that the more the rural section that surrounds Concord or any other town prospers in all things that make people and causes successful, the more will the towns and cities in that territory thrive.

The health conditions, the school advantages, the moral attitude of the rural sections should be of just as much vital concern to town people as those just around them. What if every child in town is highly educated, and the children of the outlying districts are ignorant by being deprived of proper educational facilities? What if every individual in town is prosperous, has a nice working bank-account and enjoys all the modern privileges of civilization, and the rural sections around can lay no claim to any of these possessions? Even if the selfish influences of business did not inspire a more active concern over the welfare of the surrounding rural section, that higher law of service to fellow man should be invoked.

It is no wisdom and justice in urging "John Smith" to keep a cow, in-

vite him to carry his surplus butter to market, and the dealer pays him just fifteen cents a pound and in trade, and then turns around and sells it for forty and forty-five cents. This is no fanciful citation—it is done, and done week after week. If John Smith out in the country had the proper educational advantages he would escape this imposition. Have you any just reason to suppose that the child of John Smith will be any better able to protect himself against such injustice, when you are making no effort to carry light to his darkened soul?

With all the mills in our mist, and the consequent demand for raw cotton to supply their needs, is there any reason why the price of cotton on the local market is not equal to that in other towns in the same geographical territory? Will one buyer better the bid of another? Why not? Is there any good reason why cotton on the Charlotte market should be usually quoted half cent higher; or a whole cent on the Monroe market? Did you ever stop to think how much is lost to the producer by the simple term of "off-grade" being applied to his bales of cotton? The farmer doesn't know, and he accepts the statement of the buyer and thinks he got by with a good bargain. There is absolutely nothing personal in, this; but it is a citation of facts that confront us. Why not an offical grader?

When the farmer fails to get that extra $2.50 for his bale of cotton because his home market is one-half cent under the market of a nearby town, you weaken his purchasing power just that much; and thereby some legitimate business or profession in the town loses that much trade. And who gets the benefit of this two dollars and fifty cents that should have gone to the farmer? Suppose that farmer sold ten bales rather than one, who gets the extra twenty-five dollars that missed the farmer's pockets?

More and more the evidence accumulates that salvation demands the 100 percent organization of the Co-operative Marketing Plan among the farmers, or they will continue to be sufferers. If the splendid bodies now meeting weekly in Concord could devise some means to right this condition, they will be doing a service to their fellow countryman; and, just like all good, just acts have a habit of doing, they will be making of their own town a better market and adding to its volume of business, and better its reputation.

The Chapel Hill News Letter, on this point, speaks thus:

> "Think of it—in seventy-five years, Charlotte, Winstom-Salem, and Greensboro have managed to accumulated bank capital, surpluses and undivided profits amounting to thirteen million dollars all told, and in a single year thirty millions go out of Mecklenburg, Forsyth, Guil-

ford for imported food supplies.

If these three counties were selffeeding, the banking capital of their capital cities could be doubled and their business in loans and discounts twenty times multiplied in a single year.

The local market for home-raised food and feed supplies is the biggest economic problem that our growing cities have to solve. And the commercial club secretary who is not working at town-and-country interdependencies and mutual prosperity has not even begun to learn the abc's of his job.

He serves his city's business best who best serves the farmers in the trade territory."

* * * * * * * *

WHERE VISION GOT IN ITS WORK.

We have had five years of medical inspection of school children in North Carolina, the provision for which was made by a law whose passage was secured by the late Thomas W. Bickett. During this 5-year period this record has been made: 3,595 children operated in tonsil clinics; 66,452 given free dental treatment: 240,128 examined by school nurses, physicians and dentists; and 500,000 examined by teachers. What an army! At the beginning of this campaign there was sharp professional opposition because of the feeling that it was encroaching on the rights of doctors and dentists and others. That fear was groundless, as has been happily demonstrated. No physician or dentist has perished or been put of business; on the other hand their number have increased and are busy. It is a fact that this campaign has emphasized the importance of this care for the children, and growing out of it hundreds have gone voluntarily to the doctors and the dentists, who otherwise would never have seen the necessity.

The dynamic force behind this great accomplishment is none other than Dr. Watt Rankin, to whom all of North Carolina is deeply indebted. It is popular now, and there are many who claim some credit for its benign operation among us, but the true evidence runs right straight to the door of Dr. Rankin.

* * * * * * * *

THE GREATEST INVENTION

Hon. W. R. Webb, the famons teacher of Bellbuckle, Tennessee, found himself delayed among a gathering of folks at a country store. They were installing a telephone—in the thing's early day—and, of course, there were doubting Thomases present. One loud-mouthed, know-all fellow declared it an impossibility. To convince him they made connection with an acquaintance of his twenty miles away; called Mr. Doubting Thomas to the

phone, and notwithstanding he conversed easily with his friend, and recognized his friend's voice, he refused to be convinced until he had looked into every box in the store, thinking his friend had been concealed near by. Then the crowd began a discussion of the greatest inventions. Some named the sewing machine, others one thing and another. Finally, they called on Prof. Webb, who up to that time remained quietly enjoying the conversation, in this manner: "Well, stranger, what do you think is the greatest invention." The great scholar, rich in experiences and wise with the lessons of more than eighty years, gently replied: "I consider the invention of the alphabet the greatest of all ages." Who be there to deny this? And how can one be content not to make an acquaintance with it?

* * * * * * * *

THE SORE EYE.

Elsewhere in this number will be found an intertaining and instructive article on how to beautify one's premises cheaply, quickly and pleasingly. When we consider the fact that woods are full of attractive shrubbery, vines and flowers, growing wild in profusion, it is astonishing how many otherwise good and substantial country places are left nude and bare of these flowers which nature has with a lavish hand thrown at us.

An ugly fence may be concealed with vines of beauty; the staring nakedness of country homes may be eradicated by a small drawing upon the near-by forest—costing just a little time, some enthusiasm and not one cent. The expenditure of this little effort would enhance the value of a place; give joy and comfort to the family; inspire a love for the beautiful in otherwise blank souls; and contribute to the advancement of a community.

Read the article. It will do us all good. The pictures that aid the full appreciation of the little story, carry conviction. Nature all about us issues a challenge. Let's meet it.

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AN ABIDING FAITH—RESULTING ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

THE UPLIFT takes over bodily a most engaging article written by Col. Wade H. Harris, for his editorial page in the Charlotte Observer, on the operations and accomplishments of Mr. Hugh MacRae, a constructive genius of Wilmington, N. C.

It's a picture that Mr. Harris has painted of the phenominal success attending the constructive and ambitious plans which Mr. MacRae adopted some years back. Enhancing his own fortune, showing to the world the

possibilties and the opportunities of his state, giving the opportunity to others to better their condition materially and otherwise, Mr. McRae manifested a faith and exercised a nerve that few men of this day possess. And this man of energy is not done—he's making others plans; but read Col. Harris' story.

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Announcement is made of the withdrawal of Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, of her candidacy for President General of the National D. A. R. THE UPLIFT, knowing the capability, the attractive personality and the popularity of this most beloved North Carolina woman, joins thousands of North Carolinians in regrets that the State could not share the distinctive honor of furnishing to this noble organization a President General, who would reflect not only great credit on the state but on the organization itself.

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THE WOLF AND THE KID.

A Kid was perched up on the top of a house, and looking down saw a Wolf passing under him. Immediately he began to revile and attack his enemy. "Murderer and thief," he cried, "what do you here near honest folks' houses? How dare you make an appearence where your vile deeds are known?"

"Curse away, my young friend," said the Wolf.

"IT IS EASY TO BE BRAVE FROM A SAFE DISTANCE

THE TRICKS OF TIME.

It would be an interesting piece of business to examine an inventory taken of the views of men and women as to what class they fall to in the matter of age. For a long time the late Joseph P. Caldwell used to ask the question "why do a rabbit wobble its nose," and "when does a pup become a dog,"

It is generally accepted, regardless of size, weight, or equipment that one becomes a man when he reaches the age of twenty-one. It would be of interest as intimated above to know when a man regards himself as an old man, or when he thinks he is approaching that point. No two would agree on the fatal date.

But to see folks, having become fathers and mothers, prominent in the affairs of church and state, when it appears that on just yesterday they were children playing around in the innocence of childhood, there are those among us who have mental pictures of certain ones, who in their pleasing manners and happy dispositions made impressions on us. This writer well remembers a happy-faced, pleasing little boy yet in little dresses, back yonder in 1895. Even then he aspired to be a preacher. It was great sport to have the little fellow stand up and say over and over his first little sermon, which was short but full of good and whoesome advice. It was, "You must be good and kind and gentle. Amen."

The other day I picked up a copy of the New York World, which is making a practice of sending men out to report weekly certain of the leading representatives among the 1,600 churches in that city, to find out what the preachers are talking about and what the congregations are doing. This is the report under a tripple head that the New York World makes of a certain service:

"Spiritual blues," the essential difference between an optimist and a pessimist and the possibility of learning to see the cheerful side of things, were the topics of the Rev. Paul E. Scherer at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church.

It is as simple as crossing from the shady to the sunny side of a street, Mr. Scherer told his congregation. One cause of pessimism just now, he added, is that people keep their noses too close to 1922 and fail to remember right has triumphed in the past over wrongs as firmly intrenched as those of the present.

Spiritual Blues

"Nothing in human experience," said he, "tends to give a downward slant to every thought like repeated private failure to clinch the mastery of the best in ourselves over the worst. All of us have some notion of what we ought to be and most of us are at swords' points with what we are. We have lost so long we are by no means as confident as we used to be of what we can be. 'The measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ' seems impossible. 'Give us a goal we can reach!' we cry. And there you have the beginning of a chronic case of spiritual blues.

"We like to read of the life of

Christ in Palestine, but at the idea of making any remote approach to it here in New York, we smile and shake our heads.

"Imagine thinking of others more than of ourselves in the rush hour on the subway! Things that seem not unnatural when we read of their happening in Judea hundreds of years ago seem utterly foolish when we think of their happening on Broadway today. Actually we have come to take many of Christ's commands with a grain of salt. We think they are beautiful but not workable. Even His great promises seem hardly possible. 'Whatsoever ye ask in My name, that I will do.' Is there anybody here who really believes that? The theory we accept but the parctice we deny.

"I think it is really all because this private warfare of ours has gone so poorly with us. When a man is beaten back day by day, he begins to lose faith in the ideals that beckon him.

"That is just the point where Christ comes in. He tell us with perfect assurance we can win. If you have to fight, my friend, at least step over where the Master is, and fight in the sunshine.

Evil On Every Hand

"The conference at Washington is followed by war in China. The conference in Genoa almost goes on the rocks. We read of crime waves and the loosening of morals and preachers who babble treasonable nonsense about the uselessness and immorality of creeds. It is pretty hard to keep our good cheer in the face of all that.

"When Christ was driven out of Judea to die He said: 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'

"Paul just escaped death at Damascus, and his road after that lay through suspicion persecution and death.

"When we count up victories the unanimous vote goes to Jesus and Paul. I have never yet seen a ballot for Pilate or Ceasar."

This Rev. Paul Eherman Scherer is none other than the little fellow who yet in dresses was preaching his fine little sermon, in 1895, in his neighbor's home on West Corbin Street, of Concord.

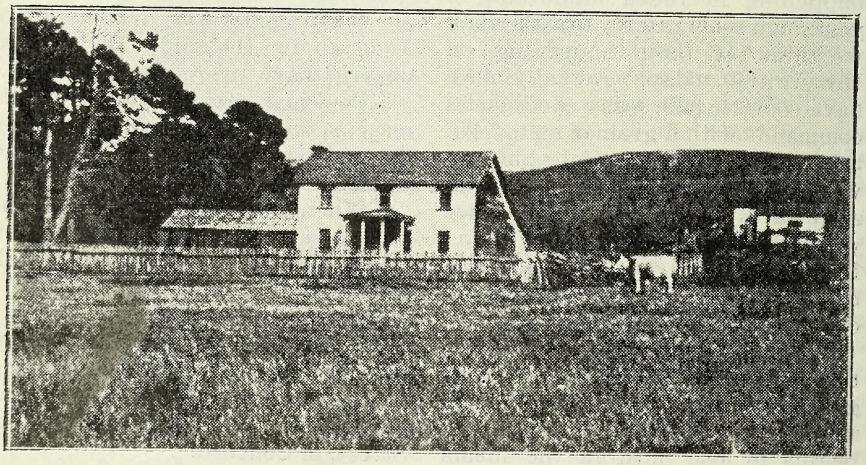
Boys and girls, under proper environment and with reasonable advantage. quickly become men and women and go out into the world and leave their impress upon it. It is a wonderful development that nature uses in preparing succeeding generations to take the places of the retiring ones.

This morning, just outside of town, I saw two little boys wading about in a shallow pond fishing for tadpoles, studying nature, exercising their little bodies and making plans for the accomplishment of their quest One half hour later I saw on the streets two boys about the same size taking their joy out in smoking cigarettes and listening to some vile talk going on. A little further up the street was a three-year old boy lounging around, the pick of every passer-by. A little further up a dress-maker was finishing some little skirts for two little girls, each carrying eleven yards of ribbon. That's the system prevailing for the rearing of children.

IMPROVE HOME SURROUNDINGS.

By William Wallace Fairbanks

The man or woman or the boy or girl who takes no pride in keeping the home outwardly attractive, is very liable to have little ambition to advance in life. When we enter a front gate that is minus a picket or two and hangs by one hinge we expect to find a grassgrown, and untidy walk and the porch and entrance way likewise untidy. From these outward signs we will



The home of a well-to-do farmer where no effort has been made to beautify or improve surroundings.

be pretty sure to decide that the habits of the whole family are careless and indifferent. Their going out and coming in are without system or order; and their treatment, each of the other is along the same careless lines. Children who go out from such a home are pretty sure to carry with them the habits thus formed; they take them into the business place, the store and the work shop; habits that hold down: that prevent one getting anywhere in any walk in life.

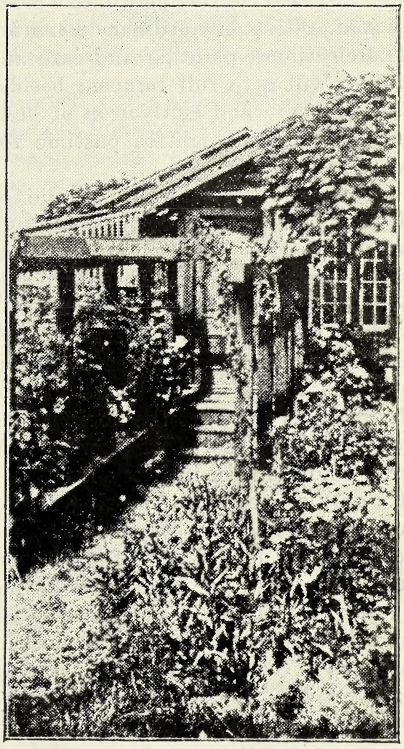
The gate hanging by the one hinge and the neglected, untidy walk are seemingly but little things; but from just such is the character of a lifetime formed. A little attention given each day to the improvement of the home surroundings; a few touches here and there is all that is required to overcome the appearence of neglect; and the same pride that prompts; us to keep our home premises neat and orderly, will have the same effect as regards our personal habits and daily life.

Modern and up-to-date homes are expensive possessions these days, not all can have them; but even if our

homes of ancient make: if it's a bit the worse for wear and looks shabby and weather beaten, it yet should be the very best place on earth and may easily be made so attractive that we need feel no shame in its ownership. A little effort will make and keep it looking home-like. Instead of look-older and shabbier it should show improvement with the passing years. No great outlay of money is required —only a concerted effort where every member of the family may do his or her part. Enthusiam and ambition along this line will prove contagious and soon each will be trying to outdo the other in effort to give the home surroundings a thorough overhauling and a general clean upp.

In painting a picture, none would think of placing unattractive objects directly in the foreground; the first glance would displease. A few strokes of the artists' brush, however, would have changed the offensive object into something beautiful; and so the unattractive features about our home may be easily changed. Accumulated rubbish may be removed. An unpleasing fence corner may be partly concealed with vines. In front of a shed or other necessary outbuildings may be planted a clump of shrubs or trees or a vine covered trellis.

The direct approach to the home itself is of great importance; this need not be in any sense imposing. A delapidated gate-way or a front fence with pickets missing here and there gives an air of poverty. Pickets may be easily replaced and an old and shabby fence that cannot be rebuilt may have a rose or other hedge planted along its length. Any boy, handy with tools can make an attractive gateway, even if only by planting two heavy posts in the ground with a timber cross-peace on top. Let the ends of this project over about a foot, place



The planting of shrubs and flowers has made this simple cottage home-like and attractive.

a narrow pannel of lath at the sides where the fence joins on, plant and train vines over the whole, and simple as it is, you have an entrance to your home you need not be ashamed of it.

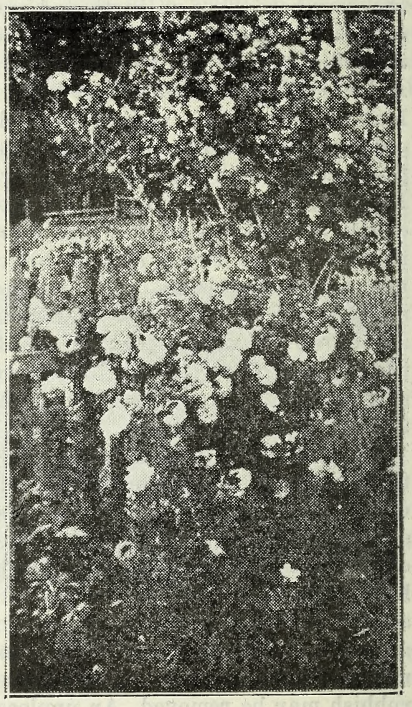
To give your gateway a rustic effect, use small tree trunks that may be obtained usually from a nearby wood.

Instead of vines, a clump of trees or may be planted at its base. And so with only this slight effort you have greatly improved the appearance of your home.

Flowers and shrubs and trees about the home afford the simplest and easiest means of converting it into a beauty spot. Give only ordinary attention to seclectiions, planting and care and nature will give full returns; besides this, the care and cultivation of flowers is a most delightful pastime for old and young.

A front yard or walk devoid of flowers, trees, shrubs or running vines is but a barren waste no matter what else it may possess. These are so easy to get and grow that no home should be without them. Native trees or shrubs from a nearby forest or wood are often as beautiful and desirable as any that the florist shops supply. Some sort of flowers will grow and flourish in every locality—it's only a question of making selections adapted to your particular neighborhood. For quick growth for the coming spring and summer, consult the catalogue and some dependable florist and choose what your home is most in need of. Such "common" plants as sunflowers, hollyhocks, or foxglove planted in mass, will fill an unslightly or unattractive corner; while a morning glory vine will convert a woodshed or fence into an object of beauty.

A home, whether it cost much or little, whether it be quite modern or very old fashioned, is the very best investment a family can make. It is the place about which sentiment centers and its influence goes with us into the outer world and follows all through life. Whatever effort may be expanded to make this more attractive or to raise its atmosphere to a higher level, will bring returns greater than mere money could ever buy.



An Old Fence may be made to form an attractive support for a rose hedge.

It is possible to be so intent on good manners that we attain nothing else. Even manners need a heart to make them of much real worth; and insincerity, however polite, is still insincere.

HUGH MACRAE, BUILDER.

By Col. Harris in Charlotte Observer.

Naturally, the people of Wilmington manifested an interest, not unmixed with concern, over the possible direction the future activities of mr. Hugh McaRae might take, since severance from the ties that bound his time to the welfare of the Tidewater Power Company left him foot-loose to engage in other development endeavor, for in MacRae, it was long since evident, was born the ideas of the promoter, the developer and the builder. This interest on part of Wilimington was shared by the State, for McRae has kept a big iron in the forge of the west as well as several in the clay hearth of the east. He founded Linville City from the cutting of the trees and the grubbing of stumps, while at the same time watching the blossoming of the colonise he had planted in New Hanover and Pender counties. What we are going to write is an establishment of our conviction of the purposes which are to actuate Mr. McRae for the immediate future. Through importation of picked seclections of thrifty Italians, Poles, Germans, Hollanders and Hungarians, Mr. McRae has succeeded in establishing what might be described as "object lessons" in what can be accomplished in the fertile soil and friendly climate of the vast coastal country of the State, where thousands of acres of rich lands have been left idle since the time the turpentine industry was abandoned by reasons of exhaustion of the trees. In one particular locality Mr. McRae has a demonstrated success in dairying; in another in the growing of unrsery plants and several other localities examples of success in diversified farming. The owner of the demonstration dairy is a German named Schwartz. Mr. MacRae loaned him the land and staked him to a couple of cows seven years ago. Schwartz has a wife and family of six sons and as a matter of course, all are industrious. He is now undisputed owner of one of the finest dairy barn in the entire county, with two rows of stalls and fifty fine milkers to the row. The barn is as clean as the kitchen, the floors daily scoured and sanded, with no more of the order of a cow barn about it than could be detected in the parlor of any city home. This man Schwartz and his six sons are now making $100 a day out of their dairy business—and the father did not own a copper cent seven years ago! His place constitutes one of the oases in what was for 40 years an abandoned pine barren, and it is six miles from wilmington.

A few miles from this $1,00-a day dairy is the nursery farm of Verzaal, the Hollander who has developed the $4,000-a-year acre which was described in The Observer a few days since. Verzaal came over ten years ago, his only asset being a thrifty family of boys and girls. On one acre of ground he grows things that bring him an established income of $4,000 a year and he has half a dozen acres which he uses in the nature of a savings bank in which he has planted a ten-year account. Two acres of this ground, for example, is set out to boxwood seedlings which

have been coaxed to the proper height and left to broaden and expand in girth. At the end of ten years they will be dug up and the account closed, Verzaal collecting both principal and interest in the shape of checks coming in from nurseries in 37 States to the total of $41,000 for the matured boxwood crop. The acre which brings him in $4,000 a year profit is latticed over, and it is under its diffussed light that he coaxed its plants into a growth in one year that would require 10 years in the open. The principle is simple. It is a known law of nature that plants reach up or out for the light. Potatoes and onions and things of the kind sprouting in the celler affords illustration of the theory. The lattic work developes alternate squares of shade and light on the ground under it. The plants constantly reach the sunny spots and in that way they rapidly attain tallness in growth. The young boxwood plants coming up under lattic would not be recognized as such at first glance. They have the spindling characteristics of young willows. When they reach the height desired they are put out into the open fields, as stated, to attain body. Verzaal lives in a bungalow on which the architect did his best. It is equipped with water, baths, electric lights, books, victrola and telephone, with the radio receiver on the way, and his wife "cooks with gas," His farm and stock is worth $30,000, and if he owes any balance on it, he is ready to pay off that balance when called for—and all this in ten years!

On the individual colonies in Pender and New Hanover the industrious workers have scored successes in every case and they need no credit, for they have the cash to pay their way.

It is now Mr. MacRae's purpose to do for the native people of ambition and industry what he has done for these foreigners. He has shown our people "how," and he intends helping them to it. Perhaps the shorter the story, the more easily it may be understood. All that part of North Carolina coastal plain is of the same quality of richness as that developed by the colony farmers. Mr. MacRae proposes to divide it up into small farms of an average of ten acres. He will clear it, cultivate the fields, build the home, the barns and the garage, and turn it over to the investor the same as a newly-finished and completely furnished home. The aim is to put the settler first in position to make a living and pay for his farm. When he has made enough money to take up the title, the exchange of money and deed will be made. Philanthropy? Of course it is, but Mr. MarRae is only doing what the Hollander Verzaal has done. In due course of time, Verzaal will close on his boxwood account, as Mr. MacRae will realize on his farm-furnished account.

As a first step in development of the small farm idea, Mr. MacRae has laid off the Oleander estate of several hundred acers into small farm lots. The suburbanite will not only have a home, but a farm surrounding it from which, by due diligence, he will be enabled to make an independent living. These city farms will contain from three to five acres. The home will be there, the land cultivated and all the investor will have to do will be

to take off his coat and buckle down to work. These city farms from which he expects to step to greater accomplishment, will be known as the Oleander States, and the rural life will be ideal might be anticipated from the fact that the elegantly paved, pergolaed Oleander Park, with its beutiful grasses, flowers, camphor and other trees, will be established as the Community Center.

More small farms and more population is the developing idea of Mr. Hugh MacRae; he is a man who has never failed in carrying out his ideas to the visioned success, and it may not be to previous to write him down now as Master Builder of the Soil.

The fertility of this eastern land has been known for years, but the trouble encountered was in solution of the drainage problem. It was necessary for these lands to be drained before they could be cultivated, but drainage has been made easy. It is not now the work of days and weeks; it has become the work of a minute, of the flashing of an eye, for drainage ditches and canals are now "dug" by dynamite. The stick are laid along the desired course, very much after the manner in which Lousiana sugar planters lay the joints of cane and the ditch or canal is laid open its entire course at the touch of the button.

Having given practical demonstration of what can be done in the way of making money out of the soil by small farms intensively cultivated and of how it is practical to capitalize the dairy barn Mr. MacRae wants to convert these table lands of the coastal plain into a great pasturage for growing beef cattle and live stock. It was discovered by him that along with the boll weevil came a new species of grass which takes the common name of carpet grass. Mr. MacRae has developed experimental pasturages with this grass combined with Japenese and common white clover, which forms a lasting and dependable pasture ten months out of twelve.. He is going to cover New Hanover and Pender counties with pastures of this kind as another example of what can be done in livestock raising in the State. He has fenced off an old pine field, rank with native wild grass, over which he grazes cattle. Over this he distributed —sowed is the better word—carpet grass and the two clovers at the rate of two pounds to the acre. The cattle will this season graze off the old grass and there will then come into being the permanent new pastures of a combination grass that is indestructible. It is this combination that makes the greenery of the neighboring golf links. But the doubtful say that was cultivated. For that reason Mr. MacRae scattered his carpet grass seed wild from which he proposes to develop a pasture alongside as pretty as the golf links. He is a man of vision backed by faith. The country would do well to watch him for a year or two, because he is undoubtedly lending his influence and his sagacity to the breaking of a new day in North Carolina rural life.

The man who is worthy of a kindness is the man who will pass it on when it comes to him.

A GEORGIA WOODMAN.

By W. Gilmore Simms

Mark Forester was a stout, strongly-built, yet active person, some six feet in height, square and broad-shoulderd—exibiting an outline wanting, perhaps, in some of the more rounded graces of form, yet at the same time far from symmetrical deficiency. There was, also, not a little of ease and agility, together with a rude gracefulness in his action,the result equally of the well-combined organization of his animal man and of the hardy habits of his woodland life. His appearance was youthful, and the passing glance would perhaps have rated him at little more than six or seven-and-twenty. His broad, full chest, heaving strongly with a consciousness of might—togetherwith the generally athletic muscularity of his whole person—indicated correctly the possession of prodigious strength.

His features were frank and fearless—moderately intelligent, and well marked—showing an attractive vitality, strong and usually just feeling, and a good-natured freedom of character, which enlistedconfidence, and seemed likely to acknowledge few restraints of a merely conventional kind. Nor, interpret the inward man. With the possession of a giant's powers, he was seldom so far borne forward by his impulses, whether of pride or of passion, as to permit of their wanton or improper use. His eye,too, had a not unpleasing twinkle, promising more of good-fellowship and a heart at ease than may ever consort with the jaundiced or distempered spirit.

His garb indicated in part, and was well adapted to, the pursuits of the hunter and hte labors of the woodman. We couple these employments together, for, in the wilderness of North America, the dense forests, and broad prairies, they are utterly inseparable. In a belt made of buckskin, which encircled his middle, was stuck, in a sheath of the same material, a small ax, such as was well known to the early settlers as a deadly implement of war.

The head of this warlike instrument (or that portion which was opposite the blade and made it weigh to correspond with and ballance the latter when hurled form the hand) was a pick of solid steel, narrowing down to a point, and calculated,with a like blow, to prove even more fatal, as a weapon in conflict, than the more legitimate member to which it was appended. A throng of oxhide, slung over the woodman's shoulder, supported easily a light rifle of the choicest bore; for there are few matters indeed upon which the wayfarer in the southern wilds exercises a nicer and more discriminating taste than in the selection of a companion, in a pursuit like his, of the very last importance; and which, in time, he learns to love. The dress of the woodman was composed of a coarse gray stuff, which, fitting him snugly, served to set off his robust and well-made person to the utmost advantage. A fox-skin cap, of which,, studiously preserved, obviated any necessity for a foreign tassel, rested slightly upon his head, giving

a unique finish to his appearance which a fashionable hat would never have supplied.

A Mental Expert, imported by the state to pass upon the mentality of North Carolina subjects in school and other institutions—when there are scores and scores of capable experts among us—asked a boy, in testing his mentality, what would you "regard that occasion, at which there were present a doctor, a preacher and a lawyer?" The boy quickly replied, "A wedding." Because the boy did not answer "A Funeral" he was classed of low mentality. That boy evidently had never seen a doctor follow his patient to the grave.

HOW FOLKS LIVE.

"Onehalf of the world does not know how the other half lives" is as true as sunlight. Then in each there is a variety of living and acting. Even in the same country, the same county, the same town and—to bring it down to the smallest unit—in the same community there is a variety of living, conduct and habits.

There are people who must, in keeping with their system of living, have a daily bath; and it appears, from appearances and otherwise, that there are some people who reduce their bathing to an annual affair. There are families that have but one washing day in a month for wearing apparel, and that is done on a Saturday. The first think and know the second class are ignorant and without ambition and without pride; the second class think the first are "powerfully dirty to have to wash every day."

Here is a story I ran across which tells something about the Wild Men of Siam. After you have read it, dear reader, make an observation and figure if something, so far as practical results are concerned, just as bad cannot be found nearer home. And what are you doing to correct it—to carry a light, information and knowledge to these benighted souls? But the story: "An entirely heathen folk living in the mountains about fifteen miles out of Tapteang, Siam, have made their first advances toward the mission station there.

These people, who have negro features and the kinky hair of the black man, are living in the open under the big forest trees, without houses or shelter. They do not seem to know the meaning of agriculture, but live on roots and wild plants and nuts. They also go quite without clothing, though they are great hunters, and shoot monkeys, birds and animals with poisoned arrows blown through long reed blow pipes.

"A hunting expedition usually takes all the women as well as the men, and when they go they dig holes in the ground and put their smaller children and babies inside. The mouth of the hole is covered with branches and leaves, and as no animal in Siam will go anywhere near anything that looks like a baited trap, the tiny tots are perfectly safe

till their parents return.

"Some of these "wild" people, however, have learned enough of the ways of civilization to speak a little Siamese and wear clothing when they come down from their mountain fastnesses to the villages and towns. Not very long ago they visited the mission station at Tapteang. It was just at the close of a prayer meeting when a social hour with tea and music was being enjoyed, and of course the uninvited guests were asked to sit down also. The strangers were not quite sure of the proper etiquette for the occasion, but observing the other guests sitting on the floor in groups, they went off into a corner by themselves and sat down also. A cup was given them, and they placed it in the center on the floor and took turns sipping a spoonful at a time from a single spoon.

They had apparently learned to beg—indeed, the members of the tribe who can speak Siamese and wear clothes after a fashion, come down to the villages for the express purpose of begging—and before they left the missionaires brought out some old clothes and shoes for them. There was confusion in properly adjusting the garments, and the Christians had much ado to keep from showing their amusement at the men trying to clothe themselves in the women's dresses and the women trying to get into trousers and coats. The shoes interested them the most, though, but there were not enough of them go around. This occasioned no trouble, however, and they finally bade their hosts goodby, each man and woman went off very contentedly with one foot covered with a shoe and the other bare.

"Before they left, however, the missionaires had asked them whom they worship—if they were Buddhists. "No," responded one of the men, "We worship the big person up there." And he pointed to the sky.

A man (and this does not exclude woman) should never be ashamed to say he had been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

WHAT PSYCHOANALYSTS CAN'T GIVE.

By R. R. Clark.

The papers written by the young fellows in the Training School, in which they tell what they hope to be and do, their hopes and aspirations as to future careers, have been interesting. They reveal the bent of the mind of the boy. Too often the young folks get little encouragement to talk about their plans for life. Many of them are timid about telling their hopes and aspirations for fear of the rebuff they often receive, instead of the sympathetic interest they deserve. The older people usually think children are not capable of deciding for themselves; are unfitted to choose on their lifework. Sometimes, often perhaps, that is true. But they should be encouraged

to talk about what they want to do. It is foolish for a parent to decide on the child's lifework and put him at the career chosen without some intelligent effort to discover the bent of his mind and the physical and mental equipment for the vocation chosen. Many failures, misfits, result from that too common practice.

If youngsters, as these boys at the Training School, decide they want to do some one thing and continue of that mind, all the time trying to do something in the direction of the favored vocation, it is generally accepted as satisfactory evidence that they have chosen their calling; and the rule probably holds good. But it must be admitted, too, that the fact that they may think they want to do some one thing is by no means postive evidence in all cases that that is the thing at which they will succeed. A man in middle life recalls that when he was a small boy he harbored a desire to become a preacher. That might have been taken (and fortunately was not) as indications of a call; and if the zealous folks who would make preachers out of any material offering, regardless of fitness, had caught that boy young, they might have thrust him into the ministry. But as a matter of fact the yearning for the salvation of souls never entered that boy's mind. He was reared in the country and the preacher was to him the biggest man he knew. He thought it would be grand to stand up and "orate" to admiring throngs. That boy simply had a desire to be a public speaker for the "big of the thing;" for the admiration he thought he could command. Fortunately for him and the Church his lines fell in other work.

If the choice of vocation is discussed with the young and they are given all the information possible about the ins and outs of the work in which they think they want to engage; if they still "hanker" for a particular calling after they have learned as much about the unpleasant side of it as they can assimilate, and they have mental and physical characteristics which seem to fit them for the calling, and they should be encouraged to go to it. While I am not posing as expert in such matters, I think it extremely hazardous to over-persuade or to force a young person to adopt some particular line of work against his will, or to yield to his desire to follow some particular calling without first trying to let him learn as much as possible about the difficulties he may expect.

With us the selection of life work is a sort of hit or miss process. It isn't always what we would like to do, or what we think we would like, that is chosen; we often have to take what offers. We can't always exercise choice for lack of opportunity. And sometimes when we have the opportunity, subsequent events show a mistake. It is usually considered a bad sign when a young person changes occupations frequently. Justly or unjustly the idea gets abroad, and it is not without foundation, that one who is trying first one thing and then another, is no good. Sometimes the changing is simply an effort to find what one is fitted for. By and by the changer may strike his stride and succeed. But frequent changing is dangerous. Hence the great importance of young people gathering all pos-

sible information about the calling they think they want to persue before they take it up; and in making the selection the wisdom and experience of older pople is helpful. Nobody can pick for you a job for which you are fitted so well as you can do that for yourself if you use intelligence in making the selection; for nobody can know the secret urging and inclination of your mind as you know it.

I am inclined to believe that the psychologists and the psychoanalysts are doing good work in helping young people find their proper calling., The study of the mind is entertaining and helpful. Some of the psychologists claim too much. There are experts not a few who claim the ability to give one the once over and tell him what he should do—all about himself. While I don't know enough about psychology to discuss it, I draw the line on the claim. After all is said and done, there is more or less guess work. The man has yet to be born that can accurately read another's mind on all occasions. But there is much that can be done in that direction and I count it distinct progress that the young have opportunity to secure some information as to their fitness for a particular calling without the hazard of going into something blindly only to find afterward that they have made a mistake.

And don't forget that the greatest asset in any calling is something the psychoanalysts can't give—the will and the determination to succeed at all hazards. It is lack of these qualities that make more failures than taking up the wrong job. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

A pretty little story comes out of the commencement of Fassifern School at Hendersonville. Three Seniors tied with a Freshmen for the Bible medal. The three Seniors, Misses Catherine Goodman, of Concord, Louise Belden, of Wilmington, and Elizabeth Shelton, of Charlotte, put their heads togeher and asked that the medal go to Miss Frances Scales, of Greensboro, the Freshman who tied with them. The Seniors were perfectly satisfied with honorable mention, and that beats drawing straws.

What I Would Like To Do And Why I Would Like To Do It When I Leave The Jackson Training School.

By Vass Fields---Winner of 5th prize.

I think every boy should learn some useful trade when he leaves the Jackson Training School. It has always been my desire to be a printer. But first I want to go to high school and get more education, because no man can get very far in this world without a thorough education. I am expecting too, to go to college, but I am not going to ask father for the money—I mean to work my way through.

After finishing school, I mean to work to make enough money to support my father who has work so long

for me and who expected to see me an honor to my community and to the state and not a disgrace. I am thankful to say that while I am at the Jackson Training School I can learn much about the printing business and I am going to take advantage of the opportunity. The reason I want to be a printer is because it is honorable work, and is a service to the poor people who are not able to see the world except through the newspaper.

I am not going to stop at just an ordinary printer, or else I would let collage experience go; but my desire is also to be an editor. I believe by working my way, I can become what Iwant to.

But before I become a real printer or editor I want to get one year of military training, so if war should ever again come I will be ready to defend my native country. I want, too, to become a Christian and to give my heart to Christ. I believe that all men who have done anything worthwhile are men who have given their heart to Christ. If you are a Christain you will be happy and cheerful and "do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

I sincerely want to show the world that I can make something of myself in spite of all hardship. To win an easy race is easy—to win a hard race is hard.

THE NAME OF YOUR STATE.

There are few studies more interesting than that of the origin of geographic names. We do not need to go to foreign lands for this, but can draw from our own fertile country, from its states, cities, towns mountains, lakes and rivers. In this wide territory we shall find names both curious and commonplace. Yet from them all we can learn both history and geography as well as something of the character of the pioneers who chose them.

Take for example the subject of American state names. Here we find names of Indian, English, Spanish, and French origin, each one having a special significance. At least half of them have been derived from the picture language of the red man and when translated tell of some natural feature of the region. The rest have had their source in the colonists' love for their mother countries and speak to us of the Old World and its rulers.

The fist state to bear an Indian name was Massachusetts, which means in the red man's tongue "Near the Great Hills." It is thought to refer to the heights of Boston overlooking the bay. Connecticut is also of Indian origin, meaning "Long River Without End." This state has taken its name from its principal stream; it was originally written Quonoktacut.

Passing to the westward many states are to be found taking their names from important rivers. Ohio was derived from Ohionhiio, meaning "Beautiful River." The French translated it "La Belle Riviere" on their early maps. Tennessee was once written Tanasse; the original meaning of the word has been lost, but it is sometimes translated "Bend in

the River." It is applied to both state and stream.

Kentucky is another name of Indian origin. It has various translations; the best known is that recorded by Daniel Boone as "Dark and Bloody Ground." Somewhat happier translations' are "Meadow Land," and "At the Head of the River." Mississippi, in a similar way, is best known as "Father of Waters," though the translation is no longer considered technically correct. The word means "Gathering in of All the Waters."

The name Alabama was first applied to the river and later adopted by the state. It is usually interpreted as "Here We Rest," though there is question as to its true meaning. Texas, our largest commonwealth, likewise bears an Indian name. The word is said to mean "Friends," or "Allies," being used as a form of greeting by the red man.

Illinois is peculiar in that it is a combination of the French and the Indian language Ilini, meaning "Men," was the name of a powerful tribe living in that section of the country, while "ois" is the French adjective termination. By the state of Iowa another tribal name is perpetuated. It was taken indirectly, being first applied to the river.

Michigan as one would expect, means "Big Lake" or "Great Water." In this case the state has adopted the name of the lake much as the others have that of the principal stream. Wisconsin is usually translated as "Wild Rushing Channel." the name referring to the river. French explorers wrote it Quisconsin."

Minnesota has derived its name form the Indian word meaning "Cloudy Water," or as is sometimes given "Skytinted Water." Our greatest western stream gives its name to the state of Missouri. Those who know its yellow coloring can appreciate the translation "Muddy Water."

Arkansas has taken its name from the river of the same name. A popular translation is "Bend or Bow in the Kansas," but it is believed that the true meaning has been lost. Early French explorers wrote it "Alkansia" or "Alkansis." Nebraska took its name for the stream now called the Platte. It is a descriptive term, meaning "Shallow Water," or "Broad Water."

The two Dakotas bear an Indian name signifying "Allies." It was originally written "Lakota," of "Nakota," as well as in its present form. Kansas bears a tribal name, first applied to the river near which the red men lived. Translated it is "Wind People," or "People of the South Wind."

The state of Oklahoma also bears a tribal name. It has the pecularly significant meaning of the "Red People." Wyoming was named for the historic valley in Pennsylvania. The Word has two meanings, "Extensive Plains" and "Mountains with Valleys Alternating." Both apply equally well.

Mexico is said to have been derived from "Texitli," the name of an Aztec god. It is sometimes given another meaning being translated as "Habitation of the God of War." The name of Arizona has come from "Arizonac" meaning "Place of Small

Springs.'' The Indians first applied it to a locality near the present town of Nogales.

Utah has taken its name from the Ute tribe of Indians. One meaning assigned to it is ''Home on the Mountain Top.'' Idaho, which completes the list of states with Indian names, shows another happy choice. The word is translated ''Gem of the Mountains.''

Twelve of our states have names of English origin. Virginia was so christened by Sir Walter Raleigh in honor of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen of England, who was ruling at the time of the first settlements. Maryland likewise perpetuates the name of an English pueen Henritta Maria, wife of the unfortunate Charles 1.

New York state also was named for English royalty. The Duke of York, in whose honor the Dutch settlements were re-christened, became James II of England. The Carolinas take their name from royalty, but there is some question as to which King Charles should have the honor. The French named the region for Charles IX of France, while the English proprietors named it for Charles II of England.

There is however, no confusion about the origin of Georgia. Though founded by General Oglethorpe, it was named for and by George II of England. As it happens, Pennslyvania is the one state in the Union named for its founder. Penn himself preferred to call his grant ''Slyvania'' but Charles II would not have it other than with Penn's name incorporated in it.

New Hampshire was named by John Mason, the proprietor of the colony, for the English county of Hamshire. New Jersey likewise perpetuates the name of the Channel Isle of Jersey, the hereditary home of Sir George Carteret.

The diminutive state of Rhode Island is sometimes said to have been named for the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. But it is more than likely that the name is the anglicized form of Rhode Eylandt (Red Island) applied to it by early Dutch navigator.

Delaware, the second smallest state, was likewise named for an early explorer. Lord de la Warr, first governor and captain-general of Virginia, made some explorations in the bay and river now bearing his name. It is said that the tribe of Indians known as Delawares took their name from these features.

We find but three states with names of French origin. Vermont was first explored by Champlain, who named it Vert Mont after its Green Mountain, the dominating natural feature of the state. Maine is also thought to have been christened by French explorers. No doubt it had its origin in the province of that name, which was the home of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I of England. Louisiana commemorates the name of Louis XIV of France.

Of the remaining states six have names of Spanish origin. The first to bear a Spanish name was Florida, discovered by Ponce de Leon on Easter Day, 1512. The word , it seems, commemorates the holy day though it is possible that it was used in reference to the ''flowery'' aspect of the country.

The other states with Spanish

names lie in the west. California was fist given by some of the followers of Cortez to the pennisula we know as Lower California. It was the name of a fabled island in an old Spanish romance that had stirred the imagination of the explorers. It has proven most fitting for the state that has adopted it.

Colorado is Spanish for "red." It was first applied to the river whose important tributaries flow through the state. It may have designated the ruddy color of the stream, or the red earth that abounds in some regions. Nevada, meaning "snowy," has reference to the snow-clad peaks of the state. Montana is another descriptive term from the Spanish, translated as "Mountainous."

There are several theories as to the origin of the name Oregon. To Joaquin Miller, the poet, is accredited the one that it came from the Spanish "Aura Agua," meaning "Gently Falling Waters." Another explanation is that it was derived from the Spanish "Oregones," meaning "Big-eared Men." and applied by the early missionaries to the natives of the region.

There are two states that may be said to have names that are distinctly American. Washington was named for the father of his country, and though the word is of English origin, it belongs to us in a way that none would deny or dispute. Indiana, though suggesting the red men who made their homes in the territory, is a coined word like many another to be found.

In all the list there is no state that commemorates the name of the discoverer of the New World. We have, however, the District of Columbia, and the famous western river of the same name to make up for this deficiency.

CONFDERATE SURVIVORS OF MCDOWELL COUNTY.

Hon. D. F. Giles, school man and legislator, wielding a large influence in the Western part of the state, has kindly furnished THE UPLIFT with a list of the living Confederate soliders, now resident in McDowell county. They are sixty-two in all and are as follows:

D. N. Davis, W. C. Elliott, W. A. Silver, John Suttles, Lee Williams, S. M. Howard, S. F. E. Gruber, J. M. Godfrey, E. G. Sherrill, A. B. Watson, John Houck, A. Yount, J. M. Clay, Geo. McCormack, S. H. Curtis, T. J. Wise, G. W. Bradley, G. T. Mangum, E. Burnette, J. A. Hemphill, James Gilliam, J. G. Hollifield, John Collis, William H. Gilliam, S. M. Collis, A. F. Morgan, A. L. Beach, A. C. Gardin, S. A. Hensley, A. B. Halford, M. G. Perdergrass, James Swann, James A. Pyatt, James Morris, J. F. Morgan, T. M. Cuthbertson, J. L. Burgin, C. C. Bradley, W. C. Jaynes, A. F. Mode, Lee Holland, J. L. Walsh, S. P. Tate, W. F. Early, S. E. Poteat, M. Buchannan, T. Y. Little, J C. Brown, A. Wilkerson, A. B. Mashburn, John Chapman, John Presnell, Enos Green, D, L. Welborn James Houline, Daniel Holland,

D. M. Laughridge, Joe Swan, J. L. Burgin, J. L. Cowan, W. B. Ratliff, W. C. Bateman.

Some Corrections.

Our attention has been called to several errors that got into the Iredell list, and for the corrections we are indebted to Mrs. Harry P. Deaton, President of the U. D. C's Chapter at Mooresville. Of the printed list in THE UPLIFT, Mrs. Deaton states soldier Aaron Plyler lives in Rowan county, and that Messrs. F. S. Shook, A. A. Kelly and E. W. Overcash are dead, having passed away during the past twelve months. Mrs. Deaton furnishes the following names to be added to the list as published:

J. A. Kennerly, W. A. Rainey, S. A. Hoover, N. L. Robison, J. W. Johnston, T. A. White, A. A. Gabriel, J. A. Howard, Daniel Plyler, Alfred Fisher, William Deal, J. M. Steele, H. H. Cope, N. L. Cranford, D. H. Brantley, J. E. Mayhew, John W. Cohen, J. B. Atwell, J. E. Ellenburg, J. F. Fairchild, Rev. R. W. Boyd, J. W. Whitley, Dr. R. H. Morrison.

In the list published recently for Cabarrus, these failed to be reported: Messers C. Edney Barringer, Adam M. Furr, Thos. J. Shinn, George W. Bost, Caleb Cruse and Rufus T. Honeycutt.

(The truth of the matter is that it is no easy matter to get a complete and accurate list in a first publication. Many of these old heroes are growing feeble, stay close to home and thus drop out of sight. It will be a matter of appreciation for any one to call our attention to any errors, either of commission or omission, during the course of the publication of the survivors of the several counties of the state.—Editor.)

MOTOE'S ELEPHANT HUNT.

By Henry M. Stanley.

After a good breakfast of rice and curry, which the chief of our band sent me from his table to make me strong, I started. It was then about noon, and the sun was very hot, though in the forest it would be cool enough.

In a short time I was by the river, a crooked little stream of delicious and clear water. I walked along looking to the right and left constantly for hours, when just about two hours before sunset I heard a hollow sound, as though the earth was shaking.

I knew, after listening, that the sound was caused by a herd of elephants walking in file along the hardbaked road, and that they were approaching the stream to drink.

In a moment I was down on my face like a dead man. The grass was about two feet high, and very thick, so that I was quite safe if I did not stir, and I am too old a hunter not to know what to do in the neighborhood elephants.

As the elephants passed by, I lifted up my head cautiously, and count-

ed them. Two-four-six-eight-ten enormous beasts, who tossed their trunks aloft, as if they were the masters of the forest, and knew it. They passed on, and I wriggled out until I was some distance away.

Then I jumped up and leapcd across the stream, and on all fours crept across a deep bend of it. Lying flat on the ground, I moved toward a great tree, a baobab, that stood between me and them.

If the elephants had all stood in a row drinking from the river, I could never have come up to them unseen; but one greedily thirsty fellow was standing in the middle of the stream, almost touching the baobab tree with his side, so that he completely hid me from the others.

Bringing down my gun, I pointed it three inches or so behind the left fore leg, on a level with the beast, and fired. The elephant sprang forward. By doing so, he left me right under the eyes of the others as I hurred away. I was bounding over the low bushes and grass tops as if I were an antelope.

The elephants got over their surpries in a second. Then a wild snort of rage greeted my ears, and I krew by the crash of the bushes and splash of water that they were after me.

The awful crashing came nearer, and nearer, and I saw that the lord of the herd was but thirty paces from me. He seemed to tower up to three times his usual height, and to swell out to three times his natural size.

His great ears stood straight out as flat as a board, and his eyes were like coals of fire. His trunk was lifted up, his head was stretched out, and the two long, mighty, gleaming teeth seemed awful just then.

I suppose that he was only fifteen feet from me when the tricks of the elephant hunters came to my mind. In an instant I turned half-way, and ran out straight to the right from the direction that I had fiirst been going.

The elephants passed on, rushing ahead. I had got fifty yards away before they could turn about. Only for an instant they stopped. They caught sight of me again and with loud furious snorting, again they charged in a mass.

I am a swift runner, but the best of us seemed to crawl, compared to the speed of an elephant for the first few hundred yards. The elephant were gaining rapdily.

A little distance off before me, and to the left, was a clump of brushwood. If I could gain that, I might find somewhere to hide.

In a few moments I reached it, and looking sharply about, I found a hole in the ground. It belonged to a wild boar, but I though that it would be a good plase to hide, so I dropped down and crawled in.

I heard the elaphant thunder overhead. At the same instant there was a grunt behind me, and I was shot out of that hold, like a bullet out of a gun. I lost all knowledge of everything for many hours.

When I recovered it was night. My friends found me, and carried me back to the camp.

Next day the elephant was picked up, about two hours' distance from the place where I had shot him. The tusks were as large as any that were ever seen, and brought a large sum of money.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF YOUTH.

By J. E. Paddock

The words aristocracy comes from two Greek vords, Aristos, best, and Kratein, to be strong, to rule and it rightly means, the rule, not of the high-born, but of the best.

We are apt to think of the word aristocratic as meaning those who are stylish or put on airs as we sometimes say.

There is a real aristocracy and a false or counterfeit.

We usually ascribe it to those who are above the rank and file of the crowd.

But for my purpose, on this occasion I desire that we shall divorce it from its accommodated forms of meaning and adhere strictly to the original meaning.

The first years are the best because they furnish the best opportunity. It is virgin soil clean and ready for use.

The mind in its early years is plastic, when it is easy to learn. Memory work can be done much more readily than at a later period in life. In fact it is the period of memory when it comes natural for memorizing.

First years are the best because things learned then are more permanent. The mind functions more easily and accurately.

The reception, retention and the reproduction of mental activities best accompany the early years.

The best years of life properly used develop strength for the exigencies of life. Strong to do and be; to rule in the affairs of life.

Youth is the period of religious susceptibility. The conscience is tender and clear. Impressions for good are easily made. More persons become religious during the early years in life than later on.

It is natural that it should be so.

During this period hero stories make a strong appeal. It is the time of great awakening. When the nature is changing and the youth finds himself possessed of new and strange feelings.

The boy wants to look like a man and dress like a man. He finds himself breaking away from his usual way of living and wants things different. He is changing into manhood. He will never be the same as he has been before.

There is a close and vital relationship between purity and strength. The youth is strong in proportion as he has kept himself pure. One cannot be impure and hope to remain strong.

Purity and strength are twins and always reside together. The type of purity that is conducive to strong manhood is that which has been carefully and well directed. There comes a time in the life of every child when the parent should in a sensible way, tell the child just what it should know.

Why not?

Better a thousand times that a parent should inform his child than that such information should reach the child through some other source.

There is no more sacred duty falls on a parent than that of telling a child what he should know, and at

the proper time.

The early years are the most to be coveted. The whole course of the life can be shaped in just a few years. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. It is during these years that the child gets his education, shapes his course in life, forms his habits, developes his character, becomes interested in religious matters and practically settles the whole course of his future years of usefulness.

It was because of these things we were told Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth when the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. If we do these things we shall never have anything to regret. If we fail in doing them, we shall never know but little of the aristocracy of youth, for these years are the best years life affords and are the ones most greatly to be coveted by thinking persons.

What the world needs most to-day is the rule of the best.

The best, the strongest, the purest that the youth of America can furnish—this is the aristocracy for which the world is calling.

Institutional Notes

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Rev. Mr. Lawrence conducted religious services here, Sunday, June 4.

Claude Coley and Murray Evans received visits from home folks Wednesday.

The band did not play in the pavilion last Sunday, and was missed very much.

The boys studied "Jehoiakim Tries to Destroy God's Word," for their Sunday School lesson May 31.

Lamp post as pretty as the ones around our main lawn are soon to be placed upright around the lawn facing the last finished cottages.

Work on a phamplet, "The Occupation of Suffolk by the Yankees during war between the states" has just been completed by the printers of the school.

The band boys are in eager anticipation. They are to go on a picnic soon and of course you know what picnics suggest to them. All sorts of good times.

Due to tireless work by Mrs. R. B. Cloer, matron of Mecklenburg Cottage this cottage's lawn is filled with flowers, and it often causes visitors to stop and gaze at it with admiration.

Mr. Ankers has gained some in his quest for water. Soon he will strike this soon-needed substance and new cottages will be opened without fear of lack of this life giving substance

The pipes are being laid away in the grounds now. One neccessity of this pipe laying was to dig up the highway, causing tourists and travelers to pass through the school's campus. Of course the pupils enjoyed this, for they could see the

travelers better and could excange heartier greetings.

In a fully featured and yet rather poor game, here Saturday, June 3, Hartsell Mill was unable to stop the winning streak of the J. T. S. and lost their game thereby with a one sided score of 10 to 2. Hegular, a former boy here, and who is succeeding in life, held the important position between second and third stations.

Holman twisted the apple for the J. T. S., using many deceptive curves and drops which the visitors were unable to connect up with. J. T. S. acquired an overwhelming lead in the first frame and was never in danger afterward. The J. T. S. players knocked the delivery of Thomas V. all over the orchard. Honeycutt and Williams were on bases, namely 2nd and 3rd, when Holman, the pitcher, did something unusual for most moundsmen. He lammed the pill for a three base hit! The hit would have gone for a complete circuit but the ball landed on a tree, enabling the middle pasture player to get it and send it to the main works, preventing Holman from claiming home run honors. In this inning the home team gained four runs.

The next session ended for the opponents in the same manner as did their first trial, for Holman would not allow his slants to be straightened; he issued no free passes and struck out many men. J. T. S. increased her lead by gaining one more run in her next frame.

For the next two innings neither side scored. It sure was funny to see the way the Hartsell Millers walked backward from the diamond when Holman grasped a warclub and faced the hurler.

In the fifth Hartsell Mill repeated her previous performances, while the Griermen dented the apple for another run to be placed on their count. The sixth session was the only lucky one for the mill team. Holman again lost his chance for pitching a shut out game; his opponents look two runs from him. But this was their first and last score. In the last two innings J. T. S. scored four more runs and the Cabarrus Millers had to chuck in their lost column a defeat by a ten to two score. The J. T: S. has to its credit seven victories and two defeats.

Mooresville must be a dandy place for training and making real ball players, for two of the best players on the team, Honeycutt and Evans, hail from this place where clean ball is taught. They were candidates for and won a place in the Hall of Fame at the J. T. S. Honeycutt copped a two bagger in the last two games played and Evans claims one for the game with Cabarrus Mills.

Williams, keeper of the middle pasture, besides making a spectacular forward catch and "aiding and abetting" in a double play, clouted the pill for a two bagger.

Cook, Hegular and Russell played fine ball.

But the remarkable part of the whole thing is that only a few days previous to this game, the regular nine was defeated by the scrub team in a walkaway practice match. Capt. Grier, manager of the Griermen, when told, laughed long and loud at this strange prank of fate. However, "we should worry" if the loc-

als continue winning games. Who can stop our winning streak?

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
Hartsell Mill 000 002 000—2	2	3	
J. T. S. 410 010 22x—10	13	1	

Thomas V. and Frank K.; Holman and Cook.

HONOR ROLL

"A"

Chas. Rothrock, Brevard Bradshaw, Richard Johnson, Mark King, Jake Willard, Albert Keever, Sylvester Sims, Paul Leitner, Chas. Bishop, Harvy Wrenn, Rufus Wrenn, Henry Reece, Frog Suther, Carrol Guice, Sam Dixon, Thomas Oglesby, Sanford Hedrick, Joseph Pope, Blois Johnson, Julius Camp, Dallas Hensley, Paul Kimmery, Thomas Moore, Jack Frazier, Worth Stout, Watson O'quinn, Lee Bradley, Brady Veneable, Walter Mills, Ben Poteat, Chas. Stone, Autery Wilkenson, D.H. Johnson, Charlie Jackson, Cleburn Hale, Herbert Apple, Paul Green, Chas. Lisk, Walter Taylor, Plez Johnson, Claude Friske, Joseph Jorden, Arthur Duke, Earnest Laster, Newlan McDonald, Jno. Hughs, Bertram Hart Kelma Smith, Magnus Wheeler, Fred Parrish, Challie Lee, Lambert Cavenaugh, Loxley Saunders, Joseph Moore, Malcolm Holman, William Hancock, Jas. Honeycutt, Henry Faucette, Floyd Huggins, Arthur Montgomery, Jack McLelland, Argo Page, Frank Thomason, Columbus Mead, Doyle Jackson, Murray Evans, Roy Baker, Robt. Watson, Victor High, William Wilson, Dudley Pangle, William Gregory, Harry Ward, Jno. Wright, Swift Davis.

"B"

Milton Hunt, Aubrey Weaver, Earle Crow, Ellis Nance, Lloyd Winner, Anderson Hart, Archie Brady, Julian Piver, Garland Banks, John Hill, Luther Grant, Forest Byers, Murphy Jones, Luther Gray, John Kemp, Hazen Ward, Ralph Porterfield, Herbert Tollie, Lee Smith, Clifton Rogers, Chester Shepherd, Elvis Carlton, Eunice Byers, Earnest Carver, Walter McMahan, Johnie Branch, Chas. Parton, Chas. Morrow, James Allen, Hugh Tyson, Homer Covington, Luther Chenault, Jerome Bruton, Clyde Willard, David Underwood, Edward Clever, Edward Thomas, Ralph Cutchen, Chas. Mayo, Jas. Shipp, Louis Pressley, Harry Lamb, Fitzhugh Miller, Arvel Absher, Hoyle Faulkuer, Walter Shepard, Jno. Moose, Allie Williams, Marion Butler, Lee Rogers.

A GREAT STATE ASSET.

Gradually the plant at the Jackson Training School, at Concord, is expanding into proportions wrothy the great State institution that it has become and to the broadening of the purposes which it was designed to fulfill for the youth of the State. The proposition for a joint cottage for the counties of Iredell and Rowan has materialized and this assures a handsome addition to the colony of county buildings. The capacity of the Jackson Training School has been strained from the day it opened its doors, but the cottage system pointed the way out of the difficulty. No county could make better provision for the future welfare of its youth than investment of this kind, and each new cottage adds to the greatness of the institution. The ende-

avor of this school has been to turn out a State asset in the shape of an educated and a trained young manhood, and North Carolina is today filled with living examples to the success of its work.—Charlotte Observer.

MAKING HORSE FEED

The older farmers of Union county remember the late John W. Wadsworth, the big liveryman of Charlotte. Twenty-five or thirty years ago he operated perhaps the largest livery and sale stables in North Carolina. To feed his stock, numbering into the hundreds, he grew hay—literally hundreds of acres of it—on his large farm to the west of the city. And what do you suppose his principal forage crop consist of? The lowly popcorn. He sowed it alone and sometimes mixed with cowpeas. Not only did the popcorn make the finest kind of hay but grain as well, for there were on the stalks little ears of corn which stock ate cob and all. Popcorn may be planted or sown as late as July and it is cut before it is well matured to make the best forage.—Monroe Enquire.

THE PESSIMIST FIREFLY.

The Pessimist Firefly sat on a weed
  In the dark of a moonless night;
With folded wings drooped over his breast
  He moped and he moaned for light.
"There is nothing but weeds on the earth," said he,
  "And there isn't a star in the sky;
And the best I can do in a world like this
  Is to sit on this weed and die."
Then be your own star, then be your own star.
  The Optimist Firefly said,
If you'll leap from your weed, and will open your wings
  And bravely fly afar,
You will find you will shine like a star yourself,
  You will be yourself a star;
Yes, the thing you need
  Is to leap from your weed
And be yourself a star."—Sam Walter Foss.

State Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. JUNE 17, 1922 NO. 32

THE ALTRUISTIC SPIRIT.

In the Boxer rebellion, China sadly wronged the United States. The indemnity awarded our country was nearly $15,000,000. We might have gone to war with China to collect it. Instead, we forgave China her debt, remitting nearly the whole of it. China was surprised and pleased at this unexpected turn of affairs, as was Jacob when Esau, whom he had wronged, fell on his neck and kissed him. What has been the result? China at once sent a high dignitary to Washington with an expression of his nation's deepest gratitude. And then China met our nation's courtesy with a courtesy of her own: she set aside this great sum, and decided to use the income in educating Chinese students in America. Every year 650 students, her brightest young men and women are studying in our various colleges, because of this fund. The United States is being abundantly rewarded for being kind, tenderhearted, forgiving, to China.—Tarbell.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921			Southbound			
No. 36	No. 138	No. 38	No. 30				No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv	ATLANTA, GA. Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv	Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar	GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar	SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.52AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar	SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar	High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.30PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar	GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar	Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar	Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	8.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar	DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	4.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar	Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar	Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar	LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.00PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar	WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar	BALTMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar	West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar	North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.24AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar	NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

He who believes in eternal justice cannot be beaten in life. He may be stung; he may be half dead with the wounds of life, stricken of heart in the lonely desert; but he is sure to start into energy the moment he sees the fresh sunlight or the breeze of the new impulse, such impulse as God sends a man who clings to Him by faith.—Stafford A. Brooke.

A CALL TO CONCORD CITIZENS.

The question of adequate school facilities for the children of Concord, of both races, is a vital one—too vital to be mussed up by an unnecessary public debate, out of which will grow, if anything, a feeling of discord and bitterness. This is no time for any further discord in a town that is trying at the eleventh hour to live in unison with its honored name.

There is no reason of any kind whatever for abuse of anyone, whether he favors or opposes a bond issue for $225,000 for the enlargement of the school facilities. If free men have not the privilege and the perfect right to oppose a measure, until they are convinced of the merits of that measure, then we have come upon evil times.

If the school board of the city of Concord would take the public into a full and frank confidence as to all the facts in the case, there is no reason to doubt that the citizens would register a just verdict. If the Board is in debt and needs some of the bond money to discharge that obligation, why tell the public —it's their business; if the Board means to enlarge the present high school building, tell the public how much enlargement and what amount of money is needed to do the work; if the Board intends to build another High School building, tell the public what the site is to cost, what the building is to cost and their reason for such a course.

There are real good men in Concord, men who have contributed large ser-

vice towards educational advancement in Concord and want to do the proper thing at this critical period, who desire to be informed. As it stands they do not think that $225,000 is required to solve the educational problem; but if the Board can and will make an open and frank exhibit of how it intends to spend this enormous sum, these men will have the light to govern them in casting an intelligent ballot.

If it can be shown that there is a probability of an increase in the school population within the next ten years, then it would certainly be wise to take this into consideration. The simple statement of any person or board or organization to say that "we are building for all time to come" is absurdly foolish and foolishly absurd. No one has the knowledge to warrant such a statement; and no one, not even the school board itself has the authority to bind its successors, or rather attempt it, not to ask for additional bond issues for a future enlargement.

THE UPLIFT stands unequivocally for full school facilities for every child wherever he be—that is a bounded duty we owe the child, and anything short of this is courting criminality in this enlightened age. And it thinks, too, an unnecessary amount, an amount beyond the immediate needs for the next ten years, is a brutal injustice against the public.

If there be any responsible party that knows the real facts and the demands and has authority to speak for them, let him take the public into his confidence by making a full and complete exhibit. The education of our children is too vital a matter to be committing blindly inexcusable errors; but cut out the threatened joint debate.

* * * * * * * *

GOVERNOR MORRISON AT N. C. COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

Gov. Cameron Morrison was the Commencement orator at the late finals of the Women's College at Greensboro. He broke a precedent, in the matter of what the public heretofore has regarded a proper subject for a Commencement occasion. But what does Gov. Morrison care for precedents when the house is on fire or something is going wrong in the state. His subject that day before the ninety and five sweet, attractive graduates was "Agriculture and Horticulture."

The Governor was impressed with the brilliancy of the occasion, and himself was in fine trim, looking every inch a Governor with all that term imimplies. It seemed that the great audience was shocked when he announced his subject—at least several near this writer gave evidence to that fact —and they sat in enrapt attention to the really admirable address, abound-

ing in unanswerable argument and bearing in every sentence a heart-felt conviction that even converted the audience. Not a stir, or smile, or applause, after the opening and very hearty greeting, was in evidence among that intelligent audience until the Govenor eloquently and dramatically declared, "I am in favor of children and others having chicken every other day in the year." Then it was the entire audience gave a hearty and unanimous endorsement, including the gowned faculty on the stage. From that time on Gov. Morrison had his audience in perfect control; and under other environment he could have led the crowd right into the heart of actual and sensible farming, which everybody now knows is not being done in North Carolina.

As "A Country Woman" elsewhere in this issue deplores that among the ninety-five graduates only one has manifested a determination to take on a missionary spirit and go back to the country, where God knows the condition is appalling, and do her might, let us hope that she will preach the Governor's sound doctrine until others join her in the task. Because of this breaking of a precedent, Gov. Morrison got talk started, and his truly admirable advice will travel all the furtner.

* * * * * * *

A LITTLE SHOP TALK.

Gentle reader, look up in this number "Margeret Martin's Adventure," and read it—read it to your girls, to your boys, to all. It's a delightful story —it's a picture of beautiful home life, home co-operation and home manners —it's goodness and naturalness combined.

Master Edward Cleaver, a little more than 13 years of age, with less than one months study in the use of the Linotype machine, alone and without direction set the article in 5 hrs. and 45 minutes, sending the proof to the editor who was unable to find a single error. Those conversant with type-setting, will realize at a glance that this piece, full of commas, quotation marks, dashes etc., is not the easiest composition.

Talk about the dropped stitches of a vanished or palsied hand—wherever the spark of divinity nestless, active or dormant, there is an engaging hope to beckon onward those who recognize the brotherhood of man and the God-given spirit of service.

* * * * * * * *

In the fight for solicitor for the Raleigh district, in the second primary, the big guns are in evidence. Lawyers Hinsdale and Evans, the latter the

leader in the first primary, are contesting. It seems that a majority of the bar has lined up with Hinsdale, but Lawyer J. William Baily, who is supporting Evans, stirred the animals in the court-house on Monday last. From his angle Mr. Baily sees that the "Underworld" are against Evans and are attempting his annihilation. Mr. Evans was an orphan, educated at Oxford Orphanage, is a man of strong mentality, fearless and aggressive. Mr. Hinsdale belongs to one of the old-time families of Raleigh and as a lawyer has had some lfttle experience.

* * * * * * * * *

Miss Gertrude Weill, of Goldsboro, has broken a precedent. She boldly walked up to a polling place in Goldsboro during the primary June 3, and, dicovering that a large number of tickets were marked in accordance with the sympathy and desires of a certain henchman, bodaciously tore them into bits. One lady, in meeting another lady in Greensboro a few days afterwards, expressed our sentiments exactly in this hearty salutation, "Hurrah for our Gertrude" and then the two women right where they are tearing down the old court-house began hugging each other in joy and glee.

* * * * * * * * *

Commissioner of Agriculture Graham should get a copy of Gov. Morrison's Greensboro Normal address on Agriculture and Horticulture, issue it in pamphlet form, send a bunch to every school-district in the state for general distribution. That speech should reach the people out in the sticks, where it can and will do great good. It will get nowhere with town farmers and agriculturists—let those, who will profit by it, have an opportunity to see and study the fine case the Governor made out against our way of farming.

* * * * * * * * *

The Charlotte cotton market on Monday was quoted at 21 3-4 to 22, while in Concord it was reported as just 21. There is a reason for this, and so long as this difference occurs in the price of that product which touches an all but helpless class (as things are now), just so long will Concord, Concord's reputation and Concord's business houses suffer. This is a wrong that should not be permitted to stand longer.

* * * * * * * * *

Sister Nancy Astor has reached home after her triumphant American visit. The cold-blooded neighbors didn't meet her with a brass band, or call out the fire company, or do so small a thing as having the courthouse bell

rung. Lady Astor will have to come back where real personality and an effervescent brightness are recognized and appreciated.

* * * * * * * *

A Virginia lawyer has been sentenced to jail for five days for contempt of court. Must have been a mighty sorry court, whose contempt would bring down on a lawyer only five days in jail. Gov. Trinkle, in trying his nerve, refused to pardon the lawyer.

* * * * * * *

There have been 38,000 business failures since May 1920 when deflation set in. Experts claim with a degree of plausibility that the tide has turned.

* * * * * * * *

Work on the Rowan-Iredell Cottage is going foward rapidly.

THE WOODMAN AND THE SERPENT.

One wintry day a Woodman was tramping home from his work when he saw something black lying on the snow. When he came closer he saw it was a Serpent to all appearance dead. But he took it up and put it in his bosom to warm while he hurried home. As soon as he got indoors he put the Serpent down on the hearth before the fire. The children watched it and saw it slowly come to life again. Then one of them stooped down to stroke it, but the Serpent raised it head and put out its fangs and was about to sting the child to death. So the Woodman seized his axe, and with one stroke cut the Serpent in two. "Ah," said he,

"NO GRATITUDE FROM THE WICKED."

ONE GIRL WILL TACKLE THE JOB.

By A Country Woman.

By reading THE UPLIFT I've learned to have a deeper interest in humanity, for the thoughts expressed through the columns of your paper pulsates with a depth of feeling for mankind in every walk of life.

The great London preacher, who spoke at the recent commencement of Trinity College, truly gave a lucid definition of true leadership when he said; "The true leadership that feels the pity of the multitude and seeks to give true guidance to one's fellows is the aristocratic gift of God. The object of the pulpit is to create an atmosphere for the factory and the farm." As I read I felt that he could have so easily added, "and the object of the Press ought to be to create the same interest," for more people read the newspapers and periodicals than attend divine worship. Do you realize that if the editors of North Carolina had one specific thing in mind, written up in the same spirit of earnestness, and issued on the same date that the power and influence brought to bare in behalf of that object would be incalculable.

Why? Because there are newspaper readers in every community and there is the other class who love to tell the news first and thereby information is carried to the illiterate. One can easily see the dynamic power of the press if such an experiment were to be tested out. I venture to say that the most isolated community of our state would have some, even though vague, information of the subject matter in the papers of that date.

Hearing Govenor Morrison, last week, in his annual address to the graduating class of the N. C. Woman's College, in which he most strongly stressed Agriculture and Horticulture and Gardening—that every home ought to have its vegetable garden, fruit trees, pecan trees, poultry yard, hogs, cows etc—the thought came to me how can these girls afford to go to the rural section to teach after spending money and time on their education when the county schools as a general thing have such poor inducements in the way of school facilities and homes to offer in return for service unless there were some endowed with that gift of God—the real missionary spirit. I made it my business to inquire how many of the 95 garduates, who received diplomas on June 6th at the N. C. W. College, expected to teach in the rural schools of the state. The answer is appalling but true. Just one of that large crowd of bright and attractive girls has the pity of humanity in her heart to such an extent as to venture out in the country to give true guidance to her hobbled rural sister and brother. I fear the subject so ably and earnestly discussed by Gov. Morrison will never be broadcasted to the extent of realizing extensive and intensive results through one lone representative of that big class.

There is a chasm between opportunities of the town and city on the one hand, and those of the rural section on the other hand. Now, how can this chasm be bridged? Surely there is no disposition on the part of

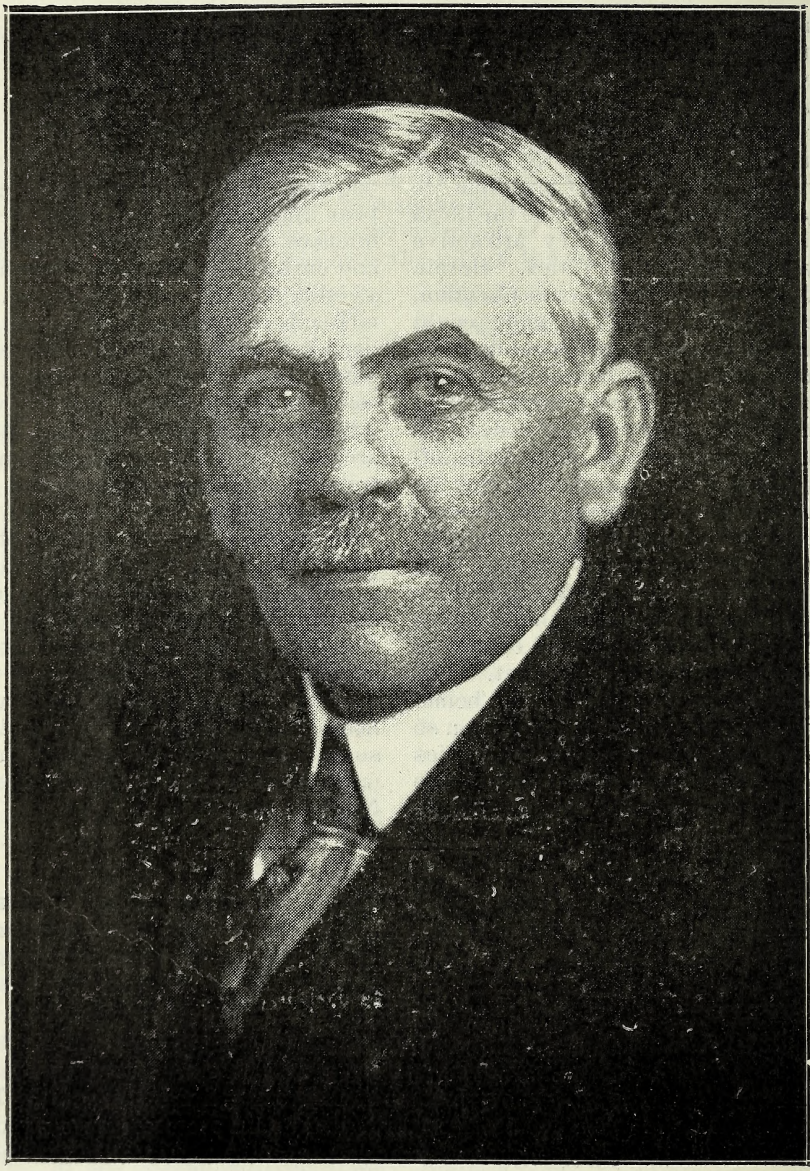
any one to take from the towns and cities any conveniences of modern civilization, or to lower the standards of the College so as to make her products fit into rural life; but there ought to be a desire in the heart of every patriotic North Carolinian to reach out and help to make the life of a teacher in the country attractive by better school facilities. Herein the news-papers of North Carolina, getting the lay of the land, could start an educative propaganda that would help this honest but timid people, the rural fathers and mothers, who by their very environment have been denied the advantages of town people, to find the way to proceed about establishing better school facilites for their children. If something radical and positive is not soon done, history must repeat itself and this coming generation will not be and cannot be any improvement on the past. The only hope of the future home-building, such as Gov. Morrison so eloquently and clearly pictured, lies in the character of the school life and the influence of the teacher in every community.

Good schools help to make thrifty and intelligent house-wives; and surely you could not expect so much of the dull-eyed mother eking out the miserable existence which was bequeathed her, unless you bring to bear upon her and her family the influences of broad-minded, capable and enthusiastic teachers, who have a vision and the spirit of service.

Teachers, having had superior advantages amid luxurious comforts, naturally look for a salary and home comforts commensurate in every way with their past experiences. Many are even educated out of and away from their former sphere and environment.

Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the rural child will be given an even chance with the city child. The school must come first, and, as sure as day follows night, so surely will all the other good things come to make complete an ideal rural home, the kind that Gov. Morrison suggested in his address to the graduating class of the Greensboro Normal, last week.

Mr. Dave Gaskill, of Salisbury, is a fine, good fellow; in fact, he is an institution within himself. When a mere boy he came up from Morehead City to make his home with his brother in Salisbury. It is interesting to hear him tell how his eyes were opened in his trip across the state. "You know," said he, "I am a Methodist. When I was in Morehead I thought there were only two religious denominations—Baptist and Methodist. Here in Salisbury I found that there were others. But when I had an opportunity to go with my brother to New York, I was astounded. In the hotel there was a church directory, and I do believe there were a hundred different denominations inviting you to their services." The further we get from our narrow boundaries, into the greater opportunities, all the bigger and more important seems the world; and from every hand comes the call for service.



CHARLES WORTH JOHNSTON
Charlotte, N. C.

CHARLES WORTH JOHNSTON.

The above is the baptized name of our subject, who, without his knowledge but by his natural affability and delightful approachableness, has come to be known by his hosts of friends as just "Charlie Johnston." From a country lad, born Oct. 14, 1861, when the affairs of this conntry were in a chaotic state and when men and women were suffering the terrors and sorrows of war, Charles Worth Johnston, now of Charlotte, N. C., has justly and fairly earned a proud place among the big and dominant leaders and captains in the business and industrial life of North Carolina. This has been accomplished by his native ability, his strenuous devotion to duty and his high sense of honor and integrity.

Our subject was born in Cabarrus county on the old Johnston homestead near the Jacob Stirewalt old mill, in No. 3 township, of sturdy and strong-minded parentage. His father was Samuel Johnston, whose brother was for years pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Charlotte, and his mother was Mary (Smith) Johnston, a sister of the late Dr. G. G. Smith, once a leading and popular citizen and practicing physician of Cabarrus county and Concord. In this union there were just three children, one daughter, who died in infancy; and two sons, one the subject of this sketch and the other, Mr. Edgar Horace Johnston, a prominent business man and leading citizen of Rock Hill, S. C.

Though the schools of the period of Mr. Johnston's youth are looked upon to-day by the modern doctors of education as feeble and peculiar efforts after education, there were nevertheless in that time outstanding examples of the finest educational training ever known in all the history of the state. Young Johnston had the privilege of being under that master, Prof. Augustus Leazer, a justly famous teacher of that period and whose efficiency and fine reputation still survive in the lives and conduct of hundreds of manly and succcessful men. Young Charlie Johnston was under the educational training of Prof. Leazer for six years, having attended his school at Prospect and afterwards at Coddle Creek. In 1879 he entered Davidson College, remaining there until 1882 when he accepted a clerkship in the town of Davidson.

Mr. Johnston married Miss Jennie Stough, of Davidson, and blessing this union are three children, Mr. Horace Johnston, who is now associated with his father in the conduct of his extensive manufacturing enterprises, Mrs. R. W. Stokes and Mrs. E. J. Brasswell, all residents of Charlotte. In 1921 death entered this home, and Mrs. Johnston, the devoted wife and mother, was called to the great beyond.

In 1884, becoming connected with the firm of Stough, Cornelius & Co., Mr. Johnston and his firm built the Cornelius Cotton Mills, of which he became secretary and treasurer. The enterprise was successful in every particular. In 1895 Mr. Johnston removed to Charlotte, where he became the secretary and treasurer of the Highland Park Cotton Mills, of which at that time the late Col. W. E. Holt, and the late J. S. Spencer

were the outstanding directing officials. Upon the burden of advancing years of Col. Holt, to Mr. Johnston was handed down the active management of this enterprise, which then had just 450 looms. Later an enlargement took place, providing for the necessary spinning machinery to make the mill in every respect a well balanced manufacturing plant. This organization, the Highland Park M'fg. Co., under the direct and masterful direction and control of Mr. Johnston, has grown into a mammoth industrial machine, consisting today of No. 1, at Charlotte, with 16,000 spindles and 500 looms; No. 2, at Rock Hill, with 16,000 spindles and 800 looms; and No. 3, at Charlotte, with 30,000 spindles and 1,036 looms. No. 2, at Rock Hill, S. C., is under the direction of Mr. E. H. Johnston, a brother, who just a few years ago was making his living on the old Johnston homestead in western Cabarrus. At Rock Hill is owned and operated by this company a Cotton Oil Mill of sixty ton capacity.

In addition to the already mentioned manufacturing enterprises, Mr. C. W. Johnston is president of the Brown and Norcott mills, at Concord; of the Jewell mill at Thomasville, of a mill at Selma; of the Park Yarn mill, of King's Mountain; and is owner outright of the mill of the Johnston Mfg. Co. Mr. Johnston is the president and chief stockholder of the Johnston Mills Company, a million-dollar corporation recently charted, which is engaged in the commission business alone. One would think that with these interest, going and virile, the energy of one man would be sufficiently occupied and entertained; but not so. There is building today under the direction of Mr. Johnston at Spindale a large mercerizing plant, which, I am told, will be the latest word in the construction and efficiency of such an institution. The activities of the subject of this sketch are not confined to the work of cotton mills and allied interests, for he takes a lively interest in the commercial and banking life of Charlotte, and is now a director of the Commercial Bank and interested as a stockholder in other financial and various institutions.

As I write of this very successful and useful man, knowing no little about his early youth, his opportunities and his environment, I cannot keep back the wonder as to how many men, successful and outstanding men, reached that position in business life, who followed their first impulses and leadings. Answering my own curiosity, I am constrained to believe that there are but few. When a great big, strapping boy, Charlie Johnston attended a "writing-school," conducted by E. W. Scott, a genius with pen and ink. Young Johnston displayed wonderful talent along this line, and Scott made him believe as most normal men do to-day that good pensmen, like poets and teachers, are born that way. While Mr. Johnston was paying court to the goddess of the writing art, he drew with a pen a picture of an eagle, 18 X 24 inches the picture is, that was so well executed and looked so like the real thing in nature, that his contribution took a medal in 1880 at the famous Poplar Tent Fair. This event and occurrence were enough to turn the head of an average boy, and make him believe that he had

struck his calling and stride; but Charlie Johnston, then not quite nineteen years old, had too much sturdy material in his make-up to fall to the temptation of becoming a Writing-School Master—that would have been a tragedy. Even today Mr. Johnston, practical business man that he is, writes "a most beautiful hand" that puts a copy-plate on its good behavior.

There is a time in the life of an individual when somebody puts into his mind an idea, a thought, a suggestion, that sticks and takes root, and develops. Mr. Samuel Johnston, the father, a very observant and thoughtful man, made an observation in the presence of his two sons when the late Capt. J. M. Odell bought the McDonald mill in Concord and began its enlargement and development. Said Mr. Johnston: "That's logical; the South is the place for the cotton mills; here the field of cotton, over yonder the factory; here the help and the climate. The day is coming when this section will be the real home and the leader in the cotton mill interest." The boys may not have realized it at the time, but the man closest to them sowed the seeds that found a welcome soil in the lives of his two sons.

It is the material side and record of a man that attract the interest and admiration of the public in general. But when this success is applied to the material and to selfish ends alone, it requires but a short time after the funeral for the hero of industry to become lost in the realm of forgetfulness. God and fortune have met the character and the energy of Charles Worth Johnston; and the combined forces have resulted in a most wonderful accomplishment. Success and fortune have faild to turn his head—he remains the same natural spirit that made for him friends in his youth. He has not forgotten his God, nor the widow and the orphan. Probably there is no man in North Carolina who does (and the left hand never knows what the right hand does) more for distressed humanity than does Mr. Johnston, and yet the hounds of publicity are commanded to keep still. I know this to be a literal fact; and I have been impressed by the man's simple joy and pleasure in the doing of the acts of mercy, helpfulness and service, that can be traced to his generous and benevolent heart. He counts it a high privilege to contribute to the promotion of the welfare of the living and the coming generations. Literally he belives and acts on the theory that God blessed his efforts that he might render a service to his fellow man—not his to harbor in selfishness, but to do good with. That's a man's estimate of the true life.

Left in 1879, when his father died, with probably less than the small sum of three thousand dollars, and now conservatively placed into the millionaire class, is a record that attests the virtue and glory of energy, faithfulness and integrity to young men as a good working-capital and a foreshadowing of success—that success that makes the world better and more prosperous by having lived in it. This is truly the record made by Charles Worth Johnston, of Charlotte, a captain of industry and of benevolence.

BURR REFUSED CHRISTIANITY.

By Mrs. H. E. Monroe.

Burr himself tells us that a the age of eighteen the Spirit of God came upon him with such power that he fled to the woods to settle that great question which faces every human being—"Shall I be a Christian?" He said to himself: "I purpose as a lawyer to succeed by the tricks of the trade. There is many a short cut in business which a Christian could not take, therefore I shall not be a Christian." He tells us that the Spirit of God never again troubled him. He sinned against the Spirit, that unpardonable sin. Left to himself, his destiny led him to a high place only to make his fall more terrible. Socially he was the most charming man of his day, but he entered no home which he did not defile. No woman loved him but to her sorrow. Burr was holding the position of Vice-President as a Republican when he was nominated by the Federalists for Governor of New York. Some of the leading men of that party refused to support him, among them Hamilton. This led to the duel in which Hamilton was killed, July 11, 1804. Burr was disfranchised and banished by the laws of New York, and was indicted for murder by the authorities of New Jersey for having killed Hamilton on the soil of that State. He could not enter either New York or New Jersey to settle his business. He was bankrupted, and more than $5,000 in debt when all his property had been sold and the results paid over. The day before the duel Burr had a right to suppose himself a more important man than Hamilton. Was he not Vice-President? Had he not just received a majority of the votes of the city of New York for Governor of that State, in spite of Hamilton's greatest exertions? Yet the day after the duel the dying Hamilton had the sympathy of every human being, and Burr was a fugitive from justice, not knowing friend from foe. Never was there a greater revulsion of feeling. He went back to Washington and again presided over the Senate, but was simply scorched by the open, daily manifestations of the scorn of Senators. On Saturday, March 2, he took leave of the Senate. That body was in executive session, therefore no spectators were present. Mr. Burr, one of the most eloquent as well as one of the handsomest men of his day, rose in his place after the galleries had been cleared. He began his address by saying that he had intended to remain during his constitutional time, but he felt an indisposition coming upon him and he now desired to take leave of them. The silence could be felt. There was no shorthand reporter present, and exactly what he said is not known—perhaps nothing very different from what other retiring Vice-Presidents have said. No reference was made to the duel, none to the scorn he had merited, unless it were in his words, "For injuries received, thank God, I have no memmory." He thanked the Senators for kindness and courtesy. He prophesied that if every political liberty in this country died, its expiring ag-

onies would be witnessed on the floor of the United States Senate. As he walked out no man rose, no man shook hands with him; when the door closed on him it shut him out forever from position, usefulness, home, country, the love of women, and the friend-ship of men. At the President's reception on the following Monday two Senators were relating the circumstances to a group which had gathered round, them On being asked, "How long did Mr. Burr speak?" one of them answered, "I can form no idea; it may have been a moment and it may have been an hour; when I came to my senses I seemed to have awakened from a kind of a trance." Burr, hurled from power and honor, wandered a fugitive from justice, and at last would have been laid in a pauper's grave but for the care of a woman who had loved him in his better days. Surely the Pslamist was right when speaking of the righteous and the unrighteous, he said: "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away."

COLUMBUS COUNTY VETERAN HAS EVERYTHING READY FOR BURIAL.

Whiteville, June 10.—"J. J. Prosperforme D. W. Doctor DeVowell Conner, Born Nov. 9th, 1830. Joined the Confederate Army 1861. Returned home June 26th, 1865. All things to the glory of God."

The above is an exact inscription of the monument in the Fair Bluff cemetery. However, the well known gentleman whose epitaph it bears is not dead and in spite of the snows and storms of 92 years is a hale and happy old gentleman and can be seen on the streets almost every day of the week when the weather is pleasant. He says that his grave will not be dug for some time yet, but he is risking no chances whatever on getting caught napping when that eventful day comes off and has procured his coffin which has been stored away until it becomes necessary to use it. No explanation is forthcoming why the old man wants to be on time about his final ceremonies, while the name he bears is a heavy weight for his shoulders to carry.

Why He Flewsseau

A lady, who purchased her trousseau,
Now thinks she was foolish to doesseau,
For the man she would wed
Has just bolted instead—
That is why the poor maiden boohooseau!

Wayside Tales.

"WE DONT BUY FROM AGENTS."

The world is full of all kinds of people. Probably it is well, or else it mignt prove a very dull, monotonous affair. Every community has its outstanding man of pecularity—the mystery man. Some people are afraid of him; some have a contempt for him; others try to forget that such a fellow moves among them.

A Salisbury man gave us an interesting story, illustrating how a man of mystery operated and caught by his own acts, but up to this good day he never found it out unless there is a way of earthly things breaking through the mist that shrouds the other worlds beyond. It seems, as the story goes, this mystery man had a few folks hypnotized and proceeded very largely to attend their business—taking the bit in his own mouth. One of these hypnotized gentlemen was having a building erected. A plate glass representive desired to figure on the material in his line.

Having succeeded in reaching the inner innerness of the mysterious man's sactum, the agent proceed to request the drawings that he might figure on the material and make a proposition." We don't deal with agents," said the man of mystery, "we buy direct from the factory;" and unceremoneously dismissed the agent.

Unwhipped the agent made a hasty trip to Charlotte, bought the plan from the architect for five dollars, sent them to the Pittsburg factory with this request: "The man who is locally sitting on the job refuses to deal with agents or representives, claiming that they buy direct from the factory. I have secured these plans from the architect. Figure out a proposition and send direct from your office to Mr. So and So. While my commission is a usual 5 per cent, but this fellow put me to extra trouble and an extra expense, I vish you to add a 10 per cent commission so I may be remunerated properly.

The Pittsburg factory carried out to the letter the instructions of their representive ("agent"), and in a few days the man of mysterd sent his acceptance of the proposy tion and the plate glass that are ii-that building which the man of mysn tery controlled were bought, afterall, from an "agent," who received 10 per cent rather than a 5 per cent commission from the man, who "never buys from an agent." That building is in North Carolina, and still serves a useful purpose.

That's a peculiar performance they pull off at the commencement of the North Carolina College for Women, at Greensboro. After the ninety-five pretty, bright young girls had finished their march down the main aisle, bound together in a rope of daisies, they were buried at the foot of the stage for the balance of the exercise, while the multitude of gowned teachers occupied the stage in full view of the great audience that went there primarily to see the ninety-five graduates and to hear Gov. Morrison.

ONE BILLION DOLLARS FOR EDUCATION

Selected

In two periodicals that came to my desk to-day I found two significant statements on the subject of education. The first stands as the caption of this article. America spends through compulsory taxation one billion dollars for education. The figures are huge. We can form only a faint conception of so large a number. So committed are we to the need and principle of universal education, and so necessary is it in a democracy, that we are willing to expend vast sums of money to wipe out illiteracy.

The other statement reads, "Urges Education to protect Nation. Head of National League of Women Voters says this is Safeguard of Republic." These may be considered random estimates of the value of secular education, but they are voices from the crowd representing a very deep and general feeling. We may not give assent to the popular assertion that knowledge alone will keep us as a people in the safe way; but without question ignorance is a foe of the most formidable character. Not a cent do we begrudge for the maintenance of the public school system of the United States.

We wish it were possible to set down here the annual budget of the Christain Church of this country for religious education. We have seen various statements, supposedly from reliable sources, purporting to give us an approximate estimate of the money we put into Christian schools of one sort or another. But these estimates differ so widely that we shall not name any one of them.

It goes without saying that Christian schools cost money just the same as secular schools. Teaching religion is very little different from teaching history, literature, science, or any other branch of knowledge. To establish and maintain a school for the dissemination of the Gospel in any part of the globe requires its stipend. It has been claimed we spend two cents a week for the religious training of each young life under our care. We may spend that much, or many times that amount, but in either case our contributions are pitifully inadequate.

The work of the Church schools must be placed on a basis that compares favorably in equipment curriculm, teaching force and result with the public school system of our country. We can never hope to gain the co-operation of trained educators for our cause if we insist on being content with impractical and antiquated methods. One of the immediate needs is a budget sufficiently large to make possible a building in which a school may be expected to do good work. It reflects on the manner in which we approach our tasks when we contribute willingly through taxation toward secular education and then keep our dollars in our pockets when an effort is put forth to make more thorough the program of the schools of the Church.

We believe no education is complete without religion. We further believe it is the Church's duty to teach religion, but how can she hope to assume this responsibility without a degree of support commensurate with the opportunity. In

addition to a spiritual basis this work must have a dollar basis.

Now that the old Confederate is beginning to march upon Richmond for the Reunion, one naturally thinks of the events of the great War between the States. Out in No. 3 township, Cabarrus County, near the old Stirewalt mill and the playground of Dr. Watt Rankin, there lived one of the county's sturdiest citizens. He was Mr. Samuel Johnston, the father of Mr. Edgar H. Johnston, of Rock Hill, S. C., and Mr. Charles W. Johnston, of Charlotte. The story, as recalled, has a crowd of Yankee soldiers moving about in these quaters during the later part of 1865. They were largely foraging.

They called at the home of Mr. Johnston. They were seeking butter and eggs and such like. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston has not enjoyed real coffee for months and months. Mrs. Johnston exchanged somee butter with the Yankees for coffee. The husband was away in the field. When he turned in for dinner, he caught the odor of what carried him back to former days. "What's this I smell," he said to his wife. "It is coffee, for which I exchanged some butter with several Yankees who came along." Mr. Johnston belonged to that large class of good people who thought that the South could not be whipped; and when that event took place, they consoled themselves that they "were not whipped, but overpowered." "Pour it out, my dear wife," said Mr. Johnston, "we can't afford to drink Yankee coffee at this period." Mr. Ed. Johnston, the son and who was about eight years old, remembering the event as if it were burnt into his memory, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "and they did pour that coffee out, into cups and saucers."

THE IDEAL HOME.

Selected.

Occasionally we see an advertisement in the newspaper stating that a certain real estate agent has "a fine home for sale." It is a mistake. No one can buy or sell a home. What the real estate agent really means is that he has a house to dispose of. It is a business of the people who live in it to make it a home.

It is a comparatively easy thing to build a house if one has the money. An architect, with the assistance of bricklayers, carpenters and masons, will soon put up a dwelling, but to construct a real home takes much more time and thought. The materials that enter into it are invisible.

Old Dr. Hamilton, in his quaint way, says: "Six things constitute a good home. Integrity should be its architect; industry should be its ventilator; tidiness should be its upholsterer. It should be lighted by cheerfulness, warmed by affection, and over all should be the canopy of God's blessing."

The ideal home may be in a cottage, in a tent, in a log cabin in the woods, in a shack on the prairie—

anywhere but if it is the abode of friendship, love and sympathy it is a heaven on earth.

The ideal home is a place of real comfort. What a fine old English word "comfort" is, and how much it suggest! Every man ought to feel that this element exists in his home whatever else may be lacking. It is rough enough outside; there is a great deal that rasps and annoys in the business life of today. For every worried working man the home should be a kind of sanctuary.

The furniture of a dwelling should be chosen with a view to comfort rather than style. Some housewives have a strange liking for antique articles of furnishing, and others are determined to have the latest fashion, but there is usually very little satisfaction to be had in either of these extremes. There is probably nothing that a man appreciates more than a roomy, old-fashioned chair in which he may read his evening paper, or a wide sofa with sufficient length for him to stretch out in what he calls "solid comfort." This is the element, perhaps more than any other, that he craves in his home.

A true home will be a place of harmony and peace. When Frederick the Great, wearied with the fatigues of war, built a house for himself, he ordered the words "Sans Souci" to be inscribed over the doorway, to indicate that nothing disturbing should be allowed to enter it.

Demon of Discord

It is to be feared that there are many homes where the demon of discord prevails. It is quite a common thing to see the motto, "God bless our home," in the dining room. That is very beautiful, but there is no use hanging such a motto if the father is in the habit of bottling up his wrath all day and then uncorking it when he gets home, or if the mother is a continual scold, filling the house with perpetual clamor. Under such circumstances the motto is a mockery.

A prominent employer of labor states that domestic quarrels greatly lessen the business efficiency of men and women. No man can do his best work if he comes to his task after a quarrel with his wife, and the wife at home is miserable for the whole day.

Domestic disagreements are often caused by a very little thing. A foolish remark, a sharp word, a severe reproof, a flippant jest are often sufficient to precipitate a wrangle, and unfortunately when it is started neither party to it seems to have sense enough to keep quiet. Cross words add fuel to the fire, and the happiness of the home is gone. What a pity!

A very fine motto to hang up in the home and strive to live by would be the words of Paul to the Ephesians:

"Let all bitterness and wrath, and anger and clamor, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

This injunction translated into the life of every member of the family would make an Eden of every home.

Home ought to be made an attractive place. A man may honestly aim at possessing a beautiful house. Dr. Dwight says: "Uncouth, mean, ragged, dirty houses constituting the body of any city, will be regularly accom-

pained by coarse grovelling manners. The dress, the furniture, the mode of living, and the manners will correspond with the appearance of the dwellings."

It is not neeessary for every house to be what "Abbotsford," Sir Walter Scott's home, was called, "A poem in stone," yet there is room for some display of taste even in the smallest and poorest dwelling.

Leigh Hunt illustrated that a pleasant dwelling can be made in the most unfavorable circumstances. He was imprisoned for nearly two years for an alleged libel on the Prince of Wales. During this time he did not yield to depression, but spent his time in decorating the walls of his gloomy prison. With the simplest of means he made his cell so attractive that Charles Lamb declared that there was not another such room except in fairy land.

Pictures a Power.

Among the silent influences that count much in the formation of character are the pictures that hang upon the walls. We see them so often that they make deep impressions. It is of great importance that they be bright and cheerful. A book agent, one day, wanted to sell me an illustrated copy of Dante's works. It contained a large number of fearful looking pictures of goblin and fiends. I told him that I would not have such a book upon my library table if he gave it to me. Put up bright, cheerful pictures and let the song of gladness and the shout of laughter ring through the house.

The ideal home will be a cheerful place. Cheerfulness is partly a matteer of temperament, but it is also the result of effort and habit. It is more than a pleasure—it is a positive duty. Black is not one of nature's favorite colors. Nature rejoices in things bright and gladsome. Toys, playthings, games, jokes, romps are a valuable part of the home program. The loving words and the sunny smiles that children get from their mother in the early days of life make an indelible impression on them. No finer compliment could be paid to a mother than the epitaph once put upon a tombstone: "She always made home happy."

"She made home happy!" these few words I read
Within a churcyard written on a stone;
No name, do date, the simple words alone,
Told me the story of the unknown dead.
A marble column lifted high its head
Close by, inscribed to one the world has known;
But ah! that lonely grave with moss o'ergrown
Thrilled me far more than his who armies led.
"She made home happy!" through the long sad years,
The mother toiled and never stopped to rest,
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast,
And closed her eyes, no longer dimmed with tears.
The simple record that she left behind
Was greater than the soldier's to my mind.

CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS OF ANSON COUNTY

Through the kindness of Mrs. Mary Bennet Little, formerly president of the state organization of the U. D. C., and who jealously grasps every opportunity to keep alive the cherished memory of the heroes, living and dead, of the 60s, The Uplift is enabled to give below the surviving Confederate soldiers, now residents of Anson county. They number just 53.

F. C. Allen, J. M. Billingely, John A Boggan, S. Benton, W. M. Brower, W. **H. Bryant, Henry Bailey, W. A. Curlee, Davidson Curlee, Ed Caudle, Cul Caudle,** Henry Covington, Henderson Davis, E. F. Fenton, Peter S. Grooms, Ed Gaddy, **S. F. Gaddy, Joel Gaddy, Frank Gaddy, George W. Gulledge, J. C. Goodman, Milton Griffin, George W. Huntley, Noah Hinson, W. H. Kelly, E. S. Kiker,** J. A. Little, T. H. Lewis, W. J. McLendon, John McAllister, James McRae, M. B. Martin, John Moore, Peter F. Morton Thomas Morrison, John A Newton, W. W. Pigg, Richard Poplin, James Porter, Hugh Pinkston, A. Redfearn, William Ricketts, C. H. Rivers, Wm. A. Smith, E. F. Shepard, G. T. Shepard, Samuel Stegall, Jas M. Thomas, E. W. Treadway, Z. T. Treadway, Rufus Trexler, J. B. Tarleton, Thomas B. Wyatt.

CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS OF RICHMOND COUNTY.

Hon. W. N. Everett, of Rockingham, at our request has furnished us with a list of the surviving Confederate soldiers of Richmond county. Mr. Everett, who is one of the outstanding citizens of the state, an experienced and able legislator, enjoying the confidence not only of his own people but thousands throughout the state who have learned to know him, writes that he is satisfied that there are several other Confederate soldiers in the county who have moved into their bounds, but at this date he was unable to secure their names. The Uplift, therefore, is constrained to believe that in all of Richmond there are probably not over forty-five, Mr. Everett's list showing just thirty-seven. They are:

E. F. Fenton, J. K. Austin, F. L. Cole, Thos. B. Covington, E. N. Ingram, E. C. Cole, Stephen Wall, William R. Covington, W. H. Dabbs, W. B. Dawkins, **James Palmer, M. B. Garret, Jas. F. Gay, E. S. Hart, Wm. D. Ingram, Wheeler Jacobs, Joseph Lemley, Lawrence Latham, B. W. Luther, John A. McAskill, Nelson McAskill, Starland C. McDonald, A. L. McDuffie, Arch McGregor, R. C. Meacham, M. L. Morrison, W. B. Morse, J. C. New, A. B. Nickolson, Simeon K. Pate, Arnold Perdue, A. P. Quick, W. M. Roberts, Harrison Shepard, John Surgner, John H. Thrower, J. B. Williams.**

CONFEDERATE "BATTLE ABBEY."

The old soldiers of the 60s, or as many as can do so, will be moving on to Richmond on the 20th. A news item coming out from Richmond, Va., under date of 11th, gives a good idea of the preparation making for this event, perhaps the last one that be can held with an appreciable attendance. The story runs:

Leisurely inspection of the Confederate Memorial Museum, better known, perhaps, as the "Battle Abbey," promises to be one of the most interesting features of the thirty-second annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, which will open here on June 20 and continue three days.

The "Battle Abbey" was completed not many months ago, and this will be the first time Confederate veterans living any distance from Richmond will have the opportunity to view it.

Houses Famous Painting

This building, superbly situated in the center of a beautiful park in Richmond's fashiohable West End, now permanently houses most of the fine paintings and portraits of famous battles of the War Between the States and of the immortal chieftains who followed Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, Pickett and Pettigrew, Semmes and Buchanan.

The mural paintings which adorn the walls of the museum in themselves well deserve and have earned the highest praisefrom international art critics. Charles Hoffbauer, a French Alsatian, executed this work, and the results he produced bespeaks the hand of the master. Hoffbauer's work was interrupted during the World War when he returned to France and fought beneath the Tri-Color.

Eventually the "Battle Abbey" will house the larger bulk of Confederate relics, and, it is expected, will become the South's greatest shrine—a shrine to which pilgrims from the whole world will journey.

Still the Capitol City

Richmond is still the Captial City of Southern memories, and in calling again for the remnants of that army which defended her sixty years ago she does so in the consciousness that they will respond to a man, as their years permit. Reports reaching General Julian S. Carr, of Durham, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, through the Richmond Reunion Headquarters, indicate that not less than 5,000 of the surviving 45,000 Confederates will be here for the elaborate ceremonies and entertainments.

Richmond has not only summoned her heroes of more than a half-century ago, but has also beckoned their wives, their widows, their daughters and their sons.

The Convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will open on June 19; that of the United Confederate Vetterans on June 20. All will conclude on June 22.

Usual reduce railroad rates have been granted by all the transportation systems in the Southeastern States to Richmond and return for

the exclusive benefit of the veterans, members of their famlies, auxiliary organizations, sponsors and maids and matrons-of-honor.

The program of exercise and entertainments probably will make this the greatest reunion in the history of the Confederate veterans. There wlll be addresses by some of the South's greatest orators—United States Senator Pat. Harrison, of Mississippi; W. Tate Brady, of Oklahoma; Dr. Henry Lewis Smith, president of Washington and Lee University; General Julian S. Carr, who will also preside at all business sessions; Governor E. Lee Trinkle, of Virgina; Dr. Douglas Freeman, of Richmond; Mayor George Ainslie, of Richmond and other distinguished men.

To Honor Confederate Sailor

Richmond has done much in honor of the Confederate Soldier and now wishes to pay equal tribute to the Confederate sailor. Another of the principle features of the reunion will be the laying of the cornorstone of a monument to Matthew Fontain Maury "Pathfinder of the Seas," and hero of the Confederate Navy.

Richmond plans to receive the veterans in royal style. There will be a welcome for each of them as they alight at the railway stations. Each will be greeted by a member of the Reunion Committee, given proper credentails and provided with quarters in cases where reservations have not been made in advance.

That the vistors here for the reunion will form a throng of many thousands is already attested by the fact that Richmond hotels have closed their reservation books, boarding houses have prepared to accommodate thousands and it has been found necessary for hundreds of private homes to be thrown open in order to assure that every visitor will have a comfortable lodging.

The reunion program includes three Confederate balls, reception after reception, a great parade and review, band concerts and trips to nearby battlefields, which are always dear and near to the hearts of all Confederates.

MARGERET MARTIN'S ADVENTURE.

By Frances McKinnon Morton

Margeret Martin came into the comfortable family living room, threw herself down on the old davenport and slumped disconsolately into the corner.

"Well, Sue, it's happened!" she said shortly.

"What's happened, Margeret Martin?" her sister asked with quick and loving solicitude.

"I'm invited to spend the week-end with Nancy Willis out at Rosedale—I've been afraid it would happen and now it has."

Sue laughed with a little catch of relief in her voice. "Why, honey, you talk as if a real disaster had happened to you, when I think it's lovely. I knew Nancy Willis last year in High School and she's a splendid girl."

"Oh, I know it," Margeret interrupted, "there isn't a thing wrong with Nancy Willis. I love her myself, but—"

"Well, what's the matter then?" Sue queried anxiously.

Margeret looked at her in mild surprise. "Why, Sue," she said, "I thought of course you'd understand —this is a house party—I don't know all those who are invited, but I know Mary Edith Varney, Josephine Gardner and Jean Roberts are all invited—oh, and Murray Atkins and Frank Lambert and some others—all rich people who can buy everything they want to wear, and I—"

"Oh, is that all that's troubling you?" she laughed with relief. "Well, I guess the Martin family can rise to an occasion—write and accept your invitation."

"It wasn't written—she just saw me at school and asked me and I couldn't refuse without hurting her feelings, but—" returned Margeret briefly.

"Well, don't worry any more then," comforted Sue with a lovely 'older-sister' sweetness. "I say the family can rise to the occasion—we have till Friday afternoon to get ready and I say you needn't feel ashamed of your clothes when we get through with you."

"Honey, you know I'm never ashamed of my clothes," Margeret interrupted with a heightened color. "I know that mother makes the prettiest dresses any girl could want, but you know my things are all just simple school-girl clothes and these girls are all older than I am—they will have party dresses and dinner gowns and—and—"

Sue laughed and Margeret gave a deep sigh. "You see," she said disconsolately, "I dont even know what all they will have because I never went to a house-party in my life."

Sue stooped to kiss the firm round cheek of the younger sister who was so dear to her. "Never mind, honey, we'll fix it up all right for you."

"But," protested Margeret, "I don't want you all to deny yourselves to dress me up—still I don't want to go out there looking so plain and shabby that Nancy will be ashamed of me before her friends—Nancy dresses plainly for school herself and we read Latin together all the time and are good friends and I know she likes me but don't you see, I have a little pride myself and I don't mind not going places, but I don't want to go like the 'guest without the wedding garment,' you see, don't you, Sue dear?"

"I do see how you feel, Margie," Sue answered quitely, "but we'll manage it all right for you and don't you worry about it any more. It's just a few weeks till final 'exams' and you know we all want to do something for you when you graduate anyway."

Margeret lifted her face and smiled, "Oh, Sue," she said, "you surely are the sweetest sister in the world and I know you and mother can make all sorts of pretty things, but you see I'm not willing for you to spend a lot of money on me now—father hasn't it to spare and I know it and I don't want the rest of you going without things—if she had only written I could have refused—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Sue, "you oughtn't to want to refuse—it would hurt Nancy to have you to do that."

So Sue took matters in her own hands and with the wonderful skill she had learned with her mother first and her Domestic Science teacher

afterward, she tucked and stitched and altered first her mother's pretty grey silk dress and then her own beloved pink organdie until they fitted Margeret perfectly.

"But I won't have you do that," Margeret protested in spite of the pleased smile that would come over her face at the sight of herself in the pretty finery.

"We've already done it," she laughed, "and we loved doing it—didn't we, Mother-mine?"

"We certainly did," agreed Mrs. Martin with a pleased smile that well matched Margeret's own, "you are going to take my rose silk scarf that father brought me from France, Roland is going to lend you his precious traveling bag that his science professor gave him when he took him on that western trip."

"And oh, yes," interrupted Sue, "Ellis insists on lending you his pongee shirt that mother made him. It will just fit you and with my plaid skirt will be just the thing for a sport suit."

Margeret sighed, "You just load me down with kindness," she said, "and I don't know how I'm to pay it all back."

"Just go on and enjoy your house-party," Mrs. Martin laughed in reply, "we'll all find something else to wear while you are gone and I know some girls do take lots of clothes for an occasion like that."

"We want you to reflect credit on the Martin family," Ellis remarked as he came in and smiled at Margeret looking so stately and dressed up in the grey silk with the rose scarf.

"You'll do it all right," Roland seconded as he brought out his beautiful traveling bag ready for her to pack it.

"You'd better take my new slippers too," Sue offered as she brought them from her closet where she kept them wrapped in tissue paper and in her dainty shoe box.

"And I want to come in on that too," said Mr. Martin coming that moment into the room. "I've met Nancy and I think she is a fine girl. I don't know Senator Willis personally but I admire his public career and wouldn't want my little girl not to have what she needs for an occasion like this."

Margeret's eyes shone through a little mist as her father handed her five dollars—she knew very well that her father's long illness had cost so much that five dollars just to spend, was not easy for her father to spare.

"Well, the Martin family certainly did rise to the occasion," Margeret declared, when dressed in her own simple blue taffeta she was all ready to start on Friday morning, "and I just love you all for it. I'm going to do my best to reflect credit on you."

"Lemme give you a pointer about the knives and forks, Sis," Ellis offered with all earnestness of a fourteen-year-old boy who likes to appear well. "I found it out last year at the Boy's Banquet—you begin at the outside and work in toward your plate and you won't get far wrong."

So with the advice and all the 'best things' the family possessed, Margeret started on her eventful journey.

The journey on the train was only of about twenty minutes duration and before she was half through wondering if there would be a party every night, except Sunday of course, the

brakeman called "Rosedale Station" and she had to get off the train.

She wondered who would meet her and if they would come in the big luxurious car that the family sometimes drove about in. In spite of herself too, she couldn't help wondering what Josephine and Jean and the other girls would be wearing.

She had a comfortable, well-prepared sort of feeling though with her brother's beautiful traveling bag and all of her pretty things safely stowed away inside of it. How good it was of all of them to send her away with all these pretty things!"

"Beg, pardon, but are you Margeret Martin?" asked a fine looking man in khaki overalls and a clean blue shirt.

Margeret smiled as she answered, "Yes." It must be the Willis's driver but he certainly had a fine, sweet face she thought, and Margeret was never one to grudge a smile to those who served her comfort.

"Then come right on this way, Margeret," he said as he shook hands with her and introduced himself as Mr. Willis. "We've another guest around here—the boys wanted to come for you in the car but Judge Lambert and I were going fishing and we wanted the old buck-board so we slipped off and came to the train ourselves."

The two grey-haired men chuckled over the joke as gaily as if they were just good-natured big boys.

Margeret had been supposing that the over-alled driver must be some country relation of the Senator's, but the porter at the station called him "Senator," so maybe it was he after all.

Surely she couldn't tell from what the two men said to each other for they called each other "Bill" and "Joe" as simply as Margeret's own father and her dearest uncle called each other "Sam" and "Jimmy." It was queer and it sort of upset her ideas of things a little but she hadn't time to think much for she was crowded into the old buck-board and driving down the shady road to Rosedale before she could get it all straightened out in her mind.

"That's a fine traveling bag you have there," the Senator admired as he took hold of it, "better stow your old valise underfoot there Joe, and hold on to this yourself. We don't want to get it lost. It sort of reminds me of an old friend of mine—Professor Richards—he's sort of an expert on traveling bags—has them made to his order."

"Professor Richards gave it to my brother Roland," Margeret answered proudly, and before she realized that she was talking with a United States Senator and a Judge of the Supreme Court, she had already told them a good deal about that beloved brother of hers and the special kind of work he was interested in.

The house at Rosedale was another surprise to Margeret—it was a big, old-fashioned country house, roomy and comfortable and well furnished to be sure but plain and livable and lovable.

Not more lovable though than Mrs. Willis in her fresh blue chambray morning dress.

"Do you know, Nancy," she found herself saying easily as Nancy went up to her room with her, "that this house and your mother look alike."

"Of course they do," Nancy laugh-

ed "we all know it, but I'm glad you can see it—the rest of the boys and girls have gone for a horse-back ride and I'm helping mother with the dinner, so I'm going to leave you to hang your things up and get into something you won't mind having a good time in—hang your things here in this closet and—"

Margeret had already hung her hat up and begun slipping out of her blue dress as naturally as she would have done at home.

"I see you brought that pretty checked gingham," Nancy laughed as Margeret lifted it out of the traveling bag, "it'll be the very thing to wear—hang your things up now and hurry—you're to help me hull the dew berries for dinner and set the table."

And Nancy was gone smiling down the stairs while Margeret hung up her beautiful things and in her heart gave thanks that her own good mother had insisted on her bringing the checked gingham and the pink chambray.

There was a wholesome heartiness about the way Nancy had left her to hurry that made her finish her task with a rush so that she could do her share of the berries.

Mrs. Willis gave her a real mother-smile of welcome as she appeared in the sunny kitchen, all fresh and sweet in her simple gingham dress.

"Here's a blue apron dear," she said simply, "there's always lots of work to do in the country and we all help out here—we don't keep servants at Rosedale. It seems so homey and nice to get together on the work that we keep it that way."

And 'homey and nice' Margeret found it all—straight through from the fishing excursion on the river, with sandwiches and supper and a row in the moonlight, through the sweet service in the little country church, the quiet Sunday afternoon and finally the trip home in the dewy dawn of Monday morning.

The Martin family were at breakfast when Margeret slipped in on them. "Shame on you, lazy townfolks," she laughed happily, "we country people have been up for ages."

No use to ask Margeret if she has had a happy time, her smiling lips, her sparkling eyes and her glowing cheeks all told the news without words. Still the family had to ask the natural question.

"Then tell us about it, dear?" came the mother's understanding question.

"And what I have to tell will be interesting I know, because I—Margeret Martin, spinster, and at present in good health and of a sound mind—have had an IDEA—a good, straight, clean, clear idea that I'll never forget—I thought it out for myself, but, of course, I had a living illustration to help me do my thinking."

"Well, let's have it," interrupted Ellis, who was always impatient of Margeret's dramatic effects in conversation.

"You shall have it, my dear brother, when I come to it. I'm going to tell the story my way, beginning at the beginning. Senator Willis and Judge Lambert met me at the train—they were dressed in over-alls and driving a beautiful trotting horse to a little old shabby looking buck-board, but their manners were just as courtly as—as, well as any gentleman's could be. Nancy had stayed at home to

meet me, the rest of the young people had gone for a horseback ride. Mrs. Willis cooked dinner, Nancy and I helped and it was all so homey and sweet, it—it made me think of you, Mammy dear, and I just loved the peace and the flowers and trees and all the nice country things. After dinner Jean and Herbert washed the dishes. It wasn't Jean's turn—everybody, company and all, took turns at the work and it was just like play—but Jean loves to wash the dishes and she changed with Josephine, who likes to sit and churn. It was the nicest sweet country butter, you would have liked it so much, Mammy."

"Didn't you have any parties?" Ellis asked wonderingly.

"It was all a sort of party," Margeret answered, "and you can interrupt me all you want to for I see I can't tell it straight. I'll just tell about the nice things you let me have and then you'll see what my idea is even before I get to it."

"Traveling bag" Ellis began as if he were going to call off the things one by one.

"Glad you reminded me of that. Senator Willis liked it so much and knew right away that Professor Richards had something to do with it. He was so friendly. He made me think of you, father, and it was easy to talk to him. I told him about you, Roland, and the work you had done with Professor Richards, and he says he can get you the very place you want, to work in Washington."

Roland's face fairly beamed. He had wanted to ask Margeret to talk to Senator Willis about that very thing, but had not wanted to presume on their friendship for his sister.

"You are a jewel of a sister, Madge," he began, but Margeret waved him back into silence. "And father dear, I didn't have one mite of use for your five dollars so I've brought it back to you to buy you some fishing things—I told Senator Willis how you loved fishing and he is going to invite you out there next Saturday. You're going too."

Mr. Martin did not interrupt in words, but his smile demanded special notice, which Margeret stopped to give in her own way.

"Mammy dear and Sister Sue, I brought all your lovely things back to you just as nice as they were when you gave them to me—I didn't once put them on, but it was a grand feeling it gave me to know I had them there if I needed them."

"But what did you wear?" Sue interrupted her with this very natural question.

"My checked gingham," Margeret answered as gravely as if she were making an important announcement.

"But," Sue began, and Margeret answered.

"Could I keep it clean when I was going through the woods and having a real sensible good time? No, I couldn't—I washed it and ironed it Saturday morning; at the same time I washed some tea-napkins for Mrs. Willis. They try to keep down the washing so it won't be so hard for the caretaker's wife. No, they don't keep servants out there. They say they don't need them and they like doing things and just being busy and natural and happy. Mrs. Willis is coming to see you next week, Mammy. She says she likes the way your daughter cooks and washes and irons."

There was a general laugh around the breakfast table and then Margeret

resumed her speech. "You have doubtless guessed about my idea," she began.

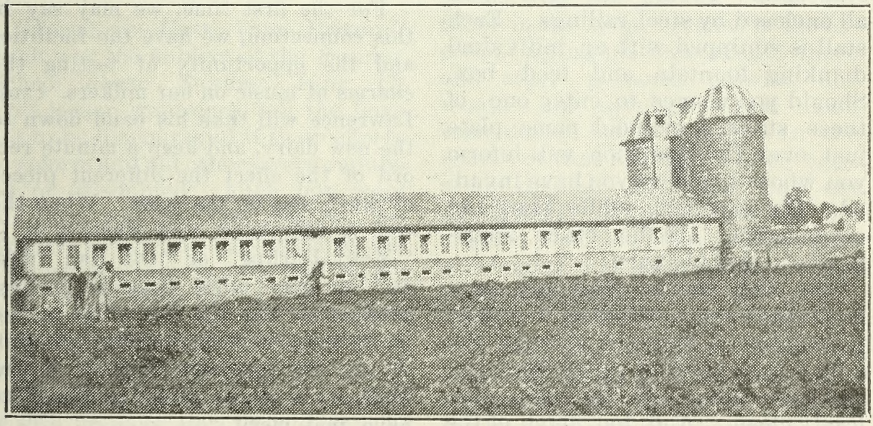
"Tell it in you own words though," commanded Ellis, "you like to hear yourself talk so well."

"Ellis, you have such childish ideas about me," Margeret laughed, "but since you insist on hearing me talk I will. My idea is just this that people who are busy in this world trying to do things and to make the world a better place, don't put on airs about anything. They don't need to care about appearances because their hearts and their lives are so right that they can just be natural and happy and enjoy themselves without thinking about it."

"It takes a pretty level-headed, sensible girl to get an idea like that though," laughed Ellis, "even if I do say it about my own sister."

OUR MODERN DAIRY BARN.

What an elegant habitation for the Mesdames Cow is the dairy barn which has just been completed at the Jackson Training School! No wonder the lowing heard of Jerseys and Holsteins, as they wind slowly o'er the lea toward their new home are in unusually benevolent frame of mind! No wonder their eyes are bright with anticipation, for they are about to be



admitted to one of the finest and most up-to-date barns in the State—quarters that are fit for the Queen of the Bovines!

Situated in a field at the rear of the cottages on the southern side of a gently sloping hill, it is in plain view from the upper end of the campus. Seen from this point, it has the appearance of being a specimen of Byzantine architecture; an appearance caused by the dome effect of the two redtile silos at the entrance. It is a building of magnifi-

cent dimensions, a masterpiece of dairy barn construction.

The lower part of the walls are of red brick, and the uprer part of wood painted yellow. The roof is of slate and the floor is cement. To the rear of the building is the cow lot, and beyond that is the pasture. At the massive front doors stand the silos, one on either side, and close adjoining are the feed rooms. Passing down the central walk-way from the front door, one comes to the place of most interest—where the cows are fed, watered and milked. A flood of light pours in by day from the fifty windows and more, and by night numerous electric lights make the interior of the barn a great white way Adjustable ventilators admit an abundance of fresh air.

On either side of the central passage-way there are rows of stalls and stanchions, twenty on each side all enclosed by steel railings. Each stall is equipped with an individual drinking fountain and feed box. Should you chance to enter one of these stalls, a celluoid name plate just over the stanchion will inform you whose quarters you have invaded. Six maternity stalls, snug and comfortable, are the other apartments in this big barn.

The milk maids—who are very much boys here—will find it a most pleasant place in which to work. Not a fly is to be allowed within the barn, and everything will be kept spotlessly clean. And, too, much of the drudgery hitherto experienced in feeding the cows and in keeping the place clean, has been eliminated by the feed and manure carriers with which the barn is equipped. Numerous hydrants at convenient places make the daily scrubbing of the cement floors an easy task.

Truly, the Mesdames Cow occupy a stately mansion.

It is verified by a statement by Dr. Spencer that a cow has no sense, other than hankering after something to eat. Dr. Spencer claims that a cow is the only animal in the world that has never appeared on a circus programme. You, who have visited a circus for the sake of the dear little ones, or just to see the animals will know if you ever saw a cow do a circus stunt. But to see our herd enter our new barn, each quietly and orderly going to her own stall (twenty on a side) and never making a mistake, is some sign of intelligence and is an act that a man couldn't do without some mark or sign. But Dr Spencer explains this away by recognizing the cow's instinct to go where she once got some "good eatens."

For the first time, we may say in this connection, we have the facilities and the opportunity of testing the charms of music on our milkers. Prof. Lawrence will take his band down to the new dairy, and keep a minute record of the effect the different pieces of music has on the cows. When the test is completed, and whether it is "Molly Darling" or "Old Dan Tucker" or some other classical musical production why for ever after or until its superior is found that will constitute the cow-barn concert, if Dr. McNairy's prescription is found to have real merit.

Institutional Notes

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mr. Ankers has stopped work with the well digger to install a new

pipe in the well just across the road from the Printing Office.

After religious services in the Auditorium Sunday, the boys under charge of the Mecklenburg Cottage officer went down to the pasture where cool breezes abound and took a few pictures of each other.

Evidently fast work is being done in the sewing room. From June 1, to June 11, 225 shirts were made by the boys. And they were madegood, too. The sewing room is under charge of Miss Lottie Freeze.

The fire hydrants, which are necessary to the growing school, have been placed in the ground, and soon will be ready for use. But it is hoped by all boys and officers that a demand for such a use will never arise.

"Jeremiah Cast Into Prison." Such was the subject of the Sunday School lesson Sunday, June 11. This lesson went on to tell the boys not to be discouraged if their efforts to reform and aid others were repulsed or disdained. Each boy went his own way feeling better, for down in every one's heart there was a secret desire to find the lost sheep and "bring them in."

No ball game was played Saturday, much to the disappointment of many of the boys. Some were glad of this because they would get to play themselves. So two boys chose for players on the big diamond and two chose on the smaller diamond. The boys "fell to" for an afternoon of pleasure. It was with reluctance that when the whistle was blown they obeyed the call for assemblance.

Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of Concord, took charge of religious services in the Auditorium Sunday, June 11, in harmony to plans. He read for his selection the first chapter of Psalms. Then he spoke from the rather strange but interesting topic: "Engines and Boxcars." Had he so desired, the boys could have repeated his selection for him, for this Psalm had long since been memorized by them. Some of the boys are of the opinion that the officers are the "Engines" and the boys the "Boxcars."

One of the school's hens recently took up her habitat with Mr. Cloer in the shop, because of the excellent laying places available there and other personal reasons she would not divulge. Good food soon started her to laying. In the course of time she had fifteen eggs at her disposal; Mr. Cloer had not taken them. Naturally she did the same to them as others of her species would do. One afternoon Mr. Cloer continually heard a "peep!" "peep!" He investigated and his surprise was boundless when he found his friend with fourteen sons and daughters. He is now "counting his chickens after they are hatched."

THE UPLIFT

State Library

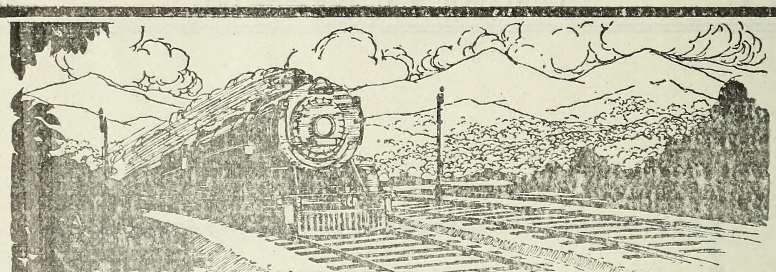
VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. JUNE 24, 1922 NO. 33

DOES SIN PAY?

The apostle says: "The wages of sin is death." But that recompense is not very alluring. Again I ask, Does sin pay? Is it profitable to do wrong? Is disobedience to God better than obedience? Is there a single illustration in all history from the foundation of the earth to prove it? Certainly, sin has its rewards. Deformity, weakness and physical ailments lie in wait for a shining mark in another generation. A man may make a few hundred dollars more by being dishonest. He may escape popular condemnation through deliberate falsehood. He may experience a certain type of pleasurable enjoyment by violating the moral standards of society. He may gain office by slandering his opponent. And still I urge the question, Does it pay? Is the reward satisfactory?

Are we satisfied with our wages? What pay master are we serving?

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



ACCELERATED SCHEDULES
DOUBLE TRACK REGULARITY
Between the South and Washington and New York

Northbound				SCHEDULES BEGINNING AUGUST 14, 1921		Southbound			
No. 36	No. 133	No. 38	No. 30	ATLANTA, GA.		No. 29	No. 37	No. 137	No. 35
12.00Night	11.30AM	12.30noon		lv Terminal Station (Cent. Time)	ar		5.50PM	4.50PM	5.25AM
12.10AM	11.40AM	12.40PM	4.00PM	lv Peachtree Station (Cent. Time)	ar	10.55AM	5.30PM	4.30PM	5.05AM
6.15AM	4.50PM	5.50PM	9.35PM	ar GREENVILLE, S. C. (East. Time)	lv	7.00AM	2.10PM	1.00PM	1.05AM
7.35AM	5.55PM	6.55PM	10.40PM	ar SPARTANBURG, S. C.	lv	5.50AM	1.00PM	11.50AM	11.45PM
10.05AM	8.05PM	9.05PM	12.55AM	ar CHARLOTTE, N. C.	lv	3.25AM	10.40AM	9.30AM	9.05PM
11.45AM	9.20PM	10.20PM	2.20AM	ar SALISBURY, N. C.	lv	2.05AM	9.20AM	8.10AM	7.45PM
1.05PM	10.29PM	11.20PM	3.23AM	ar High Point, N. C.	lv	12.45AM	8.02AM	7.02AM	6.27PM
1.39PM	10.50PM	11.41PM	3.44AM	ar GREENSBORO, N. C.	lv	12.15AM	7.35AM	6.35AM	5.58PM
2.40PM	9.00AM	9.00AM	9.00AM	ar Winston-Salem, N. C.	lv	8.50PM	5.30AM	5.30AM	3.05PM
5.35PM	4.00AM	4.00AM	10.45AM	ar Raleigh, N. C.	lv	7.00PM	12.40AM	12.40AM	9.52AM
2.58PM	12.06AM	1.00AM	5.04AM	ar DANVILLE, VA.	lv	10.52PM	6.10AM	5.05AM	7.15PM
	9.00AM		4.30PM	ar Norfolk, Va.	lv	7.35AM	6.30PM	6.30PM	
9.35PM	7.10AM	7.10AM	1.40PM	ar Richmond, Va.	lv	3.45PM	11.00PM	11.00PM	7.45AM
5.17PM	2.16AM	3.10AM	7.05AM	ar LYNCHBURG, VA.	lv	9.60PM	4.15AM	3.05AM	2.25PM
11.00PM	7.40AM	8.40AM	12.35PM	ar WASHINGTON, D. C.	lv	3.30PM	10.55PM	9.50PM	9.00AM
1.50AM	9.05AM	10.05AM	2.00PM	ar BALTIMORE, MD., Penna. Sys.	lv	1.53PM	9.30PM	8.12PM	6.05AM
4.15AM	11.13AM	12.20PM	4.05PM	ar West PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.38AM	7.14PM	5.47PM	3.20AM
4.35AM	11.24AM	12.35PM	4.17PM	ar North PHILADELPHIA	lv	11.28AM	7.02PM	5.35PM	3.04AM
6.45AM	1.30PM	2.40PM	6.10PM	ar NEW YORK, Penna. System	lv	9.15AM	5.05PM	3.35PM	12.30Night

EQUIPMENT

Nos. 37 and 38. NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS LIMITED. Solid Pullman train. Drawing room stateroom sleeping cars between New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington and New York. Sleeping car northbound between Atlanta and Richmond. Dining car. Club car. Library-Observation car. No coaches.

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Note: Nos. 29 and 30 use Peachtree Street Station only at Atlanta.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command.
It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain,
And he, who followeth love's behest,
Far exceedeth all the rest.

—Longfellow.

THE ISSUE IS NOW JOINED.

In the issue of THE UPLIFT of the 17th editoral expression, entirely neutral, was made, calling for a full and frank exhibit from the Board of School Commissioners of the City of Concord, relative to the proposed bond issue of $225,000 for the enlargement and change of the public school equipment of the city.

After that article was in type and printed, but before THE UPLIFT reached its readers, the said Board published an exhibit of its plans and purposes. This statement seems necessary to avoid leaving the impression that the School Board of Concord refused to "take the public into its confidence," which is not the case at all. THE UPLIFT standing for the education of all the children, city and rural, merely called for the exhibit that all men and women might the more intelligently decide what their duty with respect to the issue of bonds is.

The School Board has shown its hand—the case is with the people.

* * * * * * *

"BUT GOLD IS NOT ALL"

There is carried in this issue an editorial from the Charlotte Observer of

the 17th, which is not only the finest kind of a sermonette, but shows a singularly fine knowledge of the philosophy of the art of true living and conduct.

It recognizes the fact that we come into the world all naked and bare, and that when we leave it we go helpless and shorn of all the fruits of material effort and striving. Some rich men, not particularly in worldly possessions, but in those fine things of life, refuse to die and live on. On the other hand there are men, who have conquered the commercial and manufacturing world, amassed great fortunes, live singly to the glory and advancement of their immediate own, that die, when the last call comes, the completest obliterating death that is permitted man to choose. The grave marks the end; the imposing and costly monument is of no avail in keeping alive the memory of him who lives, acts and dies in selfishness.

Too often men, drunk with success and affluence, forget that this life is merely a period of probation, unmindful of the intense importance of giving thought to the great hereafter.

* * * * * * * *

"A 'TIP' FOR THE JACKSON BOYS."

Under the foregoing caption Editor Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, makes the following remarks that are very pleasing and encouraging to the management of the Jackson Training School—in fact the boys themselves manifested a great appreciation for the kindly notice by the Observer. The editor was reminded of what the Observer had done by at least a dozen of the youngsters.

They were real excited over their effort to find out something more about Mr. J. Levin, who gave evidence of his approval of what is being done here and how it's being done. But here is Col. Harris' editorial remarks in a recent number:

> Mr. J. Levin, a New Yorker "looking about" in the South, stopped in at The Observer office a day or so since, to make remark upon the Jackson Training School which he came upon unawares on his way out of Concord for Charlotte. He had seen nothing of the sort in his travels and he regarded it a credit not only to the State, but to the South. The purpose which the institution serves made strong appeal to him, but he appeared most deeply impressed with the character of the plant which has been provided for the carrying out of the work for which the school was designed. It is, he declared, the most completely-equipped plant for training purposes that he has known, and the harmony in design was especially a feature for commendation.

He had been considerably interested in the developing possibilities of the cottage plan, and his thought was that the counties contributing the buildings ought to establish their beneficence by lettering the cottages. He declared he desired to make note of the names of the counties contributing in this substantial manner, but there was no way in which the respective buildings could be designated.

As a matter of course, the same thought may have come to other visitors to the institution, as well as to the many travelers who pass that way, and it suggests an opportunity for the management. There need be no going outside for a sign painter to do the job. Give the painting class—for boys are taught to paint signs as well as to do other things at this school—a few papers of gold leaf, the "gum and the tools, and let them set to work painting a sign to go over the door to each cottage. Fine crops are raised there—the boys do it; one of the neatest specimens of the typographical art in The Weekly UPLIFT, is printed there, and the boys do it. The handiwork of the boys is seen in every detail of grounds and buildings, and why could it not be said that they painted the signs indicating the Mecklenburg, the New Hanover and other cottages in the building scheme? It is a good guess that while some readers are applauding the idea, the boys at the institution are laying plans to put it through.

From the National Highway the tablets of each of the County Cottages can not be read; but, as a fact, each Cottage already bears the name of the county in letters cut into marble. The Mecklenburg Cottage enjoys a bronze tablet which the building committee donated for the purpose.

A drive through the campus will reveal the names of the cottages the first one at the head of the driveway is that of the "King's Daughters" and the last one towards Charlotte, now building, will when completed, be labled "Rowan-Iredell Cottage." Interested friends are always welcome on the grounds—it's a great big institution made up of home units, of thirty members to a family, with no more secrets or skeletons than can be found in one of the best regulated homes in North Carolina. Here's hoping that Col. Harris will bring Mr. Levin to see us. The UPLIFT voices the welcome of the management and the youngsters to all interested friends, who find it covenient to drop by and pass the time of day.

* * * * * * * * *

HOW CAN THIS BE ACCOUNTED FOR?

Some weeks ago THE UPLIFT took editorial notice of some statistics relative to the population and affairs of the State prison, the same growing out of an interesting article prepared by the genius Ben Dixon McNeil, of the News & Observer. This paper expressed the suggestion that had Mr.

George R. Pou, the very efficient and sensible superintendent of that institution, indicated how many of his guests had been attendants upon Sunday School or members of the Christian Church, prior to their going to prison, the statistics would have offered additional interest.

Supt. Pou, under the date of June 15, writes THE UPLIFT the following courteous letter, and gives the statistics which THE UPLIFT had expressed a desire to see. Mr. Pou's letter follows:

"I have received and read with interest THE UPLIFT of June 3rd. I note your reference to the fact that information was not given as to the number of prisoners who were church members and Sunday School attendants prior to their committment to the State's Prison. In reply I wish to state that I was not requested by Mr. MacNeil to give this information.

Feeling that you might be interested in these statistics I beg to advise as follows: Of the three hundred and ninety-one white men and women in the State's Prison two hundred and seventy-six were Sunday School attendents and one hundred and ninety-nine are church members. Of the five hundred and seventy-six negro men and women in the States prison two hundred and sixty three attended Sunday School and three hundred and fifteen are members of the church. Of course none of the above include the Criminal Insane Department of this Institution.

It may further interest you to know that we make every effort possible to have religious services at the Central Prison and State Farm and all our camps. In some instances, however, it is not possible to have services each Sunday as some of our camps are in remote sections of the State where it is inconvenient for a minister to get to the camp.

If at any time there is any iuformation you desire relative to the State's Prison I will be only too glad to furnish it to you upon request.

Of the white men and women in the State prison 48 per cent plus were church members; and of the colored men and women 54 per cent plus were members of the church. This is a bad showing, just on the face, for the efficacy of the restraining influences from evil of the Sunday School and the Church; but who is it that will deny that except for the influences of these agencies for good the record would be more appalling. But these figures, while accurate, do not carry conviction on the subject. As indicated in the former article there has been a large increase in the prison population, during the past two years. This, as can be well accepted, is a direct result of the demoralized condition of society as an after-war effect; and the Sunday School and the Church have had a struggle to combat the bad influences and the riot of the times precipitated by abnormal conditions.

The foregoing information will be of interest to the Committee of One

hundred, which is studying prison conditions, and no doubt will engage the serious attention of the State Welfare Department, which, while not a religious agency, takes a lively interest in all such matters.

* * * * * * * *

Miss Beatrice Cobb, the owner and editress of the Morganton News-Herald, was so proud of the acquisition of a new and modern hotel—The Caldwell—she issued an enlarged and an historical number of her always-attractive newspaper in celebration of the opening of what the town was, like a number of other towns in North Carolina, in great need. About the same time the gifted and industrious Miss Cobb was hostess of the weekly craft, who met in Morganton.

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Mrs. Gordon Finger, a orilliant Sundy contributor to The Charlotte Observer, picks up some striking sentences in an address by Thomas Glasgow, who addressed the Woman's Club. Says he; "Women and men with stamina and courage must keep the faith and beat back the tide of change and petty indulgence and seeking for pleasure which are the little foxes destroying the vineyard of American manhood and womanhood".

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Of course no one expects a corporation to have the privilege of meriting a place in beaven; but the question arises what will become of the man or men who fixed the rates the Southeastern Express Company charges for the hauling of packages. Is there a heaven for a man that would charge 84 cents express for hauling a two bushel bag of soy beans from Charlotte to Concord, twenty-one miles?

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Mr. Hinsdale, one of the candidates for solicitor of the Raleigh district, diagnoses the ailment of one of the candidates for Governor of North Carolina as "insane egotism." That may or may not be so, but the courts ought to investigate it—we don't need any "brain storms" at this period of the state's prosperity.

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And Statesville has a new hotel. It is The Vance. There is not anywhere a more attractive hostelry. It cost $250,000 and is named for the middle name of the chief promoter, Mr. C. Vance Henkel.

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It's got the thoughtful and watchful pose, but the New York man

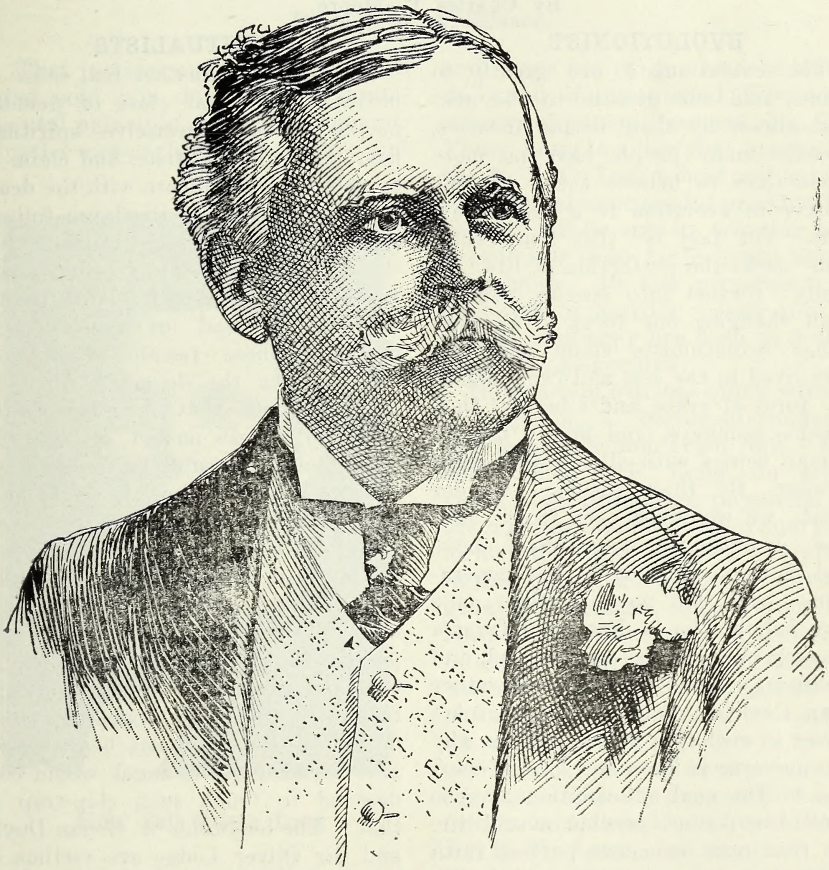
missed it when he failed to put into the mouth of our friend, Hon. Heriot Clarkson, his faithful cob-pipe. The story is alright and well deserved, but the picture "ain't" good of the active and fearless Charlottean.

THE SWALLOW AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

It happened that a countryman was sowing some hemp seed in a field where a Swallow and some other birds were hopping about picking up their food. "Beware of that man," quoth the Swallow. "Why what is he doing?" said the others. "That is hemp seed he is sowing; be careful to pick up every one of the seeds, or else you will repent it. The birds paid no heed to the Swallow's words, and by and by the hemp grew up and was made into cord, and of the cords nets were made, and many a bird that had despised the Swallow's advice was caught in nets made out of that very hemp. "What did I tell you?" said the Swallow.

"DESTORY THE SEEDS OF EVIL, OR IT WILL GROW UP TO YOUR RUIN."

ECHO FROM RICHMOND



Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander-in-Chief.

Where the Boys of the '60s are in annual convention.

A touching scene was enacted in connection with the opening of the session early today when Gen. Julian S. Carr, commander-in-chief of the veterans, arose from his chair and extending his arms with dramatic gesture exclaimed to the old veterans in a low voice:

"God bless you all, I love you, I love you."

Silence prevailed for a few seconds, when veterans and women in the audience were seen to wipe away tears. Then a storm of applause followed.

TWO MENANCES TO CIVILIZATION.

By Charles F. Moore.

EVOLUTIONIST.

The evolutionists are greatly to blame, and add greatly to the general unrest by their insane theories, because many people have no more sense than to believe them. I, too, believe in evolution to a certain extent. The fact is that true evolution seeks the perfection of life already formed into species, rather than changing one form to another, Some evolutionists claim that we first lived in the sea, and came out in the form of crabs and lobsters; then became monkeys, and finally became human beings with all our God-given powers. By their theory I wonder what we would be ages from now. The evolutionists may indeed have had monkey ancestors a few generations back, but no absolutely sane man believes he is descended from a monkey. We are the sons of God, and desire to be followers of Moses rather than Darwin. Will some ardent believer in evolution please explain why the universe is here, and how it operates? The goal of evolution may be said to be perfect psychic or soul life. By that term is meant perfect faith in God and perfect life and health of the soul. The perfection of the soul is what evolution is for. In no other evolution could I believe.

SPIRITUALISTS.

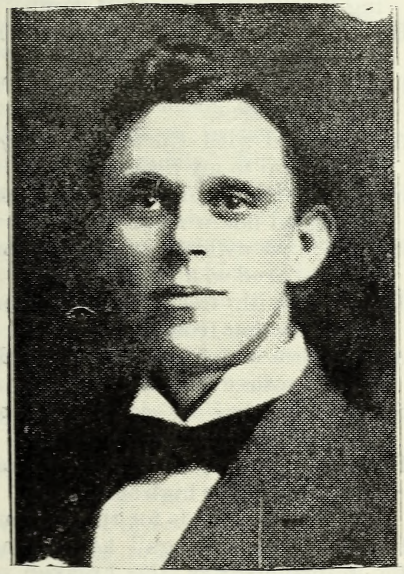
Now appears another real cause of unrest. It is that class of deluded people who call themselves spiritualists, or occult scientists, and claim to be able to communicate with the dead. It is astonishing at the large following these pretenders have among that class of people who are always anxious to be decieved. It is really amusing to read of some of the messages these people claim they receive from the departed spirits. I do not deny that angels, or the spirits of those passed on into the beyond might possibly be communicated with. Here is how it would have to be accomplished however. One would have to live a life nearly perfect in faith in God, and be a perfect Christian, like the prophets of old; then I would say that one might possibly be able to see the angels of God and the spirits of the dead and talk with them, for angels certainly do exist. But the ouija board crowd are mistaken. No angel would condescend to touch such clap-trap as that. The honorable A. Conan Doyle, and Sir Oliver Lodge are victims of their own hallucinations. They are helping to drive the world further away from God.

Whence came conscience? Did dead matter educe the divine sense of right and wrong? Did a concourse of atoms create that primeval vicegerent of God, "a prophet in its inspiration, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its sanctions and anathemas?"—he then who says there is no god does not solve even the most elementary difficulty of the human mind while he creates difficulties a million times more numerous, and a million times more insolube.—F. W. Farror.

WHAT A WOMAN THINKS.

By Mrs. W. A. Eliason.

That justice must neither be denied, sold nor delayed is a fundamental principle of our government. Justice means right between man and



Hon. Zeb Vance Long

man—woman being implied in the term "man" and the punishment of the transgressor of this right.

To prosecute the transgressor, one must not only know the law, but must have the courage and integrity to execute that law.

Mothers and teachers know that there never was a rule that some child did not try breaking it and, unpunished, the broken rule becomes a fiction, "Men and women are but children of a larger growth" and every law of our land is tested daily and, if unpunished, it becomes a scrap of paper; because Mr. Zeb Vance Long is a lawyer, trained at the U. N. C. Law School and having twenty years successful practice, the women will be safe in trusting him as Solicitor in so far as legal knowledge goes. He has prosecuted in a number of murder cases and as County Attorney has seen to it that justice was executed.

He comes of fearless quick-witted, courageous, "Never-surrender," God-fearing Scotch Irish folk. His father, Dr. J. F. Long, for sixty years was practicing physician in the northern half of Iredell and performed the first surgical operation in this part of the county; his great-great grandfather, Maj. Mussenden Mathews an elder in the first church in the northern half of Irdell County, was one of two Reverent patriots to out-wit twenty Redcoats; his maternal uncle, Col. Robert Cowan of the old Thyatira Cowan family was in the last fight at Appomattox and never surrendered; and his brother, Dr. H. F. Long, has knocked the life back into more dying folks than any other surgeon in the State and Money is not a necessary equivalent for an operation either.

Tempermentally a Methodist, his wife's long line of Presbyterian Minister ancestors and his own inheritance have made Zeb V. Long a Presbyterian who can be commended as a fearless, just, yet withal, a sympathetic advocate, characteristics invaluable in a Solicitor.

Mr. Long served four successive

terms in the Legislature where he stood for the strengthening of every moral law, having the honor to be twice chairman of the Appropriation committee. Here he worked with the women in the chartering of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. Mr. Long says if the action recently taken by the Women's Club at Greensboro reflects the woman-hood of the State he has no fear of the political outcome of women in politics.

The thing in Mr. Long that should appeal most to the women of the district is the interest he takes in the education of youth of our land; for it is not the punishment of law breakers but the education that prevents law breakers that marks real progress of civilization. Not having had the opportunity of a college education, Mr. Zeb V. Long appreciates the value of all education. Mr. Long owes his education to the common schools the "Old Academy" and to private tutors, J. A. Matherson, Vernon J. Hill and that great educator, and venerable man, Prof. Amos D. Kestler, whose character as well as teaching formed a mighty influence in the life of more than one young man who was so fortunate as to have him for a preceptor.

There is no man of like age in the State who has made more school, Sunday School and patriotic addresses than Mr. Long, all of which take time and thought, often he quotes this simple poem most effectively;

I wandered in the woodland meadow
where the thrushes sing,
I found on a bed of mosses a bird
with a broken wing,
I healed it's wound and next morning it sang it's sweet old strain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
never soared so high again.
I found a young life broken by Sin's
seductive arts,
And touched with Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart,
He lived with a noble purpose and
struggled not in vain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
never soared so high again.
The bird with the broken pinion
saved another from the snare,
And the life which sin had ruined,
lifted another from despair,
So, each loss has its compensation,
there's a healing for every pain
But the bird with the broken pinion
never soared so high again.

Because he stands for the prevention of "Broken wings" as well as the punishment of the breaker of "wings", I commended Mr. Zeb. V. Long to the women of this district as well-fitted for the office or Solicitor for which he has been unanimously nominated by his party.

Heard in a Barber-Shop: I listened to an interesting conversation down in Alabama. A boll-weevil jumped onto the hood of a ford and looked the driver square in the face, and asked the privilege of driving the tin lizzie for him. The request was indignantly denied. "All right," the boll-weevil is alleged to have replied before taking departure from the hood of the Ford, "You decline me a privilege just now, but next fall I'll call around and drive this blame thing under the shed."

PLAYING OPEN WITH THE PUBLIC.

By R. R. Clark.

The editoral in the last issue of THE UPLIFT, urging the local school board to take the public into its confidence as to its plans and purposes with reference to a bond issue the voters are asked to authorize, was especially interesting to me. It was a forcible reminder of my experience as a newspaper man, when I used much space urging, imploring, and at times criticizing, my home school board for its methods of secrecy in handling the affairs of the public. But notwithstanding the people seemed to be with me—so much with me that on one occasion they rose up and smote a school bond issue which I favored, solely to give expression to their feeling against the secret and autocratic methods of that school board—none of these things moved that school board. They pursued the policy of ignoring the public except when they wanted a bond issue voted, and got away with it. The people were aggrieved, but it never seemed to occur to them that it was possible to put folks on that school board who would recognize that the people had some rights in addition to paying the bills. The men who composed the board were fine men, leading citizens, and to this day, I have never been able to understand their attitude of secrecy and disregard of the public as to their proceedings. But they kept it up and do to this day.

But be it understood here and now that I know nothing about and have nothing to do with the situation in the local habitat of THE UPLIFT; neither am I offering advice as to that. I am submitting a few remarks on general conditions, and the attitude of these school boards is typical. The idea that those who manage the public business are not called on to keep the public, the taxpayers, the stockholders whose money they expend, advised as to the conduct of their business, prevails generally, more especially as to local affairs—county and municipal. The people are frequently called on to vote bond issues, for good purposes; money is frequently borrowed on the faith and credit of the people and large floating debts accumulated, and the public generally is left in the dark as to the details of the expenditure. The honesty of these local officials is not generally questioned. I believe that, generally speaking, very few of them have any purpose to "put something over." But it is ignoring the rights of the people, whose servants they are—even if so few of them realize it—that remains a mystery to me. It is indefensible. The people have a right to frequent and full explanation as to the management of their affairs; how much money is being collected, the purpose for which it is expended; the amount of the public indebtedness, the annual interest charge, and whether the indebtedness is being reduced or increased; how many people are employed at the expense of the public and what for; and the total paid in salaries, etc.

How many people in the average town or county in North Carolina know the amount of the county and municipal debts, or anything of con-

sequence about their public affairs? Very few. They can't know because they are not advised; and few of them have the time or the capacity to make an examination. It is the business of the officials to have these matters at their "fingers-ends," able to tell all about it on short notice, which few of them can do. But if they do know they won't take the pains to tell the public. They seem to fear that publicity will hurt in some way; or at least that is the only reason I could ever figure out in years of wrestling with this problem. The officials should know, if they have intelligence sufficient to exercise the overlordship to which they have been called, that the indisposition to tell what they are doing and why created suspicion and arouses dissatisfaction. Very often there is grossly unjust criticism of the management of public affairs and serious charges are whispered, or made openly, against good men who have been guilty of no wrong. But usually they who are unjustly accused deserve no sympathy; their refusal to take the public into their confidence is the cause; whatever injustice is done them is their own fault.

Sometimes there is an audit of public accounts and a so-called statement published. What can the average reader get out of the statement of the average public accountant? Nothing, or so little that he is more dissatisfied than he was. It would be easy for the officials whose business it is to know to write out—or tell the local newspaper men, who will be more than glad to do the writing—a simple, concise statement of the facts, the amount of the indebtedness, the interest charge, the salaries, etc., such information as has been suggested. This should be done several times a year, so that the people would be kept fully posted and up-to-date with reference to the conduct of their business. It should be done first, because it is right. The people, all the people, have a right to the details of the conduct of their business. They do not elect and pay public officials to keep these things concealed from them. Secondly, it is not only right but it is good policy to be candid with the people. Here are kickers and unreasonable complainers among the masses of course, but the great majority are reasonable, fair and honest. If they are told the truth and kept advised as to their affairs, so far from complaining they will be the more ready to meet the expenditures and to increase cost when they are shown that money is needed for good and neccessary purposes and that they will get value received for what they have to pay. I sometimes think that if our public officials were determined on a policy that would eventually undermine public confidence they could not select a better one than their general attitude of secrecy and indifference. It is no answer to say the "the books are open." They know that few people can examine the books and get satisfactory information. Sometimes even the experts can't understand the the system of keeping public accounts.

The remedy for this condition is in plain sight. It is possible to find somebody to manage public affairs who will be willing to do what their employers want done. But the people either do not care, for all their complaining, or they do not seem to know how to go about applying the remedy.

"I HAVEN'T ANY FOLKS"---VIRGINIA M. BOYER.

By Zoe I Hart, in The Lutheran.

On Monday, May 22, the evening papers brought us the shocking news of the death of our missionary friend, Miss Virginia M. Boyer.

We read over and over again the account of the collision of the two ocean vessels, trying to convince our selves that the Miss V. M Boyer named among the missing could not possibly be our Miss Virginia. But the next evening's papers brought us further details, stating that Miss Boyer was a missionary on her way back to India. Finally a communication from the office of the American Board removed all possible doubt as to identity.

Miss Boyer was born in Pittsburgh. She was left an orphan at a very early age. She had no recollection of her father, but the impression was with her that he had perished in the flood at Johnstown. She had a few definite memories of her mother. On the day of her mother's funeral she was taken to live in a family where she was treated very unkindly. One day, when she was running away from abuse, she met a policeman and appealed to him for protection. He proved to be a kind-hearted man, for he took the little child to his home and finally adopted her as his own. The foster-mother was a sincere Christain woman, and from her Virginia first heard of missionaries and their work.

She was still a child when her much-loved foster-mother died, and very soon thereafter she was received into the Orphans' Home and Farm School at Zelienople, Pa. When her foster-father died some years later he feft a small legacy to Virginia, with the Rev. J. A. Kribbs as her guardian.

When Miss Agnes Schade was at home on furlough one time and visited the Orphans' Home, she said to Virginia, then a girl in her early teens, "You must come out to India some day and help me teach in my Girls' School." The girl said that she would like to do that.

She was a bright student and those in charge of the Home encouraged her to make the most of her talents. Her elementary education was that given to all the children in the splendid Home school. She attendid Zelienople High school, and

then went to the State Normal School at Slippery Rock. After her graduation she taught for three years in the Home school, where the children fairly idolized her. Then, in order to secure proper certification under the education laws of the State, she taught in the public schools for three years.

It was at Thiel Summer School in 1914 that Virginia finally heard what sounded to her like a clear call to missionary service in India. In her Mission Study Class Mrs. E. C. Cronk presented the need for more missionaries. She appealed especially to mothers to give willingly of their sons and daughters for such service. This appeal aroused in Virginia's heart the question: "May it be that God took my mother from me and gave me into the keeping of a Home mothered by the Church because He wanted me to be a foreign missionary?" It did not take her long to reach a decision. Then she set about to prepare herself more adequately for her new work. She studied Theology, Church History, and Christian Missions under the direction of her pastor, the Rev. G. H. Schnur, who was then serving the Zelienople parish. At the same time she was tireless in her zeal in the work of Sunday School, and missionary Society, making it hard for those organizations to fill her place when she left for India.

It was quite natural to think that it was much easier for Virginia Boyer to go to India as a foreign missionary than for one who must leave mother, father, and others near and dear. But on two occasions we had glimpses into the dear girl's heart that caused us to think differently.

When she was all tired out, after having bidden farewell to many friends the last night of Thiel Summer School in 1915, she opened her heart to a friend. She said she believed it would have been much easier for her to start off for India if her mother were living here in the homeland, loving her and praying for her while she was gone. She said she had never so longed for her mother as since she had begun preparing to go to India.

With seven others, Miss Boyer was commissioned for service at the meeting of the General Council in Rock Island, in September, 1915. In all the other cases, the outgoing missionaires were accomplished to the commissioning service by at least one relative, in most cases by several members of the immediate family. Lingering in the Church after the beautiful service, those young people stood, each one the center of a group. Miss Boyer stood a bit apart, alone. A friend who saw her thus, reading the expression on her face, stepped to her side and clasped her hands, whereupon the lonely girl said, with almost a sob, "I haven't any folks!" "Yes, you have," assured her friend, "every one here tonight is a member of your family." But it wasn't quite the same as having "folks."

Aside from these two instances, we never saw Virginia unhappy or sad. Her habitual attitude was one of smiling optimism.

Soon after she reached the Rajahmundry mission, she began to teach English to some of the classes in the Girls' Central School. But before she had mastered Telugu sufficiently well to teach in the vernacular, her

health became impaired. She had to go to Madanapalli for treatment in the Tuberculosis Sanitarium. Her health improved and she went back to Rajahmundry. But it was soon evident that she could not live on the plains. She went to Kodaikanal in the hills and soon was able to teach in the Highclerk School there—a school for missionaries' children.

When Miss Boyer returned to America early in 1921, it seemed doubtful whether she would be able to return to India. The reports of examining physicians in Baltimore and Pittsburgh caused her to send her resignation to the Board of Foreing Missions of the Church. But she did not give up hope of returning to India because she could not endure the climate of the plains. She went to study for a school year at Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga. During the winter her physical condition improved so much that she was able to make a contract with the American Board to go back to Kodaikanal to teach in the Highclerc School for five years.

She sailed from Boston on May 3, going on the maiden trip of the new Cunarder steamihip Samaira. After ten days in England, she started forward on the last part of her journey, on the British steamship Egypt. In the dense fog on the evening of May 20, the Egypt was rammed by the French freight steamer Seine, off the Island Ushant. The liner sank about a half hour after being struck. Ten passengers and about eighty of the ship's officers and crew were lost.

"How are the tomatoes coming on?" asked the gardener of the wife of the new summer resident. "I'm rather afraid we shan't have any," was the reply. "Why, I thought you said that you'd planted half your garden with tomatoes." "I did, but I forgot to open the cans."

BUT GOLD IS NOT ALL.

Charlotte Observer.

There is something more in life than the acquisition of gold. In the scheme of creation every human being is allotted a task to perform. Carpenters and bricklayers are as necessary in building the structure of the universe as are bankers and over-lords. Ambition does not mean the striving after great vealth; there are higher ambitions than that. Were it not for the artisans who lay together the warp and woof of things the money barons would be impotent. It should be the ambition of every man to do the thing that God wants him to do. To be a good carpenter is to fulfill a laudable ambition. If all of us studied law the wheels of industry would cease to turn.

Wealth is merely the accumulation of property. Any fool can gather together a few dollars, but it is only the appointed ones who can make a song for the morning stars to sing together. All of us leave

our footprints on the sands, even though our names may be forgotten. The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow of life is the promise of reward for a duty well performed. All the wealth of the world cannot keep the breath in our bodies after the thread of life shall have run its course. The Kings of the earth and the diggers of ditches in the last day will lay them down together in a trench that other men have dug. Death is no respecter of persons. The only heritage of a man is six feet of the earth he trod in life in which to sleep after he is dead.

There is something more in life than the acquisition of wealth. There is something higher and better and sweeter than the accumulation of property. Money cannot create the miracle of a tree or breathe the breath of life into the body of a little child. A frightened puppy in the maze of a congested corner will cause busy men to pause because they see behind the appealing eyes and the wagging tail the mystery of creation. An infinite wisdom puts into us all the instinct that drives us forward.

It is the man who uses the talents that God has given him and does not covet those things that are his neighbor's who reaches the ultimate of his destiny. The gold that men strive for does not mean as much to the Creator of it as does the life of a little feathered creature splitting his throat with the ecstasy of life in his arbor of green leaves.

A grave and reverend banker displays upon a placard in a window of his counting house the admonition that if Edgar Allen Poe had saved his money he might have added another half score of years to the measure of his life. The picture of Edgar Allen Poe grubbing for dollars would be as ludicrous as that of the Angel Gabriel digging for earthworms to angle for minnows. This child of circumstance, lashed by the gods into the fulfillment of his destiny, unable to get away from the forces within that drove and whipped him on and on, expressed his agony in song that will live as long as the written word shall last. When the monolithic stone at the head of the banker shall have crumbled into dust and be forever forgotten, the name of Poe will still be as sweet as honey on the tongues of men.

It is better to have been a Poe and lived in poverty than to have been a Midas and leave nothing behind than the sordid tale of wealth. It is better to have been the author of Annabel Lee and Ulalume and the House of Ushur, and to have died in poverty upon the streets of Baltimore, than to have hoarded a few pennies in a bank in order to live another little span of years. What did Poe care for gold and the accumulation thereof while his heart was flooded with a song too sweet for utterance? He was a brother to the feathered minstrel in the trees that sang because God had put the song into his throat. He fulfilled the purpose for which he was put upon the earth. The world is a little happier because of his having lived in it.

No, this is not a preachment against thrift, nor even is it intended to discount the great importance of that principle and practice. It is merely a reminder that gold is not all.

MAROONED ON THE RIVER.

By Henry H. Graham

Above the famous Shoshone Falls in southern Idaho the Snake River, winding serpent-like thru its deep gorge, runs smoothly enough. Upon the surface there is no hint of the many suction holes and fissures in the river bottom nor is there a warning of the sheer drop of two hundred and twelve feet just beyond. The presence of a cataract rivaling Niagara would not be even remotely suspected by one unfamiliar with the stream.

In spite of this quiet appearance which has lured countless swimmers to destruction, it is one of the most treacherous streams in the world and has a peculiar reputation for not giving up many of its victims. Bodies often sink to the bottom and are then sucked into deep holes and fissures by currents of tremendous power.

Tragedy and near tradegy are linked with the history of Snake River. Accidents to swimmers, canoeists and explorers are all too common. Each year warnings are issued and each year adds to the list of gruesome tragedies. Swimmers continue to risk themselves in the evil water, seemingliy unmindful of danger.

Approximately two hundred feet above the gigantic falls a huge, motor driven ferryboat is operated, carrying passengers and conveyances to Jerome and Twin Falls counties. Great cables spanning the river at this point keep the flat-bottomed craft in the right position and prevent it from drifting toward the brink of the cataract and certain doom. No one ever went over Shoshone Falls even in low water and survived.

During a hot, midsummer day when a strapping six-footer who sat at ease business was light for the ferryman, in the boat idling the lazy hours away, a number of boys came down and went in swimming. For some time they swam around and disported in a lively manner, enjoying the cool water.

At length, tiring of swimming, one of the boys took a canoe and started paddling out into the river. He was clad in a bathing suit. His companions were engrossed in their own sport and paid little heed to him. The ferryman saw at a glance that the lad was unfamiliar with the manipulation of a canoe and called to him to go back.

Due to the shouting and laughing his warning was unheard and the young canoeist steadily moved toward mid-stream. One thing, however, he failed to realize; his stroke was too weak to keep the craft from going downstream. So slowly was it drifting toward the brink that the boy did not realize it.

Before long it became evident to him that it would require hard paddling to get back to land. All at once his perilous position was understood. He noticed that the current was moving more swiftly. For a moment his face became ashy pale and in his fright and anxiety to return his paddle was carried away from him and over the falls. Then a row boat put out from the ferry upstream and more vividly than before he realized his situation.

If he was helpless in the hurrying mass of green water before, he was

doubly so now and at the mercy of the current. During the few moments required to drift onward to the brink his mind was keenly active trying to formulate a plan of escape.

The ferryman had turned back unable to brave the current. The lad's comrades on the bank became frantic over the sudden turn of affairs and were thoroughly alive to the situation. Yet they seemed powerless to aid. Nothing could save him.

As the canoe swept on the boy caught sight of a projecting rock, rather flat on top. This lay directly ahead of him. If he could only get on that rock he would be saved temporarily at least! But would his canoe pass on the right side? Ahead yawned the abyss of death and a deafening roar bewildered him. Death fairly stared him in the face! Could he do it?

With lighting rapidity he sped onward until opposite the providential boulder. He had passed on the right side. Preparing for a mighty effort he threw himself on the end of the jagged rock and hung on tenaciously. Part of his body was in the water and it taxed his endurance to the limit to hold on. His legs ached and his arms seemed like inanimate, lifeless things. He felt as though it would be a pleasure to give up and float on. He was so weary, so absolutely helpless. But he had not been used to giving up. His chums had nick-named him "Plucky" and he meant to live up to the name.

Tightly he dug his finger nails into the lava rock above. Then he slowly tried to pull himself up. The rushing water pushed and pounded against him, making the task difficult. His entire body ached and pained; his arms lacked the usual strenght. He dimly knew that his fingers were bleeding and his swimming suit was almost torn off.

Inch by inch he drew himself up, his heart pounding like an engine and his lungs paining. But he was gaining. Another six inches would find him on top. His knee rested on the rock and a few seconds of strenuous pulling in a last enfeebled effort saw his body stretched out at full length. Then, a million glittering stars fluttered before his eyes and unconsciousness crept over him.

Upon awakening .the lad felt refreshed. Naturally strong, his stalwart, young body needed but a few moments rest to restore strength. Sitting up, he ascertained his injuries and found he was almost unhurt excepting a bruise on one side which had scraped against the rock, and his bloody fingers which had served him so well in clinging to the boulder.

Then he began to look about. The rock upon which he had been saved was irregular, being long and narrow with ragged edges. Cautiously he moved to the outer edge and peered over. The sight almost made his heart cease beating. Not over ten feet distant the mass of water was pouring over the precipice to a lower level accompanied by a sickening roar. A fine mist blinded him.

Then the thought suddenly came to him that he was not actually saved. All around him rushed the turbulent green waters and he was like a fly in the midst of it all. The south bank was over five hundred feet distant while the north was not more than fifty.

"So near and yet so far," he mur-

mured.

To venture forth in the stream would have invited death. Yet to stay where he was and starve! He didn't know which would be more acceptable.

It was late afternoon yet the sun was a couple of hours high and he was hopeful. Far across the river he could plainly see the stunted cedars fringing the water, the numerous look-out points for tourist and the steep grades winding out of the canon. A grim, faint smile lurked about his lips as he prided himself on obtaining the best view of the falls.

All at once his mind became active. Where were his companions? Had they deserted him or were they searching for his body in the dangerous, whirlpool rapids below the falls? The bodies of two boys who had slipped into the river a year previously had been found on the shore several days afterward and the lad thought, as he sat there in the midst of swirling waters, that he ought to be thankful for not sharing a similar fate even if he had not yet been saved.

Suddenly a bit of water splashed over the big rock. Never had the river done this before. Always it had confined itself to its bed. The river was rising! They were letting out some water at the storage reservoir at Milner. One look told the lad that the water was two feet higher than when he climbed upon the rock. Inch by inch it was rising and a few moments would see the rock inundated.

A look of horror covered his face. Rescue must come and come speedily for it would not be long before he would be swept into the current and hurried over the falls. It was imperative that succor come at once.

Looking shoreward a joyful yet unexpected sight lay before him. There on the bank were his chums and the ferryman all motioning and beckoning to him. They were shouting at the top of their lungs but the roaring water drowned their best efforts.

A bare fifty feet separated them yet death hovered in that short distance and there did not appear to be any possible way to reach shore and safety. After calling to their marooned comrade the boys stood around, not knowing what to do. Every few seconds their hands served as megaphones for their hoarse cries, but as before, with no effect.

Shortly afterward the ferryman produced a strong and long rope. Hope filled the lad's heart as he caught sight of it. If he could only catch hold of it.

The first throw fell short as did a second. On the third attempt the rope fell over the rock, but the water carried it away swiftly before the waiting hands of the boy could seize it.

During the intervening seconds the water was steadily rising until the rock was given a shallow bath. The man redoubled his efforts to throw the rope to the boy.

After a number of unsuccessful casts it reached its destination. The rope was caught and fastened to a projection. First the lad pulled it tight and then made it fast. A shout of sheer joy arose from those on the shore. Success was not certain but the first lap of the journey was completed.

The force of the wateragainst the

rope was terrific and all wondered that it did not give way

Well the lad knew that the struggle to gain land even if the rope held would test his strength to the utmost. It would be necessary to cling tightly and pull himself forward.

He paused briefly before lowering himself into the water. Then, noticing that the shore end of the rope was fastened securely to a rock, he sank into the water and started to pull ahead. The force of the current was even more than he had anticipated. Twice he felt certain the rope would break, but it did not.

His endurance was taxed to the limit, for the rushing water pushed, twisted and pounded against his exposed body and pounded against his exposed body. Nevertheless, foot by foot he advanced until his bare feet rested on the rocky shore and safety.

DURHAM COUNTY VETERANS.

General Julian S. Carr, Commander-in-Chief who never loses an opportunity to lighten the burdens of a veteran or to do him full justice and protection at all times—his courage and faithfulness always jewels in the sight of Gen. Carr—furnishes this list as the surviving Confederate veterans now resident of the county of Durham:

W. T. Redmond—Commander G. E. Lougee J. E. Shields W. H. Nunn J. W. Ferrell A. J. Lloyd J. E. Lyon, G. D. Langston, J. J. Moring, Jim Blackwood, W. Holder, J. I. Murry, G. C. Stallings, J. D. Lewis, H. O'Brien, S. M. Rhew, J. A. Shipp,A. Oakley I. S. Barbee, W. J. Maynard, J. T. Ladd J. W. Rodgers, A. C. Freeman, T. C. Martin, B. A. Summerlain, J. W. Garrard, J. L. Rogers, S. W. Young, W. W. Teasley, W. B. Copley, J. R. Billings, J. T. Ferrell, W. T. Hailey, J. W. Hamliton, J. F. Bailey, Lovet Ennis, William Holloway, Woodward Holloway, R. E. Howard, James R. Blacknall, Julian S. Carr.

Col. W. P. Wood, late State Auditor and legislator of wide experience, whom everybody in Randolph county esteem, has gathered up for THE UPLIFT the names of the surviving Confederate soldiers now living in Randolph county. Just think, this county furnished to the great conflict over 3,000 men, and of them less than one hundred are yet with us. They are:

CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

Col. W. P. Wood, late State Auditor and legislator of wide experience, whom everybody in Randolph county esteem, has gathered up for THE UPLIFT the names of the surviving Confederate soldiers now living in Randolph county. Just think, this county furnished to the great conflict over 3,000 men, and of them less than one hundred are yet with us. They

are:

William T. Fox, R. T. McIntire, John T. Turner, Z. M. Williams, W. C. Hooker, A. L. Jarrell, Doc F. Allred, W. B. Allred, John Wesley Allred, T. W. Andrews, W. R. Ashworth, W. H. Bean, Jesse W. Bowdoin, John S. Bowden, L. B. Brady, Wyatt Brady, J. D. Brown, C. W. Burgess, Murphy Burriss, H. C. Causey, D. O. Cobble, A. M. Cross, G. A. Cross, M. H. Cross, W. S. Crowson, W. Davis, W. Norman Davis, W. J. Delk, J. W. Ellis, G. M. Frazier, Hiram P. Gardner, Henry M. Gardner, Franklin Gray, N. B. Gunter, T. W. Hall, James Hancock, John Hancock, W. H. Hancock, D. H. Hill, J. H. Hill, D. C. Hilliard John W. Holder, J. C. Hoover, J. P. Hopkins, M. M. Hopkins, J. W. Howell, M. M. Hughes, L. W. Hunt, D. J. Jarrett, F. L. Johnson, L. Johnson, Frank Jordan, J. M. Lambert, Kelly Latham, Jeff Lineberry, W. S. Lineberry Madison Lowe, George Luther, Thomas D. McMaster, William H. McPherson, T. F. Millikan, B. N. Modlin, Milo Moffit, John Moore, F. Morris, A. G. Myrick, H. H. Nelson, B. L. Owen, J. M. Pounds, S. F. Pugh, William Reddick, Samuel Rightsell, Iredell M. Robbins, A. C. Rush, A. J. Rush, Stephen P. Scarlet, James Scott, R. F. Sechrest, Jesse T. Shaw, W. D. Siler, Thompson Siler, S. E. Spencer, Lemuel Spencer, Richard C. Stokes, W. A. Stout, L. O. Sugg, A. E. Tillman, Alpheus Upton, Elkana Wall, R. M. Wellborn, F. J. White, J. S. Wilkinson, T. J. Wood, Noah L. Yates, J. W. Yeargin, S. C. York, Larkin York, S. L. Younts, P. H. Morris, Dr. F. A. Asbury, Sam'l Alldridge, W. P. Wood.

A cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around; and most of us can, if we choose, make of this world either a palace or a prison.—Lubbuck.

A WORD ABOUT BOOKS

This is a reading age. It can be more truthfully said now than ever before that "Of the making of books there is no end." The amount of literature that comes from the press each year fairly staggers one. Each of us can read only a small portion of it. It is not all intended for you and me. Much of it is good, but maybe not good for us. Much of it fits into a need you and I feel. Now since I cannot read it all, I must select what I shall read. This process of selection should be done with the utmost care. Much of the literature now being produced is without a message or a soul. It is a sheer waste of time to try to read it. We are told that out of every thousand books published, 650 do not see the end of the first year. Most of the others are forgotten in two or three or five years. Out of more than one million volumes in the Imperial Library at Paris, over 700,000 are out of print. We can help to put some volumes out of business by not reading them or recommending them to others. We may share in an enterprise of the noblest kind by speaking well of volumes that have helped us. The literature problem is one of the most vital that home-makers and homekeepers have to deal with.—Selected.

LINNAEUS "THE FATHER OF MODERN BOTANY."

By Lena C. Ahlers

May brings the birthday of one of the greatest naturalists, who has ever lived. Though, Linnaeus was not wealthy he yet possessed eyes that could see the richness of the beauty of this world, as few other men have done, and he helped to teach others to see this wealth, too. Linnaeus' right name was Carl von Linne, which was changed to Carolus Linnaeus, in Latin, when he was made a nobleman, and it is by this name he is best known.

Carl von Linne was born May 23, 1707, in Rashult, Sweden. His father was a Lutheran minister with a large parish. Even as a baby, Linnaeus showed his fondness for animals, flowers and nature, and as he grew older showed a marked preference for them. His great love for nature puzzled his devoted father, for he thought the boy should like books betters. He hoped Carl would become a minister or doctor, but his fear increased that the boy would not, as the years passed, and his son grew to love the great out-of-doors more and more.

The Linnes had a beautiful garden, in which the whole family worked, and when Carl was eight years old he was given a corner for his very own. He was delighted, and filled it with bright flowers, which he tended carefully. Try as he would Mr. Linne could not get his small son interested in books, and becoming alarmed he took him to a doctor to be examined. Doctor Rothe was a kind and understanding man, and understood the boy's desire to be a naturalist better than did his father. He advised Mr. Linne to let Carl stay with him for a year, which the minister consened to do. The doctor had a grand library, containing many books on science and nature, into which Carl delved. Failing to get Carl interested in either the ministry or medicine, at the end of the year Doctor Rothe took him to Killam Stobaeus, who was a physician to the king.

Doctor Stobaeus had a large collection of natural history curiosities that he did not have arranged, and put Carl to cataloguing these. The boy's writing was almost illegible, and he had an impatient temper, so he often quarreled with the doctor. Several times the physician turned him from the house, but upon Carl's promise to do better, let him try again. At last in desperation the doctor sent Linnaeus to the University of Upsala.

Once inside the university, and with his beloved nature books, it seemed to the young man he had entered a new world. He found unlimited opportunities to study botany and the sciences, and was greatly encouraged in this by teachers in the institute. In Doctor Rudbeck, the professor of botany, the young student found a good friend, and supported himself by working in the professor's office. He found chaos among the botany and natural history specimens in Rudbeck's office, and arranged

them in order. During this time he wrote his first book on plant life, which was short and appeared in 1729. The same year he began a series of tours in which he gave lectures about flowers.

Through the interest and kindness of Doctor Rudbeck and others in the university, Linnaeus was sent on an exploring trip to Lapland. It was as though the young botanist had found a new country in which to roam to his heart's satisfaction. Alone, except for a horse and dog he remained in Lapland from May to November, 1731, exploring the hills and valleys, gathering much material. In 1773 he wrote a book about the plants he found on this trip, calling it "Flora Laponica."

By this time Linnaeus had become famous, but was earning hardly enough to support himself. Many of the persons at Upsala were jealous of him, and nicknamed him the "Gypsy Botanist." Discouraged with the treatment he received at the university Linnaeus went to live with the famous Professor Boerhaave at Amsterdam. Here with a class of young naturalists he had many delightful rambles, and during this time he wrote "Fudamenta Botanica," which is one of the most valuable botanies ever written. While at the professor's house he made the acquaintance of Peter Kalm, another great naturalist, who visited America, and brought back many rich specimens of flora for himself and Linnaeus to classify.

Then for a time Linnaeus made his home with Dr. Moraeus, whose daughter, Sara, he married. The doctor suggested to Linnaeus that he get a degree in medicine so he went to Harderuizk and attended school there. He was soon awarded a degree, and then visited Leyden, where he published the first sketch of "Systema Nature."

In 1731, Clifford, who was then the English ambassador, urged Linnaeus to come and live with him at Hartecamp. Linnaeus accepted the invitation, and stayed with him the greater part of several years, living like a prince. During this time he wrote "Hortus Cliffordiensis," and other books. In 1736 he visited England, and in 1738 he wen to Stockholm, as a physician.

In 1740 Professor Rudbeck died and Linnaeus was appointed to succeed him as professor of natural history at Upsala University. At last Linnaeus had found his life's work, and in 1750 his "Philosophia Botanica" was published. Three years later appeared his "Species Plantarum." In 1778 he started again the labors of classifying plants, which he had begun when a student. He classified them according to the number of stamens and pistils, which was a great improvement on any classification then in existence, and from which he has given the name "Father of modern botany." To him science is also indebted for a new system of naming plants.

During this time Linnaeus wrote a book, "Heaven's First Law," a treatise on minerology and zoology, which made him an authority in science, as well as botany. He wrote about a hundred and eighty books, which was either about plants or science. Shortly after his scientific book was published, he was given the

Knight of Polar title, with the rank of nobility.

Busy all his life Linnaeus died from apoplexy on his beautiful estate nea Upsala, in 1778, but his memory ha lived through all the years.

Some more signs. Men have destroyed their influence with a majority of the rural folk by showing a lack of faith in the moon. David Houston, former Secretary of Agriculture, went out his way while holding that great office, to reflect on the power of the moon, and, as a result, the aver- rural operator thinks him a sorry farmer. But old "Aunt Jane," a typical ante-bellum negress, who boasts of having nursed Col. Leroy Kirkpatrick and yet laments that the Colonel took to the law because of suspicion over his welfare in the hereafter, says that every body, most, in Sharon town- ship, Mecklenburg county, have great faith in the control of moon signs. For instance, when the sign is in the feet (the fish) three days in succes- sion, the month will be wet; and that it is the proper time to wean things and such. According to this prophecy, July will be a very wet month for the sign is in the feet for three successive days, on the 12th, 13th and 14th. By this very token, look out for a flood in October, for in that month the "sign in the feet" occurs three days in succession and on two occa- sions in the month—2, 3 and 4, and 29, 30 and 31. If this happens the reputation of the moon in its control of weather, weaning babies and such like, will be thoroughly established.

UNFAIR TO THE WOMAN

Columbia S. C. State.

The decision of the court of appeals of the state of Washington that "legally alimony for a husband is an unheard of thing" is of minute interest in South Carolina, where devorces are unheard of things, but it is astonishing that so curios an exposition of law should have come out of the Far West where women have been far in advance of their Eastern sisters in gaining political equality with men.

Wherefore in a suit for divorce brought by the husband, if the woman be in the wrong, should she not be in the same way liable for alimony and for attorney's fees as the husband would have been had the circumstances been reversed?

As the earner and holder of money and property in these times, there is no discrimination between man and woman if the woman be superior in the acquisitive arts, if she have pelf and plenty of it and if the poor man in the case be equipped with nothing better than a hard luck story, what possible reason should stand in the way of his derivirg sustenance from the abler partner that had treated him with contumely.

If it happened that a kindly gentle- man possessed of nothing but good looks and winning ways have a spouse possessed of a royal income, shall she be allowed, in Washington or elsewhere, to throw him over-

oard, if she grows tired of him, nd make no compensation for his nremitted devotions?

The State believes that the women f the United States will resent the mputation of the Washington court hat, despite the erasure of the ancient insult the woman is weaker than man, she is still not strong enough to pay for the riddance of a husband of whom she has wearied.

In 1922 can any sort of distinction in law between men and women be rationally defended?

One of the handsomest and most attractive girls in all this section has been off to school— one of the oldest and of the sanest and best reputations. whose great work touches every state in the South and has for generations. She returned the other day. Her naturally beautiful face and fine complexion were all bedaubed with an extravagant amount of commercial daub. Being remonstrated with by a friend for substituting the false for the natural, she fired back, "Well, all the girls do it; and I followed suit." That's the sorriest excuse in the world for any one to give in defense of a slavery to a foolish fashion.

THE WHITE SEAL.

By Rudyard Kipling.

Kotick was a little baby seal, all head and shouders, with pale, watery yes, as tiny seals must be. But there was something about his coat that nade his mother look at him very closely.

"Sea Catch" she said at last, "our baby is going to be white."

"There never has been such a hing in the world as a white seal," Sea Catch snorted.

"I can't help that," said Matka; 'there is going to be one now." And she sang the low crooning seal-ong that all the mother seals sing to heir babies:

You musn't swim till you're six weeks old,
Or your head will be sunk by your heels;
And summer gales and Killer Whales
Are bad for baby seals.
Are bad for baby seals, dear rat,
As bad as bad can be;
But splash and grow strong,
And you can't be wrong,
Child of the Open Sea!

Of course, the little fellow did not understand the words at first. He paddled and scrambled about by his mothers side, and learned to scuffle out of the way when his father was fighting with another seal, and the two rolling and roared up and down the slippery rocks.

The first thing that Kotick did was to crawl inland. There he met tens of thousands of babies of his own age, and they played together like puppies, went to sleep on the clean sand, and played again.

Little seals can no more swim than little children, but they are unhappy till they learn.

The first time that Kotick went

down to the sea, a wave carried him out beyond his depth. His big head sank and his hind flipper flew up exactly as his mother had told him in the song, and if the next wave had not thrown him back he would have been drowned.

After that he learned to lie in a pool, and let the wash of the waves just cover him and lift him up while he paddled, but he always kept his eyes open for the big waves that might hurt.

He was two weeks in learning to to use his flippers. All that while he floundered in and out of the water. He coughed and grunted and crawled up the beach, and took cat-naps on the sand, and went back again, until at last he found that he truly belonged to the water.

Then you can imagine the times that he had with his companions, ducking under the rollers; or coming in on top of a comber and landing with a swash and a splutter as the big waves went whirling far up the beach; or standing up on his tail and scratching his head as the old seals did; or playing "I'm the King of the Castle," on slippery, weedy rocks that just stuck out of the wash.

Now and then he would see a thin fin, like a big shark's fin, drifting along close to the shore. He knew that this was the Killer Whale, the Grampus, which eats young seals when he can get them. Then Kotick would head for the beach like an arrow, and the fin would jig off slowly, as if it were looking for nothing at all.

Late in October the seals began to leave St. Paul's for the deep sea, by families and tribes. Matka and Kotick set out together across the Pacific.

Matka showed Kotick how to sleep on his back, with his flippers tucked down by his side, and his little nose just out of the water. No cradle is so comfortable as the long rocking swell of the Pacific.

This was one of very many things that Kotick learned and he was always learning. Motka taught him how to follow the cod and the halibut along the under sea banks, and wrench the rockling out of his hole among the weeds; how to skirt the wrecks lying a hundred fathoms below water, and dart like a rifle-bullet in at one port-hole and out at another as the fishes ran.

She taught him, too, how to dance on the top of the waves when the lightning was racing all over the sky, and wave his flippers politely to the Stumpy-tailed Albatross and the Man-of-War Hawk as they went down the wind.

She taught him how to jump three or four feet clear of the water, like a dolphin, flippers close to the side and tail curves; to leave the flying-fish alone because they are bony; to take the shoulder-piece out of a cod at full speed ten fathoms deep; and never to stop to look at a boat or a ship, but especially a row boat.

At the end of six month, what Kotick did not know about deep-sea fishing was not worth the knowing. And all that time he never set flipper on dry ground.

Deliver us from fear and favor, from mean hopes and cheap pleasures.—Stevenson.

ON FLORIDA RIVERS.

By Madison Cawein

Along the St. John's River soft maples, ruddily turfted, made bright the somber banks, showing only occasionally a pine or palmetto amid the wilderness of cypress trees trailing with the moss. Cherokee roses to rarely ran a rambling riot of great white blossoms around the boll of some live oak. The water, of a sullen blackness, had no more current than a pond or lagoon. The furrow of our little steamer fell away from the stern in a sort of yeasty, smoky-topez foam. Water lilies laid long banks of blossoms along either shore. An alligator, a sluggish bulk, slowly crossed a lily-paven inlet.

Lilies; more lilies seemed to spread over the entire river a cloth of gold. Hemlocks, cypressses, and black gums seemed to welcome us with the waving of funereal banners, long streamers of Spanish moss, as we entered the Ocklawaha passing a leaky-looking rowboat with an old negro in it, picturesque among the yellow lilies of the lagoon. Lilies; lilies, holding up everywhere innumerable fists tight full of gold. The dogwood and jessamine, in full bloom, diversified with white and gold the seemingly impenetrable woods. Here and there on the high-lifted, desolate branches of twisted trees, looking like huge nests of unknown birds of prey, great clumps and masses of mistletoe were seen.

In its placid, mirror-like depths the skies and woods are exactly reproduced that you are often deceived as to which is the real and which is the reflection. Bittern and heron and egret haunt here; often winging slowly over the ivied and creepered solitudes. And startled by our approach, crane and kingfisher swing along its surface, beneath which swim their images amid the green streaks of grass, that reminds one of the streaming hair of kelpies. Hell-divers or didappers rise, flash away, and the teal, with their instant wings, skip the water into ripples. At twilight the limpkins begin their wild wailing, plaintive as that of a lost child; and like a vulture, silent and solitary, on the dead limb of a tree the water turkey sits, somber above the uncurling, ghostly spider lilies, hanging, long strips of white, among the cypress knees.

In the darkness, before the coming of the moon, we seemed passing between immaterial walls of phantom forest, clothed in the fluttering cerements of the dead, the dark, wild-trailing moss—or was it the waving of spectral arms, ghostly shrouds and mantels of dead Seminoles? Enormous hands, taloned and crooked of finger, seemed clutching up at us out of the unseen waters, or impended, threateningly above, eager and waiting an opportunity to snatch us away into the phantom forest; nearly always they resolved themselves into the gaunt and twisted limbs of leaning trees.

From an almost sleepless night in my narrow cabin, having been kept awake by the clattering and crashing of branches that raked, every now and then, the sides of the boat in its passage up the stream, I arose

to find the morning massed and streaming with mist; the forests seemingly more spectral looking through the banks and flying shreds of vapor than they were last night. Suddenly the sun rose, scattering with level crimson lances, wildly glorious, the routed and ribboned fog. We had left the Ocklawaha River and were steaming up Silver Spring Run. Drenched with the mist and dew the moss hung motionless from the trees, smoky-brown and dripping. The butterflies that had taken shelter upon our decks during the night were too weighed down with the wet to lift their wings.

The water of Silver Spring Run is perfectly pellucid; to the depth of some forty odd feet everything is plainly visible. Garfish, bream, black bass, pickerel, and turtle are discernible swimming slowly or swiftly away from our advancing keel. At Silver Spring itself we gaze down, as we pass over it, upon a mighty ledge of rock, magnified by the refraction of the water probably, forty-eight feet from the surface; it seems to be, with its great rift, the entrance to some vast cavern that disgorges an underground river which furnishes the water of this great spring. At the depth of eighty-four feet the bottom is perfectly visible and the ripples of a rowboat, oaring and breaking the surface, are magnified a hundredfold on the rocks below, irisated into wonderful colors: emerald green and ultramarine blue, blurring and streaking the bottom; the effect being the same as that of some glimmering submarine scene presented in pantomime on the stage,

The clear, round lake, hemmed in as far as the eye can see with forests of cypress, black gum, live oak, pine, and palmetto, solemn, hung with their gray moss, is a weird setting for its mysterious crystal. Here and there the cypresses and black gums, swollen by the water, bulge out abruptly, the tree trunk seemingly supported on a black pedestal. The cypress knees, extinguisher-shaped (like so many giant clubs thrust knot downward into the water), bristled along the shore and the forest towering above them, silent and sad, was like some strange woodland turned to stone.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Work on the new well has been pushed forward so rapidly that the depth of 97ft. has been reached.

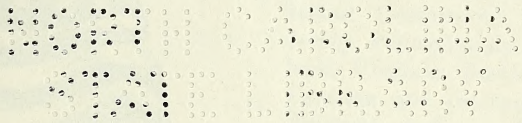
Mr. Zebulon Teeter, of Concord, and a graduate of Trinity College in the recent finals, has accepted work at the school. He has charge of the Rockingham Cottage.

The boys on the working force are hoeing peanuts at the present time. This work is done cheerfully, even willingly, for the boys know the fruits of their labor will be given to them.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Howard, of Dunn, were at the school Wednesday, June 14, to visit their son, George Branch. Having a plentiful orchard of their own, they brought some baskets of peaches and when the boys were assembled in the rest room young Howard in-

sisted on giving a few baskets of the peaches out to them.

The doors of the Rockingham Cottage were thrown open on Friday, June 16. The opening was attended with unusual interest by the boys due to the rather long intermission of time from the opening of Durham Cottage. This cottage makes the eighth to be occupied and in use. The opening of this new cottage merely marks the step to another round taken by the Jackson Training School on the ladder of improvement and progress. Four boys were taken from each of the seven occupied cottages and placed in the Rockingham Cottage, making the total of twenty-eight boys. When each cottage is completely filled again the total number of boys here will be two hundred and sixty-four. The new cottage is, of course, spotlessly clean and each newly moved youngster's ambition is to keep it so. Not because he is a Mecklenburg Cottage boy, but because he knows, the reporter can say with pardonable pride that if the Rockingham Cottage boys keep their cottage as clean as Mecklenburg Cottage, then they will do well.



There is nothing that abides except character. There is nothing truly interesting but a man, excepting, of course, a woman, but she is so interesting that the study of the female of the species becomes too absorbing for analysis.—Hon. Josephus Daniels.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., JULY 1, 1922 NO. 34

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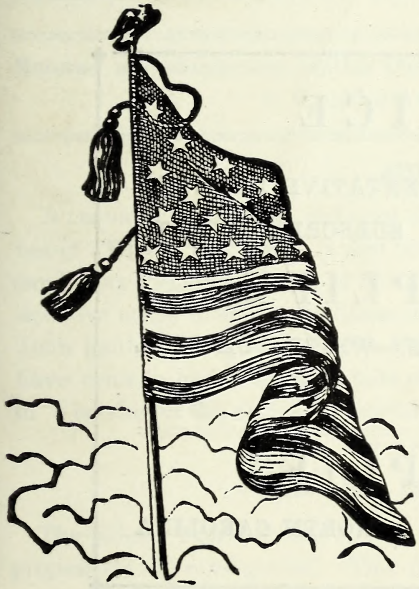

Next Tuesday, July 4th, will have been one hundred and forty-six years since the representatives of New Hampshire, Massaschusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia—the Immortal Thirteen—met in Philadelipha and addressed a document to the world, and to Old England in particular, which started in these words:

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the seperate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinion of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impell them to the sparation." The indictment followed in no uncertain terms.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

JULY 4TH.

A casual glance at the material that enters into the make-up of this number of THE UPLIFT will reveal the fact of an effort to commemorate in a small way the anniversary of the great date on which this country took decisive steps to set up business on its own hook. Readers will find the John Paul Jones article and the Flag story of unusual interest. And we have come to recognize with hats off the emblem that graces the front page in a setting of the states, immortal.

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THE CALL IS IMPERATIVE

The School Board of the city of Concord has put up to the citizenship a proposition of consequence. This proposition involves the standing and the welfare of the future citizenship of the city. Are you living in and just for the present, making efforts to get all out of it just for your own benefit, or have you a heart for those who are to come after you?

While THE UPLIFT man may not have a vote because of residence in the country, this countryman will be effected by the result of that bond issue election, July 5th, in such a way as to give him the right to think on the subject and to entertain certain views. The city school authorities have revealed their plans and purposes, and who among us can know the proposition better than they? They ask for a bond issue of $225,000 in order to enlarge the public school facilities of the city and to make the schools function creditably and efficiently. Candid, sober thought and judgment, as the Board's exibit seems unmistakeably to warrant, makes a favorable response on the part of the

Concord citizenship postively imperative.

That such and such a city has done this or done that, is no argument or valid reason why Concord should do thus and so. The question is what do we need? The authorities have told us. Having found that need by the Board's exhibit to be well-grounded, the next question is, can it be afforded? When it comes to education and the education of the children, there should be no limit to our sense of duty or even to our optimism. The all but infinitesimal cost that the issue of 225,000.00 of bonds for the cause of adequate educational facilities, including the interest and the discharge of said bonds as they fall due, in comparison with the benefits to a common citizenship and the far-reaching and never-ending blessings, now and hereafter, makes it a wise proposition that should appeal to all patriotic people.

There is no reason why Concord should not be, in fact, the educational centre of Cabarrus county. There are no reasons why high school pupils from the outlying districts, failing to have their wants satisfied by an all-but-impotent rural public school opportunity, with no encouraging sign of an awakened leadership appearing probable at an early day, if ever, should not have their wants supplied by the high school in Concord. This is logical and it is just and it will prove of reciprocal good. It is also legal under the law, for a ruling by the state educational authorities has recognized the need and necessity for such a course and has pointed out the method and the way, so as to preserve the principle of equity and justice. Except for the lack of space, the benefit of such an arrangement could here be made manifest, if not already so to the actual and unselfish friends of public education, and these benefits would lie alike with city and rural patronage.

Economists and forward-thinking people have long since agreed that any money devoted to the education of the masses is never wasted, even if through the lack of wisdom extravagance is indulged in. The money contributed to the cause of education is spent in your community, and, afterwards through commercial channels, offers itself for a further service, while its expenditure has wrought among the children of the community and section a benefit that only eternity may measure. It is—this thing of putting money into the education of a child, yours or somebody else's child—simply a case of having the privilege of eating your own cake and still having the cake.

To **The Uplift** it is inconceivable to entertain for a moment that the progressive, patriotic citizenship of Concord will not measure up to this modest though imperative necessity of public education in its midst.

Duty calls, calls loud—let us answer HERE.

"HE WAS."

That is to say that he is dead, that his book of life is closed. In our admiration and awe, altogether unjustified, we are wont to feel that if death overtakes such and such an one, that a castrophe is due to follow; that confusion will reign havoc; that the markets will tumble; and that the world will have a struggle to get along.

The death of the average man or woman, however strong and mighty, however wealthy and influential, direct and directly, does not control the destiny of the world or a very large part of it. The passing of such creates just about much vacuum as sticking your finger in a bowl of water and, withdrawing it, expect to find a hole in the water. Nature has a way of closing up gaps, and transferring responsibilities to others.

Occasionally you find one that moves with a spectacular and domineering attitude among his fellows as if he regards his life as indispensable to the welfare and preservation of business and society; but he is mistaken—he goes, when the end comes, minus all his powers and chattles. It was not the case with William Rockefeller whose obituary the Greensboro News so effectively pronounces in the following lines:

"William Rockefeller was distinguished among the extremely rich men of the country by his very inconspicuousness. Nothing ever was heard from him. In fact the only time he ever excited the lively interest of the country it was by his obstinate silence when the authorities were exceedingly desirous that he should speak—during the investigation into the "money trust."

A neutral-tinted personality, neither very bad nor very good, he slipped through life silently, almost furtively, lost in the shadow cast by the brilliantly illuminated figure of his more dynamic brother, John D. Rockefeller. He had $100,000,000 or $250,000,000, or some such sum incomprehensible by the imagination, so vast was it. Well, he is dead, and someone else has the $100,000,000 or the $250,000,000, or whatever it is. With the passing of his money into other hands, he loses all title to the interest of the country, either for blessing or for cursing. His epitaph might well be that of the forgotten Arabian king: "He died; and Time passed over him, and it was as if he had never been."

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SIDE-STEPS THE CREDIT.

In our last number we copied a striking and very entertaining editorial, "But Gold Is Not All," from the Charlotte Observer. Col. Harris, unwilling to get credit for something that eminated from another's pen, has this to say:

"It is the fixed habit of the editor of The Observer to slip away on

occasion for a trip of exploration into various parts of the State to make observation of what the people are doing, and perchance uncover some new resource, and once in a great while he has indulged in the self-flattery that he has produced something that has proved entertaining as well as informative. On these absences, and excellently-equipped corps of boys in the office has kept things going for him, but it was not until his recent absence that an editorial was run in the paper responsibility for which he is inclined to disown. But he has had several telephone calls in regard to it, in addition to having received two letters from subscribers who had read it, and now the papers have begun to copy it. This weeks edition of THE UPLIFT, as an example, copies the editorial in full and makes it the more conspicious by calling editorial attention to it.

The disowned article was written by Mr. J. P. Watkins, and it carried the title "But Gold is Not All." The telephone calls, letters and newspaper articles gave criticism which moves the editor to make this disclaimer and fasten the responsibility where it belongs. This absolute repudiation is forced in the cause of fairness—to the writer of the article in question. Mr. Watkins produced a thought that was markedly brilliant and applicable to every-day conditions. It was an editorial of more than ordinary merit, and the criticisms referred to were in the nature of a praise so warm as to make any author feel proud. This "disowned" editorial was one of the finest productions which has ever appeared in The Observer. That being said, we are introducing to the readers one of the fine young fellows who daily toil in the background of the office, but who are qualified for the most excellent tasks of the day. And our hat is off while we are introducing Watkins to the public."

While Col. Harris "disowns" the production, it is nevertheless not too good to have come from his pen. Mr. Watkins, to whose door the authorship is traced, has done himself proud; besides the young man has developed a trait which affixed itself to Howard Banks, when subbing for the late J. P. Caldwell. Banks learned the curls, the angles, the pointedness and the cleverness of expression of the boss so well that when the article got cold, each was puzzled to know who was the author. Watkins is right on Col. Harris' heels. Watch him!

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WHAT IS NEWS?

This is a question that has been interpreted different, as one generation appears after another. About the uniqest definition seen for a long time of just what news is, as viewed by the average paper, is offered by the Greensboro Christian Advocate in the following manner:

"What is news? Not the multitudinous everyday deed of mankind

but the unusual happenings are to be classed as news. A man plowing a horse or mule in the corn or cotton fields is not news, for hundreds of men are doing that very thing. But for a woman to harness her husband and plow cotton and corn with him pulling the plow would be news and merit a story on the front page of the leading dailies, because men are not accustomed to pull plows.

A good newspaper reporter is the man who is on the ground when and where hell breaks loose and is able to tell what he saw. Stories of crime, scandal and heresy get on the front page because criminals, scandalmongers and heritics are in the minority. If there were more criminals than law-abiding citizens, the newspapers would write about the honest man. If the majority reveled in what we call scandal, the news agencies would look for the fellow who had not run away with some other man's wife, so that a news story might be forthcoming. Heritics are rare, hence their news value.

For these very reason the daily newspapers are giving prominence to the ugly things of society.

Out of 1,000,000 people there may be 100 criminals who get their names in the papers, and some folks jump to the conclusion that the 999,900, of whom no mention has been made, are like to the 100, who commanded a newspaper story. We hear of the man who murders his wife, but not of the millions who love and protect their wives. Goodness is not news, vice is, because there is more goodness in the world than there is vice. And the pessimist feeds on the stories of vice, so that his pessimism may increase, and that man shall not be disappointed."

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LOOKING FORWARD.

Passers-by on the National Highway may get it into their heads by seeing the Rowan-Iredell cottage, rapidly going up, facing north, that the plant is now completed. By no means is it near complete. Drive in, friend, and observe that a street, opened between the second and third cottages and running west, is now a busy scene. Two cottages are under construction on this street that are not visible from the National Highway; and others are to follow, making that street both attractive and delightful from the natural setting and what the authorit'es may add in a beautification from time to time.

Some of these days, when the time is ripe and the arrangements are completed, on the opposite side of the National Highway and facing the campus there will be erected a number of residence cottages for the families of certain officers and at no distant day one of these buildings will be so constructed as to accommodate visitors with lodging and entertainment. From

time to time friends and relatives of the boys visit us, and, liking the environment so much, desire to spend more than a day at the institution; and we like for them to come. All good people, with the love of humanity in their hearts, will at all times receive a cordial reception.

The officials of the institution have forgotten the hardships and the personal sacrifices in establishing this institution on a firm foundation, and, pleased with the results finer, larger and better than ever expected with the proposition, are pressing forward for the completion of the original plans and ideal. Then all the discoveries of science, investigation and practical experiences in this kind of work, will be invoked in so far as means will permit.

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TOM BOST'S SERMONS.

In each Sunday issue of the Greensboro News there is on the editorial page a sermon by the versatile and brilliant W. Tom Bost. It is all the time good reading, and at times of unusual interest. In these Mr. Bost is entirely more reliable than in his usual week-a-day stories where he has to deal entirely with the short-comings of men, the unreliability of rumors and information, and, at times, from a faulty analysis of cases, which, did he not put his imaginary touch to, would be not quite so interesting to the average reader, who enjoys excitement, confusion and the opening of prize-boxes.

These Sunday sermons by Mr. Bost are very engaging, and there are probably some folks who satisfy themselves with a discharge of their full Sunday obligations by confining themselves alone to the reading of Bost's sermons—this is wrong. It ought to have the effect, and does on normal folks, by prompting them to go out to church and hear more along the same line.

There is, as may be verified by reading his sermon appearing in the News on the 25th and printed elsewhere in this number of THE UPLIFT, a peculiar interest attaching to it, because of the taking into account of the last article written by the late editor B. C. Ashcraft for the Monroe Enquirer, just before his death. The article was recently found among some of the dead editor's papers and published.

Bost ought to get himself a robe and a regular pulpit, in addition to his work on the Greensboro News—he's one specimen of mankind that has never yet shown any evidence of nerves or the sense of becoming tired.

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The esteemed Greensboro News, the Raleigh News & Observer, the Ashe-

ville Citizen, the Charlotte Observer, and the Wilmington Star, the leading morning papers of the state, would render the state some startling information, should they collaborate and on a certain day of each week publish the death in one column occurring during the past week from accidents by automobiles, either through carelessness, foolishness, or intoxicants. At first glance this would seem just an appeal to curiosity; but if that column or columns, as the case might require, were decorated with some outstanding mark such as the "skull and bones" it would have a tendency to influence a number of the daring to make reasonable efforts to avoid such a publicity.

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APPRECIATION FROM HIGH SOURCE.

Steadily and with an abiding faith in the righteousness of the Cause and the ultimate efficacy of the system of handling the subjects of this institution, we have proceeded to grow and develop along definite lines, adopted before a single brick was placed on the grounds of the Jackson Training School.

It is gratifying to have the warm endorsement of those in our midst that have a working and workable knowledge of the proposition but it is of peculiar pleasure to have the commendation of outstanding leaders in the business world in other states.

Mr. H. P. Wilson, a leading New York banker and industrial developer of large and important problems, chanced among us recently, having stopped over to consult Mr. D. B. Coltrane. He learned of the Jackson Training School, its marvelous record for the short time in existence, its methods of handling the proposition, and the style of buildings. Mr. Wilson made note of the result of Col. Fairbrother's offer of a fifteen dollar prize and the fine results. Mr. Wilson has just sent a fifty dollar check to be offered the boys in prizes, further announcement to be made in our next issue.

The thoughtfulness and generosity of Mr. Wilson are greatly appreciated by officers and student body.

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The whole state will watch with intense interest the outcome of the trial of Mr. E. E. Sharp, a well known citizen of Wilmington, who has been indicted by Miss Katie Foard because the said Sharp's rooster crows each morning before day-light. Naughty rooster—disregarding the amenities of life and thus making possible the electrocution of his boss. The rooster would probably be worth sixty cent for use in a salad, and yet in the twentieth century and the glory of a modern civilization, there are people who

would go to court and spend dollars upon dollars to regulate the habits of a thing, against whom even the evolutionists have made no assaults.

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The boys of the 60s seemed to have fared well at Richmond. So far as the public prints reveal, only one fell by the way-side, an old soldier of Polkton having been stricken with paralysis and dying in Richmond. THE UPLIFT recalls that when the Reunion was held in Richmond the time before this, bad weather was encountered and quite a number were stricken with illness, which later cost them their lives.

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"Dr. Edwin A. Alderman makes Carolinians feel at home."—Headline in a news story. The state at large and education in particular would be the gainer if the school teachers, attending the Summer School at the University of Virginia, would make Dr. Alderman "homesick to return to North Carolina."

THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

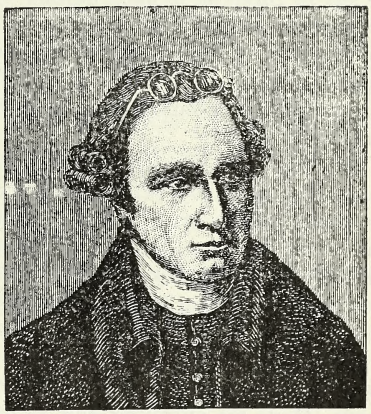
The Hares were so persecuted by the other beasts, they did not know where to go. As soon as they saw a single animal approach them, off they used to run. One day they saw a troop of wild Horses stampeding about, and in quite a panic all the Hares scuttled off to a lake hardby, determined to drown themselves rather than live in such a continual state of fear. But just as they got near the bank of the lake, a troop of Frogs, frightened in their turn by the approach of the Hares, scuttled off, and jumped into the water. "Truly," said one of the Hares, "things are not so bad as they seem:

"THERE IS ALWAYS SOME ONE WORSE OFF THAN YOURSELF."

LIBERTY OR DEATH.

By Patrick Henry

(Patrick Henry was born in Studley, Va., in 1736. His education was meager, and he had little inclination for book learning. He married when only eighteen years of age. He failed in business, began farming, but made no success of that, being too negligent and indolent. When about twenty-four years of age he took up the practice of law. In 1756 he was elected member of the House of Burgesses. In 1774 he was chosen delegate to the Continental Congress, and in 1776 Governor of Virginia. He was re-elected three times, Washington offered him the position of Secretary of the State, and that of Chief Jusice, both of which he declined. Adams named him minister to France. He died in 1779, leaving the reputation of being one of the greatest Americans orators.)



Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourself to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourself how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwillingly to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir.

These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

No, sir, she has none; they are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet up those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging? And what have we to oppose them.

Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not,I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petition have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violance and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir: We must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Host is all that is left!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak —unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be strong? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enimies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three million of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battle alone: there is a just God who presides over the destinies of Nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election.

If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Ther clanking may be herd on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir: let it come!

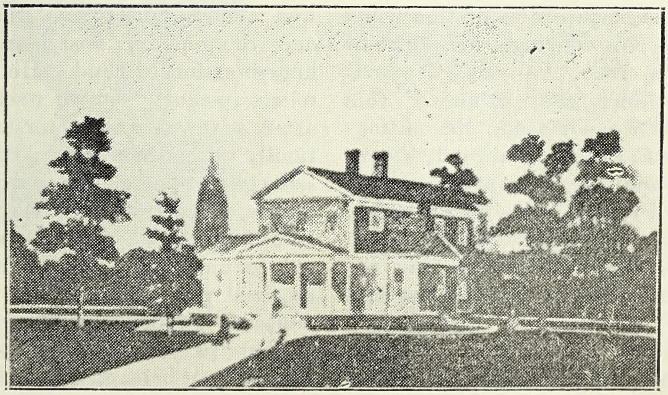
It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! Peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Let every young man who would be a power and not a cipher in the world cultivate decision of charcter.—Willian Mathews.

TO PRESERVE THE HOME OF JOHN PAUL JONES.

By H. E. Zimmerman



"The Groves."

The National Society of he Daughters of the American Revolution is cooperating with women throughout the United States in a movement to restore and preserve the historic home of John Paul Jones, the father of the American Navy, in Halifax, N. C. Recently a John Paul Jones Associ-

ation was formed for the purpose of restoring this famous house, committees having been formed in every state.

This home, known by the name of "The Groves," was the cradle of the Constitution of N. C., and the first place in N. C. which celebrated the American Declaration of Independence. It was built ready for setting up, in England, and shipped to America, and erected in a grove in Halifax. This was accomplished in 1764, by Willie (pronounced Wylie) Jones who, for sentimental reasons, brought over from England some of the timbers from his father's house, the bricks, doors, windows, mantels, paneling, etc., also coming from the mother country. Ten years later the large red stone steps, still in existence, were brought over from England, to be placed in front of this mansion. Among the distinguished persons who enjoyed the hospitalities of this home was Lafayette, during his visit to America in 1825.

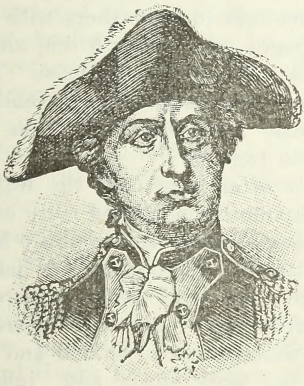
Willie Jones, the owner of this house, was a colonel and Revolutionary patriot. Educated abroad, a profound scholar, leading attorney and politician, Willie Jones filled nearly every office in the gift of the state. While spending his vacation, in the summer of 1772, in Virginia, he met a young Scotchman by the name of John Paul. A mutual friendship was established, and during the next three years,John Paul spent the most of his spare time at the Groves as an honored guest. Here it was that the young Scotchman found a refuge in his wanderings, and from grateful recognition of kindness shown him adopted the name he afterwards made so famous. Willie Jones afterwards secured for Paul a command in the American Navy. The decision of Paul to adopt the name of John Paul Jones was made before a brilliant company in the magnificent ball room of "The Groves." The beautiful sword given to him on that occasion is now in the library of the navy at Washington. He rose rapidly to honor and distinction in the navy, his naval exploits receiving recognition from Congress in the form of a gold medal, and from Louis XVI in millitary orders and a sword. It was by him that the Star Spangled Banner was first displayed, and his career forms a glowing page in the nation's history.

When John Paul came into the home of Willie Jones he was invited by the latter to make the Groves his home until his fortunes mended. From letters and papers of that day it is learned that the Scotch sailor was almost unlettered, and that at once the generous host began to take his education in hand. His great intellect instantly showed itself, so that after a few years tutorship in the family of his benefactor, the daring sea fighter emerged a polish man of letters, graceful and accomplished, versed in the ways of the world, but yet so unworldly that he asked and received permission to add the name Jones to his own, the greatest tribute he could pay, and one which assured its immortality. It is John Paul Jones henceforth in the record, and while its bearer remained on American soil, his steps bent towards The Groves, and it was to him a refuge and support, even as Mount Vernon was to Washington, Monticello, to Jefferson, and sunnyside to Irving.

For some time past the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution an organization with more than 110,000 members, has contemplated the establishment of a great eeducational institution—"The Patriot's Memorial Sshool." Strong efforts are being made to locate this school in Halifax, and the D. A. R. of N. C., and the Elizabeth Montfort Ashe Chapter at Halifax have united in an effort to this end by offering to donate as a site there for the tract of land known as "The Groves." In this atmosphere of patriotism it is intended to equip boys and girls for the battle of life, the boys in technical pursuits, and the girls along domestic lines.

All the world cries, Who is the man who will save us? We want a man: Don't look so far for this man. You have him at hand. This man—it is you. It is I, it is each one of us!—How to constitute one's self a man? Nothing harder, if one knows how to will it: Nothing easier, if one wills it.—Alexander Dumas.

JOHN PAUL JONES



In the War of the Revolution the Americans had no regular navy. Congress however, granted letters of marque and reprisal that authorized shipowners to fit up private vessels of war to prey upon the commerce of the enemy. These were known as privateers. By great exertion, however, there had been fitted up in France a small squadron for the Americans, and it was placed under the command of Captain Paul Jones. Jones boldly sailed up and down the Irish, Scottish, and English coasts, seizing and destroying many vessels. His greatest victory was over the Serapis, off Famborough Head, on the east coast of England (September 23, 1779). No more desperate naval battle was ever fought. Jones lashed his vessel to the Serapis, and the battle was fought hand to hand. Three times the ship took fire, but each time the flames were extinguished. It is said that at one time during the latter part of the engagement, when there were barely men enough to continue the battle, the captain of the Serapis called out to Jones, "Have you surrendered yet?" "I have not begun to fight yet," shouted Jones in reply. Jones's vessel, the Bonhomme Richard, was made worthless in the action, and when the Serapis surrendered, Jones transferred his crew to the surrendered vessels and sailed for Holland.

A HISTORIC HOUSE.

By Walter K. Putney

The oldest incorporated town in Virginia is Williamsburg, which was settled in 1632. Before incorporation, it was known as "The Middle Plantation," being just half way between the York and the James Rivers. In 1678, it became the seat of government of Virginia. At the beginning of the 18th century, the College of William and Mary was established and the town grew very rapidly. Many fine houses, or mansions, were built and a capitol and residence for the governor were erected, also a church that was the finest, then, in America. The city also became the residence of the colonial vice-regal court and during the session of the legislators, there was a great deal of social activity.

At the suggestion of Governor Spottswood, an inn or tavern was built to accommodate guests who came thronging to the town and this was named in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, the Raleigh Tavern.

Raleigh Tavern was built of wood in the shape of an "L," one part extending back from the road at right angles from the main building. Like all the dwellings of that town, it stood a little alone and back from the street, and was separated from the neighboring buildings by gardens of large proportions. Over the front of the building was a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh. At the period of the Revolution, a large square lantern of iron and glass was suspended from the center of the main room and its light was from candles.

This room was known as the Apollo Room and was the meeting place of men who wished to talk over public matters. It was spacious and could accommodate more than a hundred gathered in conference. During the social activities of the town, when the court met, it was used for functions of all kinds and was very popular as a meeting place. Here gathered the titled personages and the wealth and beauty of the colony were well represented. It was especially during the long administration of Governor Sir William Gooch (from 1727 to 1749) that Raleigh Tavern was so extremely popular.

It was the "fad" for the old Cavalier folk to come there with their equippages and vie with one another in show of dress and retinues. There one saw the stately etiquette and conventional formality that made Virginia so famous.

It is often said that the walls of that Apollo Room locked more secrets than any room in this country before or after the Revolution. When the Stamp Act and other oppressive measures were put into operation, daily conferences were held and these had far more power and influence than the most eloquent public declamations could have had. Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and others were constant visitors there and Jefferson is said to have prepared those counter resolutions and addresses that were put out in opposition to those of the British Parliament, in the spring of 1769. These resolutions were promptly adopted by the Virginian House of Burgesses or Assem-

bly and produced a crisis in the affairs of state. It was this act that caused the Governor to dissolve the Assembly but the members met the next day in the Apollo Room and formed Virginia's famous Voluntary Convention.

The Voluntary Convention drew up resolutions against using any merchandise imported from Great Britain and then the menbers quietly withdrew to their home districts and put the resolutions into effect. The result was that every member was reelected to the new Assembly, except those who opposed the will of the majority and tried to side with the king.

Virginia kept pace with Massachusetts in the adoption of Revolutionary measures and because of the meetings in the Apollo Room, the latter was often referred to as the Faneuil Hall of Virginia. In the spring of 1773, when the Massachusetts Assembly sent copies of an address to Virginia, depicting the grievances of that state, the Virginia Assembly at once adopted resolutions of sympathy and bold action was at once urged by its members. So a conference was held in Apollo Room and was attended by Peyton, Randolph, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee and others of later Revolutionary prominence. Members were chosen as a Committee of Correspondence with instructions to secure trustworthy intelligence as to the acts of Parliament or the Ministry, that would effect the rights of the colonies. This committee was also instructed to get in touch with similar committees from other colonies and open a regular correspondence with them.

When the Governor heard of this, he went to the Chamber of the Assembly and promptly dissolved the Assembly once more. The members again quietly withdrew, met at the Apollo Room and prepared a circular letter containing patriotic resolutions. It was because of these latter documents that the other colonies took courage to stand firm in the matter of Independence and thus was formed the first solid link in the chain that was later welded into a united Confederacy and still later into this great nation of ours.

Again, in 1774, when news came that the British Government intended to punish the inhabitants of Boston for their action regarding tea, by closing Massachusetts to commerce, the Virginia Assembly, after a committee conference in the Apollo Room, passed strong resolutions of condolence and appointed a fast day to be observed in sympathy for Massachusetts. This was followed by again dissolving the Assembly, whereupon the members to the number of eighty-nine, met in the Apollo Room and formed the noted Provincial Convention, declaring that an attack on one colony was an attack upon all and recommending that there should be organized a General Congress of all the colonies.

All through the Revolution, Raleigh Tavern was a busy place. The Apollo Room became the rendezvouse of civil and military officials of Virginia and it was there that the final arrangements for the siege of Yorkstown were made by Generals Washington and Rochambeau, in September, 1781.

Thus it is that this famous house,

built to enable the people of Williamsburg to enjoy social activities, became famous and has equal claims upon the affection and reverence of every American citizen, with Independence Hall in Philadelphia and Faneuil Hall in Boston.

The trouble will always be with most men and women that they will devote too much time to their private affairs and too little to public affairs. Responsibility for the quality of the government from the highest to the lowest must rest on each voter. Few voters give enough time to politics.—News and Observer.

CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Prof. John W. Darden, superintendent of schools, has kindly furnished The Uplift with the names of the living Confederate soldiers of Washington County—only eleven of the boys remain with us.

Jas. I. Bateman, Daniel Garrett, N. H. Harrison, Sr., W. C. Weede, D. G. Darden, Col. W. F. Beasley, Hesikiah Chesson, W. H. Hardison, M. D., U. J. Swanner, D. W Clagon, A. C. Wintz.

JULY.

By Susan Hartley Sweet

When the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dream to the dragon fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The cornflower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like mist-veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

PRACTICING IMMORTALITY.

He that doeth the will of God abideth forever. First John 2:17.

In recent issues of the Monroe papers there is the last piece of newspaper writing done by a craftsman who knew well that he should never live to see it in type, but beyond the hour of his death this newspaper man pretended to know nothing.

The modesty of this dead man would not allow him to say that God would take him and see that his individuality survived the shock of death. And so he wrote: "I KNOW nothing about death, that mystery that all men since the race had its origin have faced. I know no more about the future than the cave men knew. And you who read this know no more. But although I do not know and cannot know, I can trust—no man can do more."

The deposition of this dying man, Clegg Ashcraft, is reprinted many months after he wrote his last words. It is couched in the theological terms which dominate the thinking of the mass of Christians who never have been able to feel that immortality is a present possession rather than a future hope. The editor who bristled with such eternal life as made him say this: "I have long since come to the conclusion, however, that the editor who pets the public is a fool, and the editor who fears the public has a broad streak of cowardly yellow cur in his make-up," who took on the whole aspect of eternity, who put on a dynamic immortality, whose eternal life was here and now, confesses himself abysmally, cavernously ignorant of any other life than that which he fancied he was surrendering.

On the grave of Dwight L. Moody at East Northfield a marble marker has inscribed the words of the text. Travelers pass it by as carrying about the same meaning as "honesty is the best policy," "be virtuous and you will be happy." But any meditation on the life of Moody, as on the editorial course of this country publicist, will throw a flood of meaning on the apostolic hope. The whole of the gains which men and women have made in self-control, understanding of life, beauty and nobility of character, have been secured by those who have lived in advance of the standards of their time.

In every generation and in every country there has been a group of those upon whom the light of morning rested and who have pressed on to the new day. They were not conscious reformers bent on re-making the world, aggressively attacking the faiths which they did not hold. They have been rather men and women who were so intent upon bringing into their lives the power of higher ideals that they served their fellows best, not by what they destroyed, but by what they made creditable and inevitable. To many who surround them, those eager spirits seeking the better life seemed to be pursuing dreams as vanescent as the rainbow and seeking ends as unreal as the pot of rupees that lies concealed where the arch of radiant mist rests on the ground.

What made this country editor conclude that he who hastened to agree with the uninformed majority, to declare its prejudices patriotism, its

narrownesses wisdom, its stinginess economy, was a fool, and that the man who feared such a majority was of the blood of yellow curs? It was the immortality in him, the everlasting life which drove him to pursue his dreams and finally to lay down with some bitterness, his pen because he felt that he had made a vain pursuit of them. He saw further than many of his fellows and lived in the larger relations.

From time to time a discussion of immortality becomes imperative but final demonstration of it is as unreal to the prophet as to the cave man. It is ultimately and convincingly revealed in the experience. Those who do not know it as a fact of experience often have opinions about it but never any knowledge. But once gained by experience the knowledge is unshaken by argument as the skepticism of the short-sighted disturbs those who see the mountains wherever they lift their eyes. Many good and true men doubt immortality, albeit our theology is a trifle hard on such skeptics. Such doubts have no more weight with those who have learned by experience than has the inability of the good and true to appreciate music, power to disturb the faith or destroy the joy of those who know that Beethoven no less than Shakespeare speaks the universal language.

For we are coming to know that immortality is no more a dream than are those higher realities which have led aspiring souls in every generation step by step upward. We have gone only a little way in the final unfolding of the spirit, but we have gone so far that our common-place realities of the relations of man with man would have seemed to our remote ancestors like the idle dreams of children, to be laughed to scorn by all the men who wished to deal with life as it is. They have not discovered that life is a different matter to each succeeding generation; that in the sense of reality which is the same everywhere and to all, there is no such thing as life "as it is." Life was one thing to Socrates and another to Cleon; one thing to Judas and another to Jesus; one thing to Lincoln and another thing to Burr. The immortals were Jesus, Socrates, and Lincoln. They did the will of the Father and they will abide forever.

So will he who will not pet or pamper the public. He is no more a dreamer than is the man in the little remote country village who by education and travel has so widened his relations that he lives in the world instead of the place where he does his work, finds his shelter, and takes his daily rest. As men in this present stage of war, greed and selfishness live in the reality of a nobler age, so does he put on immortality by the dynamic doing of the Divine Will.—Greensboro News.

The doctrine that any set of men may inflict death on other men for working wherever they choose is as poisonous a political heresy as ever was spread abroad in the republic; and if the state of Illinois countenances it, that state will be unworthy of a place in the union.—Greensboro News.

A NEW EDUCATIONAL AWAKENING?

By C. W. Hunt.

Writers Note—It is always encouraging to any one who advocates a reform, or espouses a cause, to find ones self being backed up, as it were by others far removed, who perhaps had never read after him; to whom perhaps had come the same view though observation of current events. The writer is in no way connected with North Carolinas educational system, not even a teacher, but he has always followed events in the educational line)

Those who have read closely in the last three months must have noted the quiet tendency to leave the beaten path, both by outsiders as well as from the head of education at Raleigh. This writer in the last of the series of articles touching the needs and conditions of rural life, as published in the Daily Observer, took the ground that all the education given our country boys and girls was away from the farm. Educated for "clerks and teachers and expected to farm." That was a sad but a positive proof of that assertion as contributed to THE UPLIFT, in last issue, by "A Country Woman," in her analysis of the intentions of the 95 graduates of the N. C. Womans College at Greensboro. And while the writer would deny no girl or boy the right of reaching any height he or she can, and becoming philosophers, scientists, educators, lawyers or preachers but whatever their ambition it can do them no harm to be taught the laws of nature in agriculture and horticulture; for the greater number of their mates are destined to remain on the farm. The "scoring" I got for my advocacy of such teaching came from one source and one man only, while on the other hand it is crooping out from many sources that the plan of teaching every country child in terms of city life is a dead failure and largely responsible for the trend from country to town; and right here arises another big question, namely: is not North Carolina, with its three almost distinct sections, coastal, piedmont and mountain, too long and two wide for any one head to direct its education? And all the more so by a man whose duties confine him to an office in Raleigh? And does not the very fact that effort is being made by that "head" to remove "top-heaviness" and useless over-head charges indicate an effort to saner methods? The notice sent out from the state superintendents office that that office would suppliment no more salaries of superintendents in the counties, many of whom hire clerks to do what they should do, shows that sanity is asserting itself at Raleigh, else Raleigh is hearing from "down home."

This writer has asserted that all "progress in education must have its inception in.Raleigh," and what comes out of Raleigh is all of the same brand. If my school district develops a bright teacher, one who is willing to spend his or her talent in the home community, and whom the children know and love, and who would, perhaps work a transformation in education and progress in a lonely rural community, the educational system of

the state forbids any such; and this talented teacher is taken for a higher place and in her place comes a girl in her teens, just out of high school. Committee-men have no say in who teaches the school or what they can pay. It is not just such a system as this responsible for decaying rural communities, abandoned farms and sorry rural schools? And the system responsible for such as I have mentioned here is far removed from the electorate of North Carolina; and under the spell of political party dominancy has built up an educational "Octopus" to gather one right after another unto itself until every educational officer in rural sections has become a mere jumping jack." We have made progress, but that progress is often made for one section to the detriment of another; an urban community at the expense of a rural section.

And judging from the rumblings, now becoming more and more distinct, have we not reached the limit? Have we not come to where the "tail is wagging the dog?" And is not the dog slightly too heavy for the tail to wag?

The barriers are not yet erected which shall say to aspiring talent, "Thus far and no farther."—Beethoven.

THE FLAG ON LONE PINE.

By Ernest L. Thurston

Cra-a-ck! Cra-a-sh! Bump—bump-bump!

Billy Mason found himself sitting up in bed, his scalp prickling, his nerves tingling.

"Jumping Crickets, what a bolt! Something around here was hit for fair," he exclaimed aloud, as the thunder rumbled and rolled, echoing from cloud to cloud.

He listened for a moment to the driving rain and to the rattle of hail on the roof. Then he jumped out and hastened to a window intent on seeing if any signs of damage were visible. Others were evidently doing the same thing, for he saw lights flash up here and there. The lightning was incessant, but there was no further heavy crash.

His peering through the murk told him nothing. He waited, half expecting to hear some alarm. Then he went back to bed, but not to sleep. He had been aroused too thoroughly. Finally he dozed off at early dawn only to be awakened at sunrise by a call beneath his window.

"Oh, Billy! Billee! Head out!"

In two bounds he was at the window.

"Righto, Martin! What's up?"

"Heard what was hit last night?"

"Heard it hit; not what. Tell me."

"The flagstaff on the Town Square. Top splintered; stays loose. People are warned away."

"Mart! And to-morrow's the Fourth. What will they do about the Gift Flag from the Schools?"

"Bob has a bully idea. Hustle. Our crowd will meet at the pole in half an hour."

"Surest thing," cried Billy, "I'm on my way."

He flew into his clothes with the speed of a fireman responding to a night alarm. In five minutes he was raiding the pantry and ice box, for the making of a pick-up breakfast. In fifteen minutes he was on his way, eager to know what Bob Larner's idea was. It was likely, he knew from past experience, to involve something exciting.

Speedy as he had been, he found the other five members of his special crowd already gazing up at the badly shattered flagstaff. One glance told Billy that the tall pole was completely out of commission.

"Hustle, Billy, you're slow," called John Evans, impatiently. "You can look at the staff later. Come and hear what Bob has on his mind."

"Fellows," began Bob, eagerly, his dark eyes sparkling and his slender body alert and tense with excitement, "You see that the pole's done for. They can't possibly get it ready for the exercises tomorrow afternoon. All they could do would be to fix up some makeshift arrangement."

"It really amounts to this. There is the big flag that all the school children paid for, to be presented to the Town tomorrow. You know how everybody will feel if it can't be put up in proper shape. And there is the Governor coming to make a speech—"

"Knocks things out for sure," interrupted Tommy Pearson.

"No," went on Bob, "We can fix things up. Listen! You know the Lone Pine?"

The others nodded. Who didn't know the great pine which stood on the top of Richard's Knoll? All of them had climed into its lower branches which were still alive. The upper half was dead, and its branches twisted and broken. Jagged and picturesque, it towered high, a landmark for all the region round.

"My idea," continued Bob, "is to have the exercises on the slope of the Knoll. It will be a fine place for the gathering. Then we can raise the flag on the top of the pine. It will be a natural flagpole, you see. From the tip, that flag could be seen in the next township."

"But," objected Billy, seriously, "The top of that tree is more or less rotten. It would be unsafe to go up. Besides there are so many sharp, broken branches that would catch and tear the flag, if there were any wind to speak of."

"Oh, the trunk's fairly sound," answered Bob easily, "I thought we could carry over a small pole, hoist it up and lash it to the trunk. We can attach the halyards to that, and raise and lower the flag in ordinary fashion. It will take us all to handle the job, but we can make a go of it."

"Sounds fine—but risky," said Billy.

"It's great! I vote for it," cried Martin, "What do the rest of you say?"

In effect, they all said "Yes." Then Bob and Martin were delegated to see the Mayor and gain his consent, while the others waited and discussed details.

Half an hour later, they were back, joyfully announcing that His Honor thought the plan a good one, and gave consent, provided due care was exercised. The Mayor had first gotten in touch with those in charge of

the exercises. Then he had arranged for the delivery of a small pole, halyards, pulley and lashing rope at the tree. All would be ready for the group to set to work that afternoon, after school.

Everyone of the group was at the Lone Pine at four o'clock. They studied the great tree with a new interest. Its heavy trunk stretched up eighty feet, tapering steadily toward the top. The tip had been broken off, leaving a jagged point. They noted, now, that there were few branches of any size on the upper third. Most had broken off completely, or had left only stubs, or lengths of a few feet.

"The trunk looks sound enough," said Bob.

"Sure," answered John, "If we watch out for those brittle branches and stubs, we can go right to the top."

"The Mayor said to run the pole out at an angle, and not to go up where it's unsafe," said Martin.

"'Twould be finer to lash it to the very top. Then it can be seen in every direction. Besides, the flag would not be in danger of catching on the tree."

"I'm sure we can do it," exclaimed Bob, "Let's get started."

"Better do what the mayor suggested", protested Billy, "He would not wish us to take a needless risk."

"What's the matter, Billy? Afraid?" asked John.

"No," said Billy quietly. "I'm ready to do my proper share."

"There's no risk if we're careful," put in James Parkinson, a tall, steady-nerved chap, "Billy doesn't have to go all the way up, if he doesn't wish. Come on, everyone who's willing, I'll start."

But Bob beat him to the tree, and swung like a monkey up into the lower branches. James followed close on his heels. Then the others passed up the pole and the lashing rope. The halyards had already been attached through a top pulley.

As the two young fellows in the branches hauled on the pole, Billy swung up to join them. Then came Martin and the others of the crowd.

Slowly, they worked their way up from branch to branch, strung out one above the other. Thus they did not get in one another's way, and yet were able to bear a hand in lifting the pole, which now seemed heavier. Foot by foot they rose, first above the green branches, then above the heavy dead limbs, and finally, more slowly and carefully still, up into the real top.

"Watch your step on those dead stubs," Billy cautioned those above.

"Don't you worry, Billy. We won't fall on you," responded James, laughing.

"I can't go higher," called Bob, finally, "Whoopee, what a view! They'll see the flag over in the next county. Pass the pole up by me now —slowly. I'll take a hitch around the trunk with this rope to steady it."

Inch by inch, those below shoved the pole up. Soon it passed beyond the reach of the lowest, then of the next, then of Martin. Finally, only Billy, James and Bob could work on it.

"About as far as we can shove it," said Billy, "I can't get a safe purchase for my feet, now."

"All right. One more hard shove and we'll let it go at that," called back James.

"Go to it," cried Bob, "a few inches more and I'll lash her fast."

"Ready!" cried James, straining up.

Billy shoved hard. Then there was a sudden, sharp crack under one of his feet, and a brittle branch went hurtling downward. Instinctively, Billy grasped the trunk with both hands. James, taken by surprise, relaxed his hold also, and the pole swayed dangerously.

"Look out!"

"Steady it quick!"

The cries rang up from below.

Quickwittedly, Bob drew his rope tight, preventing the pole from slipping back, but it tipped far out until James reached after it and helped swing it upright.

White from the shock, and trembling, Billy pluckily tried to do his share, holding in the foot of the staff while the others lashed it fast. Then, after testing the halyards, the three started down.

Billy found himself considerably unnerved. In fact, he was so unsteady that James helped him down. On the ground he dropped flat, exhausted. The others looked at him curiously.

"I didn't know Billy lacked nerve," said Dick aside.

"Surprise to me," responded Martin.

"Well," conceded James, "at least he showed pluck in sticking and trying to help, after he'd had a close shave."

The next afternoon the exercises took place. Bob and his group were especially pleased to find they were assigned to raise the flag, after its presentations. They were also told to return at sunset to lower it, and carry it to the Town Hall.

Finally, at a signal, the six pulled on the long halyard, and the great flag, tied tight with a light cord, mounted to the top of the pole. Then the slight bindingcord was snapped. Instantly, the exquisite starry banner caught the breeze and straightened out, fluttering gloriously against the background of blue sky and white, puffy clouds. Cheers greeted it. And the Salute to the Flag that followed was sincere and thrilling.

After that the Governor spoke, especially to the children and young people. He talked of the Flag, as representing qualities that should be in the citizens who honored it. There was the white for purity of character, red for the red blood of courage, the starry field for high ideals and aims of a people that should look up and not down.

"Great talk!" exclaimed Bob, "Makes you think a lot of the Flag."

"I'm glad we fellows had a hand in getting it up there," said James.

Billy said not a word. He was feeling too deeply. To him the Flag was truly a symbol of the Country he loved so well.

"Come on, fellows," exclaimed Dick, as the crowd broke up, "let's go over to the ball field until it's time to get this flag down."

The suggestion took. All set off on a trot, and soon were engaged with others in a lively scrub game.

From the playing field, the Lone Pine showed up clearly against the Western sky. At first there were frequent glances off at the brilliant flag it carried. Then finally, all became absorbed in the game.

Perhaps an hour later a heavy, distant rumble caused all to look up.

"Another shower! Heavy, too,"

cried Bob, "Let's put for shelter."

To the west and north were dense, rolling, black clouds. Even as they gazed the dark mass swallowed the sun, and forked lightning shot from one to another. A gust of wind whipped the tall grass and bushes.

"We must get the flag down," cried Billy.

"Too late," answered James, "Water won't hurt it. It will ride out the storm. Come!"

They started on a run for the nearest house, Billy lagging and looking back. Suddenly he cried in alarm as another cold blast struck them.

"The flag's down, Fellows. We must save it."

The others stopped and turned in their tracks. They saw the tip of the trunk had gone, the pole had toppled over, and the flag, hanging upside down, was thrashing on the sharp forks of the dead branches.

"Come on," cried Billy. We must save it. It will be torn to shreds on the branches."

"Stop!" exclaimed Bob, "We can't do anything until the storm's over."

"That's too late," cried Billy, in distress, "That's our Flag. We've got to save it. Think what it means to the school children. I'm going."

He was off like a shot. Slender and wiry, a good runner, he covered ground rapidly. James hesitated, looked at Bob, and turned to follow.

"Come on," he called, "we'd better stand by, even if we can't do anything for the moment."

It was a clear case of following, for Billy was speeding far ahead. And down on them the storm swept to the attack, unloosing wind and rain, flickering lightning and the crash of thunder. Buffeted, breathless, already soaked, they reached the tree to find Billy struggling frantically with the halyards.

"They're tangled" he gasped "We must climb."

"We can't in this wind," shouted Bob, "For safety, we ought to keep away until the storm's over. Let's get back of those boulders down the slope."

They turned and ran, but when they gained their meagre shelter, there were only five of them.

"Where's Billy?" questioned Martin, glancing about.

James looked back, up the slope. Then an expression of utter astonishment overran his face. He was too astonished to speak. He could only point.

And the others stared, amazed. Above the green branches of the pine a slender figure was climbing the more sheltered side of the trunk. As they watched, they could see Billy cling fast while a gust of wind strove to wrench and tear him loose.

With one accord, all started back in the pelting rain. James was the first to swing up and to climb through the thrashing branches. But Billy discovered him and yelled:

"Stay down. Don't let anyone up. It's risky, and you can't help."

James realized he was right. This had turned into a one-man job and Billy was on it. To disturb him might be dangerous.

Unconscious of the drenching rain, the five watched their comrade struggle up, foot by foot, clinging to the slippery trunk, testing his footholds, now and then dislodging rotten branches. And all the time the

wind threatened to cast him headlong.

At last he was beside the snagged and already torn banner. Here he locked himself with one arm while he took out and opened his penknife. Coolly and carefully, he cut off a piece of the halyards and bound himself to the tree. Then, trusting his weight to this rope, he leaned out with both arms available to work the flag free from the branches.

It was a slow, difficult job. Once Billy had to drop a few feet and again lash himself. But at last the flag came free. It thrashed about the boy as he drew it in and somehow managed to stow it beneath his coat. Then he cut himself loose and began his slow descent.

He was exhausted by the time he reached James. But now there were helping hands to ease him to the ground, and down to the partial shelter of the boulder. There Billy dropped breathless, but with shining eyes.

"She's only torn a little, fellows," he gasped.

"That was the nerviest thing I've seen," exclaimed James. "I'm ashamed of what I thought and hinted yesterday. I rather think, Billy you were right about this matter all along."

"How did you dare do it?" asked Bob.

"Why I don't know—" Billy looked up at the tree and shivered a bit. "I remembered at first that the red stood for courage. And then, to tell the truth, fellows, I was thinking so much about Our Flag that I forgot all about any danger. If I'd been thinking about myself, I'd been scared stiff."

"That's what the flag does, if you love it," said Bob.

Are you one of those fellows who cannot see fun in anything you are not in? If you are you are in a bad way."

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION ON WASHINGTON.

By Henry Lee in 1799

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will—all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see our youthful Washington supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and valour, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or when, oppressed America nobly resolving to risk her all in defense of her violated right, he was elevated by the unanimous vote of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, cour-

ageous, and virtuous yeomanry his presence gave the stability of system and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies aided by powerful fleets and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disasters, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom,unnerving every arm, regined triumphant through our thinned , worn-downed unaided ranks, to himself unknown? was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged the Deleware, rolling furious with floating ice,forbade the approach of man. the tremendous scene. His country dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event, and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed in the lawns of Princeton what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Deleware.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Manmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to most distant satellites; and combinding the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until theauspicious hour arrived when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission the since conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of millitary glory with a luster corresponding to his great name, and in this, his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his examples were edifying to all round him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mr. Ankers has done fast work with the well digger.

Boys have been shelling peanuts for the past few days.

New boys are arriving so fast they average about two a day.

Work on the new State Cottage is also progressing very rapidly.

Mr. J. H. Hobby has arrived at the school from a few week's vacation.

One more boy has had his lesson on the Linotype. This boy is William

Gregory.

Mr. C. P. Wilson's sister, Miss Wilson, has accepted work at the school. She has charge of the State Cottage.

The driveway along the lawn is so pretty, bordered by flowers on the east side, that often travelers pass through the school just to get a little glimpse of them.

We regret to report that Mr. W. M. Crooks, school teacher, was indisposed and confined to his bed for a few days last week. He is now back on the job, however, and has lost none of his statue because of his sickness.

Construction on the Iredell-Rowan Cottage, built jointly by these two counties, is progressing with most amazing rapidity. The good-work frame was built almost in a day, as it seemed to the thoughtful and watchful students. The time will soon arrive when this will be the home of thirty-odd boys.

Capt. T. L. Grier, manager of the J. T. S. base ball team, and officer at the school, has had an operation for appendicitis. He is doing fine from last reports and these reports will greatly cheer the whole school, for Capt. Grier is deservedly popular with the boys, and every matron and officer claim his friendship.

"Thirty-two acres of land north of the school have been purchased," Mr. Boger recently told the reporter. "This land includes the historic K. K.K. rock which was used as a meeting place and rendezvous of that organization. The green shubbery is to be cut away from this rock and it is to be exposed to the view of passing tourists.

The students finished their quarterlies last Sunday, June 25, by Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of Concord. The services could not be conducted in the Chapel, for last week when services were held there, the Chapel was full. During last week twenty some odd boys came to the school. So the Chapel could not hold them. Soon two services will have to be held.

Thursday and Friday nights the band went to Concord to play in aiding to raise the school bond issue. Each band boy proudly told of the bountiful "set up" by Mr. Misenhiemer. Seems as if they have friends wherever they go. And that's no little thing, having friends every where. Who can boast of so many friends? not many, assuradly.

James Watts, Fred Wilds and Sanford Hedrick were visited by their relatives Wednesday, June 21. They showed these people around the school, pointing out the fine points of the pavilion, telling why the memorial bridge was built, who built the beautiful little chapel, who donated the Roth Building, what it houses, describing the new dairy barn. Each took his people to the particular work and told them how he did it and how he liked to do it. This was a perfect day for them.

Many of the boys read the assertion in last week's issue regarding the

Rockingham and Mecklenburg Cottages and cleanliness. Being loyal to their own cottage, many were inclined to doubt this. But Saturday Mr. Boger decided to see for himself and took the Mecklenburg Cottage house-boys by surprise. He quietly investigated the kitchen, dining room, rest room and bed room. Then he got his surprise. In the most inacessible places was no dirt or dust to be found. He complimented the house-boys and then left satisfied that the reporter was coreret and cleanliness abounded everywhere.

Arvel Absher is the store room house boy of the Rockingham Cottage. Saturday he went to this place, where the edibles are obtained for the boys. He had to carry a wheel barrow to get his food, for the appetites of the occupants of this cottage are the appetites of normal, healthy and happy boys and not the cravings of undeveloped and unhealthy boys. So, even though his strength goes with his size, (he weighs some where around 200 lbs,) he had a rather hard time. We infer from his looks that he, at least, is enjoying his new home. Other Rockingham Cottage boys' faces tell the same story. This must be a happy place.

Recent rains and other forms of bad weather had kept the evening section of boys from going to the ball grounds to have a game of ball and other varities of sport. So when a pretty day did finally come, all were in hopes of a pleasant evening. The boys trouped down from their rooms in school and lined up out side near the bell. All were assembled. Mr. Crooks gave the starting command, "twice around the lawn." Bedlam broke loose and one hundred and twenty-five boys, more or less, were racing around the lawn and the pavilion to see who would be the fastest and most endurable runner. Then when this was over, the boys all looked anxiously at Mr. Crooks. Would he give the order which meant drill, or would he let them go to the ball grounds? There was no sign on his face to give them encouragement or discouragement. When the last runner finally came in he gave the order which caused disappointment to reign in their hearts. "By fours according to size!" Gloomily the boys arranged their squads of fours, preparatory to drilling. Then spoke Mr. Crooks: "See how quick you can get by file headed toward the ball grounds. Boys get the ball goods." Cheering arose and the boys who were so completely fooled went their way to the ball grounds, feeling absolutely happy.

100-POUND RAIL ADOPTED.

One hundred pound rail has been adopted by the Southern Railway System as the standard for its main lines in the place of 85-pound rail, the heaviest used on the Southern up to this time, Vice President H. W. Miller, in charge of operation, announced today.

The first stretch to be laid with the heavier steel will be on the Washington-Atlanta double track line and will give the Southern 100-pound rail from Washington to Manassas, Va., a distance of 33 miles. The rail and fastenings are already on the ground and will be put in the track as soon as

the heavy traffic movement of the peach and watermelon season is over. The 100-pound rail will be laid on extra heavy tie plates, giving added strength and safety.

The 85-pound rail released as the laying of 100-pound rail proceedes on the main lines will be used to replace lighter rail on branch lines where the volume of traffic is such as to justify heavier rail than that now in use.

The term "100-pound" rail means that the rail weighs 100 pounds to the yard.

STILL WINNING.

The J. T. S. captured her seventh victory of the season Saturday afternoon, June 24, from Kannapolis Mills, in a game in which fortune favored at first one side and then the other. It was a rather bad game and the final score stood 12 to 11 in favor of the players who abide where no such words as "I can't" are allowed.

In the first session the visitors annexed the overwhelming lead of five runs. During this tilt Holman, who was on one of his off days, was hammered to all corners of the lot, so fierce was the onslaught on his delivery. The J. T. S. chances of victory seemed very slim, indeed. In their half of the frame, the Russellites managed, by dint of hard labor, to push a lone run over the platter.

—Yet, in the following session the Kannapolis Millers copped one more run and the J. T. S. cause seemed as bad off as ever. But when from their portion of that tilt the J. T. S. emerged scoreless, J. T. S. fans were frantic! Was the winning spree of the J. T. S. to be broken? Apparantly it was.

In the 3rd inning Kannapolis Millers added another round trip through the four stations and made their sum of runs total seven. J. T. S. came back with just one run in spite of the pleadings and entreaties of one hundred and fifty-some odd fans.

When the fourth session rolled around K. M. acquired another run. J. T S. repeated her previous performances and tallied in their half.

Then the tables were turned. K. M. reached only the keystone sack in the fifth performance, whereas the J. T. S. jaunted over the home plate two times.

The sxth session brought a run for K. M. and none for the school. Spirits began to fall again.

J. T. S. played her hand well in the seventh inning and obtained a lead of 10 to 9 over the Kannapolis Millers. But Fate plays pranky tricks and for the eighth inning she let Kannapolis Mills score another run, thereby tying the score. The next tilt was the crisis. All fans were on their feet. But with Fate's inclinations again peculiar J. T. S. held the prancing Millers down to dizzy corner, No. 3. And then as if it was already planned, (and it was) J. T. S. scored her winning marker, thus letting loose the bedlam of noise from the fans, which was heard so far.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., JULY 8, 1922 NO. 35

SOMETHING LEFT OUT.

Men have fought for the love of fight; they have fought for gold; they have fought for property; they have fought for freedom; they have fought for religion; they have fought for progress; they have fought for all the wants and longings which the human imagination can conjure up. And then, when they have won that which they dedicated their lives to win, they have only found bitterness and loneliness in their hearts. That is because they LEFT OUT SYMPATHY for their fellowmen, and the desire to serve and to benefit.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

We do not believe the Bible because of anybody's attestation of it, but because of what it is in itself. Left without note or comment in the hands of any reader who is not hardened or prejudiced and determined to resist it, it brings a man to God. We want no better proof of what a book is than that. This seems always to be the result of an open minded reading of the Bible. It carries conviction to all who read it, that it comes from God, just as the light about us comes from the sun. It is the one book that meets the needs of the old and young, rich and poor, the learned and ignorant, the sorrowing and the rejoicing. Only he who knows men altogether could have made a book that so meets the needs of every man.—Frank M. Goodchild.

COMMISSIONER WATT'S FIRST REPORT.

The whole state will be agreeably surprised when it comes to fully realize the bigness of the first report made by State Revenue Commissioner A. D. Watts. And when the effectiveness of the legislation that produced this method of raising revenue for the purposes of the state, and reflect on the monumental task that Watts had and the efficiency with which he went about the job, in order to bring such results, people will have reason to entertain a much better opinion of the whole tax question, including the executive officer.

Mr. Watts' report is of such intense interest that THE UPLIFT feels that it should be bodily reproduced in its columns; and it is elsewhere in this issue. Those who have been severe in their criticism of the officer, some perhaps honestly and the others merely because they thought it

popular, or desired to attract attention to their little selves, must admit, out of a sense of fairness and simple justice, that Revenue Commissioner Watts has demonstrated the worthwhileness of the whole taxation proposition, has functioned most admirably, and has made entirely good.

This first report makes certain that the state may go forward with its progressive programme without collecting a single cent of revenue from a tax on lands or real estate, as was the case during the past year; and outside of just a few cases, with or without merit, there have been no complaints of the burdensomeness of the tax on incomes, inheritancies &c., which constitute now the sources from which the state derives its revenue.

This first report and the results bring to mind most forcibly the contention of Gov. Morrison, in meeting certain complaints about the size and burden of taxes, that the state is in no wise responsible for the condition. The state levied no tax against which the complaint could be lodged—it was entirely the work of the local government for local purposes in the counties if any reasons whatever existed for complaint.

The much cussed and discussed Watts trots under the wire, at the first heat, bigger and stronger than any of his traducers.

* * * * * * * *

PREVENTING CRIME.

Pinkerton, the veteran detective who has made a great record in his business, contends that the whipping post is the best remedy for crime. He cites the fact that he has talked with thousands of convicts and that "they have been practically unanimous in declaring that they would rather spend 10, 20, or 30 years in jail than undergo the lash. But, as the Raleigh News & Observer well says, whipping criminals would not lessen crime. It might increase it by brutalizing and degrading those who used the lash and those who saw it used. Punishment serves a useful purpose as a crime deterrent. But the best hope in dealing with crime lies in educating the mind, and, more important, the conscience.

* * * * * * * *

ARTISTIC ADVERTISING.

The Southern Railway officials have issued recently considerable advertising matter setting forth the attractiveness of the many resorts which it reaches and the beautiful country through which it runs.

This is occasioned by a desire to let the general public know of the many deligtful Summer resorts, which may be conveniently and quickly reached by this system, "which serves the South." Among the literature the

Southern Railway is issuing is an illustrated folder of unusal size giving a pictorial account of "The Land of the Sky," which in itself is truly a work of art.

North Carolina in particular among the states which this great system efficiently serves comes in for much advertisement that is of incalculable benefit. A more attractive folder has never been issued by any railroad, and it shows up the state truly proud.

* * * * * * * *

Sunday past was the date on which Virgin Mary started out on her 40-day visit. To this event is attached some wonderful superstitious notions. And yet the superstitious are not agreed. "If," say one class, "she goes with her cloak, there will be 40 days of wet weather or good seasons." They differ on what constitutes the "cloak." Some contend that it must be cloudy on the morning of Mary's departure; others that it must be actually raining at the time; and others, recognizing that Mary is very wise, it needs just to be a little cloudy at sun-rise—that's what it was early last Sunday morning. We will soon find out if the last class is not "bumfuddled."

* * * * * * * *

The agony of another primary election is over; but from the heat developed, there will be many moons before the wounds grow over. The orphan boy ran like a scared rabbit in the second primary for solicitor in the Raleigh district. The result to outsiders is no surprise, for it is generally conceded that mud slinging and insinuations always indicate that the victim is running ahead. Of course, no responsible person will regard this result as any glory for a gubernatorial aspirant.

* * * * * * * *

A LITTLE SHOP TALK.

Among the many letters of commendation of THE UPLIFT, including the subject matter, its purpose, its typographical and mechanical get-up and the contribution our youngsters make towards its creation, is one from a very scholarly and literary woman, who is kind enough to say: "I assure you no periodical comes to me that is more enjoyed than THE UPLIFT. It's a little gem, and I heartily congratulate you on such a production."

Mr. P. M. Barger, president of the Barger Lumber Company, of Mooresville, and a leading citizen of that fine young city, writes: "I hand you herewith my check in the sum of five dollars ($5.00) in payment of subscrip-

tion to THE UPLIFT, which is one of the very best and cleanest papers I can imagine." Mr. Barger is deeply interested in the work of the Jackson Training School, and watches its growth and development, as he says, "with much pride."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

A certain countryman had a rosebush in his garden which he made his sole joy. He went every morning in its season to look upon it and see the roses. One day as he was admiring the beauty of the flowers, he spied a nightingale, perched upon one of the branches, near a very fine flower, plucking the leaves from it, one after another.

This put him into such a passion, that the next day he laid a snare and caught the bird, which he put in a cage.

The nightingale was very sad, and with mornful voice, asked the man why she had been imprisoned.

The man replied: "Know you not that my whole delight was in those flowers which you wantonly destroyed? Every leaf you plucked was as a drop from my heart."

"Alas," cried the bird, "you treat me very severely for having cropped a few leaves from a rose; but you must expect to be so treated in the other world for afflicting me in this manner, for there, all people are dealt with as they here deal with others."

The man, moved by these words, gave the bird her liberty; and she, willing to thank him, said: "Since you had pity in your nature and have favored me thus, I will repay your kindness as it deserves. Know, therefore, that at the foot of yonder tree, there lies buried a pot full of gold. Go and take it, and heaven bless you with it."

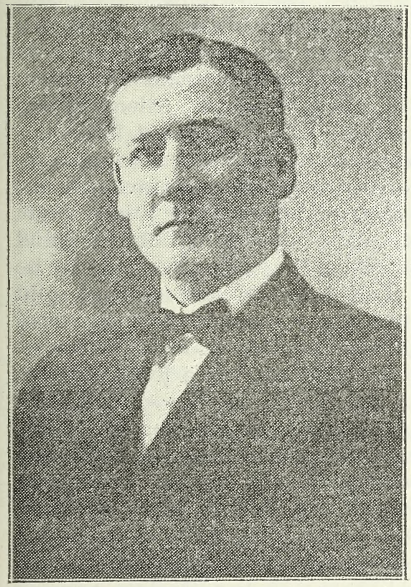
The man dug about the tree, and, finding the pot, was astonished at the bird's sagacity. "I wonder," said he, "that being able to see the gold which was buried under the ground, you could not discover the net that was spread for your captivity."

"Know you," said the nightingale, "that—

"EVEN THE WISE AND PRUDENT MAY BE ENSNARED."

A GREAT HEART - MR. ALLEN.

Down through the entire catalogue of occupations and professions, such as engage the efforts of men and women, there are innumerable cases of failures. These failures do not always result from lack of preparation, or devotion or purpose—they are very largely the result of "misfits."



Mr. J. H. Allen.

It is perhaps not overstating a fact to assume that a great majority of people make mental and physical efforts very largely for the direct benefit of a pecuniary return. This is a law of nature, and is a worthy matter to keep ever in mind. People do not usually work, undergo hardships and sacrifices, merely for their health or for pleasure or even for glory. Granting that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," there is that something—a not exactly definable something—aside from the mere hope of a return that must enter into all activities to constitute a complete success. It is not ambition; it is not love of success; it is not the glory of "getting there;" nor is it the pride of winning.

These are abstract observations. I like to deal with concrete examples. I have one of these in mind; I heard of it some weeks ago; it came in an indirect way; the principal in this interesting story in the humanities, I dare say, is utterly unconscious of the fact that people have been talking about it. This does not detract from it, but on the contrary adds luster to the beautiful acts.

In the system of Welfare Work, inaugurated in North Carolina, there is provision for the local or county agent or superintendent of welfare—in fact, that is the very life of the system, the justification for the expenditure and the effort; it's the business-end of the proposition; it is where the good, if any is to be accomplished, must be looked for. There are in North Carolina to-day some brilliant successes engaged in this humane and necessary work—men and women alike are filling these positions. There are others, sad to relate, who have not yet learned just what the business is. They can't—they were not born that way—they lack, and what a pity, that indefinable something that must attach itself to every case of satisfactory results. They are to be pitied, for they would love to

"make good," not from a selfish purpose but for the common good. Wherever this idea of county welfare work is popular, recognized by the people as a necessity, there is always an efficient local superintendent, who possesses that "indefinable something." On the contrary, where the people have not been brought to realize the need of such an officer, where his work has not been such as to be outstanding and appear worthwhile, it is the fault entirely of the occupant of the position. Faithfully striving with all his might, he functions poorly because he is a misfit.

A prominent and entirely good man, a man of affairs and a man of great influence, gauging the work by the record of one misfit which was daily observant, came to the serious conclusion that the office "of county superintendent of welfare is a lazy man's job." It is anything else than akin to laziness—it is action, of a live-wire nature and never ending.

Up in Rockingham county, where the people have been stung most completely by the bug of progress and enterprise, there is a man filling the position of county superintendent of welfare, who puts to flight the claim that the position is a "lazy man's job," This man is J. H. Allen. Physically, a fine specimen; educationally, having had superior advantages; nature, full of common, horse sense; constitutionally, never has made the acquaintance of laziness or tiredness; vision. he knows that in every human being there is a spark of divinity; views, believes that the stronger owes to the weaker a sustaining hand, and that the state, like a good mother, must shelter the unfortunate and give them nurture, a chance. Such a man is Mr. Allen, who has won the hearts of the citizens of Rockingham county. And there be need of no wor der.

There was a boy—an orphan boy —that began to drift. Law and order meant nothing to him. He outraged it. The law kicked back, and the boy got the worst of it. Put him in jail—no, sir; humiliate him, by guarding him as a common criminal —no, sir. This man Allen carried the little fellow without father or mother (and they had left him nothing of consequence to start a life on) to his own home; gave him a bath, put clean clothes on him, treated him like a human, told him to be of good cheer, trusted him and told him to make himself at home until other arrangements could be developed. That boy regarded Allen as a big brother—a boy knows, you can't fool a boy and he saw in Mr. Allen that something that gives color and worthwhileness to this important job of superintendent of welfare. That boy is doing well—he is coming around, and the biggest man in his sight is the modest, tireless, humane County Welfare Officer of Rockingham county.

Way out in the rural section of Rockingham was a certain woman, who had in the recent past become a widow and left with several children. She made a brave fight to support them by directing the little farm. She was succeeding but, like a thief in the night, she was suddenly attacked by the great white plague. This man Allen went to her relief—he has a way of learning of the distressed and needs not be cajoled into service. Making provisions for the children in good local

homes, he carried the afflicted widow to Sanitarium where she was treated and discharged as cured. Back to her responsibilities she came. All was going well for awhile, but, sad to relate, T. B. made a return visit. The widow disposed of her little holdings, and with the assistance of Supt. Allen secured homes for her children, and applied for admission again in the Sanitarium. "No room, now" was the word that came back. But the poor, helpless woman, what was to become of her? It was no problem for this man Allen. He set aside a room in his own home for her until room could be had at the Sanitarium. Remonstrated with by some interested friends and asked, "Are you not afraid to take that woman with T. B. into your own home, where your wife and children are?" Modestly, as if his act was not out of the ordinary and was but a small deed, replied, "of course not. This woman has had treatement by capable physicians and nurses, and she knows how to protect herself and to protect others, and it's a small trouble to me to have her in my home where I may give her protection until she can be received into the Sanitarium."

The official—high up and in full authority—told me of this and he remarked "that man Allen has never rendered any account or called upon any one to reimburse him." From this we get a slight idea of what "that something" is that gives power and success to the office of county superintendent of welfare.

'Phone his home—"he's out in the country; will be back this afternoon." 'Phone over to Wentworth for him —"he was here soon this morning, but he's out in the country; we'll not see him any more to-day; he doesn't loaf about the court-house, he's too busy." And these are the answers that you get when you go to Reidsville to have a conference with this admirable gentleman, this live-worker in the vineyard. If you desire to hold a conference with Mr. J. H. Allen, the county superintendent of welfare in the county of Rockingham, North Carolina, I advise you to make a previous engagment before going, or else you'll have to hang around Reidsville a whole day in a waiting mood.

These be just few proofs of a busy life in a work that is never completed; but enough to show that here is an officer that understands his job and has pep and courage to handle it. This kind of a fellow appeals to the writer. We understand them and appreciate them—we have some of that kind at the Jackson Training School. They do not watch the clock except to be on time; they do do not figure on the first of the month, others attend to that; they don't say "I don't know" but they respond, "Yes, sir, I'll try." Oh, the joy of officers that spend their energies in trying to function, rather than waste valuable time in hatching out childish excuses for failures due entirely to the lack of a proper spirit and that "indefinable something," which Mr. Allen of Rockingham county surely has.

Over the portals of the great Union Station, Washington, D. C., is engraved: "The Farm Best Home of the Family; Main Source of National Wealth; Foundation of Civilized Society; The Natural Providence."

MORE THAN THREE MILLIONS.

Col. A. D. Watts, the State Commissioner of Revenue, makes his first report, which shows a collection of over three millions of dollars, with more in sight. Here is his report:

Income	$2,233,781.07
Inheritance	957,030.46
Cotton	194,095.76
Total	$3,384,907.29

He has made refunds as follows:

Income tax	$2,824.77
Inheritance tax	2,021.53
Total	4,846.30
Net amount paid to the state treasurer	$3,380,060.99

"In addition to the taxes collected the department receives the returns, makes the assessments, and certifihs the amounts due by all the corporations, of the state for franchise taxes, which amounted during the year to $762,780.64, including the amounts assessed against the railroads which have brought suits against the state to prevent the collecting of these taxes.

"The department also exercises supervision over the assessments and collection of the license taxes levied under the schedule B of the revenue act, which amounted to $404,954.00 for the year.

"If these amounts, where most of the work, except the mere receipt of the money, is done by the department were added, the total collections, after deducing refunds, have been $4,547,795.63 for the year.

The Income Tax.

"The net collections of income taxes include:

"Individuals, $512,522.76; corporations, $1,718,433.54; total, $2,230,956.30. All of the larger railroads of the State have the State enjoined in the federal courts from collecting the income taxes due by them, which are estimated to be $150,000. Quite a number of large tax payers have secured extensions for good cause shown and upon the payment of six per cent interest from March 15th and have not made their returns and paid their taxes; the office audit of returns filed is less than half completed; the field audit by expert examiners has not yet begun, and the field deputies have found but little time from their other duties to devote to securing returns and taxes from delinquents. When the income tax is ended on December 31, it is confidently believed that fully $2,500,000 will have been collected and paid into the state treasury from incomes. The office audit, still half incomplete, together with the returns secured by the field deputies since the close of the returning period, interest and penalties have resulted in the collection of $26,697.07.

The Inheritance Tax

"The net collections from inheritances have been $955,008.93. Of this amount the field deputies have colollected $44,849.11 from estates where the deaths occurred more than five years before the collections were made, and $91,179.54 where deaths had occurred more than three years before the collections.

"During last year my two or three deputies on inheritance work and

since March 15th all of my field deputies have been busy with license and inheritance Tax Work with very gratifying results, as the above collections on old estates and the more than $100,000 of license taxes which they discovered and had the sheriffs collect show. They will now begin work in earnest to examine returns already received and to secure delinquent returns, and quite a tidy sum is expected to be turned over to the state treasurer as a result.

"The collection of the above taxes is by no means the extent of the work of the department. The commissioner assesses all corporations, including railroads and other public service corporations, for ad valorem taxation by the counties, municipalities, and other taxing units of the state. The commissioner is also the head of the taxing machinery of the various counties and cities and is required to prepare, have printed and distributed the millions of blanks for returns of property throughout the state. He is also chairman of the state board of equalization, the other members being Chairman Lee of the corporation commission and Attorney General Manning, which equalizes the assessments of property as between the counties and hears and decides appeals from the local assessing officers of the various counties. This work not connected with the actual collection of taxes is fully half of that of the office.

Expenses of Office.

"The expenditures for salaries and expenses of the office for the first year of the commissioner's administraion have been $64,634.03. During this time more than $150,000 in taxes have been assesed, collected and paid the state treasury, very little of which would have been collected but for the efforts of the department's office and field force.

"The cost of collecting the income, inheritance and cotton taxes paid direct to the commissioner, has been less than two per cent. If the fronchise and license taxes are added the cost has been less than one and one-half per cent."

THE WIFE AND THE HOME.

(Selected)

In an old English cemetary there is said to be a monument which bears an inscription setting forth in a very frank way the merits and demerits of one Mary Bond. Here is what it says:

"Mary Bond was temperate, chaste and charitable, but she was also proud, peevish and passionate.

"She was an effectionate wife, and a tender mother, but she was seldom seen at home without a frown upon her face.

"She was a professed enemy of flattery, and was seldom known to praise or commend; but the talents in which she principally excelled were differences in opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections."

The monument added that Thomas, her husband confessed, and indeed lamented, that of their thirty years of wedded life, he had not enjoyed so much as two. Finally she died in

vexation of spirit, and her worn-out husband, lingering on for about a year in unaccustomed freedom and peace, which he was now too much exhausted to enjoy, died also.

The trouble with Mary was that she had all the virtues but none of the graces. Very likely Thomas was hard to get along with, but we have nothing to say about him in this chapter. Mary was probably a good housekeeper, like the virtuous woman of the book of Proverbs, but she was not pleasant to live with, and her children did not rise up and call her blessed, neither did her husband praise her.

"Poor Jones!" said Jones's neighbor to a friend, as a tired-looking man passed him on his way out of the trolly car. "He suffers terribly from nerves."

"I never knew he had them," said his companion.

"He hasn't," said the sympathizer. "They're his wife's."

A nervous, fretful woman will make the prettiest home in the world unhappy place.

Many a wife commits the mistake of critising her husband too much. She recognizes his faults, and feels that it is her mission to do all she can to improve him. Here is a woman who ever since they have been married has been picking on her hubby, sandpapering him, trying to smooth off the rough corners; telling him not to do this, and not to do that. What has she accomplished? Instead of transforming her man into the model she wants him to be she has, by her constant nagging, only made him irritable and unhappy, and he is glad to spend as much time outside the home as possible.

It is the business of the wife to be a good housekeeper. Old Hammurabi, in the earliest code of laws that has been discovered, defines a good wife as one who stays at home, and attends diligently to the business of the household. She is a careful mistress, he says, does not gad about, nor neglect her house. Failing these qualities he advises that she be thrown into the river. Of course this was a long time ago.

When Christain, in the Pilgrim's Progress, visited the House of the Interpreter he found a man sweeping a room, and doing it so clumsy that the room was filled with dust. Then in came a wise woman who took the broom out of the mn's hand. sprinkled water over the dusty floor, and with a few gentle expert movements, swept the room as clean as the the top of a polished table.

The work of the household seems to be the special sphere of woman. It is work she can do better than any man. It is a fine ambition for a young wife to determine to have a clean, well-kept, well-managed home, but a good housekeeper is not neccessarily a good homekeeper. The well-kept house is not always an abode of happiness.

Cleaniness and order are domestic virtues, but they may be carried to such an extreme as to become a kind of mania, introducing an element of discord into the domestic circle. The perfect order in which the home is maintained often becomes a burden rather than a joy. The husband who accidently brings in a little dirt on his shoes is brought to a task as sharply as if he had committed the

most terrible offence, and the child who moves the chair out of place is scolded or perhaps slapped.

When she thinks about it, this industrious wife says to her husband: "I do not mean to be irritable, only I am so tired that I feel cross all the time." The reason for this cross feeling is purely physical. It is nervous irritability brought on by overwork.

"I know," says Dr. Marden, "women who are in such complete bondage to the duster and the broom, who have become so absorbed in housework that they have lost altogather the finer flavor of the home, the spirit which rests and comforts even while it stimulates and encourages to our highest and nobelest endeavor."

A medical journal, commenting on the sensible methods of the average English housewife, says:

"The Englishwoman is greatly to be admired for utter refusal to worry, or to be worried, and the consequence is that she looks young at forty. She undertakes no more than she can comfortably carry out, and thoroughly believes in the coming of another day; not that she procrastinates, but she simply will not let the domestic machine grind her down to ill-health and early old age."

There are other wives who have so many interests outside the home, and are so much taken up with duties of one sort and another, that the family is neglected.

Some wag has written the following epitaph for a paragon of activity:

"Here lies a poor woman who always was busy;
She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy.
She belonged to ten clubs and read Browning at sight,
Shone at luncheons and teas, and was out every night.
She served on committees and went near and far,
She golfed and she kodaked, and drove her own car.

Liked "urges" and splurges, knew microbes by name;
Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter" and "Dame."
Her children she saw only once in a while,
Her husband signed checks and tried hard to smile.
One day on her schedule she found an hour free—
The shock was too much, and she died instantlee.

Some wives make the mistake of expecting too much attention from their husbands. Here is a wife who has been alone all day, and thinks her husband should devote the whole evening to her. If he sits down to read the paper or an interesting book she is forever telling him that he does not care for his wife, and that his home means nothing to him. Such treatment is likely to rouse all the perverseness there is in a man's nature, and if it is continued, he is very likely to spend his evenings ouside of the home. Dr. J. G. Holland gives some very sensible advice to wives when he says: "If you expect a man as a matter of duty to give any considerable amount of time to your society daily through a long series of years, your are to see that this society is worth something to him. Where

are your accomplishments? Where are your books? Where are your subjects of conversation?''

The desire to render herself pleasing to her husband should never leave any married woman. When he is expected home the sensible wife changes her dress, and fixes up a little to receive him. Does he like it? He certainly does, for he feels that it is a compliment to him. It shows a desire on her part to maintain the charms that first attracted him. The slatternly wife will not long hold the love or even the respect of an order-loving man.

The true wife will be real helpmeet for her husband. She will enter into all his plans with interest, and sweeten all his troubles with her sympathy. She will try to manage the affairs of her household so economically that the family will be able to live within their means, and put by something for the proverbial ''rainy day.'' As has already been stated, marriage is a partnership, and the wife should seek to manage her department in such a way as to minister to the prosperity and happiness of the firm.

''If every high school graduate in the South these next ten years would take a college course, it would have a profound effect upon the welfare and destiny of that great section of our common country. And if it would mean so much to the South, would not a college course mean as much or more to your success and usefulness as a citizen? I know it would.—W. G. McAdoo.

IN THE LAND OF THE TOMORROWS.

Editorial Charlotte Observer

There is no differance really between the heart of a man and the heart of a boy. The thoughts of the one are the thoughts of the other grown a little more mature with the years. Romance and adventure spring eternal in the breast of each, beguiling and enticing with the stuff that dreams are made of. Their aspirations are the same—the only differance being that the man understands and discounts the limitations of his dream, while to the heart of the boy nothing is impossilbe.

The pitiless years grind the body of youth back into the semblance of the dust whence it came, but as long as there is life the heart sings and the finger of adventure beckons along the winding road that leads into the land of the tomorrow. And so a man lives again in the boy of his breeding—in all lads—and pauses in his journey to guide his speeding steps away from the rocks over which he himself has stumbled. Perhaps the boy will win the goal that lies out beyond the horizon.

The world is full of Jasons before whose eyes the Golden Fleece forever dangles. It is the age-old striving to reach a goal that recedes as we approach it. The fruits that we gather turn to ashes upon our

lips because away up beyond our reach a still more perfect specimen tantalizes us to new endeavors. It is because of this that men are driven to go down to the sea in ships and to explore the far places of the earth and the strange peoples who live therein. It is the heart of a boy adventuring without fear in the body of a man.

A man who has won the confidence of his own and other boys has achieved a great thing. He has had bestowed upon him freely a gift that all the money in the vaults of Kings and rulers could not purchase. The man whom a dog sets up as a god and a little child loves is a man among men, for these do not bestow their affections indiscriminately. A boy and a dog love largely by instinct, and instinct is seldom wrong. The man who can claim fellowship with a bunch of boys is of the salt of the earth. It is better to have this thing than to have great riches and be without it.

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and the dreams of youth are sweet. Throughout a man's life there travels with him the shadow of himself when he was a barefoot boy. He alone knows whether he has lived the life that small lad dreamed for him. A man's heart is but a boy's heart encrusted with the bitterness of the years. Throughout his period of probation on earth he has accompanied that boy upon his adventures through life. Happy is he if, when the finger beckons him upon the last adventures, he can gather the garments of his life about him without fear, and with a song in his heart and a laugh on his lips set his feet upon the winding road that leads into the land of the tomorrows.

Prevention is better than cure, thinks Thomasville and straightway employed Miss Blake as community nurse. She arrived two weeks ago, after 15 months of experience in South Carolina, and has been provided with a new Ford coupe. She will do no bedside nursing, but will hold clinics and regulate health conditions in her field.—Charity and Children.

TALKING ABOUT PATRIOTISM.

By R. R. Clark.

Another glorious Fourth has passed, and I am moved to express the hope that wherever the event was celebrated this year a little more emphasis was placed on the word "Patriotism" and what it stands for than is common on such occasions. The spread eagle oratory may have its uses at times, but we very much need a more careful consideration of patriotism as a practical matter; and since the noise of the cleebration has passed for the time, the tumult and the shouting has died, a little reflection may be worth while.

"Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," observed the cynical Samuel Johnson; and it will be admitted that professional patriotism is not only the last but the first refuge

of some scoundrels; and laying claim to the name of patriot without living up to it or even in sight of it, without an adequate conception of its meaning, is a shortcoming of not a few American citizens, otherwise good intentioned people. What is a patriot, anyhow? What do we mean when we say one is a patriot or has rendered a patriotic service? Usually the word is confounded in our minds with war, with military duty, going out to fight the country's enemies. It is that, and more. Most of us are patriotic in war time as we ordinarily consider patriotism. Some answer the call voluntarily, some meet it half-way, anticipating it; others answer when they have to and the call has to catch up with some. But on the whole the American citizen is a real patriot when he gets aroused; he does his duty fearlessly and without counting the cost.

But it is really peace-time patriotism that is the best test, for that is when we are disposed to be lax, to look out for ourselves only and let public affairs be taken care of by those who are patriots for what they can get out of it. A patriot is defined as a "a fellow countryman," "one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests." In short patriotism means unselfish devotion to the welfare of the country; a willingness to render unselfish service, to sacrifice for the general good, for the public welfare. That sort of service is an outgrowth of love of country, of a general desire for public betterment that has its roots in the love of humanity. What is our country? It is not only the hills and dales, mountain and plain, forest and stream, the great out doors which all lovers of nature love; nor is it our country's institutions—not these things alone. It is the folks that make up the country. And real patriotism comes back to the Biblical injunction to love our neighbor as ourself, to be as considerate of his welfare as of our own. While real patriotism is the acme of unselfishness, a willingness to serve the general good at a sacrifice of our own personal interest, in its final analysis it is not without consideration of self, for in the end whatever contributes to the public welfare benefits the individual, although one may secure greater personal benefits for the time by considering self alone and letting the general welfare go hang. But sooner or later the selfish consideration alone, if it becomes general, will result in chaos and general disaster.

Having considered the definition of patriotism, it is easy to make the application if we would and determine whether we are patriots. Coming down to brass tacks, to use a current phase, honestly analyzing the thing, very few of us are real patriots indeed. We are loud on profession and very short on performance. At heart the mass is really patriotic, but it has to be aroused for the better nature to assert itself. Ordinarily we are content to let things drift. That is our weakness, our greatest danger. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Being constantly on guard is a part of the duty and the price of good citizenship. We are not called, except in time of stress, to devote our entire time to public affairs to the neglect of our own. Public servants must be paid to transact the public busi-

ness. But our trouble is that, having selected the servant, outlined his duty or left him to determine what his work is, and having provided for his remuneration, we turn aside to our own affairs and give no further heed to the character of the work performed. If we notice that something is going wrong, that the work is not being done as we would have it, we complain enough, but more than often we take it out in complaining. The servant is left to do his work well or ill as he feels about it, and worst of all to consider his personal interests. If we feel that he should be discharged, more than often he has so used the job that he has fortified himself and can't be moved. That is, he has dispensed favors at public expense and has purchased the influence of others as selfish as himself, so that he can continue to serve himself and a favored few. The truth is, the public service is regarded, in too many cases if not generally, as an opportunity for personal benefit; to serve one's self and friends; as a personal asset for personal gain. The great mass of the private citizenship, who pay taxes and except no favors and get none, are defrauded by this sort of service, but they are not to be pited because they are to blame. They can change the conditions if they will, but they will not take the pains to do the work. They haven't the patriotism to render the public service. They follow the line of least resistance and let things drift. As a result of this condition in the mass we have today organization by groups, in which certain classes and interests are grouped and contending for control of public affairs. They profess of course to stand for the public good and some of them honestly believe they are helping the public, for they have centered on their own interests until they have really come to believe that their interests is the public interest. In this clash of groups it is the unattached mass, outnumbering all the groups, that will suffer. But the unattached mass is to blame if it lacks the patriotism, the courage to assert its power when it is walked on. The danger is that some day this patient mass will be suddenly aroused to frenzy by wrongs real and fancied and will proceed to smash things indiscriminately.

All this is general. To take one specific instance of the weakness of our patriotism, the criminals are about to overrun the country. While crime does much abound criminals are few compared with the law-abiding. The honest folks could suppress the crime wave in short order if they would take the time and trouble and act in concert. It's the business of the officers of the law to look after these matters of course; we pay them for that. But our fault is either that we allow incompetents and crooks to hold the jobs, or we fail to give the faithful officials the moral support that is necessary for the efficient performance of their duty. Honest folks far outnumber the forces of evil, but the latter are more numerous than honest and efficient law officers and unless the latter have the moral support and active co-operation of good people when needed, the sons of Belial will soon get the upper hand. In brief, public sentiment, so clearly and emphatically expressed that he who runs may read, will do much to clear

the atmosphere. If every law-abiding man will at all times make his attitude clear not only, but be willing to give his personal help if need be in the prosecution of crime, the crime wave will rapidly recede. But we lack the courage to assert ourselves or we are too indifferent; we are afraid it would make us personally unpopular; or we may want to violate some of the laws ourselves and we will be embarrassed in prosecuting others if our hands are not clean.

And so the crooks flourish. We thrill with patriotic emotion when we hear the spread eagle orators on the Fourth. We shout ourselves hoarse when we see the Stars and Stripes and hear the moving strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" or "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Then straightway we forget it and go our several ways. What we very much need is a revival of practical everyday patriotism and of old-fashioned common honesty.

RING RULE.

(Biblical Recorder)

The greatest danger to democracy is what is known as ring-rule. Combinations are formed which are known as political machines, and these through manipulation and distribution of patronage largely control the vote of great numbers who belong to any political party.

These machines by using the party lash and by securing the influence of those who are in office, weild a powerful influence and men are often afraid to take a stand against them. When such is the case there cannot be the expression of individual opinion at the polls which is necessary to the perpetuation of a democracy.

Recent events indicate that the people are in all sections of the country getting tired of machine politics and are determined to throw off the galling yoke of political bosses. In Iowa, Indiana, Pennsylvania and other states there have been political upheavals which have greatly surprised many of the old time political leaders.

Even in North Carolina, staid and conservative as it is, there were many surprizes in the recent primary. Some who had been in office for years and had faithfully performed their duty were displaced by young men on no other ground than that the people wanted a change.

Making a change simply for the sake of a change may not be wise, and often is not. But at the very least it is a healthful indication when the people express their independent convictions at the ballot box. And even though it may bring about a revolution in some instances, it at least has the virtue of being democratic in spirit.

In a democracy there is no place for ring-rule. In many particulars the primary is a failure. It is very expensive and often deters good men from the race for an important position. But it is ceratainly democratic in that it gives the people an opportnnity to aid in choosing those who are to be selected for an important position.

WHO IS THE GREATEST WOMAN.

(News and Observer.)

Not long ago there was published a list of the so-called "twelve greatest women in the United States." Some of them were anything else and had achieved nothing that will endure. It is manifest that if any committee is to fix upon any given number of "greatest women" there must be some sort of a formula, and mere service on a party committee will not be accepted.

With reference to a suitable formula, the Public Leader, in suggesting the one for the vacant niche in this new hall of fame, makes this suggestion:

"Our candidate is the woman who will be regarded as the greatest exponent of these qualifications: As the mother of at least two healthy children; as one possessed of all the lore of the household that has been accumulated by the race following the discovery that the friction of two sticks produces fire, and sufficiently master of it to be its administrator not its slave, as one who gathers her children at her knee and teaches them to face the world in faith and unafraid; as a conserver of the finer things of life, its tenderer and more intimate susceptibilities, In short, we nominate tne Unknown Mother.

The writer evidently had in mind the address of the Apostle Paul on Mars Hill when that master of men, preceiving a statue erected to "the Unknown God" Proceeded to tell the Althenians that "whom ye ignorantly worship, Him I declare unto you."

When in 1920 a representative jury voted that women should go into the Hall of Fame, one of the conditions was that a candidate to be eligible must have been dead ten years—that probably to prevent any possible tampering with the ballot boxes or the use of money in the primary. Final nominations were made in only six classes—authors; educators and missionaries; philanthropists, reformers, home of social workers: scientists; musicians; painters. sculptors, etc.; eminent women outside the foregoing classes (the omitted classes including preachers, engineers, physicians, inventors, soilders, lawyers, statesmen, business men, etc.) It will be remembered that only one woman was finally elected—Alice Freeman Palmer, educator.

The Springfield Republican thinks the Chilean writer, who propounded the present much discussed question, apparently realized the difficulty of applying such an abstract term as greatness. The Republican says:

"But the Chilean writer who propunded the present much discussed question apparently realized the difficulty of applying such an abstract term as greatness. She specified that the "12 greatest women" whose names she sought must represent as wide as possibie a range of occupation, residence and temperament, and must have made their o7n way without the assistance of father or husband. It is perhaps not without significance that those compilers who have borne these conditions in mind have mentioned a good many women without husbands. It might

otherwise be difficult to say that they had given no assistance. Many compilers, however, have quite ignored the terms mentioned, or have preferred to make their selections without being thus hampered. It was probably to have been expected that many such judges have indicated a preference for women whose special field of active interest has coincided with their own. The names of suffragists, club women and social workers have frequently appeared.

"But who are the 12 women meeting the Chilean condition? Most of the serious lists agree in including Carrie Chapman Catt, M. Carey Thomas and Jane Addams. Many name Edith Wharton, although some prefer Frances Hodgson Burnett, and the names of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Mary Roberts Rinehart frequently occur. Geraldine Farrar is probably the most frequently mentioned musician, but many name Mary Garden and some Louise Homer. Actresses included in the composite list are Minne Madern Fiske, Maude Adams and Mary Shaw. The New York Times, which was one of the first to venture its judgment, named many who are pretty generally agreed upon. Its selections of Molla Mallory and Mary Pickford were perhaps most questioned, but the attempt plainly was to meet the condition of 'as wide as possible, a range of occupation' and if popularity be a fair citerion 'Our Mary' would surely score high on a popular referendum.

Even such an eminent jury as the one which names the American dead for the Hall of Fame would doubtless fail in making out a list of living women which would satisfy the great majority of people. Everybody is entirely free to make his own choice. And it is not a fruitless occupation; it is a good thing to know who our prominent American women are and to consider why they are worthy of distinction, of support and of emulation."

If called upon to name the ten greatest women North Carolina has produced, what names would come first to your mind? Would not the name "Unknown Mother be like that of Abou Ben Adhem?

"It is the history of both nations and industries following this course that the producer of the raw materials becomes steadily poorer while the distributor and manufacturer become richer and more powerful."—G. H. Stevenson.

O. HENRY AND THE FARMER'S WIFE.

A current issue of a magazine refers to one of North Carolina's greatest authors as follows:

"O. Henry is a product of the Southland. He spent his boyhood as a clerk in his uncle's drug store at Greensboro, North Carolina, and rose from that humble position to be the greatest short story writer of America. His publications are the greatest sellers in the world. Over two million separate volumes have been sold. No other publications have approached such a tremendous

success. This is due to the marvelously fascinating, witty and interesting stories which go straight to the human heart."

The Review of Reviews offered prizes for the best reasons why readers liked O. Henry's writings. The first prize of $250 was won by the wife of a Texas farmer. Her answer was, in part, as follows:

"I am sending my reason for liking O. Henry because you will get few letters from people like myself. I am a farmer's wife and the mother of five children—have no education, as you can tell by this letter. I know nothing but poverty and hard work. I cook, wash and iron, sew, milk and slop the hogs, make the garden and can the fruit and vegetables—raise the chickens and pick and chop the cotton.

"Although I have five children I have hired only one washing done, in the twenty-two years of married life. This is the side of my life the world sees, but I love good books, pictures and music. I love the trees and flowers and all growing things. I love to watch a beautiful sunset and —well, I have had my dreams.

"I have no hopes of winning a prize, but wanted to tell how much I like O. Henry. This is a rather personal letter, but as you will probably never see or hear of me again, it does not matter.

"I am only a farmer's wife, broken down from hard work and not enough to eat and wear. When I read books by other writers, I feel as if I don't belong in their world at all. But when I read O. Henry I feel as though he understands and knows all about the dead hopes and ambitions locked up in my heart. O. Henry wrote of the inside of people's hearts and that is why we all love him."

Referring to the foregoing letter from the Texes farmer's wife, the News and Observer ask in how many homes of the South does this tragedy exist? There are literally hundreds of thousands of farmer's wives who work as hard as the one referred to above. There are probably many other tragedies connected with these. It would be interesting to know how many mothers at the wash tubs on the farms have extravagant sons in college, spending money earned by such mothers, not only for the legitimate expenses of the college: but who spend recklessly in trips to theatres, in moving picture shows, in attending ball games, etc., having a "big time" at the expense of indulgent mothers—and fathers.

PROCRUSTUS AND HIS BED.

By Charles Kingsley

As Theseus was skirting the Vale along the foot of lofty Parnes, a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels; and he came forward, bowing courteously, and held out both his hands, and spoke:—

"Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers? But I see that you are weary.

Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile."

"I give you thanks," said Theseus; "but I am in haste to go up the valley, and reach Aphidnai."

"Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach Aphidnai to-night; for there are many miles of mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dangerous after nightfall. It is well for you that I met you; for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine: and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travelers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the statue of my guests, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before." And he laid hold on Theseus's hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forward, but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable man; and he was curious to see that wonderous bed; and besids, he was hungry and weary; yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why; for though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up a glen which led from the road toward the peaks of Parnes, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

And as they went up, the glen grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a torrent roared, half seen between bare limestone crags. And around them was neither tree or bush, while from white peaks of Parnes the snow blast swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus, as he looked round at the doleful place. And he said at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region.

"Yes, but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also; and far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden asses, and merchants walking by them, watching their wares.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger. "Well for them that I looked back and saw them! And well for me too, for I shall have the more guests at my feast. Wait awhile till I go down and call them and we will eat and drink together the livelong night. Happy am I, to whom heaven sends so many guests at once!" And he ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep path.

But as he went up, he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent bed. He had laid down his fagot in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And when he saw Theseus, he called to him, and said:—

"O fair youth, help me up with my burden; for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said:—

"Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel this doleful road?"

"Who I am my parents know: but I travel this doleful road because I

have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed."

Then the old man clapped his hands together, and cried:—

"Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death; for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me."

"Why?" asked Theseus, astonished.

"Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough: but me only he spared, seven weary years agone; for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in the great city of Thebes; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men."

Then Theseus said nothing; but ground his teeth in together.

"Escape then," said the old man, "for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a young man and a maiden, and fitted them upon his bed: and the young man's hands and feet he cut off; but the maiden's limbs he stretched until she died—but I am tired of weeping over the slain. And therefore he is called Procrustues the stretcher. Flee from him; yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road."

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth, and said, "There is no need to flee;" and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death;" and the old man screamed after him down the glen. But Theseus strode on in his wrath.

And he said to himself: "This is an ill-ruled land; when shall I have done riding it of monsters?" And as he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the menchants with him, smiling and talking gayly. And when he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered, "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed, and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

Then the countenance of Procrustes changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste. But Theseus leaped on him, and cried,—

"Is this true, my host, or is it false? and he clasped Procrustes around waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

"Is this true, my host, or is it false? But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and before Procrustes could strike him he had struck, and felled him to the ground.

And once again Theseus struck Procrustes; and his evil soul fled forth, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he went down the mountains, and away.

And he went down the glens of Parnes, through mist, and cloud, and rain, till he came to the pleasant town of Aphidnai, and the home of the heroes, where they dwelt beneath a mighty elm.

"Every farm is also a human factory turning out boys and girls. Are Southern farms as well equipped to produce people as to produce corn, cotton and livestock?"—S. C. Extension Service.

PARAGUAY AND HER WOMAN POPULATION.

A country whose population was almost wiped out of existence, but which has women outnumber men several times over; where cattle graze the year round under palm trees; and where bearded cowboys wear bloomers—such is the Paraquay of today, pictured in a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographical Society. The bulletin was issued following news dispatches which state that a revolution has broken out in the little South American republic.

"Paraguay, which has refused the offered meditation of foreign diplomats and has announced that its army will take care of the country's latest revolution with rifles and cannon, is living up to the military traditionswhich have given it the most tragic history of all the countries of the Americas," says the bulletin.

War Nearly Depopulated Country

"Next to the smallest republic in South America, with an area only about as large as that of the State of Wyoming, Paraguay in 1865 had a population comparable to that of extensive Argentina and huge Brazil, and thanks to the military ambitions of its dictator, Francisco Lopez, the most powerful army in South America. Lopez believed himself destined to be the Napoleon of the Western Hemisphere, and in 1865 confidently led the army of his little country against the combined forces of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay. In this bloody conflict and the Paraguayans were defeated so signally that between two thirds and five-sixths of the population perished. Of a population that may have passed the million mark, only about 200,000 women and less than 30,000 men —mostly old men and young boys— were left. The losses were heavier, probably, than those suffered by any other nation in modern times. Even today Paraguay is largely a land of women, the men being greatly in the minority.

A "Church-State" for a Century

"Paraguay's history has been filled with conflicts, violence and unusual situations from the first. To begin with there has been a slighter ad-mixture of European blood that in

any other South American country, and the fire of the old Indian blood has been preserved. A little band of Spaniards sailed up the Plata and Paraguay rivers in 1536 and in the heart of South America founded a settlement. They took Indian wives. They and their descendants became the ruling power in the land, eventually establishing great haciendas on which the Indians worked.

"Missionaries who went to the region in 1609 brought the Indians together into settlements of their own and taught them to carry on agriculture for themselves. This was resented by the half-breeds and the situation was further complicated by the arrival of other missionaries who destroyed the early settlements. The first comers armed the Indians, expelled the Spanish government and the later arrivals, and wrote the second unusual chapter in Paraguayan history. For more than 100 years they conducted a sort of church-state. Later Spanish governors, who cruelly oppressed the people, came back into power.

"After independence from Spain was gained in 1810 Paraguay entered upon a period of dictatorships and became the hermit nation of the west. Trade with outside countries and the presence of foreigners was strictly prohibited and the country came to be entirely a self reliant unit. A sort of communism was established for many years, a portion of the land being worked for the state, the proceeds being used for the benefit of the people. De Franchia, the first and most benevolent of the dictators, was absolute despot of the country for 25 years. When he died there was a short period of fighting and turbulence from which Carlos Lopez emerged as dictator. After him came his son, Francisco, under whom the population suffered its greatest losses.

"For some of Paraguay's greatest troubles it is a case of 'cherchez la femme.' Francisco Lopez, who was educated in Europe, was accompained on his return by a woman who became the Du Barry of South America. Lopez was completely under her control, and through him she ruled impetuously and recklessly.

"Paraguay of today is a sort of inland Flordia of fertile soil, equable climate, and an abundance of fruits and food products. On its rich grass land vast hords of cattle graze the year round under palm trees tended by cowboys who, instead of the 'chaps' of our western plains, wear loose, baggy bloomers. Only Argentina with its more extensive plains surpasses Paraguay as a cattle country. Recently a number of packing plants have been established by North America interests.

"The Paraguay river has a greater flow than the Mississippi, and Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, through nearly a thousand miles from the sea is a busy port for trade with the outside world.

"Paraguay had its 'after-the-war problem' a long time before it was forced on the rest of the world; and the little republic has largely solved it. It was necessary for the women left after the war of 1865 to bring the country back to prosperity, and their marked industry did it. Today there is a degree of general prosperity in the republic that compares favorably with that in most other countries. But it still has its revolutions. The present one is the seventh since 1907."

CLASS POEM OF THE C. H. S. - 1922.

(Young Tom Coltrane, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Coltrane, was chosen by his mates as the "Class Poet." This is Tom's poetical answer to the commission presented him by his classmates. It reflects credit upon the genius of a seventeen year old young fellow, and the class has reason to feel proud of their judgment in making a proper selection.)

Friends—from the class of '22
Brilliant, beautiful, witty, and wise,
I've been chosen poet; can it be true
Or is it because you'd expect one of my size to do it?
I've thought till the gray matter wrinkles and I know it
Was never ordained that I be a poet;
For poets see visions in clouds, sun, and rain;
In the song of the thrush, the breath of the flowers; and again
In the laughter of children, the dear comradeship of youth
In truth
The class of '22 would inspire such a one
To paint a picture in verse as have ever won
The plaudits of nations.
But, ah me, when I try it
(You cannot deny it)
I'm sore confused and I see
Aneid's Virgil climb the Geometree
And Latane's history knock Muzzy's blue
And my English and French hold a parlez-vous.
In all creation
Pandemonium reigns with laughter and cries
When I attempt to "poetize."
So in place of the poem which should have been read
Let's drink in clear water (on account of Volstead)
A toast to our teachers grown wan and pale
(They were once I assure you quite hearty and hale)
In their efforts to hew
Some "larnin" in the heads of class '22.
I would toast the professor whose ability untangles
Every problem in the Webb of '22's wrangles
I would toast the sweet lady who said—read at all cost
Her name rhymes with the classic "Mill on the Floss."
And here's to the class of '22
Aglow with the vigor of youth
To every boy who is upright and true
The best in the world—in sooth.
Here's to the Frolickers and the sedate
Here's to the ones who were always late;

O here's to our Smart finds
(And here's to our other kinds)
In the class of '22.
And here's to the Juniors whom I shall not name
Long may they dwell in the halls of great fame
And here's to the high school which we know is the best
In the whole world—to old C. H. S.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mrs. Pearl Young is being visited by her daughter, Miss Mary Young.

Rev. Mr. Jenkins, of Concord, held service in the Auditorum, Sunday July 2.

Beets, string beans, tomatoes and many other forms of vegetables constitute the daily fare of the boys. This is truly a royal menu. "Fit for a king."

Sunday night, due to a broken pipe in the State Cottage, half a tank of water was lost. As the tank holds 50,000 gallons of water, this loss amounted to 25,000 gallons of water.

Capt. T. L. Grier has very nearly recovered from his recent operation. Friday night he came on a visit to the school for a few minutes. That the boys were glad to see him was evidenced by the cheering which rent the air.

Most of the ditches which were recently dug to lay pipes extending to various parts of the institution, after the pipes were laid, have been filled in. The boys are glad the ditches are now filled in, for they marred the appearance of the school. And, as you must know, the boys are all proud of the appearance of the beautiful grounds, for it is their duty to keep it so.

Young Vass Fields, boy entrusted to the care of the pumps and the job of keeping the big steel tank full of water, was very much surprised one Saturday morning. He had opened a small box enclosing a valve, and had put his hand on the valve, when his hand encountered something slimy and slick. Imagine his surprise and consternation when a glance told him that this horribly feeling thing was a small lizard. He soon dispatched it.

Sometime last January note was made of the prizes offered by Mr. R. B. Cloer. These prizes were not pay for good behavior. Far from it! They were merely to see which boy could have the highest percentage of good behavior. So every boy kept on his guard. Mr. Cloer was going on his vacation, so he decided to announce the winners of the prizes. These lucky boys were Paul Green and Lee Rogers. These boys unanmously agreed to give their reward on a subscription to purchase a talking machine.

The students had drilled, were at the ball grounds, and had a game of ball started, when the rain came. And such it was! Never before had the writer, nor any of his associates, seen such big drops! Not

exaggerating at all, these drops of rain were as big as marbles. A run for the lawn was made, but it was not gained without many of the boys being dripping wet. In a few minutes "old Sol" came out in all his glory and soon dried the wet boys. It was too late to go to the grounds again, so the would-be ball players had to content themselves with passing the ball back and fourth.

The linotype machine had become short-circuited during the night, and when Jack Pressley started to setting on it the next morning, he received a surprise that he will long remember. The force of the electric shock knocked him off his feet. Mr. Shaw came in just about this time. He doubted that the machine would shock him. Nevertheless he delicately fingered the machine. He felt no shock. He began walking around the machine, feeling and testing various parts. Just then his foot came into contact with some water accidently (?) spilt. He received his surprise then. The machine is now fixed, however.

SATURDAY'S GAME AND OTHER DATA.

By the Reporter

Allowing the team under charge of Rev. Myers but one run and that in the initial session, J. T. S. won her eighth victory and 6th straight Saturday, July 1. And the pitcher, who won his game by his twirling, further strengthened his lead by hitting a hot liner through the 1st and 2nd stations, which went for a homer.

The preacher's team scored its run in the first performance before Holman had settled down. J. T. S. did nothing in her first chance, but held the opposing nine down and scored a run the second, tieing the score.

Both teams settled down to hard work in the 3rd frame, but the home team proved themselves harder and better workers than the visiting team and in their half of this inning labored up a 2 to 1 lead over the church team.

The preacher's team could not solve the puzzle of Holman's slant in the 4th stanza. But Brown's southpaw twirling did the visiting nine no good as the two runs the home team annexed in this session told the tale.

Two more innings were void of any runs. Then came that seventh performance which will long remain fresh in the hearts of the fans. Holman, the winning pill twirler, knocked out a complete circuit. The ball went so fast the steam could almost be seen coming out of the seams. In this stanza the J. T. S. crowded in three runs. Neither side scored during the rest of the tilt.

The unusual thing about the game was that four of the preacher's nine were southpaws. Hobby pilfered four sacks, thus doing his full share in winning the game. Hobby, who piloted the initial station, also made the most put-outs—11. Holman, the slugging pitcher, got the most assists, 9 in number. Honeycutt and Hobby were the leading thrashers of the J. T. S., each getting two hits. Honeycutt is a sure hitter, and his two hits Saturday each went for half circuits. But Overcash of the visitors topped the list of the two teams, claiming three bingles. The only bobbles of the school were at the hot

and dizzy corner and the first base.

The box score follows:

J. T. S.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Honeycutt, 2b. .	4	2	2	4	3	0
Williams, cf. . .	4	0	1	0	1	0
Hegular, ss. . . .	4	0	1	1	3	2
Kiser, 3b.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Holman, p.	4	2	1	1	9	0
Hobby, 1b.	3	2	2	11	2	1
Cook W. c. . . .	3	0	0	6	0	0
Hancock, rf. . . .	3	1	1	0	0	0
McLellon, lf. . .	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	32	7	8	27	18	3

Church Team	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Smith, ss. . . .	4	1	0	0	2	2
McInnis, c. . .	4	0	0	4	1	0
Overcash, 3b. .	4	0	3	1	1	0
Sullivan, 1b. . .	4	0	0	9	0	1
Widenhouse, 2b	4	0	1	4	2	2
Cook B., cf. . . .	3	0	0	1	0	0
Griffin. rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, p. . . .	3	0	0	2	3	0
Murr, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals. .	32	1	4	21	9	5

Score by innings:

Church Team 100 000 000—1

J. T. S. 011 200 30x—7

Note: Any complaints of the above score must be made to Murry Evans, who very kindly gave the score to the writer.

The J. T. S. has a record many striving teams would be justly proud of:

	W.	L.	PC.
J. T. S.	8	2	.800

This is the record of pitching at the school. Russell, who stands at at the bottom was called upon to hurl the first games of the season, and as he was not warmed up, nor in form, he lost as many as he won. We think that his is a record to be proud of:

Pitching Records

	W.	L.	PC.
Holman	5	0	1.000
Hegular	1	0	1.000
Russell	2	2	.500

At The Crossroads.

We are at the crossroads in our attitude toward specialists in medicine, in law, and in teaching. A few years ago doctors were feeling that success depended upon quitting being general practitioners and becoming specialists without ever engaging in regular practice. But today the pendulum is swinging in the opposite direction. Wise leaders in medicine see that the best specialists grow into that service after a time of general practice. In the law, the greatest specialist grows into his specialty by climbing from the general practice. In education the first requisite for the teacher is ability to interest and hold the attention and obtain the confidence of his pupils. And that is the second requisite and the third and all the balance of them. Without this requisite all other things cannot supply the one need. If a teacher finds that the open-minded and clear-headed youths do not love to hear him and do not grow into regard for him, he ought to resign and find the job for which he was intended. God calls teachers as well as preachers. And he never called a dull and uninteresting man to teach youths.—Josephus Daniels in News & Observer.

Who invited J. Pluvius to the celebration, anyhow?—Greensboro News.

A LESSON IN MODESTY.

A company of tourists visited the home of Beethoven in Germany, and were unrestrained in their expressions of wonder, admiration and approval of the room where the master had lived and worked. They asked many questions about Beethoven, and finally one young lady seated herself at his piano and proceeded to play the "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven's own work, in his room, on his own piano. The old caretaker stood there, stern and silent. When the performance was over, the young lady turned to the old man.

"I suppose many musicians have been here and played on this instrument," she remarked.

"Paderewski was here last year, madam."

"You don't say so!"

"But," continued the faithful guardian, "when someone urged him to play on Beethoven's piano, he said, 'No, I am not worthy!' "—Evangelical Companion.

Southern Railway System

Announces

Greatly Reduced Round Trip Fares

—For—

SUMMER SEASON, 1922

Take Your Choice

Week-end fares. Sunday excursion fares. Summer excursion fares. Special excursion fares to Atlantic City and Nigra Falls

Atlantic City and Other Jersey Seashore Resorts

Dates sale via Sou. & PRR June 28th, July 18, August 1st and 15th.

Date sale via Sou. & B&O July 6th. 12th and 26th, August 9th and 23rd.

Niagara Falls via Washington or Philadelphia

Dates sale via Sou. & B&O June 29th. July 13th and 27th, August 10th and 24th.

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TICKETS GOOD FOR 18 DAYS

Tickets good for stop-overs on return trip at Washington-Baltimore-Buffalo and Philadelphia.

Week-End Excursion Fares

On sale Friday nights, Saturday and Sunday mornings to Seashore Resorts and Western North Carolina Resorts.

Tickets good until following Monday and Tuesday (Exception tickets to Western North Carolina sold Saturday and Sunday morning, good return until following Monday.)

Sunday Excursion Fares

— TO —

Norfolk, Wilmington, and Morehead City

These tickets are on sale Saturday nights and Sunday mornings from Salisbury, Hight Point, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Princeton and all intermediate stations. Good returning Sunday night. Not good in sleeping or Parlor cars.

SPEND SUNDAY AT THE SEASHORE

Summer Excursion Fares

— TO —

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Mountains, Springs and Seashore.
Tickets on sale daily, final limit October 31st, 1922.
Stop-overs permitted in both directions.
Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to All Important Points
Excellent Service—Courtesy—Convenient Schedules.
Write for Beautiful Southern Railway Summer Resort Booklet and Other Literature.
For Further Information Call on Southern Railway Ticket Agents or Address:
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., JULY 15, 1922 NO. 36

"AS CREATED."

There's a space for good to bloom in
Every heart of man or woman,—
And however wild or human,
Or however brimmed with gall
Never heart may beat without it;
And the darkest heart to doubt it
Has something good about it
After all.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE UPLIFT

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—Sir Waltr Scott.

TAGS.

Mr. Clark contributes a second article on "patriotism." His position is entirely sound. This carelessness with which some men observe the automobile license law is quite observable. Standing on the streets of Charlotte on the 11th—eleven days after the date requiring new tags—fully one-fourth of the cars passing sported last year's tag. On the road to Charlotte, the same proportion was observed. It is no better in the good, law-abiding town, which furnishes the date-line for this paper.

It does seem that this law would be one that would appeal to every man and woman that uses a car. They are the ones that receive the largest benefit; and in fact, they are largely the beneficiary of all the money that goes into the treasury from this source.

The state lost revenue last year on account of the lack of a rigid follow-up system; and it is to be hoped that every man who owns a car and uses it will exercise some of the patriotism of which Mr. Clark so clearly writes —and if he has two cars, he will have two license tags if he wears his cloak of patriotism properly.

* * * * * * * *

SETTLE IT FOR ALL TIME.

Ex-Senator Wiley Person, of Franklin county, has been stirring up a

little dust to force corporations to submit to double taxation. Besides appearing unjust, it smacks of an effort to destroy or drive from the state the corporations, which have made the state blossom like a rose.

Judge Calvert dismissed the matter, but the tireless and determined Franklinite will carry the cause to the Supreme Court. There it will be settled—settled right—and then another bone of contention will have to be unearthed to give entertainment. It's a glorious thing to be living in these exciting days. It is just one enormous thing after another.

* * * * * * *

MAKING A FISH SURVEY.

Gov. Morrison, the Budget Commission and a few invited editors are making a survey of the waters of eastern North Carolina, ascertaining why advantageous and natural possibilities do not produce more fish and oysters. The fact that there have been more contests, aud more statesmen made and unmade over the question of certain policies with reference to fish and fishing in North Carolina waters, attest the vaule of the fishing business of the state.

The whole state will hope that tbe Governor may find a way to lead this whole business back into the glory of its past history.

* * * * * * * *

MR. WHARTON WELL SATISFIED WITH AMERICA.

Mr. E. P. Wharton, one of the 100-bankers' party that went abroad to make a survey of the war-stricken sections of Europe, has returned. To the Greensboro News he gives an interview, which makes interesting reading. That interview will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Wharton, the practical and far-seeing man that he is, does not think that Germany can pay the reparation bill, a belief that is largely held by the public, but he says that the French are going to insist that she pay it.

* * * * * * * *

Swift Davis, our youngster institutional reporter, is making good. Who could analyze the fears and anticipations of an event better than he did the late July 4th? Baseball fans have their eyes on Master Swift—he's making a record on reporting the events of a game. A Charlotte man wants to lease Swift, but we need him to report the wallops the J. T. S. boys give all who have the nerve to go up against our team.

* * * * * * * *

In the second primary in Vance County, the woman beat her competitor

just three votes. Mrs. George T. Buchanan, candidate for Register of Deeds, received 1,134 votes against 1,131 for Mr. P. E. Rowland..

• • • • • • • •

The Blair-Dover contest is beginning to smell of the can. The North Carolinian is on his job and the probability is that he'll stay there.

THE COCK AND THE PEARL.

A Cock was once strutting up and down the farmyard among the hens when suddenly he espied something shining amid the straw. "Ho! Ho!" quoth he, "that's for me," and soon rooted it out from beneath the straw. What did it turn out to be but a Pearl that by some chance had been lost in the yard? "You may be a treasure," quoth Master Cock, "to men that prize you, but for me I would rather have a single barley-corn than a peck of pearls."

"PRECIOUS THINGS ARE FOR THOSE THAT CAN PRIZE THEM."

JAMES EDWIN LATHAM
Greensboro, N. C.

JAMES EDWIN LATHAM.

The achievements in the business world, the fine vision that has materialized into a brilliant success, and the accumulation of worldly goods that must be reckoned in the terms of seven figures, constitute in part the remarkable record thus far made by James Edwin Latham, a leading citizen and an important factor in the business and industrial life and growth of Greensboro, North Carolina.

Mr. Norfleet Franklin Latham, the father of our subject, served throughout the War Between the States, coming home when Johnston's army disbanded, in the Spring of 1865, with the stripes of a sergeant on his ragged uniform. He found his dwelling burned, farm neglected, and wife and children refugeed in Goldsboro. Having no money and nothing that could be converted into money but with an indomitable spirit he proceeded by the security of his high character to buy a mule and certain necessities and began anew the business of making a living. It was in such surroundings that Mr. J. E. Latham was born on September 11, 1866.

The early life of Mr. Latham, as we may readily accept, was not on a "flowery bed of ease," nor was he born with a "silver spoon in his mouth." His youth was spent in an environment of active service on the farm and short periods in the country schools of that day and a year later in the Graded Schools of Goldsboro, where, at the age of eighteen, he had gone to be with an elder brother. His first business experience was as general "handy-man" in a hardware sto re in Goldsboro. This position served the purposes of not only providing for immediate necessities, but gave the young man the opportunity of discovering himself. Realizing in a short time that untrained men suffer insurmountable obstacles, he invested his small savings in a course at a business college. Returning to Goldsboro, he took service with his old firm, being engaged at that time in grading and buying cotton.

In 1889, Mr. Latham removed to New Bern where he established himself as a cotton merchant. Being a stranger in the community and not having yet acquired the confidence of business men in his judgment, always handicaps anywhere and everywhere to be overcome, his first year's business reached just 1,500 bales. But it steadily grew and developed, until he was confronted with the necessity of selecting a location with a larger outlet and greater possibilities. So, in 1904, he became a citizen of Greensboro.

Quoting from an authority familiar with the business activity of our subject, we find this: "Before coming to Greensboro he (Mr. Latham) arranged the facilities whereby Greensboro was made a concentrating and distributing point with re-shipping privileges. This machinery contemplated the establishment of bonded warehouses. Greensboro had not a single cotton storehouse in 1904: today there is a storage capacity for more than forty thousand bales, and Greensboro, then unknown as a cotton town, is now the second largest cotton market in North Carolina and one of the largest interior cotton markets in the

world."

It is not our purpose to attempt an enumeration of the numerous activities in which this energetic and progressive man has engaged at his adopted home. It is entirely within accuracy, however, to say that there are but few outstanding and up-standing businesses of any kind in Greensboro in which Mr. Latham is not interested as a stockholder or officer or has not boosted with his sympathy and encouragement. He has been and is now a veritable asset to Greensboro—he has taken a long lead among the city's progressive citizenship in developing real estate, thereby providing attractive homes, building sites and adding to the city's population choise new-comers from the four quarters of the globe. Mr. Latham is among the state's foremost promoters and builders.

While this record—from the handy-man in a hardware store to the mastery of a position that handles throughout a year a business that reaches to more than a score of millions—seems and is a most remarkable and even marvelous one, but this progressive record is thoroughly explained by the temperament of the man, his personality and his great ability and the dynamic force of his character. Replying to a statement regarding the lack of opportunities that confronted his youthful life, he simply said: "the poverty that hurts is that against which one rebels. We didn't rebel; everybody around us was poor, too, and we accepted it as a matter of course.

There are but few red-blooded men, who at some time of their lives, do not nurse a hobby or two. Some put the hobby to work, others merely flirt with it in imagination. Mr. Latham is not one of these. He conceived and developed Lake Latham Farm, near Mebane. He has been divorced from this hobby; but not until he gave a boost to scientific farming in that section of the state, and demonstrated the wisdom of dealing alone in thoroughbred cattle cutting out the grades and the scrubs. While his business interest forced him to abandon farming, the splendid result he attained in his model efforts exists to this day as an asset to the community and an example in the proper and wise method of conducting a farm.

Measuring this man's type of citizenship by many examples we know, who bend every effort in amassing a fortune, who live unto themselves and their families, we would be inclined to discount the value of his presence to a community or his services and operations to a state. But I know of my own knowledge and the testimony of his neighbors and his acquaintances that Mr. Latham positively refuses to permit business, large trades, extensive developments, stocks and bonds, and the stunts of the cotton market, to blind him to his duty of contributing an unselfish service to every worthy cause and the upbuilding of his community and his state. He thinks seriously, acts quickly and decisively. He enjoys humor, is loyal to friends, and just and cautious in his estimate of the character and the acts of others. He deals in little levity—too serious-minded, busy and occupied for such. A stranger might on first meeting think him angular, distant and even cool. Not so.

I know the man. When a fellow

waits on another fellow and asks him to turn loose quite a bit of cash for a proposition, which does not touch him and will never enter into his life or the life of his family, and is received politely and he patiently listens to the story in the midst of busy office hours—why, that man has complete control of his nerves. I walked into his office some months ago, asked the privilege of a short audience. He had just finished with some customers, asking indulgence, and to whom he had graciously given an extension of time in meeting an obligation. I handed him a blue print—a blue print of a stone and concrete Pavilion. I told him the story of its need, what it was for, what a service it would render the boys of the Jackson Training School, what a comfort it would be to visitors, and what it could be built for.

I have received in my rounds something akin to a lecture. I've been informed how so "many calls have been made," what obligations "have to be met," and why don't you "call on so and so." Nothing of this kind came from this busy man sitting in his shirt-sleeves in his office in the Dixie building. He turned on me, his searching eyes going right straight into my soul, and asked "Why did you bring this particular proposition to me?" I answered, "You carried me out to the country club when the Rotarians heard me in the interest of the Guilford Cottage; you aided in starting the great movement that will eventually make room for every unfortunate boy in the state; you manifested such an interest in the work; and you told me voluntarily that you wanted the privilege of helping in some way. That's why I have brought this opportunity to you, and I have come just as soon as the idea materilized and the blue-prints could be perfected."

When I finished answering his question, Mr. Latham unostentatously and promply said: "Go ahead, I'll pay for it." I am certain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that this man felt just as much pleasure in giving me $3,700 for the benefit of some of nature's "dropped stitches of a vanished hand" as I did in receiving them.

In 1892 he was married to Miss Maude Moore of New Bern, and this union has been blessed with two children, May Gordon Latham (now Mrs. J. A Kelienberger) and Edward Latham, who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War —a blow that shocked terrifically this devoted father; but the spirit and courage of this strong man sustained him in the loss of his promising son, who bravely responded to his country's call and gave his all in her defense.

Greensboro is proud of citizen Latham, and North Carolina contains no citizen, who loves her more and believes more in her future. James Edwin Latham, upstanding citizen, great merchant, progressive and aggressive builder, has wrought in his life and his wonderful successes an example worthy of emulation by young men, for his success has been attained by destroying no one or throwing a stumbling block in his path. His success and fortune have been created on high ideals and as the fruits of tireless activities and an unblemished integrity.

EVOLUTING FROM MONKEY ASSOCIATION.

By A Country Woman

It was possibly sixty-five years ago that an organ-grinder with his monkey made his appearance in one of the most delightful rural sections and a particularly fine settlement in eastern Virgina; and associated with this arrival is an engaging story that, passing down from one generation to another, has been kept very much alive. The story in this exciting age will probably throw some light on evolution and aid the advocates of this theory by giving them a concrete (?) example of where a monkey actually was the occasion of changing, if not life, the manner of living.

From whence this man and monkey came, or whether there was any relationship between them other than a business arrangement, I am unable to say. In fact, the whenceness of the pair was never solved by the curious and investigating populace. But the name of the man was DeGuerrabodi and of course he was an Italian; and the name of the monkey—well, neither his name nor his nationality is now recalled by the oldest inhabitants. But this makes no difference, for the children of the community welcomed the monkey and his associate just like everywhere does the presence of a monkey entertain and charm childhood.

This man DeGuerrabodi stopped at a certain prosperous farm-house, on his march to Norfolk, and for pastime as well as for remuneration the organ-grinder discoursed his music while his associate, the monkey, played his tricks and plied his trade. The host—and up to-day it seems a very naughty act—during the performance, for some reasons and the reasons have never been made clear, squirted some tobacco juice in the monkey's face. This infuriated the monkey and he sprang upon the man and left his mark in the form of a scratch on the man's nose, but in the scuffle the monkey was killed. Not long after this, the man died from blood poisoning, the result of a monkey-scratch on his nose.

After the death of the monkey the man, DeGuerrabodi, put aside his organ, for the organ and organ-grinder without a monkey is an unfinished business equipment; and DeGuerrabodi turned his attention to agriculture and in a short time established an enviable reputation as being the most successful raiser of sweet potatoes in all that fine trucking section of eastern Virginia. He become a worthwhile citizen.

Does this changing from an organ-grinder (the loss of the monkey putting the fellow out of business) to an expert potato raiser throw any support to the evolution theorists and encourage them in their foolish and absurd positions? If so let them make the most of it—it is about the only event extant that even suggests any semblance of evolution. From a organ-monkey-grinder to a potato raiser is a most inspiring evolution.

DOES A SMALL BOY SUFFER?

Before introducting a splendid little story from the Greensboro News, which exhibits a fine understanding of the troubles and worries of the small boy, I am reminded of an accident and the consequent worry which changed a life's aspiration to be a preacher to something else, which in this case happened to be a druggist.

It was in June. The first peaches had ripened. There was a girl, who had a birth-day coming along when the first peaches became ripe. She had a little party and the rarest thing in the menu was the "first peach-pie of the season." Why is it when the house-wife, or the servant, cuts pie, she so often fails to make the dividing cut between the pieces complete. One of the guests in that young birthday party was the son of one of the most devout ministers ever known. He wanted to follow in the footsteps of his father; and he was a-liking of the girl too, in whose honor the youthful guests were assembled.

When this preacher-to-be boy came to get his piece of pie (it was in those good old days when a fellow finished his meal with the plate he started in —the innumerable course-dinner had not yet been discovered) he ran amuck with a piece of pie that had not been completely separated. He was certain all eyes were on him for his little conceit as kind of honor guest made him nervous; and in his effort to remove the pie from the plate to his own, a nervous twist sent the pie across the room against the wall. That little accident gave to that boy a worry that harassed him to all but distraction—it beset him and he concluded that he was lacking in one element of a successful preacher—the proper handling of himself at a dining table.

"Pie Jim," as he ever afterwards became known among this playfellows, still lives in the state, but not as a preacher but as a first-class druggist. Having removed from the scenes of this pie accident, his pet name did not follow him. But just hear the Greensboro News' fine little analysis of the youngsters' troubles:

"The mind of a small boy is a queersome thing, and it is a favored few grown people who really understand him. Boys are all too often spoken of as being carefree and without the sign of worry in their young lives. Not worry! Why, the average small boy has more different troubles than six grown men and he sufters more actue agony than the combined number. Take this instance for example:

The other day a mother left her son to visit some friends in a nearby town. He went down to the train with her and as the mother got on he smiled bravely and said good-bye, then his chin quivered just the least little bit. It was just the tinest sort of a quiver but his friends saw it and began laughing. He fought hard then and was about to win the battle until the train moved off and there was a tap above his head. He looked up there was mother at the window with two big shiny tears in her eyes. "Be a good boy, Bobby. Mother will—" but the train moved on off and the rest was lost.

Bobby ran excitedly a few steps

toward the window, then stopped, then ran again, then stopped and walked on away. Tears were running freely from the boy's eyes and he swallowed as though he had a lump in his throat. His little chin twiched vio'ently but he set his teeth and determined not to cry. Bobby felt all alone in the great big world and he could not think of a single friend left.

He would never dream of staying with his mother 10 minutes a day when she was at home. He much preferred chasing wild Indians down back alleys and scalping the neighbor's young son and digging for buried treasures on imaginary islands. He would rather take a whipping than dress up on Sunday and walk to church by his mother's side and he thought it extremely sissy for her to kiss him every morning before he went to school. He dream ed of uninhabited lands in which he some day would wander untormented by the calls of his mother and he fancied to himself a cave somewhere far away from the strict discipline of home rule.

But that was in theory and all the time he knew that mother was sitting at home waiting for him. Now his mother was gone and he forgot all the rest. He only remembered how he had gone to her with all his troubles and how she was always willing to listen. Indians and buried treasures and lonely caves vanished fro n the boy's thoughts and he only remembered mother. His unrewarded friend and counselor had gone now and he suffered. Trivial as it may seem it was an agonizing occurance in the life of Bobby.

A small boy doesn't suffer? Why, man don't you remember the time when the slightest break on your part at a party would cause miseralbe shame for days and days? Have you forgotten already, the time you dropped some food or turned over the water while eating dinner at the home of your childish sweetheart? And don't you remember the agony of the next few days? That miserable, shameful, sneaking agony which disgraced you utterly in the eyes of the world. Go over those days and you will again appreciate the mind of a boy."

I say there is no happiness in having or getting, but only in giving, and half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others.—Professor Henry Drummond.

TALKING ABOUT PATRIOTISM - II.

By R. R. Clark.

Considering further the subject of patriotism in the concrete rather than the abstract, let us get it fixed firmly in mind that a patriot is "one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests." I suppose we all love our country in a way, but the love is not so ardent; we support its authority and interests, but we are not so zealous about

it at times. Let's make concrete application of the latter to every day affairs. I set out in a former article on this subject that aiding in law enforcement was an important part of the duty of the patriot, for that is supporting the country's authority, the authority of government, without which we cannot have law and order and organized government.

"But he who would have equity must do equity," or something like that; and if we would have laws enforced we must first set the example by obeying he law. Generally speaking our people are law-abiding, but coming down to brass tacks there are far more law-breakers and lawless people than appears from the records of the criminal courts or the newspaper reports even. The newspapers do not mention, for instance, that Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith, prominent citizens, maybe; certainly people who consider themselves "good citizens" and are probably Church members if not officers in the Church, are running their automobiles on a last year's license tag here in the middle of July, in open and notorious violation of the law. A mention like that would be considered personal. But the man who operates his gas car after July 1st without the license tag attached is as much a law-breaker as the blind tiger operator or the burglar. It isn't considered so bad morally, but it is violating the law, setting the example of ignoring the country's authority; and by example encouraging others to violate that particular law not only, but other laws as well. Let the citizen who expects eventually to buy the license tag but insists on exercising what he considers his right to wait until he gets ready, simply to show that he is not to be bound by any set of rules, by anybody or anything, think for a minute about the effect of that example. Mr. Jones, a man of standing, hasn't put on a new license tag July 1st. He must not believe they have a right to make us pay special tax on our cars, or he knows you don't have to by July 1st. If he doesn't pay I won't either. That is the way folks who may be influenced by the example of a citizen who is supposed to know better about such matters than the average, will reason. And some of them will not stop at the automobile license; they will ignore other laws they don't want to observe. The greatest promoter of lawlessness, the greatest incentive to the disregard of authority, is the hearsy which is held and practiced by many people who call themselves "good citizens" and "patriots" (save the mark!) which is that they have a right to disregard a law if they don't believe in it or if it doesn't suit their convenience or inclination to observe it; that the law is all right generally speaking but may be disregarded occasionally. He who feels that way hasn't even the rudiments of a conception of patriotism and good citizenship; and yet there is an alarming number of good people, as that term is usually applied, who not only hold such views but act on them. That idea is the main obstacle in the way of enforcing the prohibiton laws. But for the patronage of so-called good citizens, who voted for the prohibition and talk for it, most of the blind tigers would go out of business for lack of patrons.

But let's get the fact clear in our minds and keep it there, that paying taxes is the first duty of the citizen and an act of patriotism. Few of us pay taxes willingly. All of us think taxes are too high. Sometimes they are, for often tax money is wasted. But when a tax is levied by government authority it is the duty of the citizen to pay. He may use his influence to have the law changed; he may fight it in the courts. That is not only a privilege but a right if one feels that a tax, or any law, is unjust. But if the law stands the patriot must obey. It is a waste of time to argue that organized government can't exist if individuals or organized groups may observe only such laws as suit them; and it's a waste of time to argue that organized government can't exist without taxes, and heavy taxes under our modern methods which demand so much of government (a large part of the population is insistent in its demands on the government and at the same time objects to paying for what it gets.) What I am stressing and don't want to get away from is that ignoring the law, in letter or spirit, no matter what our intentions, stamps us as law-breakers, morally in the criminal class, and aiders and abetters in the violation of the law. Walking a half block in my town the other day I noticed, ten days after limit for renewing automobile license had expired, that 25 to 33 1-3 per cent of the cars parked along the street carried old license tags. I have no doubt that most of these folks intend to buy tags, probably some of them had ordered tags after the 1st; but they were law-breakers just the same, flaunting their lawlessness before the public and encouraging others to do likewise. There are all sorts of excuses for this neglect, but few of them are valid. Usually lying is added to the original offence. But no matter what the excuse, cars operated after July 1st without the 1923 license tags are operated in violation of the law and he who is responsible for it is a law-breaker, no matter whether he suffers for it or not, and no amount of talk can change the fact. The burglar who feels that others more fortunate than he, who have accumulated more than he has been able to accumulate, should divide, and proceeds with force and arms to collect what he thinks is his share, is no worse morally than the citizen who evades the law and fails and refuses to pay what is assessed against him for the support of the government. He who keeps back a part of what is due is stealing from the government, from the public, from all his friends and neighbors who pay their part. That is the cold fact and no camouflage of words can wipe it out.

The automobile license law is cited simply as a concrete illustration, not because it is more important than other laws or is more evaded. It is mentioned because the example of evasion are before our eyes just now, and it is borne in on us that the man who is not willing to contribute to road upkeep, without which he would be unable to operate his car, should be put in overalls and made to take a shovel or pick and work out on the highway the amount of his license tax at the rate of about 50 cents a day and board himself.

UNWEANED OF HIS AMERICANISM.

A party of prominent American bankers set sail on May 6 for a trip of inspection and survey of conditions in the war-stricken parts of Europe. In this party was Mr. E. P. Wharton, a leading business man and banker of Greensboro, N. C. Mr. Wharton has just returned; and the Greensboro News, interested in the impression gathered by its distinguished citizen, sought and published the following interview;

"Where would I live if I had to choose a home in Europe? Well, I would hate to say because it would be a hard matter to pull me out of America," said E. P. Wharton, who has just returned from a European tour with 30 other bankers in which a survey of the conditions of foreign countries was made. Mr. Wharton traveled France, Belgium, Holland and England.

France is making a strong effort to restore her country, he said, and every inch of land is under cultivation. Mr. Wharton was greatly impressed with the French people as a whole but said that he was of English decent and naturally was favorable to that nationality. Nevertheless. he went on, the French are energetic, and they are determined that Germay shall pay ber debts. The average Frenchman has little sympathy with England when she speaks of being easy on Germans and they point out their devasted regions and maintain their former bitterness toward the Germans. In Rheims Mr. Wharton said that there were 14,000 houses and that a government inspection declared that only 1,300 of these were in a condition to be repaired. The cathedral there, he stated, had been hit by 1,700 shells but fortunately none of these exploded within the building. However it is badly damaged and it will take about 145,000,000 francs to put it back in its former condition, according to the cardinal, who met them in that city.

Mr. Wharton told of a French girl who described to them the burning of her mother's home by the Germans. The girl had been a nurse in the French army and her mother was an elderly woman. When the Teutons burned the home and turned the mother out in the street she soon died, and Mr. Wharton said the girl told the story with tears in her eyes. "How can you expect a people who have been treated like that to forget and forgive?" he asked.

The group of American bankers spent two and a half weeks in France and they were met in every little town and hamlet by a number of citizens. Mr. Wharton was surprised at the lack of cripples in France. He thought that the country would be full of men maimed by the war, but he attributes the physical fitness to the splendid surgery. He told an incident that brought out the truth of his statement. In France the party had as their guide a young banker who had been in the French army. He was physically fit so far as anyone could see, but one day a man stepped on his foot and immediately began to apologize. "Oh that's perfectly all right. Do you think you could hurt this?" and the ex-soldier hit a wooden leg with his cane. He then told that he had been shot a number of times but that the surgery was so perfect few people

ever found out that he wore an artificial leg.

The party then went to Belgium and Mr. Wharton said that he was surprised to find such a robust looking population. The children especially, he said, were far from being the starving kind that had touched so deeply the sympathy of the American public. He was also surprised to find that Belgium was not as badly devasted as France. In accounting for this fact, Mr. Wharton said that the Germans had planned to keep Belgium as their own and had refrained from ruining the fields as they had in northern France. However, all the bronze had been taken from the country to be used for German ammunition.

The Belgians, stated Mr. Wharton, are just as outspoken in their hatred of the Germans as the French. Much suffering was caused in Belgium and the people are not willing to forget so easily.

The entire party was impressed with the beauty of Holland, said Mr. Wharton. At one place they were 18 feet below sea level and the whole country was like an exquisite green field. The people, however, are in difficult straits, he went on. The Germans have nearly frozen out all their industries, but there has been passed a temporary high tariff which will better conditions in that country.

Ah, but England! At the very mention of the name Mr. Wharton smiled approvingly and knocked his big fist on the arm of the chair as if it typified the strength of the country. "England," he said, "is a wonderful country." And he likes the Scots, too. They are just as loyal to the English flag as any Englishman of the name, and they love the king just as much, he said. Mr. Wharton was impressed with the beauty of Scotland and even intimated that he might be able to live there for a while. The party wanted to visit Ireland, he said, but they were advised by English authorities not to go in that country. Ireland, said Mr. Wharton somewhat sarcastically, is not so friendly to the English flag as might be hoped. And, incidentally, Mr. Wharton is not so friendly with any race of people who do not like England.

He told of hearing Lloyd George speak in parliament and he said that he had never seen such absolute attention paid any speaker in his life. Mr. Wharton mentioned that no one is allowed to read a newspaper or make any disturbance while a man is speaking in the English parliament. He drew rather humorously a comparison between the Congress of this country and the parliament of England.

"The eyes of Europe are on England," said Mr. Wharton, "and Lloyd George, in my estimation, is the leading figure of the world." He says that the English people feel kindly toward all the allies, but to them the war is over and they want to forget it. But it was hard to keep Mr. Wharton on the track of national events at this point and he laughed vigorously as he branched off on another subject, where the finest horses in all England raced. "That was a wonderful thing," he said, "and my! the way those English people do dress up when they come out there!"

"IS A TURTLE A FISH?"

By Alexander Hunter.

(Debate in the Virginia House of Delegates.)

Mr. Speaker, a bill, having for its object the marking and determining of the close season for catching and killing turtles and terrapins, has just been introduced by the gentleman from Rockbridge, who asks that it be referred to the Committee on Game, of which I have the honor to be chairman. To this disposition of the bill the gentleman from Gloucester objects, on the ground that as turtles and terrapins are fish and not game, it should go to the Committee on Fish and Oysters.

On Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, says the honorable gentleman, turtles and terrapins are frequently captured many miles out from land, in nets or with hook and line, as all other members of the finny tribe are, and that, therefore, they are fish, and nothing but fish.

I have profound respect for the gentleman's opinion: as a lawyer he has acquired not only a state but a national reputation; but even I, opposing a pin's point against the shield of Pelides, take issue with him. Sir, I am no lawyer; I don't understand enough of law to keep out of its meshes, but I will answer his sophistries with a few plain, incontrovertible facts; and, as the old saw says, "Facts are stubborn things."

Is a turtle a fish? I amagine not. Down on the old Virginia lowlands of the Potomac River, where I come from, the colored people have dogs trained to hunt turtles when they come up on the dry land to deposit their eggs, and, when they find them, they bark as if they were treeing a squirrel. Now, I asked the House, did any member ever hear of a fish being hunted with dogs?

Who does not know that a turtle has four legs, that those legs have feet, and that those feet are armed with claws, like a cat's a panther's, or a lion's? Has the gentleman from Gloucester ever seen a fish with talons? I think not.

It is well known that a turtle can be kept in a cellar for weeks, and even months, without food or water. Can a fish live without water? Why, sir, it has grown into a proverb that it can not. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish.

Do we not all know that you may cut off a turtle's head and that it won't die till the sun goes down? Suppose now a modern Joshua should point his sword at the sun and command it to stand still in the heavens; Why, Mr. Speaker, the turtle would live a thousand years with its head cut off. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish.

Aesop tells the fable of the race between the tortoise and the hare, and we are left to believe that it took place on dry land, the author nowhere intimating that it was a swimming match. Did the gentleman from Gloucester ever hear of a fish running a quarter stretch and coming out winner of a silver cup?

I read but a short time ago, Mr. Speaker, of a man who had a lion which, he offered to a wager, could whip any living thing. The challenge

was accepted. A snapping turtle was then produced, which conquered the lordly king of beasts at the first bite. Can the gentleman from Gloucester bring any fish from York River that will do the same?

Again, a turtle has a tail. Now, what nature intended him to do with that particular member I can not divine. He does not use it like our Darwinian ancestors, the monkeys, who swing themselves from the trees by their tails; nor like a cow or mule, as a brush in fly-time; nor yet as our household pet, the dog, who wags a welcome to us with his; nor, finally, does he use it to swim with And, sir, if the gentleman from Gloucester every saw a fish who didn't use his tail to swim with, then he has discovered a new and most wonderful variety.

Mr. Speaker, I will not take up more of the valuable time of the House by further discussion of this vexed question. I will have only one more shot at the gentleman, to prove to him that the turtle is the oldest inhabitant of the earth. Last summer, sir, I was away up in the mountains of Giles County, some two hundred miles from the ocean. One day, strolling leisurely up the mountain road, I found a land-tortoise, or turtle, and, picking him up, I saw some quaint and curious charact ers engraved in the shell on his back. Through lapse of time the letters were nearly illegible, but, after considerable effort, I made out the inscription, and read:

"Adam. Paradise. Year One

Mr. Speaker, I have done. If I have not convinced every member on this floor, except the gentleman from Gloucester, that a turtle is not a fish, then I appeal to the wisdom of this House to tell me what it is!

RETURN OF SANITY: The women are the cause. They are adding some inches to their skirts. A Charlotte gentleman stopped me at the corner of Trade and Tryon streets and said, "just watch, it's getting better." "What's getting better?" "Women's skirts; you notice and every woman, who shows signs of being real folks, is now wearing her skirts at a commendable length. It's the powder boxes and the frivolous that hang on to the knee-length, but they will soon get ashamed of themselves and soon become folks."

A LITTLE MAID OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Ella Thomas

It was one of the darkest periods of the Revolution. Everywhere the patriotic cause was at low ebb, and in the South especially, the war was being prosecuted in an almost savage spirit. Stories of inhumanity of Tarleton, of violence, robbery and murder by both Tories and British, were passed from lip to lip. And so, when a battalion of Hessians occupied the plantation of Mr. Robert Gibbes, on the Stono, a few miles from Charleston, the officers taking possession of the house, and the troops camping

before it, it was not strange that the family became alarmed.

Thirteen-year old Marian Gibbes not only felt the general alarm, but realized keenly their especially unprotected situation, her father almost an invalid with rheumatism, her mother just recovered from a severe illness, and the servants nearly helpless with terror.

For the next few days, the situation of the Gibbes family was most unpleasant, confined to the upper part of the house, with the British officers occupying the lower rooms and making free use of their most cherished possessions, while outside the the soldiers wrought genral havoc on the plantation. But even this was made far worse, when, one dark and stormy evening, one of the servants rushed in with the news that vessels were coming up the river—a report whose truth was soon confirmed; for, rounding to, they opened a most destructive fire on the Hessian camp.

The boats had been ordered to avoid firing on the house, and to confine their attack to the encampment But Mr. Gibbs could not know that; true, the force was that of friends, but none the less did he expect every moment that the house would be struck by a cannon ball, or some of his family killed. Nervous and alarmed for the safety of all, though hardly able to walk, he sought and received of the British officer in charge permission to seek a place of safety.

There was neither horses at hand, nor time to wait for them. The family was hastily gathered together, the sleeping children quickly aroused, and the little company, including the panic-stricken servants, was soon on its [illegible]ward the friendly shelter of a [illegible]boring plantation.

It was a journey that they were not likely to forget. Darkness was all about them, and to the storm of rain was added the more dreadful storm of cannon balls falling thick and fast, and sometimes so close as to scatter the party with dirt and sand, while their loud whizzing, mingled with the roar of the cannon, made the scene one of terror as well as danger. Once beyond the range of the balls, a pause for rest was made and then for the first time it was discovered that, in the hurry and confusion, one of the children, three-yeat old little "Fen," the son of Mrs. Gibbes' sister, had been left behind.

The thought of leaving the little fellow alone in his danger was impossible, and to return for him was an attempt of the utmost peril. Mr Gibbes' movements were too slow and painful for him to undertake the rescue; Mr. Gibbes was already almost fainting with the exertion she had made; the servants stood around frightened, trembling and bewildered. "Will no one go for him?" urged Mrs. Gibbes. "Miss Fanny's baby! Will no one go?" But the dim lantern light showed the black faces blanched and chattering, and Mammy Sarah voiced the sentiments of the rest, as, sinking to the ground and rocking herself back and forth, she moaned, "O Miss Lucy, don't ask us to go!"

While this was going on, Marian Gibbes stood a little to one side, her face flushing and paling, and her hands clasping and unclasping in the struggle of decision. "I will go for

him,'' she cried, suddenly springing forward.

''No, no! my child,'' urged her father; ''you are not old enough, and it is too far for you.''

''I can bring him, and I promised Fen that I would take care of him; I must go,'' and she sped away.

The rain beat in her face, the wind came in gusts against her, every now and then her foot caught and she stumbled in the wet tangled grass, while across the darkness came the lurid flash of the cannon, as with sullen roar they swept the space about her with their terrible iron rain. But through it all her little feet flew unfaltering and undismayed, and soon Marian was again at the door of her home, now a scene of terrified confusion.

Springing up the steps and across the wide veranda, she found her way barred by the musket of the sentinel. ''See here!'' he exclaimed, ''you can't go in.''

''Oh! please let me. I must go in,'' she pleaded.

''I tell you that you can't,'' he answered, more gruffly than before.

''But it is for Fen, for little Fen,'' she urged. ''Mammy forgot him, and he will be so afraid alone; please let me get him. I have come back for him, and I must take him.''

What! have you come back alone?''

''Yes,'' she answered, simply; ''the servants were afraid, and there was no one else that could come.''

''Afraid!''—he did not wonder, listening to the scream of the falling balls. For a moment he stood silent looking into the tearful, pleading face lifted to his. In that moment, whether it was the memory of a little child across the sea, or that the heroism and high purpose of the little maiden before him touched some gentler chord in his breast, his hard face softened, an lifting his gun, he said: ''Well, go and get him, then.''

Marian needed no second bidding. She flew up the stairs to the nursery in the third story, where the little fellow, awakened at last, was softly sobbing to himself in the dark.

''Fen, Fen,'' she called, trying to make her voice steady and cheery, ''don't cry. Marian has come for you.''

At her voice, the sobs ceased, and, with a happy laugh, a pair of chubby arms went around her neck, in the full faith that no possible harm could touch him now.

Hastily wrapping a blanket around him, Marian once more descended the stairs. As she passed out of the door with the soft curly head pressed against her shoulder, she made a little courtesy to the sentinel, at the same time saying: ''Thank you, sir.''

''That's all right,'' he answered. ''Hurry now, and get out of the range of these guns.''

For the third time that night, Marian went out to meet the storm of rain and iron. This time her burden made her slower, and the clinging arms about her neck half strangled, even while they stimulated her to renewed exertions. More than once, the dirt thrown up by the falling balls brushed her cheek, but, as before, now again, she passed the ordeal in safety, to be welcomed with cries of joy by the anxious waiting group, and to hear her father murmur, as his thin fingers clasped hers,

"My brave, brave, little daughter!"

It is possible that the opposition of the British soldier would have been still stronger, could he have known that the child for whom Marian Gibbes risked life and limb that night of storm and peril was later to become the Lieutenant Colonel Fenwick, so highly distinguished for his brave and gallant services against the English in the war of 1812.

A SMART ALEX: Keeping watch at the bed- side of a sick farmer, another farmer had a solution and an explantion for every question that arose. He was a know-all. He explained the doings of the boll weevil. He explained that this pestiverous bug was entirely like a "lightening bug," except that it lacked the power of lighting its way. He was the victim of a severe and robbing game in South Carolina. According to this fellow, the rich folks in South Carolina persuaded the poor and the tenants to invest in expensive spray pumps and to use a concoction on their cotton to exterminate the weevil. The rich man used a spray pump, but he used the right kind of concoction and killed the weevil, but the poor man and the tenant had been fooled into using the wrong kind. By this means the rich made more cotton, the poor and tenant made a practical failure and by the eternal law of supply and demand the rich received a larger price for their cotton. This is not worth the space it requires, only to emphasize the fact that there is such a one in almost every community—why will men lie so?

"DAVID COPPERFIELD."

This selection from "David Copperfield," one of Charles Dickens' best works, gives an account of David's first school holiday. David's father having died, his mother, a weak but affectionate woman, marries again. Her husband, Mr. Murdstone, and his sister rule the poor little woman with a rod of iron. They force her to send David off to a boarding school. His first holiday and happy home-coming are here depicted. Peggotty is their faithful and devoted servant. David never saw his mother again, for she died soon after this visit

The carrier put my box down at the garden gate and left me. I walked along the path toward the house, glancing at the windows. No face appeared, however; and, being come to the house, and knowing how to open the door before dark without knocking, I went in with a quiet, timid step.

God knows how infantine the memory may have been that was awakened within me by the sound of my mothr's voice in the old parlor, when I set foot in the hall. She was singing in a low tone. I think I must have lain in her arms and heard her singing so to me when I was but a baby. The strain was new to me, and yet it was so old that it filled my heart brimful—like a friend come back from

a long absence.

I believed, from the solitary and thoughtful way in which my mother murmured her song, that she was alone, and I went softly into the room. She was sitting by the fire, holding an infant, whose tiny hand she held against her neck. Her eyes were looking down upon its face, and she sat singing to it. I was so far right, that she had no other companion.

I spoke to her, and she started and cried out. But seeing me, she called me her dear Davy, her own boy!—and, coming half across the room to meet me, kneeled down upon the ground and kissed me, and laid my head down on her bosom near the little creature that was nestling there, and put its hand up to my lips.

I wish I had died—I wish I had died then with that feeling in my heart! I should have been more fit for heaven than I ever have been since.

"He is your brother," said my mother, fondling me. "Davy, my pretty boy! My poor child!" Then she kissed me more and more, and clasped me round the neck. This she was doing when Peggotty came running in, and bounced down on the ground beside us, and went mad about us both for a quarter of an hour.

It seemed that I had not been expected so soon, the carrier being much before his usual time. It seemed, to that Mr. and Miss Murdstone had gone out upon a visit in the neighborhood, and would not return before night. I had never hoped for this. I had never thought it possible that we three could be together undisturbed once more; and I felt for the time as if the old days were coming back.

We dined together by the fireside. Peggotty was in attendance to wait upon us; but my mother wouldn't let her do it, and made her dine with us. I had my own old plate, with a brown view of a man-of-war in full sail upon it, which Pegotty had hoarded somewhere all the time that I had been away and would not have had broken she said, for a hundred pounds. I had my own old mug with David on it, and my own old little knife and fork that wouldn't cut.

We sat round the fire, and talked delightfully. I took the little baby in my arms when it was awake, and nursed it lovingly. When it was asleep again, I crept close to my mother's side according to my old custom, broken now a long time, and sat with my arms embracing her waist and my little red cheek on her shoulder, and once more felt her beautiful hair dropping over me—like and angel's wing as I used to think, I recollect—and was very happy indeed.

Peggotty darned away at a stocking as long as she could see, and then sat with it drawn on her left hand like a glove, and her needle in her right, ready to take another stitch whenever there was a blaze. I cannot conceive whose stockings they can have been that Peggotty was always darning, or where such an unfailing supply of stockings in want of darning can have come from. From my earliest infancy, she seems to have been always employed in that class of needlework, and never by any chance in any other.

When we had our tea, and the ashes were thrown up and the candles snuffed, I read Peggotty a chapter out of the Crocodile Book, in remembrance of old times (she took it out

of her pocket: I don't know whether she had kept it there ever since.) Then we talked about Salem House, which brought me round again to Steerforth, who was my great subject. We were very happy; and that evening, as the last of its race, and destined evermore to close that volume of my life, will never pass out of my memory.

The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look on the errors of others in sorow, and not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggle and temptations it has passed through —vicissitudes of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the mind's sanctuary; the treatening voices within it; health gone; happiness gone; even hope; that remains the longest, gone—I would fain lay the erring soul of my fellow man tenderly in His hand from whom it came.—Longfellow.

THE RUNT GIRL QUESTION.

(Durham Sun)

Socologists in cities have commenced to worry over what they call the "runt girl" of the present generation. Everywhere, it is charged, one sees the petite type predominating. There are shoals on shoals of minaiture women, attractive, saucy, adorable, perhaps but still undersized. Where are the "Voctorians" of yesteryear the statuesque "Gibson girl," the robust brunettes, the tall, if willowy blondes? Since the "cute little trick" of today is the mother of tomorrow the question is being asked whether the height of the race as a whole will not be materially affected.

The answer probably is that it not only will be, but has been. Every decade sees the "typical American" of the lank New England or tall, erect cavalier type becoming relatively rare. Imperceptibly but surely the blood of vast hordes of immigrants trickles through the mass and carries with it the lower statue that runs with races dwarfed by generations of industrial labor. When the strength of the nation was mustered for the war, the average height of the draft was several inches below the five foot nine and up erroneously considered to be the height of the full-grown American male.

Such concerns as may be felt from these facts, however, is mitigated by the circumstance that once in America and lived under the conditions the immigrant height average itself tends to increase rather than diminish or remain stable. In the amalgamation through sex attraction, it still holds good that the petite woman is irresible to the giant male. It still happens that there is the phenomenon of the offstring head and shoulders above his parents. As for the girls, if they are petite, they are no longer amaemic, neurotic, invalid types. In-

teresting paleness has given away to the natural color of athletics as well as the decoration of the rouge pot. It will take a little time, but in the long run the height of the naturalized citizen's posterity will increase, instead of its pulling down the statue of the country to which he comes with the desire of new growth in every way.

The shortness of life is bound up with its fullness. It is to him who is most active, always thinking, feeling, working, carying for people and for things, that life seems short. Strip a life empty, and it will seem long enough.— Phillips Brooks.

AN EQUAL START

By Eugene Davis

"Hello, Evening News?—Phelps talking. Insert this add under 'Help Wanted': Wanted—Two young men eighteen to twenty years old, with high school education, for clerical work."

He listened while the add was repeated. "O. K. and give us a box, care of News, for an address."

J. D. Phelps, President of Phelps and Co., wholesale grocers, put down the phone and rolled up the cover of his big desk preparatory to beginning his day's work. It was early in June, 1920, and the increase in volume of business made additional clerical help necessary and boys just out of high school were about the only ones who were unemployed and even these rapidly accepting positions.

"Through with the paper, Dad?" Roger Wescott asked as his father rose from his luxurious armchair.

"Yes."

Taking the paper, Roger glanced at the headlines, society news and sports before he finally turned to the 'Want Adds.' Near the bottom his eyes rested on: Wanted—Two young men eighteen to twenty years old with high school education for clerical work. Box A-7, Evening News.

"Just the thing," he whistled, "I'll go right up and answer it." Going to his own beautifully furnished room, he seated himself at a mahogany writing desk and penned his application "I'll mail it on the way to the graudating exercises," he thought.

Roger's father was president of the "Farmers Saving Bank" of Remy, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, some twenty miles from the city of Sibley where were located the home office of Phelps and Co.

Rogers himself, was president of his graduating class, editor of the high school annual and considered the most brilliant and promising young man of his class.

That same afternoon Quentin Larabee stoped, on his way home from the class day exercises, at Laporte Post Office and got the family mail. Laporte was also a small town a few miles from Silby. Leaving the office he walked the three miles to his home. He usually drove a cart but of late his father and brother had needed all of the horses for work in the fields

and he had been walking the three miles to school.

Quentin was a member of the Laporte High School graduating class and though one of the submerged members he was respected by the faculty and his fellow classmen. Being farm bred and reared and naturally backward he had taken little part in the social life with the result that he was not one of the popular members. His scholastic record was only fair which was partly accounted for by the fact that his work at home required most of his time outside of school hours.

When the chores were finished that evening Quentin glanced through the "Want Adds" for he too was planing to enter the business world and his eyes also found the advertisement for two young men. "I believe I'll answer this, Mother," he said. "I won't be worth much for awhile but I believe I can learn to do clerical work," and so he too answered the advertisement.

Several others also sent in applications but Roger Wescott and Quentin Larbee were the two who reported for work the following Monday morning.

When the two young men took desks side by side the contrast between them was very noticeable. Although both were well dressed, there was a conspicuous difference. Roger's clothes were of the latest cut, his tie was of bright cloth, his hair was brushed tightly against his head and his toilet was perfect, while Quentins clothes were of plain and sombre hue. Roger was sure of himself, being used to recognition and in the habit of leading the group while Quentin was backward and shy.

Both boys took hold of the work quickly, Roger being the more brilliant and versatile mastered it more readily but Quentin was soon able to carry the work successfully.

The boys soon found lodging; Quentin at the Y. M. C. A. while Roger went to a fashionable club.

Working side by side and about the same age, the boys soon became well acquainted and although they formed a business friendship, it was never carried into their social life outside of the office. When Roger said, one night as he was about to leave the office, "Where do spend your evenings, Larabee?" the answer was:

"I am taking a course in Business Efficiency at the Y. night school which takes most of my spare time and I am doing some business research work at the Library when I have time. Why?"

"Oh, I just thought you might be interested in the club dance we are putting on tonight. It's a right classy affair but I suppose you wouldn't be interested."

Quentin thanked him for the invitation but regretted he could not attend. Later, when Quentin suggested that Roger join the Sunday School class of which he had recently been chosen president he was put off with and evasive answer.

So matters continued for several months. Roger's brilliant mind carried him far and he surpassed Quentin in the amount and quality of work done but he had his tired and sleepy days which would detract from his otherwise brilliant record.

Finally there came the break of the winter of 1920. Orders began to fall off and it soon became evident that

the office force would have to be diminished. Of course the lower clerks began to wonder whom Phelps would let go first.

Three subordinate clerks who had been employed after Quentin and Roger were the first to be dismissed but Wescott and Larabee were not the next to go. Some of the less efficient clerks and office help followed. For three months the weeding out process continued and it stopped for a time; but as business continued to drop off it became apparent that the force must be cut still more. The interest in the situation grew and speculation as to who would be the next was rife.

It was about this time that Quentin wrote his mother that she could expect him home any time as he had come to the conclusion that he would be the next in the list. Roger, however, had made some intimate friendships with some of the "higher-ups" and felt that his place was quite secure and wrote his parents to that effect.

On a certain Wednesday morning early in March both boys were called into the President's private office. When they were seated Mr. Phelps began:

"I suppose you young men know the conditions which this company must meet at this time. Because of the business upheaval through which we are now passing it becomes necessary for us to cut our office force down in order that we may successfully pass over the period of depression that is upon us. You have no doubt observed the fact that we have already weeded out a number of the less important of our office force but the time has now come when another must go.

"As much as possible we aim to let individuals out in the order in which they were employed, those coming last going first but this rule cannot be rigidly followed for occasionally it happens that one of the new men shows such promise that we are sufficiently anxious to retain him and the rule is set aside."

At this point Roger visibly relaxed while Quentin began to show signs of worry. He well knew that Roger's work had surpassed his from the first and was sure that in case only one was to go he would be that one. "Why prolong the agony?" he thought.

"You two young men were employed at the same time," continued Phelps, "and came with the same education and under quite similar circumstances. Since your desks have been side by side and your work of the same nature, I have watched you carefully, both in the office and out. Maybe you are not aware of it but this company employs a man who keeps us informed concerning the character of our employees outside of business hours."

Now Roger began to show signs of nervousness and a puzzled expression spread over Quentin's countenance.

"At this time, as I hinted before, we are compelled to dismiss one of you and I think it only fair to both of you that the reason be made plain why I made the choice which I have made.

"With regard to the work in the office, Wescott, you made the best start and have done more and better work than Larabee, but of late the difference has become less marked and the indications are that Larabee

would soon have taken the lead.

"Furthermore, I find that you board and room at a club where expenses are high; that you have saved little or no money; that you spend your evenings and a large share of nights in amusemnts that are not conducive to best work or good character while on the other hand, Larabee lives at the Y. M. C. A.; has been attending night school; patronizes the public library; is a regular and active attendant at religious services and has accumulated a neat savings account in a local bank.

"Now it is none of our business how our employees spend their leisure, but after years of experience we can pretty well predict a man's future value to our company by the way he spends the hours outside of our office and in order that we succeed in managing our business successfully we must take that into consideration in the retaining of men in times like these. We must keep the ones who show the most promise. Larabee, you may go back to your work."

A few minutes after Quentin was again seated at the desk Roger came from Mr. Phelps' office and securing his hat and coat left the building.

That evening as Quentin was sitting in his room he heard a knock at the door.

"Come."

The door opened and Roger came in. "After you left the office this morning, Larabee," he began, "Phelps gave me a recommendation and sent me to the Gibson Co. and I got a job there. It just happened that they had a vacancy. Now my proposition is this: I have given up my room at the club and I'd like to come and room with you. I have been thinking over what Phelps said and if you'll let me I'd like to come."

"Hang up your coat. You're welcome here." Quentin answered heartily.

And Roger hung it up and his hat with it.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mr. W. M. Crooks, and Mr. W. W. Johnson have received another order of books. The said order was placed on record because of the pressing need of books for new arrivals.

The milk which is to be distributed to the cottages is now taken to the ice plant and is cooled almost to a freezing degree. This forethought makes the milk more pleasing to the palate.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Webb, of Kannapolis, have arrived at the school to take charge of the Mecklenourg Cottage in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cloer, who left July 4 to take a vacation.

The boys have written their last manuscripts on the Latham Pavilion and have turned them in to Mr. Johnson. They hope the judge or judges will not take long on their decisions, for they are anxious to know who will "cop" the 1st prize.

Intense heat would naturally keep a lad from studying his lessons so as to learn them perfectly; and to avoid this heat, Mr. Johnson took

up a collection to purchase a fan. Many boys wrote home for money to aid in buying the fan. Of course any donation toward the fan would be readily and gratefully accepted.

The tank which supplies the school with water has been given a few coats of paint. The work of the painters as they swung from a seemingly small and frail board from place to place fascinated the boys. This tank is very high, and a fall from it would mean serious injuries if not instant death. But the painters knew their business, and did not fall.

On these hot days ordinary water from the pump is too warm to drink. Therefore the manager of the Printing Office frequently sends down to the ice plant. There Mr. Willie White fills the pitcher with water and chucks in three or four goodly lumps of ice, which same is brought back to the Printing Office. Here, after waiting a few minutes for developments, the ice water is soon chased down the throats of a half dozen or more boys.

Mr. R. B. Cloer left to go on his vacation July 4. He had such an affection for the boys whom he was leaving that he decided to give them a treat they would remember. So on the night of July 3, he bought some lemons and sugar. The result of this concoction was that delightful drink—lemonade. When the boys had finished this refreshment and were going on the lawn, he gave them a supply of candy. The simple "Thank you" could not express the gratitude each boy felt as he passed by and received his share of the candy. All the boys hope Mr. and Mrs. Cloer will have a fine time.

The Fourth was a long anticipated day for the students and when it did finally arrive joy was in the hearts of all the boys. When the cottage lines assembled at the tree, Mr. Boger told the boys that as soon as 2000 tomato plants were set out, they could lay claim to a holiday. With the 250 boys here, this job was soon done, and all came up on the lawn to play, awaiting dinner. Many boys kept their eyes on Mr. Fisher, who, with some assistants, was making lemonade. Into a clean barrel of water went lemons, after being squeezed and sliced, ice and sugar. These were all stirred up by a huge paddle. Most play was forgotten as crowds of boys gathered as close to the scene of operation as was possible. Then, suddenly, without warning, the sun was obscured and it began to rain. Faces grew long. Was old Jupiter Pluvius to ruin an otherwise perfectly good Fourth of July? So it seemed. After dinner, however, the outlook took on a more cheerful aspect. "Old Sol" seemed to be the master of "J. Pluvius." Again at the tree, Mr. Boger stated that before the rain he had intended to send them all to the river for a cool swim. But since the rain had muddied the water so, this was now impossible. "But," he added with a smile, "those two barrels," pointing to the barrels containing the lemonade, "and a ball game ought to let you have a pleasant Fourth." Shouts of joy greeted this, and after a few minutes of preparation, each cottage line of boys, armed with

cups and glasses, made their way to the barrels. One barrel was demolished, and all were so full that it was wisely decided to wait until later to finish the remaining barrel. But just when the boys were about to go to the ball grounds to see the game—rain! The cottages were the best places of refuge now, as it looked as if it was to continue raining for some time. So began and ended the Fourth of July, 1922.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Bertram Hart, Robt. Pool, Claude Coley, Edward Cleaver, Edward Thomas, Loxley Saunders, Joseph Moore, Stanley Armstrong, James Gentry, Patrick Templeton, Jno. Hughs, Malcolm Holman, Henry Faucett, Jack McLeland, Swift Davis, Fitzhue Miller, Hoyle Faulkner, Murray Evans, Harry Hayes, Walter Shepard, Jno. Moose, Allie Williams, Roy Baker, Marion Butler, Harry Ward, Wesley Cook, Robert Bracken, Howard Gutherie, Newton Watkings, Odell Ritchie, Carl Henry, Jake Willard, Rufus Wrenn, Lloyd Winner, Anderson Hart, Washington Pickett, Murphy Jones, Milard Gilbert, Lester Borren, Brady Riley, Leon Allen, Avery Rothrock, Blane Ensley, Oak Ensley, Clyde Trollinger, H. Guthrie, A. Goodman, H. Silmon, Jack Frazier, Lee Rogers, Walter Mills, Earnest Carver, Charlie Stone, Walter McMahan, Johnie Branch, Walter McNeil, Herbert Apple, Paul Green, Charlie Lisk, Walter Taylor, Hugh Tyson, Robert Holland, Grover Lylerly, Geo. McCone, Lonie Pate, David Driver, Spencer Combs.

"B"

Homer Covington, Luther Chernault, Jno. Dalton, Jerome Bruton, Fred Parish, Ralph Cutchin, Lorenzo Mixon, Albert Hill, Bob Leathers, James Honeycutt, Floyd Huggins, James Shipp, Lewis Pressley, Doyle Jackson, Elbert Perdue, Robt. Watson, Dudley Pangle, Vass Fields, Jno. Wright, Carrol Guice, Earle Crow, Dohme Manning, Russell T. Garris, James Foy, Henry Reece, Roby Moore, Oscar Johnson, Marshall Williams, Jack O'Neil, John Hill, Luther Grant, John Kemp, Joseph Pope, Julius Camp, Sanford Hedrick, Geo. White, Fletcher Heaf, David Queen, Paul Kimmery, Thomas Moore, Worth Stout, Lee Bradley, Eunice Byers, Ben Poteet, Autery Wilkerson, D. H. Johnson, Celeburn Hale, Raymond Scott, Charlie Parton, James Allen, Plaz Johnson, Joseph Jorden, Arthur Duke.

Inside Discipline

While a country school superintendent in the south was making a tour of inspection, he visited a negro school where the order maintained by the teacher was remarkable. Every child seemed to be absorbed in the school work and yet the teacher did not impress the superintendent as a disciplinarian. Finally, after watching proceedings for a while, he turned and said in a low tone to the teacher: "Johnson, how in the world do you keep such good order? Do you whip the children much?"

"No, sir," the teacher declared; "I never whip them."

"Do you keep them in."

"No, sir; I never keep them in."

"Do you make them doextra work for punishment?"

"No, sir; I never make them do any extra work."

"Then how ever do you manage them?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," the teacher replied confidentially. "When they don't do right I just eat up their dinner, and I don't have any more trouble."—Ladies Home Journal.

No Harm Intended

On Johnny's return to school after being away several weeks the teacher told him that he must bring a written excuse for his absence, from one of his parents. The next day he presented this note from his mother:

Dear teacher: "Please excuse Johnny for being out of school for the last three weeks. He fell from a tree and broke his arm. By doing the same you will oblige.—Miss Jennie Jones.

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Niagara Falls via Washington or Philadelphia

Dates sale via Sou. & PRR June 28th, July 18, August 1st and 15th.

Date sale via Sou. & B&O July 6th. 12th and 26th, August 9th and 23rd.

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On sale Friday nights, Saturday and Sunday mornings to Seashore Resorts and Western North Carolina Resorts.

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— TO —

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These tickets are on sale Saturday nights and Sunday mornings from Salisbury, Hight Point, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Princeton and all intermediate stations. Good returning Sunday night. Not good in sleeping or Parlor cars.

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THE UP LIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., JULY 22, 1922 NO. 37

State Library

CARES AND FEARS

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowering of the herds.
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.
The foolish fears of what may happen—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod;
Where ill thoughts die and good are
born—
Out in the field with God!

—E. B. Browning.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

I, for one, am less concerned over the guess of the scientists that I have been a monkey somewhere back in the remote line of my ancestry than I am in the indubitable truth, of which I have personal experience, that there lurk in the deep jungles of my own being, as a present menace, not only an ape, but also a tiger and a pig and a serpent. So far as I can ascertain, science offers no promise of evolution of these base creatures out of my nature within any period of time that offers encouragement to me or to my descendants.—Dr. Wm. J. Ellis.

NOT VERY INSPIRING.

Dr. Crane, an attache of the Public Welfare service of the State, having headquarters at the University of North Carolina and being listed on the staff of the State Welfare Agency, recently from somewhere out of the northwest, made a rather remarkable and startling address before the assembled welfare workers at Chapel Hill last week.

Dr. Crane announced that he estimated that there are in the state 50,000 feeble-minded folks. This is an average of 500 to the county. There are no federal or state statistics, of reliable character, to justify such an estimate; and the Doctor has not been in the state a sufficient length of time to have gathered reliable information to justify any statement whatever about the actual or supposed number of feeble-minded in North Carolina.

Of course all normal folks expect that among the inmates of the several county homes in the state many feeble-minded folks may be found—feeble-minded from age and disease. That's very largely the occasion for the splendid exercise of the humanities on the part of the counties. THE UPLIFT heard Dr Crane once. He impresses one as a scholarly man in his line of

research, entertaining and startling in his manner of pressing the potentialities of his profession, but taking a composite view of the speaker and his address we could not keep back the wonder if the man could himself actually acccomplish anything in any other kind of work, so strongly did he deify his profession.

If the Doctor includes the uneducated among the 50,000 feeble-minded, then it would appear that his estimate could be considered conservative. Until there is reliable statistics bearing the doctor out in his estimate North Carolinians generally will not accept his statement; and ought not to. It may serve its possibly intended purpose to stir our people to some kind of action which the propaganda involves. But THE UPLIFT, while it recognizes the fact that "truth makes us free," deplores the intolerably bad advertisement of the state that goes abroad. The horrow of the Doctor's declaration has already, by this time, reached the internal machine of the several Foundations, endowed and religiously maintained, to ferret out and to feature the sore places among the states. No harm can come from an accurate presentation of these several conditions, but this is too delicate a matter to be sent abroad on a horse-back opinion, and that is about all Dr. Crane's estimate amounts to.

There are not 50,000 feeble-minded folks in North Carolina, unless you count the uneducated, the vicious and vane. In this case we may plead guilty. But even with that we are constrained to believe that our record compared with conditions in other states is very encouraging.

CHEERY SOUL.

Francis Marion Thompson, familiarly and affectionately known by his hosts of friends as "Tobe," a prominent citizen of Salisbury for thirty-three years, died on the 14th at the age of seventy-two and more. The Salisbury Evening Post, in noting the death, among other things, had this to say:

> "Tobe" Thompson was one of thhe best liked and most popular men in this city and section. The social side of his life was most conspicuous, and he never failed to greet his friends and acquaintances, jolly them in a pleasant manner and show his friendly spirit. He was exceptionally fond of children and there are few children in Salisbury who did not know him. He may not have known them by name but he knew their faces and it was a common occurrence to see him stop children, singly and in groups, on the streets and engage them in conversation, often teasing them. His friends were legion and to all of these he was the same, plain, simple man, devoid of hypocricy and always loyal."

That's a fine picture of the genial soul. It is entirely true and deserved. He stood four square to every wind that blew—he was that way when a school boy, and when a young man. To him a child was the biggest institution in all the world, and no wonder "he stopped them on the streets" and conversed with them. In business he was clean and high-minded.

This man "Tobe" Thompson, unthrustingly and unconsciously, wormed him-

self into the good graces of everyone. When years ago—and it's a vivid picture burnt into the memory—he come to one of the most important and vital steps in his life, marrying, the outpouring of friends that gathered to give him an old-fashioned and enthusiastic "belling" made a line one-half mile long; and everybody in that vast throng loved "Tobe" Thompson, and this was their bridal gift and an expression of best wishes.

When a man lives in a community for thirty-three years, has been in business and been the mayor of the city, and the local paper finds justification in speaking the appreciative tribute that the The Salisbury Post has done, has lived to a good and useful purpose and makes a memory to be cherished.

* * * * * * * *

"CHECKING UP IN ROWAN."

Editor Hurley has started a very novel investigation. He proposes to give prizes for the greatest variety of farm products brought to market for each week for four consecutive weeks. He is doing this to get a line on what Rowan county produces. The total amount of the prizes reaches thirty-five dollars, and to enter the contest the only thing Rubin has to do is to step around to the Post's place of business and report what he brought to town. Confining this contest to Rowan knocks this farmer out on the first go-round. Except for this provision of the contest, our tin Lizzie might some morning enter Salisbury in high gear and stop at Editor Hurley's door with cucumbers, potatoes, squash, corn, beans, grapes, cider (sweet), apples, peaches, melons of all varieties and other things too numerous to mention; and just to-day we could spare seven dogs of all sizes and breeds, which some folks have dropped on the road-side to avoid penalty of not returning their dogs for taxes.

It's the most glorious thing in the world to live in the country at this season, and Hurley knows that he'll lose nothing by this contest. Who is it that wouldn't give him a melon or two to get his name in the paper.

* * * * * * * *

AN ENORMOUS INVESTMENT.

The Chapel Hill News Letter takes a swing in analyzing the investment in motor vehicles and makes an interesting comparison with the investment that goes toward college education. It is ascertained that there were in the United States, in 1921, ten and one-half millions of gas propelled vehicles. This includes trucks, automobiles and Fords. It is claimed that the number of vehicles in the United States is five times the number found in all the rest of the world.

The ratios range from one car to every five inhabitants in California to one for every 28 inhabitants in Alabama, which tails the procession, another

thing for which North Carolina may be thankful. In our own state there is a motor car for every seventeen, or nearly one for every three families counting both races.

The News Letter observes that if there were a high school pupil for every three families there would be in the state 170,000 high school pupils in North Carolina instead of 40,000 at present. And that seventy-five millions are invested in motor vehicles in our state, which is more than twice the amount invested in public school property.

We must ride, it appears, whether we can read or not.

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A PROPHECY.

Bion H. Butler, late of Pennsylvania, but a full-fledged North Carolinian for some years past, is the author of the very expressive declaration regarding the possibilities in North Carolina. At a meeting of the N. C. Press Association, held at Wrightsville some years ago, he declared his subject for his address to be "North Carolina Slopping Over with Opportunities." He proved the indictment to the satisfaction of every editor present.

This same enthusiastic adopted son of the state now comes forward with the declaration that the receipts from tourists, winter and summer, will soon surpass the total receipts for all the crops raised in the state. While this claim seems, at first blush, to be extravagant, it is, however, entirely within the possibilities. When every inviting proposition in Moore county and the sand-hill section is developed, as they are sure to be, there is no reason to doubt that this attractive section of North Carolina will become the winter refuge of 500,000 Northern people, seeking relief from the rigors of ice-bound localities. And the mountains of North Carolina are already the safety valve for the burning-up thousands of the South and the North.

And when the progressive movement, started under Gov. Morrison's vision, and so ably handled and directed by Frank Page and his commission of long-headed and wise men, reaches the proud point for which it is headed, then the state's finest climate in the world and the state's most gorgeous scenrey will be accessible to all—then we may behold a veritable garden of delight crowded to the very edges with visitors from every quarter of the earth.

People away from home spend money. Opportunity upon opportunity. Of course "North Carolina is slopping over with opportunities."

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GLUTTED.

Sitting in full view of the state highway, Monday morning, there was seen a number of trucks pass Concordward with all kinds of vegetables. They came from that portion of the county that has for generations practiced the policy of "Living at home and boarding at the same place." These loads represented a surplus. Many of them later in the day were homebound without

having disposed of any of their load. The "market was glutted" was the explanation.

Much of this stuff returning to its base where thriftiness is part of the religion will be canned and otherwise preserved. Next winter it will be offered on the market, and where scores on this very Monday were gasolining about the city in idle show or hanging up about the stores rather than purchasing at reasonable and helpful prices and doing some individual canning and preserving. Next winter prices will not be so reasonable. Then you'll hear the wail of the high cost of living. Seriously, it is the cost of high living and idleness and the lack of thriftiness—that's the disease.

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THAT WEATHER SIGN.

"All signs fail in dry weather," but there is a sign that has never failed, if we are to believe the weather-wise. THE UPLIFT noted some issues back that it is contended that if Virgin Mary starts her 40-day visit, carrying her shawl or an umbrella, there will be a reasonable if not a wet season during that forty days; if she goes without these rain protectors, why the reverse is true.

On the 2ond of July, when Mary started on her trip, she had her unmbrella and rain-coat, or in other words the sun rose behind a cloud, and, of course, Mary knew what to do. Just behold the bountiful rains that have put life into the corn crop, weed onto the cotton and made the grass grow and the average farmer to say "we've had enough."

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A GREAT PURPOSE.

Governor Morrison and his budget commission, accompanied by several first-class invited newspaper men, have completed their survey of the North Carolina Waters. An echo of their findings is given editorially by Editor Wade H. Harris, of the Charlotte Observer. It makes entertaining reading, and one is impressed with the possibility of reaping such enormous results by the expenditure of such modest amounts. THE UPLIFT in a future issue hopes to compile the story, which should appeal to all forward-looking people of the state.

It is not too much to hope that Governor Morrison and his budget commission will work out a feasible and working plan by which the Legislature will restore the oyster and fishing interests in our great waters on the east, thus making them again a source of great revenue to citizens and state.

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SOME HEADGEAR.

Caps—not the kind used in producing explosions—good caps that cover the head to the number of two hundred and fifty have been generously donated to the Jackson Training School by Hoover's, one of the leading and enter-

prising clothing stores of Concord.

Every boy at tme institution has a new and becoming cap for Sunday use. The boys are proud of this gift, in which the authorities join with a happy smile. This enterprising firm need not be surprised to find in a later day that it covered the head of many a boy that has made distinctly good and has taken a proud position in society—may be a governor, senator, preacher, doctor, lawyer, etc.

THE MAN AND THE SERPENT.

A Countryman's son by accident trod upon a serpant's tail, which turned and bit him so that he died. The father in a rage got his axe and pursuing the Serpent, cut off part of its tail. So the Serpent in revenge began stinging several of the Farmer's cattle and caused him severe loss. Well, the Farmer thought it best to make it up with the Serpent, and brougt food and honey to the mouth of its lair and said to it: "Let's forget and forgive; perhaps you were right to punish my son, and take vengeance on my cattle, but surely I was right in trying to revenge him; now that we are both satisfied why should not we be friends?"

"No, No," said the serpent; "take away your gifts; you can never forget the death of your son, nor I the loss of my tail."

"INJURIES MAY BE FORGIVEN, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."

UNCLE JOHN ASK A QUESTION.

By Clarence Poe.

We hadn't seen Uncle John for some weeks when he dropped into The Progressive Farmer office last Saturday afternoon, hot and perspiring. He was "all dressed up" and carrying a big suitcase, so our first inquiry was nautally as to vhere he had been.

"I have just got back from Ioway," he said, "I used to think I-o-w-a spelt 'I-o-w-e-r,' but them folks up there say 'Ioway' so you hear me—I've been to "Ioway," the state where they grow corn, hogs, and Secretaries of Agriculture. And from there I dropped over in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

"Well, no doubt you have had an interesting trip," we suggested.

"You bet I have," was the enthusiastic answer. "And I bet you wonder how come I went. Well, I'll tell you. My nephew Tom that I raised like my own boy after his Pa and Ma died he went out West and wrote he was goin' to get married, and I decided I just had to see the job done an' show the gal that he had some folks that thought a lot of him. So as my crops was in pretty good shape an' I had just sold two years' cotton crop for 20 cents a pound, an' I had always aimed to go out West sometime or other, I just told my boys to take care of the crops ten days and I would go out and see Tom married. Fact is, I believed in a man puttin' some responsibility on his boys, anyhow. One o' these days, I got to go away and leave them to shift for themselves anyhow, an' I like to try 'em out a little now an' then. It helps make men out of 'em."

We were about to express agreement with Uncle John when he energetically cut off a chew of tobacco and broke in with emphasis:

"But that ain't what I come in to say, though. By Jiminy, I come back wishin' every farmer in the South had a favorite nephew gettin' married out West—or something else that would take him up in that Country. What I saw sure set me to thinkin', and I think it would 'most anybody else."

"What did you see?" we inquired.

"Well, I sure saw a plenty," was Uncle John's rejoinder. "But what struck deepest in my mind and craw was what I didn't see. Of course I didn't expect to see any cotton, but I furthermore missed seeing mules, Negroes, one-horse plows, cabins, and houses with no paint on 'em. Why, by Jiminy!" laughed uncle John I got the feeling up there that a house without paint on it is a sort of immodest sight—jest like a human being would be without any clothes on!

Them folks up here all live in good comfortable, good-lookin' houses and have got modern convenience for themselves and their wives, and good schools for their children—in fact, country folks there live just as well as town folks do. An' I tell you, Mr. Editor, I come back home feelin' jest like I'm called to preach all the rest of my natural life about one great big question—an' it is a big question, if we Southern folks have got sense enough to know it."

"And what is that question, Uncle John?" we asked.

"What's the reason Southern farmers and their families can't live as well as Western farmers and their families?—That is my question," Uncle John answered with impressive earnestness. "What's the reason? I tell you, I love the South, I love my folks down here, and it hurts me to the bone to see so many of them living their lives out in bondage to debt an' 'time prices' when other folks a-workin' no harder live comfortable and leave their children educated an' with good prospects for life."

"But some folks say that our Southern folks are lazy," we suggested.

"They ain't a word of truth in it," responded Uncle John with some heat. "Not nary a word. Of course we've got some lazy folks and some folks who have had all the heart taken out of 'em, and a sprinklin, of natural-born fools who think it ain't dignified to wrestle with a Plow an' hoe, but that last breed o' fools has mostly starved out. But take 'em all togetner, the general run o' Southern folks ain't lazy—they nor their wives nor their children. The Lord knows we work hard enough, and we've even been keepin our children out o' school workin' to help make cotton and tobacco. Why, in the fields in one county here in the South I have seen more women workin' and more boys and girls who ought to been in school than I saw in fields out in Ioway, Wisconsin, and Minnesota all put together."

"Just what we said in last week's Progressive Farmer—at least so far as the children are concerned," I remarked, pointing him to our compulsory attendance map.

"No, the trouble ain't that the South don't work," resumed Uncle John. "I believe our Souther farmers use just as much downright sweat and human muscle as the Western farmer uses, an' we get enterely too much field work out o' women who ought to be in the home an' out o' children whoought to be in school. The South works aplenty. Then, too, we've got about the best climate on earth—a long growing season, mild winters, an' summers not a bit worse than they have em' up where I have been. Fact is, they have more sunstrokes up there than they have here and then have winters so cold I heard they had to warm the hay to keep the cows from givin' frozen ice cream! We can raise everything they can raise and besides we've got pretty near a stranglehold on the world when it comes to furnishin' it with cotton. So then I fetch right up again right where I was at two three or three minutes ago: What's the reason Southern farmers and their families can't live as well as Western farmers and their families? Tell me that."

"Well, I have some ideas of my own," I answered, "but first of all I'd like to know what you think."

"Well, do you remember when you got back from your trips through China and India what two things you said them countries lacked—two things you said they must have if they ever got over bein' dog-poor an' livin' on a half-starvation schedule all their lives?"

"Yes," I answered. "I said that the Orient was poor because the people lacked two things—schools and

machinery. The people are not educated and they don't use modern tools or machinery. Nearly everything is done by hand."

"Well, I say that's just what ails the South, too. We are just halfway to where we ought to be about usin' both schools and machinery. We work hard enough but we don't get results—there's the trouble. They call a Southerner lazy when he will wear himself out followin' one horse up and down the furrow all day long. Well, I tell you them Yankee farmers are too lazy ever to wear themselves out that a-way. They get up behind three, four, or six spanking fine horses and ride all day long. We've got infantry farmers down here and they've got cavalry farmers up there—that's the big difference. We ought to get too lazy to waste our time polin' along behind one mule apiece an' gettin' only half as much done as we might."

"Talk about rasin' our own supplies," continued Uncle John. "Why, if we used the up-to-date plows, harrows, and cultivators they use in the West, we could raise just as much cotton as we raise now and at the same time raise all the corn, hay, and meat we now bring in from the West. That's what I feel like I am called to preach from now on henceforth. We've got millions and millions of acres we could set to rasin' these corn, hay, and hog crops an' by plowin' harrowin' an' cultivatin' with all the horses a man can handle, we could get all these extra acres tended with no more sweat and toil than we use now—and keep our children in school, too.

"There's just one thing I wish," Uncle John said, rising to go, "I wish every landowner and every merchant in the South could make the same trip I have just made."

"Why do you bring in the merchants?" We asked. "Because I believe a whole lot of them have got to repent and be converted—or rather, they have got to be converted and then repent—before the South can ever be saved. An' I'm thinkin' that if they could just make this trip West they'd be converted and do that repenting."

"Just what do you mean, Uncle John?" we inquired.

"Well, I mean just this," answered the old man. "A whole lot of our merchants seems to think that the way for them to prosper is to keep sellin' Western side-meat and flour and hay and shipstuff to a lot of poor farmers and tenants, chargin' them time prices and keepin' 'm always in debt or just on the edge of it. I wish they could see the Western merchants I saw where farmers are really prosperous. One of those really prosperous farmer's trade is worth the trade of half dozen poor tenants."

Just what I said when I came back from a trip West some years ago." I added. "Here's a pamphlet here in which I used this expression:

"The Southern merchants has sold Western meat and scooters and tobacco, when with prosperous patrons he might have quadrupled his profit by selling sulky plows and harvesters and carriages and pianos."

"But what about the schools?" I asked. "You said that the South needed schools and machinery." "Well, there's a sight more I want to talk about next time I see you,"

Uncle John added. "I see my boy out there comin' after me in his flivver an' I must hurry home to see how things have been goin' since I left. But you may be sure I am goin' to carry that there one big question with me all the rest of my life an' I want you to ask every last one of your Progressive Farmer subscribers to think about it: Why can't Southern farmers and their families live just as well as Western farmers and their families?"

According to persons who have figured it out, vacation time is the time when the majority of accidents occur. It is estimated that 5,500 children will be killed and more than 100,000 injured in the United States this summer, if things go as they have been. And the cause will be carlessness. —Asheboro Courier

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"THE AIR-BRAKE DID IT."

Anonymous

"We went winding up the mountain," says a writer in the Philadelphia Item, "our massive engine drawing us up the curving grades without an apparent effort. We had crossed an iron bridge and made a curve, winding to the left, and from the track a cottage home stood in the shadow of the hill. Looking past it to a point just beyond, which was visible from my side of the engine, I saw, and excitedly exclaimed

" 'A child on the track!"

"At the exclamation, John sprang from his seat. One glance down the track, and his face became pallid. A child, three years old, perhaps, stood midway between the rails and not one hundred yards from the engine. I looked from John to the child. It stood facing us, clapping its little hands, as it was wont to do from its mother's arms, perhaps, at the passing of the cars. In another instant I was thrown forward, almost pitching through the glass window in front. At the same moment I heard a scream, a woman's voice, and, with arms aloft and face paralyzed with terror, the mother stood upon the steps of her cottage. We were nearer the child—it was not twenty yards from the engine, which, under the pressure of the air-brake, was bumping and jolting furiously.

"I looked for John; his seat was vacant; again I looked ahead; the pilot was within twenty feet of the child, the train still moving too rapidly to be checked before reaching it! I shut my eyes; my heart stood still. Again the mother's heartrending scream, and I opened my eyes to see the child tossed several feet in the air. My head swam as I averted my eyes, and I fancied I heard the crushing of the little form by the now slowly revolving wheels, when, in husky tones, I heard a man's voice say, 'Thank God!'

"I opened my eyes, and, standing upon the pilot, was John Akers, holding in his arms the child, its face wreathed in smiles. The engine was

now at a standstill. From the cottage, the father came with a blanched face and trembling steps. The child in merry accents, called out 'want to ride, papa?' He took his baby from John Akers' extended hands, and, folding her in his arms, sank down on the earth beside the track.

"John clambered back to his perch and sounded the whistle. The passengers looked out the windows, wondering what had occurred. A trembling hhand drew the lever, which started the engine puffing and hissing until it was going at full speed again. I looked toward John—his blue eyes were on the track ahead, but they were dimmed. Tears were on his cheeks, as he prhaps thought of what would have been his feelings if his own little girl had been the one on the track. Not a word did either of us speak until at Christiansburg, on the top of the Alleghenies, 2000 feet above sea level, the train stopped. As I started to leave the engine, I turned and grasped John's hand.

" 'You did a brave thing, John, —a noble act.'

" "'Twas the air-brake,' he modestly replied; 'twas the air-brake that did it.'"

The earlier in life a boy learns to work the better. Work should grow up with him, or rather he should grow up with work, and then when he becomes a man it has become a part of him and will stick, where if he is brought up only to loaf and play and shirk duty this trait will remain with him through life, making a most pittiable object of what otherwise might have been a real red blooded working man, strong, capable, and good to look upon.—Albemarle News-Herald.

THE WORTH OF A CONVICTION.

By Dr. Trumbull

It is true on the lowest plane of life as on the highest, that according to a mans faith it will be unto him. His power in the world—his power over himself, his power over others, his power over difficulties,—may almost unvaryingly be measured by his convictions. If he believes something —believes it with all his heart—he is a power in the direction of that belief. If he lacks convictions; if he does not believe anything so positively that his belief has possession of him,—that it takes hold of his whole mind and soul, and makes him ready a power in the direction of that belief to do everything, to endure everything, and to dare everythting in its behalf,— all the talents in the world will not make that man a great man, or enable him to accomplish a great work in the world.

Peculiarly is it true that one's power to influence others in thought depends on the positiveness of his convictions. The lawyer who can most completely identify himself with his client in opinion and feeling is most likely to be successful as an advocate. The statesman who has profoundest convictions is surest of bringing others to see as he sees on

any question he disscusses before the public. An editor can never hope to bring readers to his way of thinking until he has a way of thinking. His writings will never tell on popular thought while they lack the warmth and energy of a great purpose in their presentation. No minister is a truly effective preacher beyond his absolute convictions. Unless a truth has possession of him, he cannot make it possess others.

Without convictions, a man can neither be a full man nor do the full work of a man. With convictions, he can be and do to the extent of his unwavering beliefs and confidences What do you believe? Are you confident that God has set you to declare his truth to his people; to superintend this Sunday School wisely; to train this child for a great work in His kingdom to bring comfort and help to this friend; to arouse this companion to a a sense of personal need and duty? What are your convictions concerning God's purposes and pour priviledges? Find out what you believe and then give yourselves unreservedly to the work demanded, assured that according to your faith it will be unto you, and unto those to whom you minister.

Colliers is of the opinion that when a man has made a failure of a job he ought to get out of that job. Instead he hangs on and matters grow worse. Colliers calls that man the "job hog." He is just that. It is not the easiest thing to do—for a man to realize that he has slipped and turn the job over to another, freshier man, a worker who can and will bring to the task a newer inspiration, a freshier energy. "Determined to cling to the job, no matter what heavens fall, is bad theory."—Salisbury Post

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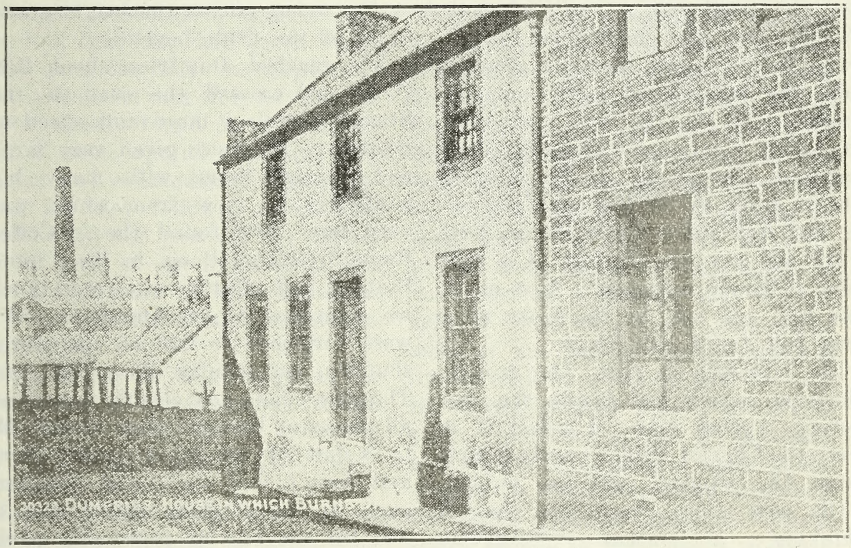
DUMFRIES, THE HOME OF BURNS.

By Grace Irene Carroll

As we traveled from Melrose to Carlisle, we continued to see thousands of sheep grazing on the hills and moors. The scenery all along through this seciton was rather dreary mooreland and not so pretty as some other parts of Scotland. At Carlisle, where we arrived at 1.20 P M., we found upon enquiry that our train for Dumfries was just ready to start, and we hurried to buy a ticket, toil up the stairs, over the viaduct, and down again on the other side, just in time to scramble into a compartment as the train pulled out.

When we had composed ourselves and got our breath we discovered that we were the objects of much interested attention from another occupant of the compartment, a trained nurse. She was clad in black, with a round, white, turnover collar, and a coy little bonnet set on the back of her head. She engaged us in a conversation almost at once, and pointed out a fever hospital which we were passing set high on a hillside. I had a passing cold wave of apprehension

that she might have just come from it and brought some of the fever contagion with her. I had had a fever to come to Scotland, but I did not desire to have another and be compelled to stay. Her accent was broad Scottish and she was much intrested in the fact that we were from



The House In Which Burns Died.

the United States and plied us with a multitude of questions about the hospitals there and things pertaining to them. She left us at a small station about half an hour later, but long ere this place was reached she was intimately well acquainted with us and posed in the door of the compartment for a snap-shot. Whatever she dies of, it will not be bashfulness.

On the platform of the station a Scotch Highlander in his kilties and Scotch cap was so diverting we were fickle enough to instantly forget our departing friend, the nurse. Then a nice, mild, ruddy-face old Scotch clergyman in a big, round, wide-brimmed, lowcrowned hat got in and filled the aching void left by the nurse, and we were on our way again. His mild gaze of curosity was just the needed stimulus for C's kindly impulse toward friendly converse, and in a few minutes she was detailing our travels in Italy, Austria, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and England, as swell as California, winding up with our contemplated finish through Scotland and Ireland. He looked so profoundly impressed, the temptation to astound him was no doubt irresistible. Fancy an unsophisticated native getting into the train for a few minutes ride from one little hamlet to the next in this out-of-the-way part of the world, and

falling in with two such world-wide travelers! I was too selfishly afraid of missing something in the passing scenery, and consequently too busy gazing out of the window at the purple blur of heather on the hillsides, to make an effort to join in the talk; but I listened with complaisance to C. grandiloquently tooting our horn for the old gentleman's astonishment. Fancy, then, our chagrinand dismay when, having heard the whole glowing tale, the unassuming native quietly informed us that he had visited all the places mentioned many times, had traveled extensively in the United States, going as far west as California, and had spent six weeks in New York the previous spring. C's balloon suddenly collapsed. You never can tell, you see, by the looks of a frog how far it can jump.

He informed us that the grouse-shooting season had begun the day before, August 12th. I asked if it were the Cheviot Hills we were seeing from the window and he replied, "Oh, now (no), those are the"—thinking a minute—"Tcheevoit Hills."

We passed acres and acres of Scotch heather, the ground in some places being fairly purple with it, and it looked very beautiful to our unaccustomed eyes. Part of the time we were in sight of the Solway Firth, on the West Coast of England, and he air was exhilarating as the view was beautiful. On many cliffs and rocky headlands sheep were seen quietly grazing, the heavy surf breaking on the shore far below. The cool, fresh breeze from the sea was very invigorating and we found the country delightful. I disposed of all the real estate in which L had been recklessly investing all over Europe from Italy onward, and definately decided that Scotland was where I would buy and settle. For a first investiment I chose a neat, little stone cottage standing close to the sea, the surf breaking upon a high cliff in front, and a flock of sheep grazing in the warm sun on the bright-green grass of the fields beyond.

We reached Dumfries about 2.30 P. M. and crossed the road to the Station Hotel, a large and excellent hostlery. We were given very large and pleasant rooms with many big windows, the view from which was very fine. We found the "Coffee Room" (Dining Room in the United States), and after an enjoyable lunch we went out to see Dumfries. We were surprised to find all the stores shut up, but inquiry discovered that Thursday was early-closing day when all places of business close at 1 P. M. by a law of the government. Here and there a shop was found open, but signs in the windows stated that it was for the sale of perishable goods only. One store displayed the sign, "We do not sell goods to be consumed on the premises."

We walked down toward the river to a large, open space used as the cattle market, strolling thence across the Old Bridge, at the end of which there was a large sign on the corner of a nearby building which read, "The public is requested not to use the Old Bridge for wheel-barrow traffic." We followed around some dirty, unattractive streets, and came back across the river on the New Bridge. This, like the Old Bridge, is built on arches and their reflections

in the water made a series of circles like an O which was very pretty. A suspension bridge crossed the river a little lower down.

As we returned across the wide area called "The Sands," we met a crowd of school boys about fourteen years old, with their books, just coming from school. We asked them if they went to school in August and were told that they had seven weeks school until the fair in September when school let out for a vacation. They evidently found us to be specimens of some species that was new to them and consequently full of interest, for they followed us all over Dumfries all the rest of the afternoon in spite of our repeated efforts to get rid of them. Their pronunciation was very broad and amused us considerably.

"Which way do we go to get to the Burns house?" I asked one of them.

"Go strite away down, tourne to your right, then tourne to your left," he replied.

They taggered along, some six or eight of them, keeping up a convrsation with us all the way to the Burns house. The fact that we were from America, sort of genuine aborigines, kept them highly interested and they acted as self-appointed guides to the house where Burns lived, also to the one in which he died, and to his monument. They wore half-socks, leaving their legs bare from halfway up the calf to above the knees, and their shoes were wooden clogs with brass-tipped toes and rims, which made á great racket as they ran and clattered along the pavement or on the cobblestones of the street.

We passed a store the sign above which was "J. Grierson, Clogmaker, and his window displayed many pairs of wooden cogs in various sizes. They looked as though they would be exceedingly uncomfortable to wear, but we noticed that even the very small children on the streets had them on.

We found St. Michael's street where the Burns house is located. This house was occupied by the poet for a little over three years, and by his widow until her death in 1834. In a small apartmnt up stairs Burns breathed his last on the morning of July 21st, 1796. Relatives of the poet at present occupy the house and they make a charge thrippence to each visitor entering. We went into the room where he died, which is now used as a museum and for the sale of souveniers and post cards some of his original manuscripts are displayed in a showcase and the lady in charge took us into a little side room which was a sort of cupboard and showed us a pane of glass in the window on which Burns had scratched his name with a diamond. Burns seems always to have had a diamond handy with which to scratch on glass. Besides this window-pane and the tumbler that we saw at Abbotsford on which he had scratched poetry with a diamond, there is a window in the Globe Tavern in Dumfries, where Burns used to frequent, which has two verses inscribed upon it by his diamond. I had always supposed that Burns was too poverty stricken to wear diamonds.

The brownstone building next door is an industrial school for boys, and set in a niche in the front wall of it is a bust of the poet with an inscribed tablet beneath which says:

"IN THE ADJOINING HOUSE TO THE NORTH LIVED AND DIED THE POET OF HIS COUNTRY AND OF MANKIND, ROBERT BURNS.

We bought little souveniers and post-cards and came out. The school boys were waiting for us ready to attend us to the other Burns house in Bank Street, where the poet lived for many years. We thought we were rid of them when we entered, but apparently it was no easy matter to leave them behind.

Dumfries is not as neat or attractive a place as Ayr, the birthplace of Burns. The chief industries are the manufacturer of tweed cloth and of hosiery. It is a rather quiet place, there being no trains or trolly cars. Except for the Burns' houses, there is little to interest the sight-seer. Even the shops are poor and very small, containing little that tmpts one to spend his money. Our purchases were mostly post-cards and little plaid nick-nacks.

Escorted by the crowd of school boys we arrived at the Burns' house in Bank Street. It was very plain and unattractive and a tablet in the front bore this inscription:

"ROBERT BURNS, THE NATIONAL POET, LIVED IN THIS HOUSE WITH HIS FAMILY ON COMING TO DUMFRIES FROM ENGLAND IN 1791."

We decided, after looking at the uninteresting building, that before going any farther it would be well to get rid of our following of curious boys. So we looked in our purses and found some small American coins which we gave to them to keep and with which they were delighted, asking thm to go their ways and let us go ours. Doubtless, in future years, some of these same boys may emigrate to the United States and continue collecting American coins. There are Scotchman I could name who have certainly made good at it.

We continued our aimless walk about the town. Many of the stores exibited odd signs, one being an elaborate gilt affair over a low doorway, "Fish and Fried Potatoes." There is evidently a staple market for this combination of food. Over another doorway in High Street we read the sign, "J. Slater & Sons, Chimney Sweeps." Agreat many windows of the stores were decorated with both purple and white heather, and made a pretty sight. Most of the women on the streets carried canes, swinging them with a swagger air which looked very odd to us.

We inquired our way to the Burns Mausoleum in St. Michael's Churchyard. Everyone was kind and affable, directing us with a broad Scotch accent that was sometimes hard to understand. Indeed, we were "near kilt wi' kindness" in Dumfries. The churchyard attracts annually large crowds of pilgrims to visit the grave of Burns. The Mausoleum, in the vault beneath which Burns and his two sons are buried, was erected in 1815. It is rather tasteless and unattractive. The marble sculpture represents the genius of Coila finding Burns at the plough and throwing her mantle over him. Only the name of Burns is carved under the statuary. An admission fee of thrippence is charged to go inside to see what you can view perfectly from

without.

In the Burns corner of the churchyard are memorials of many individuals who were his contemporaries and friends. Within the railing which encloses the mausoleum is the burial place of James M'Clure, a letter carrier, who in these words of the inscription on his tombstone, "was the constant and faithful friend of Burns, and after his death was most active and successful in his endeavors to promote the interests of the family."

Some of the inscriptions on the tombstones in the churchyard are very unique. One not far from the mausoleum bears this inscription:

"Mary Threshie McCune, wife of Joseph Wyper, clogmaker, Dumfries." Another was the wife of a sadler, another of a bookseller. Their occupations seemed to figure in importance with their names. One said, after describing the family of sons, daughters, brothers, and grandmother, that he was 38 years old and a clerk at the railway station in Dumfries. Still another stated that the grave was that of a bricklayer who was killed by the accidental fall of a mill-kiln which he was working.

The Burns statue occupies a prominent place in a large open square of the city from which several streets radiate. It was raised by public subscription at a cost of about twelve hundred pounds. The poet is represented resting against a tree trunk, his dog at his feet, contemplating a daisy which he holds in his hand. The statue is of marble set on a grey stone pedstal. Set into the pedstal are four marble tablets bearing quotations from Burns' writing.

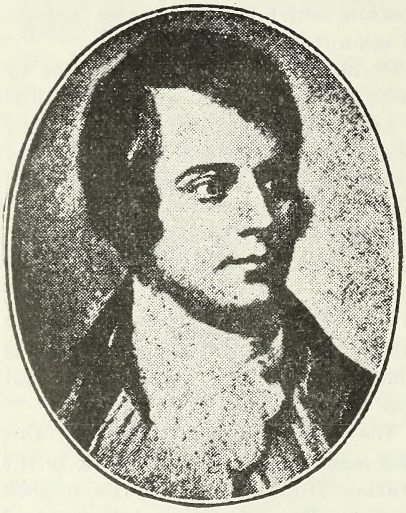
In the Globe Tavern the seat which Burns used to occupy is shown to visitors in a cozy wood-panelled apartment. There is also a window upstairs which has two verses inscribed upon it by diamond.

Children abound in the streets of Dumfries, and all are exceedingly dirty and unwashed. Mothers carry their babies in their right arms tightly bound against the body with old shawls—a sort of side papoose. It legs about and develop the muscles, do not get any chance to kick their legs about and develope the muscles, or to kick at the arrangement of things in general. Possibly it is comfortable enough for the child but "ay hae ma doots."

We were tired and hungry by this time and wended our way back to the Station Hotel for the sevon o'clock dinner. We passed a large crowd of laborers with their dinner boxes in their hands going home from work, and as it was after half-past seven it would seem that the laboring men toil late here. We also passed a Scotch Highlander in his short, plaid kilties and bare legs, who caused us to pause and stare a little.

But the funniest thing we saw in Dumfries we encountered just before we reached the hotel. It was a Scotchman in a Highland cap, the ribbons of which hung down in the back, a high-waisted coat that looked at least two sizes too small for him, and a pair of long trousers that were as tight to his thin legs from the ankles up as wall paper and made of a large, bright-colored plaid! We nearly expired of laughter, and sufficiently forgot our good breeding to stand still and look after him until he was out of sight. His get-up was

certainly "out-of-sight" at any dis- tance.



For A' That And A' That

Robert Burns

(Born January 25th died July 21st, 1776)

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men, for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that—
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,

He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,—
As come it will for a' that,—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a, that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that—
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Nearly all things are comparative in this world, and all comparisons are not odious, despite the common saying to that effect. Sometimes a glance at our neighbor's estate will suddenly make our own, with which we have been dissatisfied, look very beautiful. Sometimes a view of what another is accomplishing with less than we possess will make our opportunities seem great.—Selected.

"SIR."

Josephus Daniels in News & Observer.

I was writing yesterday of my visit to the postoffice at Kenmare asking for my mail which hadn't arrived. No reader should infer that as much time elapsed after my inquiry before I received attention as my rather rambling letter might indicate. The contrary was true. An upstanding, clear-eyed young man responded promptly to my call, looked over the letters in the D box and said:

"There is no mail for you, sir."

You do not hear that "sir" always from young men to those who are older as was once the custom and the respect which youth paid to those who are older than they are. In fact you hear it all too seldom and there has been a cult which has sought to eliminate the "sir" as rather not a suitable word to be used by men who are equal in everything except age. The old custom is one which was as beautiful as it was becoming. It gave a touch of respect from the young to the old, and instead of indicating a chasm brought the young man and the old man very close together. If it could be generally revived it would help in the amenities of life. I love to

hear a boy say, with mingled respect and affection "Sir" to his father. It does not denote distance between them but rather understanding. Of course he is "the old man" and the term is affectionately used as the term "sir" means a certain regard and evidence of respect. I do not hear it very often either in North Carolina or North Dakota, and when the young assistant postmaster used it with a touch of what I cannot better describe than call it good manners I was struct with something about him that made me certain that he had served in the Navy. In that service, both Annapolis and in the training stations and on the ships, the "sir" is never omitted. No young man ever fails to say "Sir" to a superior. I thought I detected the young man in the postoffice had the naval bearing and intonation, and so with a question in my reply I said to him:

"You served in the Navy?"

"Yes, sir" was his reply, "but how did you know it?"

I couldn't tell him. It baffled definition. I simply felt it so strongly that I knew it. Something in his bearing, something in his understanding, and some inflection of the voice as he said "Sir" or something even more definite carried me in a second back to the days of close association with the lads who served in the Navy. My recognition of his service made us at once shipmates on land. His name was Westlake, he had enlisted when the war call came, gone to the Great Lakes near Chicago for training, and sailed for Bordeaux where he served most of his time in the crucial days.

"I have always regretted" he said "that I could not go to Paris. Though I stayed at Bordeaux until March after the armistic I could never get leave of absence to see the battlefields and Paris."

I felt like apologizing to him because some-body had blundered. Those young chaps who sailed through U boat infested seas, did their stunt in safely transporting the 2,000,000 men of the Army to France had something coming to them. After the armistic the strain of bringing back the soldiers was so strenuous that our ships made the turn around in very quick time. I recall one day that a young officer who had made a dozen trips across during the war, narrowly escaping destruction from a German submarine, came into the Navy Department.

"I hope" he said "that I will be given a chance to see Paris before this service ends."

"Haven't you had a chance?" I asked him.

He told me that the eagerness of the soldiers to get home had caused the navil officers to keep the ships going and coming so rapidly that they did not feel they could take the time themselves or give leave to the men to follow their heart's desire to see where the fighting had gone on or to visit Paris. I respected their devotion to duty, but thought men of the Army might delay their return a few days so that the Navy personnel might have a chance to see the battlefielde. And so such leave was thereafter granted to many young men, and I am sorry that all were not given the opportunity.

WHAT MAKES FOR PROSPEROUS FARMERS.

By C. B. Williams

There can hardly be a shadow of doubt but what the first and most important factor in the development of the farm home, the rural church and in the betterment of schools and health in the country, is that of making farming pay better. To do this, it is obviously necessary to increase our acreage production in the State at a minimum cost and at the same time secure at least reasonably fair returns from the crops produced. Poor homes, inadequate church and school facilities are more prevalent than we should like to see them in North Carolina, because of the fact that so many of our farms are producing such poor yields and net returns for the efforts put into their operations.

During the past few years in our visits to different sections of the State, we have been struck very much with the marked correlation between the productiveness of the soil and the character of the farm homes and their surroundings; schools and churches; with the healthfulness of the families; and with the educational qualifications of the people. In close proximity to such areas, it is not uncommon to find other areas sparsely settled with the people living in humble homes without beautification and with their children not permitted to enjoy social, religious and educational advantages as do the communities established on more productive lands. The underlying conditions largely causing these differences is not hard to find. My observations are, that to a large extent they are fundamentally connected with differences in the productiveness of of the soils of these different communities. Does not this then, unmistakably point to the fact that the greatest and most fundamental necessity of North Carolina farming is that of securing and applying information that will aid in the economic building up of the productiveness of soils of the State? No community, State or Nation dependent upon its agriculture, can prosper when its soils are not productive.

North Carolina farming, in a general way, therefore, cannot be profitable unless goodly acreage yields are secured and at economic costs per unit. No amount of temporizing along other lines in a broad way can bring prosperity to the masses of our people on the farm. Year in and year out, where farmers do not get goodly yields of their crops, it is not possible to secure large returns for labor and expenses put into their production, it matters not how favorable prices may ordinarily be.

It is evident, therefore, from the foregoing that North Carolina farmers must have economic production and in order to secure this they must have more productive soils so that larger acre yields may be secured. For the average farmer, one of the most economical means to aid in building up soil fertility is by the adoption of suitable crop rotations on every farm in which legumes en-

ter, and to utilize the legumes after growth in such a way so that they will aid in building up the organic matter and nitrogen supplies of the soil. On the general farm, it will have to be seen to that a portion at least of the legumes after growth go back into the soil direct. No one can, or has ever been able to remove them from the land, and have their growth on the field benefit that field in a permanent way. It cannot be done.

Again, after the crops have been produced, steps must be taken by farmers to see that the very best returns are secured for them.

No salt in the bread, no salt in the potatoes, no salt in the meat and the dinner is spoiled. Yet salt is cheap, is abundant and is easily obtained. Just so it is in many of the affairs of life. An omission of what is easy to get and at the same time inexpensive, robs life of its joy.—Greensboro Advoqate

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THE THERMOPYLAE OF AMERICA

Few of us ever heard of it. Yet this defense of a tiny pass on a little island off the coast of Georgia was, in miniature, as brilliant a feat of arms as that waged in far off Greece more than two thousand years before.

Nor was the result achieved less momentous. Had it not been for this brave stand the Spaniards would have advanced far up the Atlantic coast; perhaps they might even have accomplished their hearts desire and subjugated the colonies as far north as Maryland.

That they did not succeed was due to the masterly strategem of one man, James Edward Oglethrope, one of the most picturesque figures in our history. For fifteen fateful days he wrestled with the problem of defeating five thousand men by a force of between six and eight hundred; with dispersing a fleet of fifty-six war vessels by one warship, a schooner and wot sloops.

To this problem he brought the experience of forty-seven years spent on the battlefield and in council chambers. Born in London in 1696 of a good family, possessed of a comfortable fortune at the age of eighteen he left Oxford to join Prince Eugene's army. In the campaign against the Turks and in the siege of Belgrade he served with great distinction. The quick wit, judgment, and self-control of the young soldier showed vividly in his reply to the Prince of Wurtemberg.

The prince, with whom Oglethorpe and the other officers were dining, rudely flecked some drops of wine from his glass into the young ensign's face. To ignore the insult would be cowardly, to challenge prince, according to the day, would brand Oglethrope as quarrelsome. What should he do? Without an instants pause, he smiled as if at a jest, and exclaimed, "My prince, that is a good joke, but we do it much better in England."

And into the princes face went a whole glass of wine! "Well done. My prince, you began it." This

comment of the host, an old general, ended the incident.

Back from the wars, Oglethrope, at the age of twenty-six was sent to Parliament. Immediately he turned his attention to investigating the condition of insolvent debters. Who that has read Dickens' Little Dorrit ever can forget the hopeless condition of those imprisoned for debt? Oglethrope did more than pity. He enlisted the interest of King George II; he obtained $50,000 from Parliament and a grant of the land lying south of the Carolinas to be "a place of refuage for the distressed people of Britian and the persecuted Protestants of Europe."

In all our history is no tale more interesting than that of the settlement of Georgia. Only men of character were allowed to embark for the new colony, so, though many nationalities sought refuge, fundamentally they were one rugged honesty and industry. Rum and negro slavry were prohibited.

From 1773, when the first settlement was formed at Savannah, until 1843, peace and prosperity characterized the colony. Oglethrope's treaty with the Indians of the south paralleled Penn's with the northen tribes. But on June 28, 1843 a Spanish fleet appeared off St. Simmon's Island. The tiny fort at the end of the island, assisted by Oglethorpe's diminutive fleet, tried to keep the flotilla, entering the river between the island the mainland, from passing. Though they did not succeed, the Spaniards won passage at a heavy loss, and without boarding one of Oglethorpe's ships.

But to sail up the river to Savannah, their destination, the Spaniards had to pass Frederiea, a fort on the west side of St. Simmon's. Standing on a bluff, the guns of this fort so effectually commanded a narrow stretch of the river that advance by water was impossible until this artillery was silenced. To the Spanish commander it looked easy to land troops below this passage, march along a sandy beach, and attack the fort from the rear.

The troops and guns were landed and camp was made. Then Don Montianna discovered there was but one approach to the fort—a narrow military road running between dense forests on one hand and an impassable swamp on the other! Plainly no army could be moved along such a trail. To make assurance doubly sure, he sent out a scouting party of two hundred, which marched gaily into an ambush Oglethorpe had prepared. Almost all were killed, but severel Indians and negroes escaped to tell the tail to Montianna.

To meet the anticipated return attack he halted his pursuing troops at the edge of an open meadow and himself retured to Frederica for reinforcement. But notwithstanding their success, these men became demoralized when a second party of Spaniards, more than twice as strong as the first, appeared. Oglethorpe, returning, met the panicky troops—all but a plantoon of Highlanders under Lieutenant Mackay, and a small company of colonial rangers under Lieutenant Sutherland. Already the Spaniards had ceased pursuit and were returning to camp. But at that instant from a distant wood came the sound of firing.

Expecting to find the lost troops annihilated, Oglethrope pushed rapidly on to avenge their loss. Galloping ahead down the road, he

turned a curve to see two hundred of the enemy dead and not one of his own men touched!

What happened? Instead of retreating, the little handful of fifty, thoroughly familiar with the forests, had made their way to the enemy's rear, where the road narrowed and bent into a crescent between a morass and a thick wood. There the Georgains had hidden in the dense undergrowth and waited the return of the Spaniards. Fortune favored them, for the enemy, wearied by their forced march and chase of the colionists, saw in this sheltered spot a safe place to rest. They dismounted, stacked arms, and threw themselves on the ground. Not until then did the Highlanders and rangers fire; Panic seized the Spaniards. To escape they rushed pellmell into the swamp. So complete was the destruction that to this day the narrow defile is known as "The Bloody Marsh." For a century the hideous swamp into which so many plunged in their wild flight disclosed to intrepid hunters of game the whitened bones of the Spanish invaders.

This defeat thoroughly disheartened the Spaniards, and dissensions sprang up among the leaders. Sickness spread dissatisfaction among the men. Oglethorpe tried to take advantage of this situation by beating up their camp, but a spy in his ranks, a Frenchman, gave the alarm to the Spaniards by firing his musket, afterwards escaping in the darkness to the Spanish army.

Oglethrope knew this spy would reveal the weakness of the colonial defense. What then could save Frederica from annihilation? Force was wanting. Strategy only was left. In desperation Oglethorpe evolved this scheme: A Spanish prisoner should be allowed to return to his own camp on condition that he carry a letter to the French spy. A sum of money should clinch this prisoner's promise.

The plan was followed and the returning prisoner carried this letter addressed to the Frenchman; "Persuade the Spaniards to believe that the English have only a few hundred men. Don't let them know of the two thousand troops coming from Charleston, nor that Admiral Vernon is on his way with a fleet to attack St. Augustine. If you succeed a heavy reward will be yours."

Of course the Spaniards searched the returning soldier. The letter to the Frenchman was read. Some believed it, others did not. Hotly disputing, the Spanish officers were sitting in council when the camp raised the cry "Sails! Sails!"

In the offing were the gleaming sails of three white ships! Supposing them to carry the reinforcements from Charleston, the council broke up immediately. Orders were given to set fire to the fort, and abandoning quantities of stores, supplies, and guns, the Spaniards rushed aboard their ships. Whipped by the lash of fear, the Spaniards fled to St. Augustine, though the three vessels that had frightened them were only South Carolina's scouting vessels.

Whitefield, the great evangelist, who was with Oglethorpe in this defensive campaign, wrote to a friend. "The deliverance of Georgia is such as cannot be paralleled save by some of the incidents of the old Testament."

The further story of Georgia any

history will tell. As for Oglethorpe, he left the colony in 1843, and by degrees rose to the highest military rank. One by one his contemporaries went on. But not until he was ninety years of age did James Edward Oglethorpe quit this world. Of him at this age Horace Walpole wrote, "His eyes, ears, articulation, limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backward. His teeth are gone, he is a shadow and a wrinkled one but his spirit is in full bloom."

GRADGRIND'S IDEA OF EDUCATION.

By Charles Dickens

"Now what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children. Stick to Facts, sir; nothing but Facts."

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir, with a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to.

It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind, but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!"

Indeed, he seems to be a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gragrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger. "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtsying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"Father calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsy.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse riding, if you please, sir,

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can

get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir.''

''You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say.''

''O yes, sir!''

''Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and a horse breaker. Give me your definition of a horse.'' Sissy Jupe was thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.

''Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!'' said Mr. Gradgrind. ''Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse.—Bitzer, yours.''

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which irradiated Sissy.

''Bitzer,'' said Thomas Gradgrind, ''your definition of a horse.''

''Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eyeteeth, and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in the mouth.''

''Now, girl number twenty,'' said Mr. Gradgrind, ''you know what a horse is.''

She curtised again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time.

The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at a cutting and drying, was he; a government officer; always in training, always to be with a system to force down the general throat, always to be heard of at the bar of his little public office.

''Very well,'' said this gentleman, briskly, smiling and folding his arms. ''That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, would you paper a room with representations of horses.''

After a pause, one half the children cried in a chorus, ''Yes, sir!'' upon which the other half seeing in the gentleman's face that ''yes'' was wrong, cried out in a chorus, ''No, sir!''———as the custom is in these examinations. ''Of course not, why wouldn't you?''

A pause. One corpulent, slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured to answer, ''Because I wouldn't paper a room at all, I'd paint it.''

''You must paper it,'' said the gentleman, rather warmly.

''Yes you must paper it,'' said Thomas Gragrind, ''whether you like it or not. Don't tell us you wouldn't paper it. What do mean, boy?'' .

''I'll explain to you, then,'' said the gentleman, after a dismal pause, ''why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the side of a room in reality,—in fact? Do you?''

''Yes, sir,'' from one half. ''No, sir,'' from the other.

''Of course not,'' said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. ''Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called taste is only another name for fact. This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery,''

said the gentleman. "Now I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to a carpet room, would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir," was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of "no," was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said "yes;" among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling, in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room with representations of flowers, would you?" said the getleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I fancy"—

"Aye, aye, aye! But you musn't fancy." cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it you are never to fancy.

"You are not, Cecilia Jupe," Thomas Gragrind solemnly repeated, "to do any thing of that kind."

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by Fact. You must discard the word 'fancy' altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down the walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations, and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Our "white way," the line of lamp posts which extends from the Administration Building to the Iredell-Rowan Cottage, is very nearly completed. The only apparatus lacking are the globes. This white way lights the main roadway of the school for people who are unfamiliar with the school roads. Thus far no accidents have occured on this road, but "prevention is better than cure."

The boys threshed wheat last week. This work had to be done rahter fast and a few boys were aroused at an earlier hour than usual to help. This wheat presumably will be used as flour in the bakery. The writer hereby declares that the fresh bread which comes from this bakery is the best he has ever eaten. And he ought to know, for his daily fare used to be composed of the best of bread.

Saturday morning just in time to prevent Mr. Crooks from separating the school section from the work section, Dr. S. E. Buchanan, of Concord, rode up in his car and all the boys who had been here for a year knew what this meant. Boys who had

not been here a year were called upon to form another line. Then at the head of this line one officer washed each boy's arm. while another painted each arm wiih iodine. They approached Dr. Buchanan fearfully and reluctantly yet knowing that it was for the best. A small amount of serum was "shot" into every arm. But the result of this is plainly evident. There has not been a case of typhoid fever at the school since the writer has been here, nor since any of the oldest boys can remember. In fact, not in all tne nistory of tne institution.

A severe hail storm swept this part of the country Tnursday, July 11. The effect of the storm affected the boys so differently, in their desires, that it is worthy of the type used in its printing. Now when the storm came upon the students who were working in the field under the hot sun, it gave them a welcome respite from the work they were doing. Thus some boys hailed the storm with joy. But when the hail s torm came upon the students who were just quitting school, it was looked upon with disapproval, for it kept them from going to the b all grounds. This is just an example of the uselessness of trying to please ev ery one. And thus it was that a hail storm brought joy and sorrow at the same time. Though it destroyed some crops, the hail storm brought with it rain which was needed. Also be it said that the hail brought forth no words of com plaint from the boys, because they know Who sent it, and they know that He knows best.

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On sale Friday nights, Saturday and Sunday mornings to Seashore Resorts and Western North Carolina Resorts.

Tickets good until following Monday and Tuesday (Exception tickets to Western North Carolina sold Saturday and Sunday morning, good return until following Monday.)

Sunday Excursion Fares

— TO —

Norfolk, Wilmington, and Morehead City

These tickets are on sale Saturday nights and Sunday mornings from Salisbury, Hight Point, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Princeton and all intermediate stations. Good returning Sunday night. Not good in sleeping or Parlor cars.

SPEND SUNDAY AT THE SEASHORE

Summer Excursion Fares

— TO —

All Resorts

Mountains, Springs and Seashore.

Tickets on sale daily, final limit October 31st, 1922.

Stop-overs permitted in both directions.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to All Important Points

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207 West Trade Street Charlotte, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. JULY 29, 1922 NO. 38

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"LABOR IS PROPERTY."

"Labor is property," declared the judge. It was said and he paused and looked out over the assemblage in the court room. "It is a privilege given by God himself. Labor is not a commodity. It is property. It is a thing that can be exchanged for material wealth, and no man has the right to deny any other man the right to the exercise of his ability to labor any more than he has the right to take away his house or his goods."

"If we have a right, and deny it to others, we lose the right ourselves. We lose our own liberty in denying liberty to others. I cannot conceive of any person denying the right to labor to any man. It is the intention of this court to use every resource to see that no man's right to labor is denied him, and that the channels of transportation and communication are kept open and operated. It is the right of the millions of American citizens to have the railroads operated, and it is the right of every man to labor unhindered."—Judge H. C. Conner

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE UPLIFT

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.—WRITE FOR FULL IMFORMATION.

THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

SPECIALLY GOOD TONIC FOR TODAY.

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."—Matthew 7. 12. If there ever was a time in the history of this country when necessity called aloud for invoking the golden rule, it is the present.

A MACHINE THAT FUNCTIONS.

Through the courtesy of the Raleigh News & Observer, lending us the use of the cuts that aid in telling the admirable story which one of its bright men, Ben Dixon MacNeill, prepared for his paper, THE UPLIFT carries this week an enlightening insight into the great road-construction programme, which, under the leadership of Frank Page and his commission, is being wisely and effectively executed.

The reading of this story, which carries conviction, puts one to wondering why anybody should object to paying promptly his good money for a license tag without the delay of a day. In the end it is money in the pocket of the car owner and operator; and in no wise imposes any burden upon non-car user or owner, but who nevertheless receives by the good roads a constant benefit in such a measure that he should become a hooper-up of the big road-building scheme which engages the state at this time.

MacNeill's article would be a good novel, were it not all reality and predicated on literal facts.

Chairman Page has created a machine that functions admirably.

THE WELFARE SCHOOL.

Superintendent Boger attended Mrs. Clarence A. Johnson's Summer School, at Chapel Hill, for welfare workers. It seems that the genius behind the throne was Dr. Hart, the manager of the Russel Sage Foundation, of New York city. The public prints have it that 38 of the 59 all-time county officers of the state were in attendance; and a goodly number of visiting experts from other states.

Dr. Crane, the mental expert, who thinks that there are 50,000 feeble-minded folks in North Carolina, might have tried his science on the members of the assembly and ascertained what several ages they occupy in mentality. It would have been an effective demonstration of the utility of his office and operations.

It seems pretty generally understood that the outstanding development of that school calls for a great Clearing House for all those of our population, who come under the ministrations of the State Welfare authorities, where it may be definitely ascertained what treatment each subject needs and where is the suitable place to commit him. A new idea.

* * * * * * * *

UNREST.

The numerous disturbances throughout the length and breadth of our country indicate a season of unhappy unrest. The let-down from war-time excitement, the period of great bonus-paying, and reduced from high to a low gear of movements that affects nearly everyone, constitute a kind of deflation that taxes the philosophy of man to gracefully accept.

It is a matter to be devoutly thankful for that in our own state sanity of great consequence is in charge of the affairs of the government. What the outcome would be were wild, impulsive men occupying the saddle, cannot be easily pictured. The situtation, bad enough as it is, could be much worse. Let us hope that peace, perfect peace, may soon reign supreme amongst us, and throughout our common country. It behooves all to exercise caution and wisdom—a little match can start a terrible conflagration.

* * * * * * * *

A NAGGING FEAR REMOVED.

Ever since the first building was erected at the Jackson Training School, there has been a nagging fear of fire. And the insurance rate has been more than nagging—all out of reason.

We have installed eight-inch water mains throughout the grounds, with

hydrants in reach of every one of the numerous buildings, with a water pressure that will send a two-inch stream over any of the buildings. This pressure is obtained from a 50,000 gallon steel tank 110 feet high.

Time for the Southeastern Tariff Association to repent and walk up to the captains office and re-adjust the untolerable rate. Waiting!

* * * * * * * *

SIX-HUNDRED PER CENT

In the illuminating article elsewhere in this issue by Ben Dixon Mac Neill the reader will clearly see how a dividend of six hundred per cent may be made. There are upwards of one hundred and seventy-five thousand North Carolinians to-day making a test of the proposition, and there are steen other thousand that are willing to test it out when the opportunity arrives.

* * * * * * * *

PRETTY SOUND AMERICANISM.

The leaders have about convinced everybody that men have a perfect and legal right to quit a job, singly or in a body; and they have caused an equal conviction that anybody who wants to work should be permitted to do so without hinder or molestation, from any source whatsoever. This is pretty good Americanism—anything short of this is foreign or unhealthy.

* * * * * * * *

A SPECTACLE FOR 1922.

Parties going to Sunday School in No. 5 township, on the morning of the 23rd, saw the picture of depravity and an evidence of lawlessness. Two young men, created for a nobler and higher purpose, lying by the roadside dead in drunkness.

They were white men, and where they lay in drunkness was about halfway between two immoral joints—one in No. 11 and the other in No. 5 townships. When the same Sunday School pupils returned, the two depraved and lawless white men in their drunken misery, without mind or self-respect, had been squirming about—one had torn his shirt from his back, and the other with head in ditch lay with his legs streched into the public road.

This is a spectacle for the year 1922, enacted within three miles of the county court-house, and a continuation of a series of lawlessness, of which the entire citizenship of the county is morally certain exists. Men without special ability, and living a life without a personal tangible industry, cannot amass worldly goods vithout resorting to a down-right disrepect of

law and the mandates of good society. The crap-shooter cannot escape, but it seems men engaged in the dirty business of retailing moonshine are masters of the situation in certain quarters.

The pity is that certain men, occupying high positions in the community and the business world, aid and abet by their patronage this brazen practice of lawlessness.

* * * * * * * *

ANDROCLES.

A Slave named Androcles once escaped from his master and fled to the forest. As he was wandering about there he came upon a Lion lying down moaning and groaning. At first he turned to flee, but finding that the Lion did not pursue him, he turned back and went up to him. As he came near, the lion put out his paw, which was all swollen and bleeding, and Androcles found that a huge thorn had got into it, and was causing all the pain. He pulled out the thorn and bound up the paw of the Lion, who was soon able to rise and lick the hands of Androcles like a dog. Then the lion took Androcles to his cave, and every day used to bring him meat from which to live. But shortly afterwards both Androcles and the Lion were captured, and the slave was sentenced to be thrown to the Lion, after the latter had been kep without food for several days. The Emperor and all his Court came to see the spectacle, and Androcles was led out into the middle of the arena. Soon the Lion was let loose from his den, and rushed bounding out and roaring towards his victim. But as soon as he came near to Androcles he recognized his friend, and fawned upon him, and licked his hand like a friendly dog. The Emperor, surprised at this, summoned Androcles to him, who told him the whole story. Whereupon the slave was pardoned and freed, and the Lion let loose to his native forest.

"GRATITUDE IS THE SIGN OF NOBLE SOULS."

A DEFINITE PURPOSE.

By M. H. Hart

The ground is taken, that the work of creation is the outcome of a wonderfully well matured plan or scheme.

A definite, workable, practicable and successful, plan.

Brought forth by the Divine Mind or Creator for a fixed purpose. In order to be definite, it must be complete in all its parts; nothing left out, nothing superfluous, everything in its place at the very beginning. To be workable, it must have organization, laws, and energy or force. To be practical and successful it must have concentration and simplicity.

The creation for which these great principles were created to apply, is composed of the sun, stars, planets, earth or soil as matter; and three great elements, namely, Air, Water and Electricity; electricity being a controlling element.

These three elements could not act, without something to act on, hence matter; they could not work harmoniously of themselves, hence a head; God Himself, at the head, and directed and controled by an organization and laws; made practical and successful by their simplicity; and as the material object of the Creator, in creation, seems to be the sustenance and comfort of humanity; everything is concentrated on the part of matter that is known as the soil.

The heavens (Astronomy), the earth (Geology), and the breaking down and building up into other forms of matter (Chemistry), all are made to work for the accomplishment of this purpose.

WHAT ABOUT THIS?

(Under date of July 16, there comes an interesting letter from the General Manager of the "National Fertilization Company," of Pittsburg, Pa. It deals with such a vital subject that THE UPLIFT makes bold to reproduce the greater part of it. It opens up a matter that should appeal to the people of the South, because it affects, in great measure, the reasons for the special glory to attaches to our superior climate and opportunities.—Editor)

"Several copies of THE UPLIFT," begins the letter, "were sent me by a friend, this being my only introduction to your publication as well as to the Jackson School. Both impress me favorably. Your magazine is the kind of reading that should grace every home and your school offers a great opportunity, not only for the students but for a service which will remedy agricultural conditions and prove a blessing for you state.

THE UPLIFT (May 6. 1922) states, "The eternal sapping of the vitality of the rural section is so serious that the matter deserves a first-hand and intimate study of the situation." Correct, Mr. Editor, and if this "eternal sapping"

continues ere long, the fertile fields of the South will be a barren waste.

There is no place in God's creation for commercial fertilizers because purity is the standard in all nature yet the Southern farmers are now indebted to the fertilizer industry for $75,000,000.00; the land is less productive than ever and the boll-weevil is in full charge of the cotton crop.

Agriculture, our fundamental institution, is being built upon false theory and materialistic speculation. Call a halt! Tear it down! Soon it will tumble and fall because insects are undermining its foundation and disease is destroying its household. Let us erect a new "food structure" according to the plans of the Great Architect which is founded on law. A house, not built upon sand, but upon truth.

The Stonewall Jackson School is an appropriate place to begin "a little child shall lead them." With the labor of these boys and a few vacant acres of land in a short time you could demonstrate the fact that North Carolina is wasting enough electricity (free energy) to double the wealth of the state in a single year."

(The gentlaman, a high official of the company, and who "writes a hand" that shows a wonderful character behind it—looks like the copy plates we followered when a school-boy, too many years ago to publicly confess—offers to give the Jackson Training School the privilege of trying out the interesting theory without any first cost. The idea is patented. It shall be tried. —Editor)

EXCESS BAGGAGE

If one wants to travel with a minimum of discomfort and worry, it is best to travel light. Excess baggage makes travel slow and difficult. It is nothing short of downright foolishness for one to set out on a journey loaded down with a lot of things he does not need.

How many people are going through the world fumming and fretting and worring, staggering and stumbling and falling, and all because of an excess of baggage? Multitudes of Christain men and women, ostenibly and professedly on a pilgrimage to the city of God and the eternal home of the soul, are making slow progress—many of them no progress at all—because they are loading themselves down with too much baggage of the worldly sort—baggage that will all have to be dropped and discarded where the horizon of this life kisses the grave.

The naturalist, John Burroughs, declared it a fatal mistake to become infatuated and entangled and burdened with mere material things. "We load ourselves up with so many false burdens that we become separated from the real source of our strength and help. "As I grow older I am more and more inclined to reduce my baggage." If you would get through the world with a reasonable degree of comfort and happiness, and make sure of reaching the heavenly city, travel light. Discard all excess baggage.—Ex.

TALKING ABOUT PATRIOTISM - III.

By R. R. Clark.

In the last issue of THE UPLIFT I discussed the failure of many so-called "good citizens" to qualify as patriots through failure to support the country's authority and interests in the matter of automobile license taxes. These special taxes, levied for a special purpose, are only a small part of the taxes collected to support the government. In these latter days we have income taxes, both the State and Federal, various other special taxes and the regular taxes on property. It is in listing property for taxation and the attempt to evade a portion of the tribute we owe to Caesar that the failure of patriotism is probably most conspicuous. The patriot "zealously supports" the "authority and interests" of his country. Failure to pay tribute to Caesar in proportion to what we have is not only a denial of the our country's authority, disobedience to its laws, but is refusal to support the country's interests—to help pay necessary public expenses that are for the benefit of all and in which benefits all share.

I am talking about the general proposition. Taxation is a fruitful subject of complaint. Few there be who meet the demands of the tax-gatherer cheerfully and willingly. Sometimes the complaint is just, and one is within his rights in attempting to have taxes modified or abolished in the regular way provided by law, if he be convinced that he have good ground for so doing. But much of the complaint is chronic, the lack of desire on our part to contribute to the support of the government which safeguards life and property; and the complaints usually lack standing for the reason that practically all taxes are levied by authority of the majority of the electorate, which represents all authority in a democracy; that is, we either vote the taxes on ourselves by means of bond issues or otherwise, or we elect the men who are authorized to fix the tax levies and define the subjects of taxation. To hear some of the complainers—most of them in fact—one would think that all taxes were levied by decree of Caesar Augustus, as they were in that ancient time, and that the poor taxpayer has no sayso whatever in the matter. That is nonsense. A majority of the eelctorate can at any election name the men who are authorized to fix the tax rate and the majority can have their will expressed in the matter if they will take the pains so to do.

But it is the failure in patriotism in bearing our share of the tax burden that I want to talk about. An examination of the tax books, an acquaintance with the attemps at evasion, is calculated to raise the question whether there are any real patriots, so comparatively few there are who make full return of all property subject to tax; and the many who wait to be practically forced to pay, while many others manage to escape entirely. A certain period is given for making tax returns. Many citizens, not a few of the well-to-do, leading citizens, avoid making return if they can. If they have more property than they had the

year preceding a favorite method is to send the tax lister word to charge up the same amount. Some of them will keep that up for years, all the time adding property which is untaxed, if a lenient tax-lister will allow them to get by, and too often the tax-lister is lenient. Others do not make appearance at all and the tax-lister simply carries forward the same amount as for the former year. It is the lister's fault if he fails in his duty, but the citizen's fault is greater in trying to evade. In fact I believe that he who wilfully dodges and evades taxes is really a traitor to his country—is morally guilty of treason. The failure to support one's country in time of peace is not so seriously regarded as the failure in war-time, but morally there is no real difference. The most aggravated offence in this connection is the crime of perjury. The citizen who files his tax return is usually required, or should be, to make oath as to its accuracy. The lightness with which so many people call God to witness that they are telling the truth when they know they are not is appalling if given serious thought, as it rarely is. The great majority of the folks who cheerfully swear lies to avoid a few dollars taxes would be highly indignant if charged with perjury. They slave their consciences and try to make themselves believe they are telling the truth, or excuse themselves on the ground that they are doing as others do. The latter is a favorite excuse. It is a fact that our tax laws penalize honesty and reward dishonesty, but that has nothing to do with right and wrong. Wrong is not made right, dishonesty does not become honesty nor do lies become truth simply because other people are guilty of like offences, or because the laws may not be properly drawn.

When the taxes are listed, after a fashion, a little later the tax-gatherer calls. A few people pay promptly, to get the matter out of the way; and it is a fact that the average citizen could pay just about as well one time as another if he wanted to—would make it a rule to be prepared against the day when taxes are due. But the majority, or a large proportion, hold off until the last minute, until coercion is about to be applied; some make it a business to wait until after they are advertised; and when they do pay, after waiting as long as possible, the complaint is louder than ever. The fact is that a larger per cent, would never pay taxes at all if allowed to wait until they were ready to pay. Occasionally the sheriff advertises a large number and goes through the form of selling real estate for taxes. In most of the counties, certainly in many of them, the tax sales are a fake. The land is never conveyed, even if bid off; and I suppose if the landholder is willing to allow his land to be advertised for taxes and take chances he gets by without paying for I am unable to see how any collection is made if he knows, as he can know, that the sale of the land is simply a gesture, that it is rarely conveyed. As few tax collectors first exhaust, the personalty, as the law requires, there is always doubt as to the legality of the tax sales, hence few people care to buy land at these sales. Wherefore the hard-boiled citizen, who has no shame in his efforts to avoid taxes and exhibit his lack of patriotism,

may escape entirely. Certainly many thousands of dollars of taxes are lost each year through the negligence or the inefficiency of our tax collectors and the dishonesty of citizens. It is unfortunate that under our system the collection of taxes is committed to officials who are elected by the people. The disposition to buy election (that's the proper word) by the use of the public funds, by failure to collect, is too common. And keep it in mind that the folks who pay has for themselves not only but for all the shirkers; the honest folks must pay for the crooks; the patriots have heavier burdens because of the traitors.

And if the list could be published in full, as it should be, the names of the folks who evade taxes in one way and another would expose not a few prominent and leading citizens; the well-to-do and the rich; some who get most benefits from government and who are abundantly able to support its authority and interest.

Stripped of all camouflage, he who fails to render the full tribute that is due his country under the tax laws, no matter what excuse is offered, is not a good citizen, is not a patriot. On the contrary he is really a traitor, one who betrays his country by failing to support its authority and interests.

DEAD SOULS

An old physican remarked lately: "There is no study in human nature so difficult to me as a certain class of young girls. I spent a part of this summer with two specimens of this class. They had the usual amount of capacity for observing, understanding and feeling. They had been educated at much cost to their parents; both were constant attendants at church. I saw nothing in their faces or bearing to argue that they were imbecile. Their mother was an invalid, nearing the grave. Nothing could be more touching than the patient, appealing gaze with which her eyes followed them, watching, for some signal of affection; but they had eyes and thoughts for nothing but a gown they were making. They were used to her love, her illness, even to the thought of her death.

"I walked out with them through a great forest under the solemn stars. They saw no beauty, no sublimity in them. They chatted incessantly of the new trimming on their bonnets. They were used to the meaning of the trees and stars. The only thing apparently to which they were not used were the changes in ribbons, puffs and flounces. I went to church with them, and listened to the great 'Te Deum' which has come down to us through the ages, and lifted the hearts of countless worshipers to God. They nudged each other, while they sang it, to look at a beaded cloak in the next pew. We physicans now test the temperature of a patient's body, and, if we find it below a certain degree, know that death is already in the heart. When I find so low in the words, thoughts and actions of a human body, I begin to fear that the soul within is cold and dead beyond recall."

CHAIRMAN PAGE CATECHISES A JOHNSTONIAN.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill in News & Observer

"What are you going to do with my money, now that you have got it after all this writing to me?"

Words spoken by a genuine dirt farmer from Johnston county as he delved into the innards of an old fashioned pocket book near on to a foot long. He extracted two fives, a pair of one's, added to them a pair of quarters and passed them over the counter to Joe Sawyer. In return for them he got a green and white decoration for the hind end of his Ford.

"Nine cents of it I paid for that tag you've got there and nine more cents I am going to give to those girls in yonder' and you owed me for a couple of stamps," itemized Joe Sawyer. "The rest of it I am going to send up stairs to a man by the name of Page. Maybe you'd better go up there and see what he's going to do with it. - There's another Ford behind you that wants the road."

Enter Dirt Farmer

Johnston county's genuine dirt farmer was not satiated. He thirsted for more. That twelve dollars and fifty cents tribute levied annually on his trusty flivver came mighty hard. He was not used to paying that much money for a thing that admittedly cost no more than nine cents. He was thinking red thoughts and no pushing line behind him, proding him, telling him not to stand there all day could dilute them to pink. He wanted to know.

"Where'd you say you are goin' to send it?" he demanded of Joe Sawyer.

"Go out there and get in that elevator and tell that boy from Angier you want to get off to see Mr. Page," this Joe Sawyer told him firmly but with that adamant courtesy he uses in dealing with everybody. The dirt farmer went out and placed the nine-cent tag that cost him twelve fifty in the keeping of his boy and sought the elevator boy who has a burnt-in tan that he must have got plowing. Determination was written in deep lines all over his face. Moreover, he was doing mental arithmetic. Anybody could tell it.

An Easy Ear

If anybody will take the trouble to look at Frank Page-right ear, depicted in an adjacent column along with Charles Upham and Charles Farmer, anybody can see that it is a large ear, quite large enough to listen to anybody in North Carolina who has anything to pour in it. It is surpassingly easy ear to talk into. The Johnston county genuine had no trouble getting within range. Few people do, the first time anyway.

"What are you going to do with my $12.28 that that automobile man down stairs said he was going to send up here. He's goin' to pay them women nine cents and he said that tag cost nine cents, and he charged me for the two stamps on the letters he wrote to me. He said you got the rest of it. Now I want

In the middle of the picture is the least photographed man in North Carolina, Frank Page, Chairman of the State Highway Commission, and on either side of him his modern "John Aldens." At the left is Charles M. Upham, State Highway Engineer, and at the right, Charles D. Farmer, superintendent of the Truck Patch.

to know what are you going to do with my money."

Nobody ever gets Frank Page off his guard. Not even did they do it when they sent him to take charge of an outlaw regiment in France that had attained the reputation of putting a commanding officer in the hospital on an average of twice a month. He tamed the regiment and got for it the only free will gift ever presented to a commanding officer by an outlaw regiment when he left it three months later. He was not surprised whatsoever by the Johnstonian query.

"So Joe Sawyer's going to give me $12.28 of your money, is he?" he countered. "Glad to hear that—I'll be needing it. That's about four cents a day I'll be getting out of you this year. How'd you find the road coming up this morning?"

Roads Allright, But—

"Better'n I ever saw it and I've been coming to Raleigh for more'n fifty years—but what's that got to do with my twelve twenty-eight? The Jonhstonian was not going to be diverted in his seeking after the destiny of his money. Tobacco sold for too little last year. Money comes too hard to be thrown away for green and white pieces of tin like that.

"Better than you ever saw them, were they?" repeated Frank Page.

"How far is your place from Raleigh?"

"Thirty miles, but what's that got—"

"How much gas did you burn coming up here this morning?"

"'Bout a gallon and a half, I reckon, that's what it usually takes, but what's got to—?"

"How much did it use to take to come up here, how much did it take last year when you came up after your black-and-white tag?"

Puzzlement began to spread over the face of the Johnstonian. This man was asking entirely too many questions and answering entirely too few. What did the gas ration of his Ford have to do with what became of his twelve twenty-eight and why didn't this man answer him right out and tell him what he was going to do with his money. Suspicion delved its way into his head.

"How long did it take you to come over this morning?"

"My boy was driving and we came in about an hour and a quarter, but what's that ——?"

"But how much gas did you burn today and how much did you burn last year and how long did it take you to come last year."

"Last year it took me two hours and it took blamed near three gallons of gas." The Johnstonian was beginning to simmer. This man was fooling. He would speak his mind about things. Probably the rest of his money went to pay for the electricity that was running that fan turned directly on the back of the questioner's neck. He had heard that electric fans cost a lot.

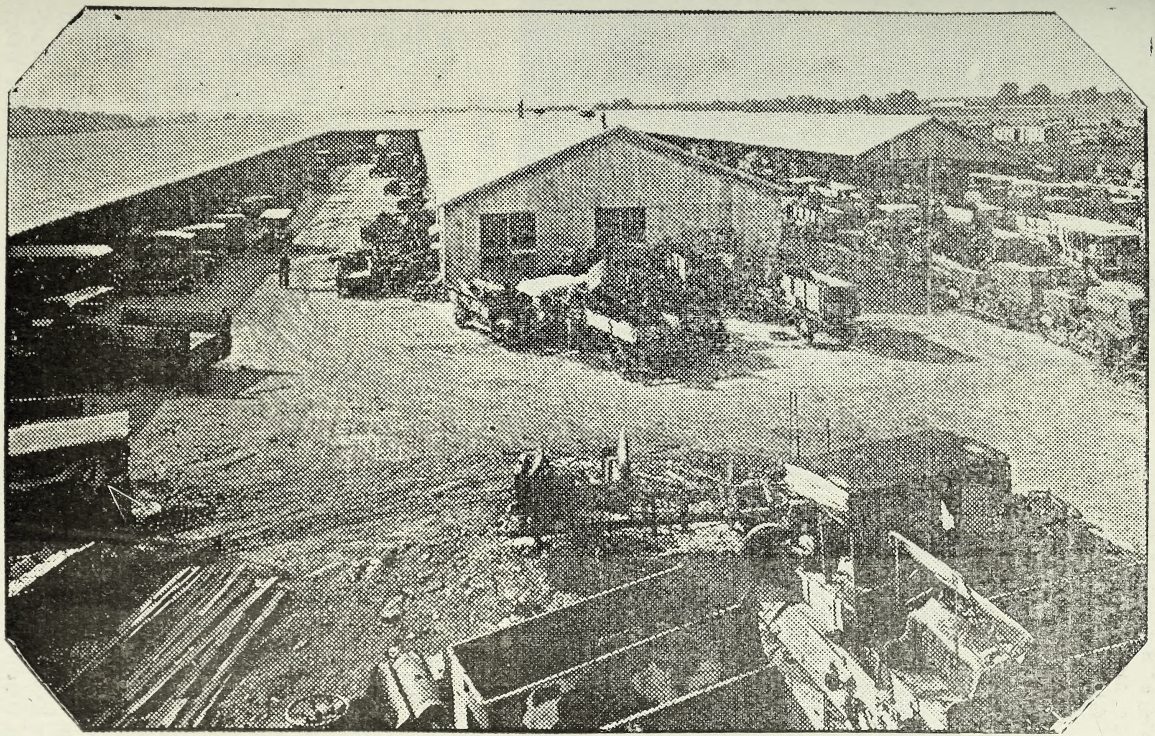
"How often do you drive your car sixty miles in one day?" Mr. Page headed off the explosion that appeared imminent.

"Two or three times a week, I reckon."

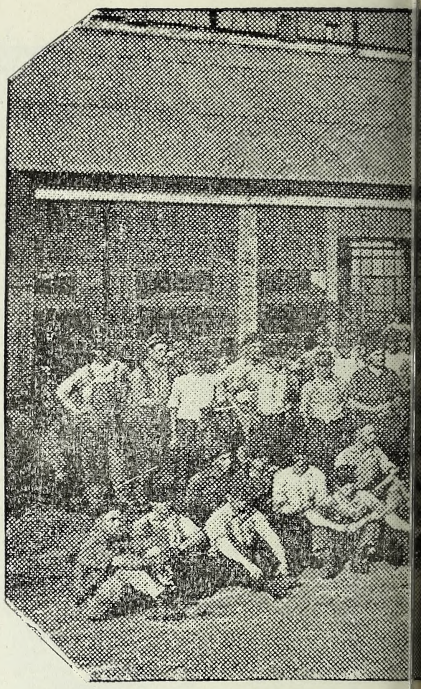
Figure it Out.

"Well, now let's see—coming up here today you saved an hour's time and thirty cents worth of gas, and going back you'll save that much more. Sixty cents. You say you'll make about three such trips on the average every week. That will be $1.80 a week. I am getting 28 cents a week of your money, and that's what I am doing with it. I am paying you a dividend of 600 per cent on your money, if you are sure you are going to run your car that far every week."

"How ——." Percentage was not the way the Johnstonian calculated. He was worse puzzled than ever. Frank Page saw something of his bewilderment and went on to explain that he saved a gallon of gas coming up here because the road was



The Truck Patch, built almost entirely of discarded war material, its shops equipped with discarded war machinery, where more than a thousand motor vehicles are kept in service for building and maintaining roads in North Carolina. Down in the foreground is a camouflaged ammunition body that saw service in the Argonne and a little to the right of it a Red Cross ambulance now used to transport workmen to their jobs. At the extreme right foreground is a group of 10-ton Holt tractors. Two million dollars worth of property is housed under the sheds.



These are the men who keep the State's fleet of trucks going. Superintendent Farmer is standing somewhere about the middle of the picture with his necktie stuffed in his shirt. Second to the left of him is Cridley and second to the right, Charles Crocker, foreman of the shops.

better than it was last year. Every time he took his car out, he used less gas. Simple enough but the Johnstonian wanted to know some more. He comforted himself with two square inches of tobacco and manoeuvered himself within range of a cuspidor that his host poked toward him with his foot.

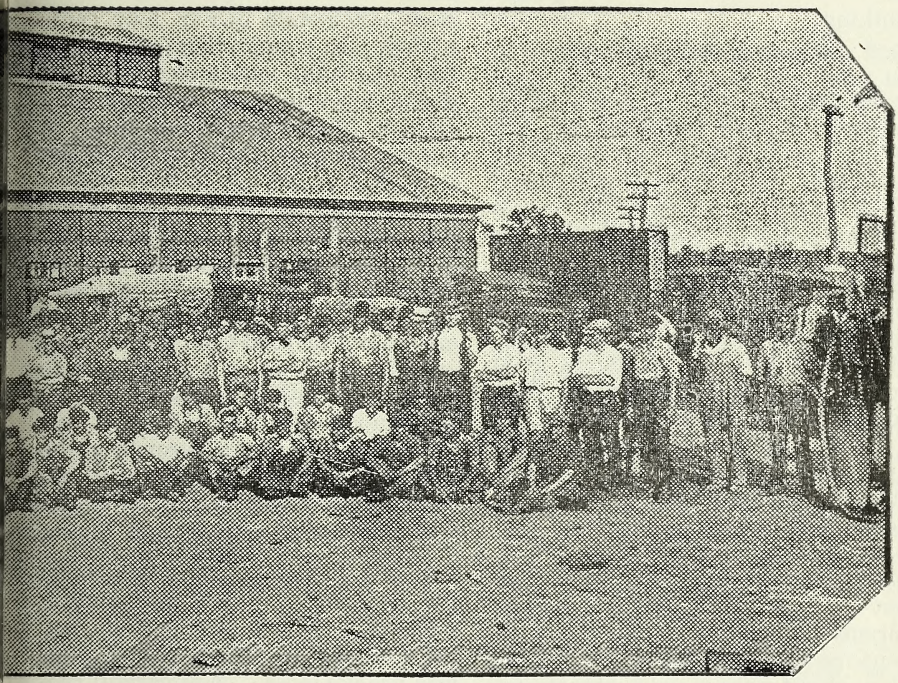
Then began to unfold the tale of maintenance, which is so far the biggest thing the North Carolina Highway Commission has achieved, and done without anybody being particularly concerned about it. Just one of those things that happen while you are looking at them. The Johnstonians roads have been made over without his being aware of it, without his realizing that the twelve twenty-eight had paid for it.

Another Convert Made

"Didn't you see anything of my truck when you were driving up this morning?" the commissioner went on.

The Johnstonian had seen two of them, one hauling clay to patch a road, and the other puiling a drag. He just passed them in the road, didn't even notice them. Had been seeing them for a year. They never bothered him, but come to think of it, he hadn't been to Raleigh in a year that he hadn't seen it. Why, come to think of it, he had to come to town in the snow last winter, and one of them was out that day, dragging the snow. Road didn't even get bad after the snow.

Enthusiasm began to pervade the



countenance of the Johnstonian. He warmed up. He was beginning to see where his money was gone. He was beginning to feel like he himself had fixed that piece of road, and he was proud of it. It was his road. He wanted to know all about it, how many miles of road they were doing like that, how many trucks there were at work in the State, how much it cost. He wanted to know a lot that he hadn't dreamed of before.

Right there he found out that North Carolina is keeping up 5,086.50 miles of road in 100 counties, and that there are 6,052 miles on the map. The rest of the road is under construction. The job is being done by 316 trucks, 316 foremen and 792 laborers. These figures are exclusive of the workmen engaged at the Truck Patch, where the State's fleet of more than a thousand trucks 300 automobiles and motorcycles, scores of tractors, and all road machinery is kept in repair,

It was a year day before yesterday since Frank Page and Chief Engineer Charles M. Upham called the district engineers together and told them that maintenance was the next and biggest thing that they had to get under way in North Carolina. Something had to be done with the six thousand miles of road taken over by the State to make them serviceable until pernament roads could be built, and some plan had to work to keep new roads from going to

nothing.

Reaching Folks Quickly

Six thousand miles is a long ways. That much road stretched out will touch every community in North Carolina. Two hundred thousand vehicles travel over it every day in the year. People were at high pitch in their desire for roads, and maintenance was the only thing that could be done for many parts of the State for a year, two years or three. Much of the road, was fairly good county road, built and turned loose to take care of itself.

Simple enough a proposition, it appeared, but like many simple things, whooping big, bigger in its scope than anything any two men had ever tackled in the State before. Each engineer was called on to map out his district into sections, a gang foreman was hired, a district maintenance engineer was hired, Charlie Farmer got word to get out trucks for every section. Constant dragging, scraping, patching, repairing and rebuilding was ordered.

Once a month the engineers were told to come to Raleigh and report to the chief and the commissioner what they are doing and why they are doing it. The job was put up to the men in the field, and they have done it, through rain and sun and snow. Last fall was the most terrific fall that ever a road system lived through and the winter was as hard. In dry weather the surface of a soil road blows away, and in wet weather it washes away.

The figures given the Johnstonian are not hearsay. They are the answer made by careful inquiry and painstaking checking. Maintaining roads in North Carolina is costing each automobile owner four cents a day. In return they have a system of roads, maintained at a cost of $1,500,000 annually, that is saving them $9,000,000 in gasoline alone. In depreciation and in tires, the saving is more.

Theoretically there is a dividing line between the time when it will be cheaper to build a new road or maintain the old one. When traffic gets so heavy that it costs more to maintain the road than the interest and sinking fund on a bond issue to build a new one, it is time to build a hard surfaced road. These things are set down in the records of the Commission, and hereafter will determine new construction.

Year of Maintenance

Last July though, the Commission had no choice. It had to maintain every piece of road in the State until it could build where building was needed most. Now careful records are kept of maintenance cost on every mile of road in the State, equally careful survey of the traffic census on each mile is kept. Where absolutely new ground was a year ago, the Commission now has accurate, detailed information on every piece of road in the state.

North Carolina has been so enwrapped in plans for building new roads, so sort of dazzled by the fact that in seven months alone contracts will be let for over 900 mighty little about the mircle of maintenance that has been performed right under their very eyes, even while they were riding over miles of it, that it has thought the roads. No less than a miracle it is, for all no body has seen it happen.

Nowhere in the State can anyone

go these days without seeing the effects of this thing that is called maintenance. Good roads touch every section of the State. Better roads will be built in time, of course, but no State in the Union has a better average of roads than North Carolina, and North Carolina got them by making over old roads.

George Syme, a double-distilled draughtsman, sometimes throws the engineering forces into consternation by lugging down what he calls a double centered curve. Construction engineers tear their hair tryiny to get the thing built, but Mr. Syme say it is very simple. They pour malediction upon him, and he very calmly says that a triple-centered curve would not be unreasonable.

This maintenance organization is a bouble-hubbed outfit, with one hub centered in the engineering office and the other out at the "Truck Patch" a name devised by Frank Page himself to describe the ten acres of shop where he maintaines the biggest garage and machine shop in the South. Some enthusiasts say the whole country, but Frank Page is innately modest.

Modern John Alden

Charlie Farmer is the head of the place. With the assistance of "Red" Mitchell, and the advice of Frank Page, Charlie Farmer built the place and now he bosses it Farmer and Upham came to the Highway Commission by the same route. Both went to see Frank Page about getting a job for somebody else, and after looking them over, he remembered John Alden and Priscilla. Anyhow, that's how they came to be here.

Charlie Farmer used to be chief of the fire department here in Raleigh. From the day he was born he appears to have known all there is to be known about motor vehicles. He is like Dr. Lorenz, a magician at inoculating old worn out creatures with glands of some sort that make them young again. Lorenz rejuvenates people and Farmer vehicles. The Truck Patch is his operating room, where he can take a couple of screw drivers and turn out a handsome touring car.

Three years ago the Government found itself with a lot of potential junk on its hands. Acres of automobiles and machinery, building supplies, more stuff of more sorts than the renouned Sears Roebuck ever dreamed of having, left over after administering on the estate of the recent emperor of Germany. It decided that some of it might be used for helping out with roads, and turned it over to the Department of Agriculture.

Raleigh hadn't any bassball team then, and Frank Page rented the ball park. He and Charlie Farmer filled it plumb full of what looked like junk, decrepit old motor trucks that campaigned up and down the Argonne Forest, ambulances, Fords, and what not together with tons of spare parts for everything from an airplane to a casket to bury somebody in.

The ball park got too small. Then it was the fashion to rent the trucks to contractors, or to counties which were making some pretense of maintaining roads. When the present road program began to take shape, Frank Page saw the inadequacy of the East Raleigh plant, and he got ten acres of ground out on the Cary

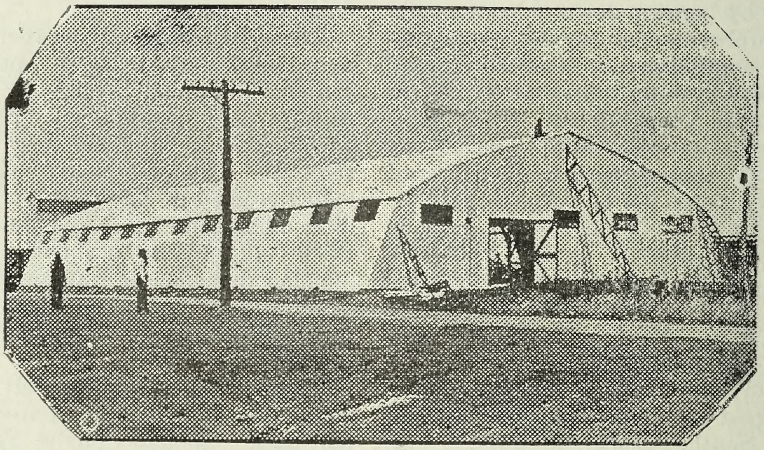
road and told Farmer what to build.

Twelve hundred feet long by 500 feet wide in its main proportions, storage space for 500 trucks, shop space for repairs of any sort, a concrete warehouse where $1,000,000 worth of spare parts are carried in stock, acres of sheds where all manner of materials from pick handles to airplane engines are kept, all of it paved with concrete, lighted and powered with electricity. Crocker is head of the shop and Cridley the distribution and records, and Red Mitchell builds.

Every week or so they have to add to it, and the latest addition is a complete airplane hangar picked up by Farmer somewhere on his rounds about the country. It has just been completed and equipped with machinery. It isn't finished yet, and maybe never will be. Nobody has yet seen the end of road development in North Carolina, and that Truck Patch is crowded beyond any measure of its capacity.

Government Stuff

Government stuff they call it out at the Truck Patch, an all-inclusive name for millions and millions of dollars worth of surplus war material. Replacement values of the plant and all that it contains, from hangers to thumb-tacks would probably reach ten million dollars. It cost the State the freight and the erection of the buildings after the materials were brought here.



Airplane Hangar converted into automobile repair shop, recently added to the equipment at the Truck Patch. It has a floor space of 15,000 feet, and is equipped with discarded war machinery.

Getting this government stuff is not so easy as it sounds. From time to time the Bureau of Public Roads send out a bulletin about twice the size of Sears Roebuck's catalogue, listing thousands and thousands of things that may be had, if the State will pay the freight on them. The

arrangement would be fine, except for the fact that a lot of the stuff is not worth the freight charges.

The better grades of stuff the Bureau, or the War Department is not always in a hurry to turn loose. They keep mighty quiet about it, and that is where Charlie Farmer has been mighty useful. He has a keen nose for stuff, and when he locates it, Frank Page and Charlie Upham have an uncanny way of finding the man who can let them have it. North Carolina has profited some millons thereby.

The three of them have been to pretty nearly every army camp in the eastern half the country nosing around after stuff. Machinery is one of the big things they have got hold of, thousands of dollars worth of it, enough to completely equip three big shops. Then there are motor trucks, a thousand or more of them, enough to last the State twenty years, and spare parts enough to rebuild every vehicle on the place.

Red tape is the blight of departmental government, but these three men have found a way to cut it, and still keep on satisfactory terms with the men who look upon it as a sacred fetish. Every piece of equipment is a matter of record, when it was brought here, where it is now, and how it came to be there. Cridley is the man who looks after that end of it.

How It Goes Out

Whenever an engineer wants a piece of equipment, whether it is an automible for use on the road, a truck to pull a drag, a tractor for heavy work, a dozen pick-handles, a new tire, or what not, he sends in a requisition to the office here in town. It is transmitted to the Truck Patch, and it goes out. Sometimes they get restless with the Truck Patch, and wonder why things don't move faster, but it is a big job these road builders are working on, and they are bound to get restles.

Employed at the Truck Patch are 141 men including the mechanics, the painters, the construction gangs of which Red Mitchell is the hetman.—This same Red Mitchell is the man who pumped out the Rock Quarry, as some few people who were out there a year ago today will remember. Nine hours a day they work, and they turn out a lot of work in the course of a day. Here is one of the centers of the double-hubbed wheel of maintenance that spends the Johnstonian's twelve twenty-eight and pays him 600 per cent dividends.

The other center, of course, is dually located in Frank Page and Charles M. Upham. Through their hands passes the endless stream of details that keeps the organization going. Out at the Truck Patch is the material end of the thing that keeps the work in the fields going and the roads in usable shape. Seeping down into every township in the State is the rest of the organization that any man can see if he will but look as he rolls along the road.

Perfection is never quite behind anybody, and the maintenance work in the State is not perfect. Here and there over the State, as everyone must know, are stretches of road where the gang foreman has not found his bearings. His section is rough, and his people complain, sometimes bitterly and with cause. But measuring in the 5,086 mile aggregate, maintenance is the biggest

and most successful thing the State Highway Commission has done.

Bringing the maintenance forces to their present efficiency has required and received the untiring energy of Page and Upham. Maintenance has not suffered to the profit of construction, nor, as the 900 miles put under contract this year will testify, has construction profited through neglect of maintenance. These two things have gone forward hand in hand.

It has been a one-man job in the sense that one man has been able to take a thousand men and weld them into an organization that didn't hesitate for an instant when he wired them last winter to get out and get two feet of snow off the roads. It had never been done before, but they did it. Nobody ever took over and organized six thousand miles of road in six months before, but this man Page has done it.

The Johnstonian went out. He looked at the herd of flivver-owners milling around Joe Sawyer's window and smiled as he climbed into his own flivver and set out on a dividend earning trip home.

Why a houseguest? Most every paper one picks up these days one sees where Mrs. Gadabout is the "houseguest" of Mrs. Stayathome. It is to be presumed the visitor would not be lodged, quartered or billeted in the garage nor in the barn, if the latter has not been torn down, the family having become too ultra-modern to maintain a horse or a cow. Plain comp'ny or a welcome guest are becoming obsolete terms with the society editor or editoress. It is weekened visitors or houseguest now.—Monroe Enquire.

THE MIGHTY WORD "NO."

By T. L. Cuyler

The most tremendous word in the English language is the short yet mighty word, "No." It has been the pivot on which innumerable destines have turned for this world and the next. Spoken at the right moment, it has saved multitudes from disgrace, from ruin. The splendid career of Joseph turned on the prompt "No" spoken at the very nick of time.

Nehemiah's simple, manly statement is, "So do not I, because of the fear of God." Nobly said. We wish some young man would write those sharp, ringing words in his note-book, and determine to make the same answer whenever he is tempted to do a selfish or wicked act. Daniel might easily have said to himself, "Oh! everybody about the Court drinks wine, and lives high on the king's meat. I do not want to be thought queer or puritanical." He dared to be singular. "So did not I," was the motto of this sturdy young teetotaler. If he had yielded to the current of temptation and drifted with it, we never should have heard of such a man as Daniel.

All the people who make a marked success in life, and who achieve any good work for God, are the people

who are not ashamed to be thought singular. The man who runs with a crowd counts for nothing. It is when he turns about and faces the multitude who are rushing on to do evil that he commands every eye. Then, by a bold protest, he may put a thousand to flight. Every young man must come out and be separate from sinners, if he wishes to save his character and his soul. The downward pull of sin is tremendous. To be able firmly to say, "Yet will not I," requires the grace from above in the heart.

There is a subtle pull also in the drift of fashion and usage, which carrys away every one who is not established on a Bible conscience. Three-fourths of al lthe persons who are drowned on the seashore are swept out by the undertow. This is the secret influence which takes hold of so many church members, and carries them off into extravagant living, into sinful amusements, and into all manner of worldly conformities. The bottom of the great deep is strewed with backsliders. Every true Christain is bound to be a "nonconformist."

I would press the truth home upon every young man. Your salvation depends upon your ability to say "No." The messmates of Captain Hedley Vicars sneered at him as a Methodist and a fanatic. A British soldier once told me that Vicars was a spiritual power in his regiment. We had just such Christain soldiers in our army during the war. In every school, the difference is clearly marked between the boy who has moral pluck and the boy who is mere pulp. The one knows how to say "No!" The other is so afraid of being thought "verdant" that he soon kills everything pure and fresh and manly in his character, and dries up into a premature hardness of heart.

I well remember the pressure brought to bear in college upon every young man to join in a wine dinner, or to take a hand in some contraband amusement. Some timber got well seasoned; some of the other got wellrotted, through sensuality and vice. The Nehemiahs at college have been Nehemiahs ever since. The boy was father of a man.

The only motive that could hold back the brave nonconformist at Jerusalem was a godly conscience.—"So did not I, because of the fear of God." This ever fresh principle held him firm, when temptation struck him as the undercurrents strike against the keel. Thus was he able to face down temptation with the iron answer: "So will not I."

A traveler who was removed for his tall stories, on being asked out to dinner, made arrangements with his friends, who were to accompany him, that they should kick him if he began to go to far.

Quite early in the evening he started off.

"That reminds me," he said to the hostess, "of a friend of mine who had a rose garden over ten miles long, and,"—he felt a kick—"and two inch wide."

THE GULF STREAM.

By Matthew F. Maury.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottoms are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of sea—so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.

At the salt-works in France, and along the shores of the Adriatic, where the "salines" are carried on by the process of solar evaporation, there is a series of vats, or pools, through which the water is passed as it comes from the sea, and is reduced to the briny state. The longer it is exposed to evaporation, the salter it grows, and the deeper is the hue of its blue, until crystallization is about to commence, when the now deep blue water puts on a reddish tint. Now the waters of the Gulf Stream are salter than the waters of the sea through which they flow, and hence we can account for the deep indigo blue which all navigators observe off the Carolina coasts.

These salt-makers are in the habit of judging of the richness of the sea-water in salt by its color—the greener the hue, the fresher the water. We have in this, perhaps, an explanation of the contrasts which the waters of the Gulf Stream presents with those of the Atlantic, as well as of the light green of the North Sea and other Polar waters; also of the dark blue of the trade-wind regions, and especially of the Indian Ocean, which poets have described as the "black waters."

What is the cause of the Gulf Stream has always puzzled philosophers. Many are the theories and numerous the speculations have been advanced with regard to it. Modern investigations and examinations are beginning to throw some light upon the subject, though all is not yet clear. Early writers maintained that the Mississippi River was the father of the Gulf Stream. Its floods, they said, produce it; for its velocity, it was held, could be computed by the rate of the current of the river.

As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and, as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still far warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually became less and less warmer until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason

to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cool water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive and strikingly beautiful.

One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and of all Western Europe. Now, cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat, and if the warm water of the Gulf Stream was sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth—comparatively a good conductor of heat—instead of being sent across as it is, in contact with a cold, non-conducting cushion of cool water to fend it from the bottom, all its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme and ice-bound.

II.

At the very bottom of the Gulf Stream, when its surface temperature was 80, the deep-sea thermometer of the Coast Survey has recorded a temperature as low as 35 Fahrenheit.

These cold waters doubtless come down from the north, to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream to moderate the cold of Spitzbergen; for within the Arctic Circle the temperature at corresponding depths off the shores of that island is said to be only one degree colder than in the Caribbean Sea, while on the coasts of Labrador and in the Polar Seas the temperature of the water beneath the ice was invariably found by Lieutenant De Haven at 28, or 4 below the melting point of fresh-water ice. Captain Scoresby relates, that on the coast of Greenland, in latitude 72, the temperature of the air was 42; of the water, 34; and 29 at the depth of one hundred and eighteen fathoms. He there found a surface current setting to the south, and bearing with it this extremely cold water, with vast numbers of icebergs, whose centres, perhaps, were far below zero. It would be curious to ascertain the routes of these undercurrents on their way to the tropical regions, which they are intended to cool. One has been found at the equator two hundred miles broad and 23 colder than the surface water. Unless the land or shoals intervene, it no doubt comes down in a spiral curve, approaching in its course the great circle route.

Perhaps the best indication as to these cold currents may be derived from the fish of the sea. The whales first pointed out the existence of the Gulf Stream by avoiding its warm waters. Along our own coasts, all those delicate animals and marine productions which delight in warmer waters are wanting; thus indicating by their absence the cold current from the north now known to exist there. In the genial warmth of the sea about the Bermudas on one hand and Africa on the other, we find in great abundance those delicate shell-fish and coral formations which are altogether wanting in the same latitudes along the shores of South Carolina. The same obtains in the west coast of

South America; for there the cold current almost reaches the line before the first sprig of coral is found to grow.

A few years ago, great numbers of bonita and albercore—tropical fish —following the Gulf Stream, entered the English Channel, and alarmed the fisherman of Cornwall and Devonshire by the havoc which they created among the pilchards there.

It may well be questioned if our Atlantic cities and towns do not owe their excellent fish-markets, as well as our watering-places their refreshing sea-bathing in summer, to this stream of cold water. The temperature of the Mediterranean is 4 or 5 above the ocean temperature of the same latitude, and the fish there are, for the most part, very indifferent. On the other hand, the temperature along our coast is several degrees below that of the ocean, and from Maine to Florida our tables are supplied with the most excellent of fish.

The sheep's-head, so much esteemed in Virginia and the Carolinas, when taken on the warm coral banks of the Bahamas, loses its flavor, and is held in no esteem. The same is the case with other fish: when taken in the cold water of that coast, they have a delicious flavor, and are highly esteemed; but when taken in the warm water on the other edge of the Gulf Stream, though but a few miles distant, their flesh is soft and unfit for the table. The temperature of the water at the Balize reaches 90. The fish taken there are not to be compared with those of the same latitude in this cold stream. New Orleans, therefore, resorts to the cool waters on the Florida coasts for her choicest fish.

The same is the case in the Pacific. A current of cold water from the south sweeps the shores of Chili, Peru and Colombia, and reaches the Gallipagoes Islands under the line. Throughout this whole distance, the world does not afford a more abundant or excellent supply of fish. Yet out in the Pacific, at the Society Islands, where coral abounds, and where the water preserves a higher temperature, the fish, though they vie in gorgeousness of coloring with the birds and plants and insects of the tropics, are held in no esteem as an article of food. I have known sailors, even after long voyages, still prefer their salt beef and pork to a mess of fish taken there. The few facts which we have bearing upon this subject seem to suggest as a point of the inquiry to be made, whether the habitat of certain fish does not indicate the temperature of the water, and whether these cold and warm currents of the ocean do not constitute the great highways through which migratory fishes travel from one region to another. Why should not fish be as much the creatures of climate as plants, or as birds and other animals of land, sea and air? Indeed, we know that some kinds of fish are found only in certain climates. In other words, they live where the temperature of the water ranges between certain degrees.

Navigators have often met with vast numbers of young sea-nettles (medusae) drifting along with the Gulf Stream. They are known to constitute the principal food for the whale; but whither bound by this route has caused much curious specu-

lation, for it is well known that the habits of the right whale are averse to the warm waters of this stream. An intelligent sea-captain informs me that several years ago, in the Gulf Stream on the coast of Florida, he fell in with such a "school of young sea-nettles as had never before been heard of." The sea was covered with them for many leagues. He likened them in appearance on the water to acorns floating on a stream; but they were so thick as to completely cover the sea. He was bound to England, and was five or six days in sailing through them. In about sixty days afterward, on his return he fell in with the same school off the Western Islands, and here he was three or four days in passing again. He recognized them as the same, for he had never before seen any like them; and on both occasions he frequently hauled up buckets full and examined them.

Now, the Western Islands is the great place of resort for whales; and at first there is something curious to us in the idea that the Gulf of Mexico is the harvest field, and the Gulf Stream the gleaner which collects the fruitage planted there, and conveys it thousands of miles off to the hungry whale at sea. But how perfectly in unison is it with the kind and providential care of that great and good Being who feeds the young ravens when they cry, and who caters for the sparrow!

The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one who varies with the elevation above, the other with the depression below the sea level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation; but the regulators are, on the one hand, winds—on the other, currents.

The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty hand which decked the lily and cares for the sparrow fashioned also the pearl, and feeds the great whale, and adapted each to the physical conditions by which His providence has surrounded it. Whether of the land or the sea, the inhabitants are all His creatures, subjects of His laws and agents in His economy. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so may we infer have its currents, and so, too, its inhabitants; consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order and the evidences of design. These make it a most beautiful and interesting subject for contemplation.

Every heresay of the age claims the support of the New Testament. It is just there the trouble lies. No church can remain pure that does not have some standard of doctrinal belief to which its ministry must subscribe.—Presbyterian Standard

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

With so many tomatoes being ripe at present, it was decided to can some of them. This was done.

Capt. T. L. Grier, who was recently subjected to an operation for appendicitis, has recovered and is back at his old post as officer in the King's Daughter's Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cloer have returned from their vacation and are back at their former duty in the Mecklenburg Cottage. Mr. Cloer did not take advantage of the full month leave he was allowed, because he was so anxious to see his boys.

The amount needed to purchase the electric fan at last being reached, it was ordered. It came Friday and was placed on a pedastle near the windows. The students no longer worry about the intense heat, and as a consequence recitations are much better.

Mrs. Archie Cannon has donated a large Bible to the school. As Mr. Boger said, "These are the rules of the school, and if they are diligently followed, all is O. K." And so it is. The answer of any temptation, whatever its nature, or wherever its source, the answer to it can be found in this Book of books. If Mrs. Cannon knew how grateful the boys are over this gift she would feel overpaid.

For the month of June, 1,800 gallons of milk were distributed to the cottages, and for this same month 312 pounds of butter were made at the Administration Building. The making of this butter was entrusted to the care of Miss Dora Barnhardt, and therefore the work was done cleanly, quickly, wholesomely and in many other degrees of merit. The month previous 305 pounds were made.

The new desks for the fourth school room, which were ordered some time ago, have arrived. The arrival of these desks will permit of the opening of that schoolroom, and such an opening will greatly lessen the at-present crowded conditions of the school rooms. Already the desks are being screwed down. The black boards have been placed, Whether the pedagogue of this new room will teach more advanced subjects or not, is not known. The students in the higher books are hopeful that the former will be true, for it will give them more chances for advancement.

A few weeks ago a boy was going up into the Latham Pavilion. One foot was on the ground and the other was on the step when he contracted an electric shock. Needless to say that the foot on the pavilion was immediately removed. This boy spread the news and some "doubting Thomases" came up and received the same treatment. Their doubt was quickly dispelled. Then came some hardier boys who, after a time, could take the current without apparant effort. They claimed it felt good; perhaps it did them good, for electricity makes the blood circulate more freely. But this short circuit was dangerous and an electrician from Concord was summoned. He quickly reme died the trouble by grounding the wires.

THE REPORTER'S TRIP TO CONCORD.

A certain student was wandering around the school, "nosing for news," when the superintendent decided to take him over to Concord and let him put in cold type just what a watchful, wide awake boy would be most likely to observe and think about on his first automobile trip in quite a while. So the student was comfortably installed in the back seat and the car passed off the campus in the direction of Concord.

Soon the broad fields were rolling by, with their long rows of cotton and corn which grows so abundantly at the school. Here and there appeared solitary figures weeding and thinning the crops. On and on went the car. A watering place for cattle and other beasts came into view. It was at this so-called "oasis" that a party was enjoying itself immensely eating the at-present popular fruit—watermelon. The student saw one individual with either end of the delicious fruit in his ears.

Further on another car of the same make passed the one the student was in, and a glance at its occupant told the student that she was Miss May Stockton, County Nurse. He wondered whence her destination. But he felt sure that whatever it be, it was one of mercy. Perhaps it was to administer aid to the sick; charity to the poor, or comfort to the wretched. Such abnigation filled him with admiration.

As town was neared, houses began to appear; some far apart, some close together. This was the section of town for the colored people. On the porch of one house, situated on a high position on a bank, the student noticed a negro with a banjo. Faintly came the strains: "Plunk! Plunkety, plunk!" This put him in mind of a joke now going the rounds:

A minister was visiting an aged negro who was addicted to the banjo. The time happened to be on Sunday. Soon the old negro dragged out his banjo and began picking a lively air, not at all suited for use during the Day of rest. The sedate minister was indignant. "Don't you know the Ten Commandments, Mose?" he questioned. "Naw Suh boss," replied the darky. "But you jes' sing a few stanzas of it. I'll soon larn the chune!" This joke was evidently taken from real life and taken seriously, is this joke an exception to the rule or does it abide by the rule? That is, is such ignorance universally prevailant among the poorer and lower classes? No! Such is being ended by our diligent religious workers.

In a few more minutes town was reached. The superintendent left the car then and the student and the driver continued on down to a local garage where some electric wires, necessary for lighting purposes were installed. The spirit of generosity is plentiful in the whole city of Concord, and was evidenced in this garage. One of the mechanics sent to his home for some peaches and plums and he did his best to make the writer and driver sick by feeding them the fruit.

Then the car was driven up the main street of Concord. Up here another spirit—that of good nature—prevailed. On almost every face

was a pleasant smile, and a cheery "Good morning!" came from all lips. A few purchases were made and a trip to the Post Office was necessary. Many friends were met on every corner, including Rev. Myers and his daughter, and Mr. John R. Query. The writer was most interested in the printing office, where the Concord Times and Tribune are published. He is a printer, and of course he desired to give this place the "once over." But the time was not available, and the return trip to the school was made. School was soon reached, and the writer dismounted from the car feeling that this was the best time he had had in a year.

The college graduate thinks he is going to run the world some day, and the irritating thing about it is that he is.—New York Tribune.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 5, 1922 NO. 39

STANDING FLATFOOTED ON HIS PLATFORM.

Gov. Morrison, in addressing the editors at Cleveland Springs, asked and answered the question, "Why all this lawlessness?"

"Because of the non enforcement of law, because the Federal government is assumining to run all business and to assume the right to do those things which the governors of the states alone can do for the welfare of the people." He declared that the states must discharge their duties, that the majesty of the law must be upheld by them, that nine-tenths of the trouble in America today is because of lawlessness.

"Everybody wants to hang the little murderer, and to punish the pretty theft, but in these things that affect the great mass of the people there is nothing being offered in Washington but a new commission that will investigate and make a report some day, in the meantime give thousands of jobs to people. If the law is to prevail it must be by action of the states. I am for law enforcement, and I have tried, so help me, God, despite every whirlwind that flew about me, to enforce it impartially. That was my course a year ago at Concord. I wrote a chapter in the history of my administration then for which I am thankful. I sent troops to Concord to preserve order, my purpose that the law might be supreme over all. It shall be enforced or the men brought to trial who defy it."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE UPLIFT

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

AUGUST.

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound.
—Edmund Spenser.

LAW ENFORCEMENT SUPREME

Justice and equality before the law is a cardinal principle of a democracy, and it must follow that respect for and obedience to law is vital to the perpetuity of a republic. At this time, when lawlessness does much abound, when the law is evaded and defied and respect for constituted authority is noticeably lessened, we, the editors of North Carolina, in convention assembled, do pledge ourselves to all times insist upon law enforcement, not only, but we will co-operate with and up-hold the law officers in the performance of their duty; that we will insist that the guilty shall be punished, regardless of wealth, influence or social position; and that we will use our best efforts to all times to build up a sentiment that will respect law as law and that will make any evasion or violation of the law odious."—Resolution by Recent N. C. Press Association.

A BOLD AND MASTERFUL ADDRESS.

In his address to the North Carolina Press Association, at Cleveland Springs hotel, near Shelby, on the 27th, Governor Cameron Morrison left no doubt as to his views regarding law-enforcement. With the finest specimen of courage and eloquence that we have ever heard, he preached the outstanding duties and responsibilities of the states themselves; and with equal courage, and with historical accuracy and honesty, he politely told where Federal officials, big and little, should get off.

Gov. Morrison added to his reputation by the vigor and clearness of his profound analysis of the respective powers of the two governments, state and federal. THE UPLIFT thinks it worth while that the Governor should permit his entire address to be printed in pamphlet form for general circulation in the state. His pronouncements on law-enforcement can but create a higher respect for law and order, and a fine superb address like his at Cleveland Springs should be permanently preserved.

* * * * * * * *

"THE NORTH CAROLINA GOVERNOR SAYS SOMETHING."

The editor makes bold to quote from a letter recently received from Rev. C. P. MacLaughlin, D. D., who spent several years pleasantly and profitably in North Carolina. This letter conveyed an editorial utterance by the Pittsburgh Press on the above title. In sending the clipping Dr. MacLaughlin was pleased to say: "It occured to me that you might be interested in seeing what a 'Yankee' Paper might have to say editorially of your Governor Morrison.

"Personally I believe he is a real man—who does his own thinking and is not afraid to speak out in a meeting.

"Well, he is not the only Tar Heel similarly disposed; and may the Tribe increase."

Here is the editorial of the Pittsburgh Press:

"Of all the telegrams received by President Harding from the governors in answer to his telegraphic appeal to them to use the military power of their states to assist mining with non-union labor, there is only one, probably, that has received more than passing notice on the part of the public. We mean the one from Governor Morrison of North Carolina.

Governor Morrison has contrived to say something that was in urgent need of being said by somebody in high official position, and it is to be regretted that among all these governors he was the only one who had the requisite courage. We cannot quote him in full, but this is not the least

significant part of his utterance:

> It would be a vain thing for me to invite miners to return to work in this state, but I would not do so any way. I deem the whole policy of national or state governments trying to adjust labor disputes unwise. It always forfeits the confidence of the side to such a controversy finally decided against by the government and creates suspicious of the impartiality of the exercise of police power. I believe the full duty of the government and the part of wisdom is to uphold the law with fearless impartiality and permit parties in industrial disputes to fight the economic battle to a finish. Your position is practically to use the power of the government against the strikers and in enforcement of police regulations and the upholding of the law the strikers will naturally have little confidence in the impartiality or fairness of soldiers or other agencies of force directed by a government which has taken a decided stand against them however good the reason for such a stand may be. There will be no trouble in North Carolina.

Governor Morrison has given the powers that be at Washington—as well as elsewhere—something to think about. As THE PRESS said a few days ago, before the North Carolina executive has spoken, if there were less effort at the national capital to use the powers of government to aid this or that faction in industrial disputes to win, these disputes would probably be less numerous aud would end more quickly.

One of the lessons the American people have most clearly learned in the last few years is that it is best for all concerned that presidents should not undertake the role of generalissimos of business and industry but confine themselves to their constitutional sphere. The American ideal of self-government holds as good in the industrial field as in any other. The country is exceedingly desirous that both the mine strike and the railrodd strike be speedily settled, but the only sound settlement will be one on the voluntary agreement basis, which is not promoted but hindered by chronic governmental interference."

* * * * * * * *

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

The North Carolina Press Association held its fiftieth annnal meeting at Cleveland Springs, last week, the guest of the good and cordial people of that great county. Never in the history of the association has the welcome been heartier or more genuine, the hospitality more bountiful and the elbow-touching of the men, women and children of that splendid little city ever been surpassed.

It was a veritable love-feast, on the part of the brethren and the community that acted host. It was all too short a joy—why cannot graceful occasion

like this one that Shelby opened up her heart and thrust upon the editors of North Carolina be repeated throughout life?

The perfect clock-work which characterized the execution of an admirable and inspiring programme, reflected great credit upon President Sherrill and Secretary Beatrice Cobb, both of whom handled the situation in such a way that made the convention not only enjoyable but of great benefit to the craft. They had the respective honors thrust upon them for another term by acclamation, and it is well. Big, old, whole-soul Price of the Rutherfordton Sun, was retained in the office of treasurer He's just the fellow, in build, mind and energy, to make the folks come across promptly with their annual 5-spot.

The Hon. Clyde Hoey, amoug the most eloquent orators of the State, and a man of charming personality and most sturdy character, said the words of hearty welcome to the boys. His delightful words smoothed the course, and opened the way for the most joyful meeting of the association, ever. To these words of welcome, Editor Martin, of the Winston-Salem Journal, made an appropriate response. He's the official orator of the association and wears his honors gracefully and without fatigue.

The fact that the convention was opened by prayer—a customary habit —emphasized the dereliction of the average school commencement of the state, where the man-controlled situation functions by itself, leaving any aid from on High out of the equation. Good for the piety and sense of appropriateness manifested by the Press Associotion.

Messers; J. A. Robinson, of the Durham Sun; M. L. Shipman, Commissioner of Labor; J. D. Boone, of Waynesville Courier; Josephus Daniels, of the News & Observer; H. B. Varner, of the Lexington Dispatch; Wade H. Harris, of the Charlotte Observer; were the representative members of the association that formally contributed to the success of the programme. Distinguished citizens and experts in their particular lines made addresses, among them T. B. Parker, of Department of Agriculture: Dr. E. W. Knight, of the University; David Clark, of the Southern Textile Bulletin; John Paul Lucas, of Hydro-electric development.

The reception on Wednesday evening, through the courtesy of the Shelby Kiwanis Club, was exquisite, complete and graceful. The beautiful women and maidens from Shelby gave the reception a setting that made a picture that can never fade.

Editor John Park, of the Raleigh Evening Times, is an indispensable factor in mirth and joy making among the editors. As the official director of the editorial stunts and singing, in his charming personality and his

brilliant capacity, he is an artist. It was worth all the trip cost to witness this master in leadership of fellow editors. No band-master is in his class, and he has shown an equal capacity in directing newspapers that cause people to sit up and take notice.

The closing part of the programme, Thursday evening, consisted in short talks by former presidents of the association. It was a glorious event, that connected the scenes of fifty years ago, and, in prophecy, introduced the audience to events of fifty years hence.

It is said that the attendance of editors and their wives at this meeting was the largest in the history of the association; and the enthusiasm, the very finest.

The convention was closed Friday by an automobile excursion to Chimney Rock, a courtesy shown the editors by the game little city of Shelby. It is the purpose of THE UPLIFT to carry from time to time the formal papers delivered by the invited guests of the association, and to make such observations as seem appropriate.

* * * * * * * *

BLUNDER BY A HIGH SOURCE.

Dr. E. W. Knight, who by his effort and responsiveness, has written himself among the leading educators of the state, with emphasis on the historical side, was invited to deliver a paper at the recent meeting of the Press Association on "Fifty years progress in education in North Carolina." The doctor is an engaging speaker. He knew his address "by heart," thus avoiding the tyranny of a manuscript.

While his historical treatment of his subject ignored, as it should not have done, the admirable and heroic administrations of Major Finger and the old war-horse Scarborough, who, when the doctor was in baby clothes, made a most courageous and winning fight in keeping the cause of public education in the state alive. It was a task for masters, and they proved themselves trustful and worthy leaders. If the doctor intends to file his historical contribution in permanent quarters he should, in justice to two very fine gentlemen and to two important administrations, if not for truth's sake, re-write his address and do honor to Maj. Finger and Col. Scarborough. There are a few people yet alive in North Carolina who know for a certainity that Maj. Finger was the author of the movement looking to the higher education of women, on the part of the state. He exhibited rare judgment in selecting the late Chas. McIver to make the campaign. If for no other reason than discovering and commissioning the

great McIver, for this important work, Maj. Fingr's name is entitled to go into Dr. Knight's list of educational celebrities.

But the doctor made an offensive error in his admirable address. THE UPLIFT thought it a slip of the tongue or striving for brevity when he characterized the terrible event of the 60s as "the Civil War." But the printed address commits the same offense. An educator, especially one who wishes to write educational history, should know the correct and historical name of "The War Between the States." Let us hope the able and pleasing doctor meant no offense to the men who made North Carolina's record in that bloody struggle most sublime.

* * * * * * * *

MISS BERTRICE COBB.

The North Carolina Press Association boasts of having the most efficient and obliging secretary in all the land. This is taking in considerable territory; but we make bold that the assertion can easily be sustained by a unanimous endorsement of the one hundred and fifty-six members of the N. C. Association.

And if the members of other state organizations could see the beautiful programmes she designed and printed in her own office, at Morganton, see how enthusiastically she attended to the affairs of the convention, that nothing should be overlooked, and last but not least how she complimented the editors by throwing their best pictures on a canvass—a kind of a moving-picture affair, enhanced by her own selection of Editor Park as the official introducer—and during all this ordeal of days never see the signs of impatience or worry, then they, too, would make it unanimous for the whole land.

Miss Beatrice Cobb, editor of the Morganton-Herald, and secretary of the North Carolina Press Association, is a brilliant success, a real North Carolina woman.

* * * * * * * *

THE POPULAR MAN.

In all the meetings, when his duties in Court permitted, the fine cheerful countenance of the beloved Max Gardner, of the county of Cleveland, was in evidence among the editorial gathering at Cleveland Springs. Though he missed the prize of his ambition, for the time being, he shows no pique—he is yet his own delightful self. And his contribution to the

sum-total of the joys of the craft while at Cleveland Springs was large and appreciated.

* * * * * * * *

GOOD-LOOKING FOLKS.

What's the matter with the air and water in old Cleveland? During the whole week spent in Cleveland county, the editor did not see but one ugly man and one homely-looking woman, and they didn't belong to that county.

If the county carries among its citizenship any homely-looking folks, they must have been given orders to move back from the road. The generalship, if this theory be correct, is superb.

THE BALD MAN AND THE FLY.

There was once a Bald Man who sat down after work on a hot summer's day. A Fly came up and kept buzzing about his bald pate, and stinging him from time to time. The man aimed a blow at his little enemy, but—*whack*—his palm came on his head instead; again the Fly tormented him, but this time the Man was wiser and said:

"YOU WILL ONLY INJURE YOURSELF IF YOU TAKE NOTICE OF DESPICABLE ENEMIES

GLORY!

In spite of the diagnosis of Dr. Collier Cobb, an outstanding geological expert of North Carolina and our University, we have struck an abundance of water at the institution. The problem of a sufficient supply of water for our needs has been a perplexing one.

But we had faith in old mother earth; and, knowing that science sometimes slips a cog, we proceeded to drive a well at a favorable spot on this ridge—a spot that a forked peach limb gave a hearty "certification"—with this marvelous result:

The well is an eight-inch punched hole, one hundred and ninety-six feet deep. It goes through bowlder after bowlder, the prevailing rock on on this ridge. This is the test Aug. 2: After the pump had been running continuously for twelve hours, the well produced seventy-five gallons of water per minute and the water seemed not to be lowered at all in the well. Seventy-five gallons of water per minute for a ten-hour day amounts to 45,000 gallons—enough for all our purposes. Glory!

The forked peach limb has given a black eye to geology, so far as locating water in the earth. Come see this marvel, Dr. Cobb.

Pinehurst last winter entertained 80,000 visitors, the hotels being crowded to capacity and under the necessity of refusing accommodations to many. Hearing which the Beaufort News laments: "Beaufort has a milder winter climate than Pinehurst has and more natural advantages of other kinds, but it has no millionaires to build fine hotels. Flagler in Florida and Tufts at Pinehurst laid the foundation for the prosperity which those places now experience." It may be that some rich man will yet discover the Beaufort region. But one of its present handicaps is comparative inaccessibility. When the two Carteret towns become the ends of a completely paved Central highway, it will not be surprising if the world finds out about them, millionaire or no millionaire. Incidentally, it will not be surprising if Carteret figs should some day claim fame along with Sandhills peaches.—Greensboro News.

TALKING ABOUT PATRIOTISM – IIII.

By R. R. Clark.

Hold your fire, please! I am making an end of this subject for the time in the remarks that follow.

I am fully aware that what I have been saying on the subject of patriotism is commonplace. It is old stuff, in the language of the newspaper boys. But it is necessary, occassionally, I believe I thoughtful people will admit, to restate principles with which nearly everybody is familiar; to emphasize the importance of the virtues of common honesty and justice as applied to our

everyday affairs. We are prone to take short turns for our own advantage; prone to sidestep some of the simple virtues because the practice of them sometimes requires self-denial—the denial of our own selfish desires. And in discussing the things that pertain to right living and the standards that should govern ordinary walk and conversation, we may get a new view of these matters and come into better appreciation of our duty to ourselves and to others as well as our rights and privileges, about which we are generally much concerned.

I do not discount the flag-waving and the spread eagle oratory that are the usual accompaniments of a discussion of patriotism. In fact I think that our reverence for the flag as the symbol of our country should be magnified. Usually the appearance of the stars and stripes means little to us except on special occasions. And I feel that the citizen who does not thrill when he hears the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" or "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" is lacking something. But what I have endeavored to impress in the commonplace remarks on the subject. of patriotism is that it is not solely a matter of flag waving, singing patriotic songs and fighting the corruption of the jurors, the so-That is the spectacular part of it. But the real patriot is a patriot in every day life, in the performance, intelligently, honestly and understandingly, of every service pertaining to good citizenship. That is necessary to support our country's authority and interest.

In this finally, brethren, I am making a few broken remarks about voting and jury service as among the important duties of the patriot. It is a patriotic duty to vote and use the ballot with intelligence and discrimination. Party affiliation sometimes prevents the full exercise of the discrimination. I believe in party government because up to this good hour no other way has been devised. And I further believe that when one participates in inter-party contests it is a matter of good faith, generally speaking, to abide the result. I distinctly do not mean that this should be done under all circumstances; that one is called on to vote for a known crook, a dishonest or immoral man simply because he has succeeded in getting the party endorsemnt. But generally speaking, it is a matter of right and good faith to abide the will of the majority, if that will is honestly expressed. That, however is a matter for the conscience of the individual. What I am trying to say is that it is the patriotic duty of the elector to use the ballot to secure the service of the best men to manage public affairs, whether the job is that of justice of the peace—a really important office that is lightly regarded and for that reason filled by many unfit men—or the office of Governor or President. And as we have government by parties the patriotic citizen has his best opportunity in his party primary. It is amazing how many people, among the most intelligent and best fitted to help make a selection of candidates, will refuse to participate in a primary; and when a candidate is selected that they do not approve they do much complaining and some-

times refuse to vote at the election. The citizen qualified as an elector and who fails to exercise the privilege neglects an important duty of citizenship and does not meet the requirements of patriotism. It is a duty to one's country and to ourselves to do our part to secure good government. That is as important in time of peace as is military service in time of war. For it is obvious that if the real patriots, the good citizens whose chief interest in government is to secure good government, do not take an active part in the selection of public officials, the administration of public affairs will quickly fall into the hands of corrupt and selfish interests that are all the time trying to use the government, municipal, township and county as well as State and national, for selfish ends.

Trial by jury is sometimes a failure but on the whole no better method has ben devised, nor can be devised probably, if jurors are selected with discrimination. It is the duty of the citizen to perform that service when called. It is not an inviting service at times especially to busy people; and too often the most intelligent and best equipped for the service evade the work when ever possible, while those less fitted at all, promptly accept it. They are pleased with the honor and the opportunity to sit in the jury box and hear the proceedings, which are sometimes interesting and entertaining. Then when there is a miscarriage of justice, either through the ignorance or the corruption of the jurors, the so-called good citizen is highly indignant and much disgusted with the conduct of our courts. Our court procedure often falls far short of justice even with the best that can be done. But that the citizen who envades jury duty is contributing a very large part to the failure of justice is not a matter for debate.

To sum up the whole matter, the citizen who evades any duty to the public, any service due the government; and especially the citizen who does not make an honest effort to discharge these duties intelligently, honestly and with discrimination, is a very poor sort of patriot if he has any claim to that "entitlement" at all.

CABARRUS PROGRESS IN EDUCATION.

The county board of education is meeting this afternoon in the office of Prof. J. B. Robertson, secretary to the board. Several matters of importance were to be discussed and acted upon by the board.—Concord Tribune, July 31.

The board of education met atthe office of Prof. J. B. Robertson Monday afternoon. "There is nothing of unusual importance to report as a result of the meeting," one board member stated. "We discussed financial matters and also received satisfactory data for the past year.—Concord Tribune Aug. 1

GIVE MORE MILK TO MUSIC.

Kinston, July 57.—Dr. C. Banks McNairy, who some weeks ago instituted the "milk and music" tests in the dairy of the Caswell Training School, of which he is superintendent now offer that music does induce an increased lacteal flow and vindicated himself in the matter of a thousand puns and puips at his expense.

The test followed a declaration by Dr. McNairy to local healh authorities and federal and State veterinarians that a cow milked to music gave more milk than one unaccustomed to the arts. The experts looked grave and said no doubt it would, but refused to say anything further on the subject, which was new to them.

"Butter Girl," "Spot," "Evelyn," "Louise," and "May," handsome Holsteins, have been put through the tests during the past six weeks. A phonograph was placed in one corner of the model dairy shed, under which scores of animals are milked daily. One week the phonograph was silent, the next soothing tunes were played during the milking periods. The whole experiment was bassd upon Dr. McNairy's belief that bovine nerves could be allayed by sweet strains. It was natural, he explained, that a cow in a state of contentment would give more milk than one whose nerves might be excited from the rush of being driven from the pasture or from being yelled at by the herd boys.

"Butter Girl's" output in pounds for one music-less week was 333.4 pounds. The next week, with music her production increased to 344.7. Then followed three "music weeks" in a row, with little variation in the output. The music was stopped and "Butter Girl's production dropped to 316.6 pounds.

"Spot" and "May" registered similar performances. "Evelyn" in the fourth week—a music week—gave 229.9 pounds of milk. In the fifth week, when there were no music, she delined to 206.7 pounds.

"Louise" gave 392.5 pounds in the first week. The next week, when "Rock-a-Bye baby" and such tunes charmed her silky ears, she gave 419.3 pounds. The fourth week, when there was music, "Louise did smartly with 425.9 pounds. Then the dairyman cut off the machine and "Louise" grew solemcholy and slumped to 398.8 pounds. The next week the music was restored. The cow parked up and her output leaped nearly 28 pounds.

The tests are to be repeated. A phonograph, according to Dr. McNairy, is no great asset to a one-cow dairy' but where there are 60 or 80 cows together hundreds of dollars are involved.

It seems from the foregoing that Dr. McNairy has been vindicated. It didn't work at the Jackson Training School. The reason may lie in the fact that we tried Prof. Lawrence's band music on our Jerseys, which are decidedly more nervous than Dr. McNairy's Holsteins; or the right selections of pieces were not made. We must confess that when Prof. Lawrence played "Molly Darling" it visibly affected "Butter Cup," our prize Jersey. Speed had to be employed to reach the Separator before her milk all turned

to butter. But that's no fault.

A Commission ought to be instituted and empowered to certify the proper musical selections and instruments, which may best apply to different breeds of cows, and predicated on their temperament, their size, age and pulse beats. In this enlightended age, all these things are within reach of "certification," which has become a thriving art.

SOME THINGS WE NEVER MENTION.

By Nell Battle Lewis in News & Observer.

Recently we saw quoted in The Greensboro Record a long list of North Carolina's triumphs, which the Asheville Citizen had patriotically assembled. A few of the twenty-nine world-beaters listed are:

"The largest hosiery mill in the world; the largest towel mill in the world; leadership of the world in the manufacture of tobacco; the second largest hydro-electric power development in the world; more cotton mills than any other state in the Union; the record of corn grown to the acre; third place in the production of sorghum, peanuts and sweet potatoes in the United States; a city whose place as manufacture of furniture is second in the United States," and so on.

"Yet," says The Record.

"In North Carolina 44,000 white women went to the polls in 1920 unable to write their names."

And The Record also calls attention to the shocking problem of farm tenancy in this State.

Castings no aspersions on the largest hoisery mill in the world nor up on North Carolina's high place in the production of peanuts, nor yet upon other achievements of similar character, but rather in order to help keep the balance of intelligence in local patriotism, we would cite herewith a few respects not mentioned by The Record in whhich North Carolina does not excel. It is worth noting—and incidentally, worth worrying about—that this State has produced.

No poet of unuasual ability.

No novelist of high order.

Only one great short story writer.

No significant musician (Emilie Rose Knox may possibly prove the exception.)

No high grade painter.

No considerable sculptor.

Doubtless there will be persons whose reaction to this list of deficiencies will be, "Well, and what if she hasnt?" Such persons are politely requested to detour here. Those who disagree are, of course, at liberty to write the Editor of The News and Observer of how presumptuously erroneous they consider our judgment in the matter.

It is a lamentable fact that in the realm of creative art, North Carolina can point with justifiable pride to only one person, William Sidney Porter. Other persons from this State who are nationlly known in letters are not creative artists. In the company of recognized American poets, novelists, musicians, painters and sculptors, North Carolina's place is negligible—or worse. When the distinguished roll of these is called, she has no representative

to answer in any sort of authoritative voice, "Here!"

To go into the cause of this artistic barrenness would be to string out this "Incidentally" to too great length. The44,000 white women who could not write their names at the polls together with what is probably nearly an equal proportion of men in the State who cannot read nor write would certainly suggest one of the most significant causes. The desperate economic struggle in which this State with the rest of the South was engaged for so many years following the War Between the States would point to another. Our large rural population, another still; and the complacency and intellectual inertia of the remnants of that class for whom has been the heritage of anti-bellum culture, a fourth.

But whatever the cause, the fact remains. Whether she likes to admit it or not, and even though she may refuse to admit it, North Carolina as far as real creative art is concerned, is in a position at present where she must envy even her nearest neighbors. Virginia has Poe, James Branch Cabell, a towering figure in Southern literature; Ellen Glascow, Thomas Nelson Page, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Mary Johnston, Amelic Rivers; the sculptors, Ezekiel and Valentine, and Powell, the pianist. South Carolina to mention only one thing—has the South Carolina Poetry Association, one of the most interesting and promising organizations of its kind in the country, headed by DuBose Heyward, in which several budding native poets are being encouraged. North Caroinal has—the more impressive for his solitude—O. Henry, surely a great genius, but one who left his home State to develop his talents, and who has been in his grave now these many

But what, perhaps you will say, of John Charles MacNeil and Issac Erwin Avery? Gifted certainly those two, but dead too young to have fulfilled their promise, or to have produced anything of wide enough significance to turn the national spotlight upon their State.

We write all the foregoing for just one reason: because we love North Carolina, and because loving her loyally, we believe that the type of patriotism which stubbornly shuts its eyes to the patent defects of the "patria" can be neither progressive nor sound; because when H. L. Mencken mordantly described the South as "The Sahara of the Bozart's" it rankled in our mind, but chiefly in our heart, and gave us pause to consider how far justified he was in the accusation in regard to North Carolina.

It seems to us that aside from the illiterary, the past aesthetically debilitating economic struggle, the large rural population, the complacency and intellectual inertia of the cultured minority, the greatest artist handicap under which North Carolina labors at present is the deplorable lack of an intelligent unprejudicied critical attitude. We are bloated with self-glorification. Even North Carolina's moderately talented children receive a degree of praise and applause that is not only ill-considered but also unconsciously inconsiderate.

We were unquestionably, "first at Bethel;" the North Carolina troops

did, indeed, break the Hinderburg Line; all well-informed historians agree that the first attempts at English colonization in America were upon our lovely Eastern shores; our mountains, according to accurate measurement, are established as the highest East of the Rockies; and as to our triumphs in the manufacture of tobbacco, hoisery, towels, furniture etc., The Asheville Citizen has already enumerated those. But in the realm of creative art, that unfairing ultimate criterion of the culture and the civilization of any people or any State, of how pitifully little can we rightfully boast!

It is a blessed thing that in all times, and never more richly than in the Reformation days, there have always been men to whom religion has not presented itself as a system of doctrine, but as an elemental life in which the soul of man came into direct and close communion with the soul of God. It is the mystics of every age who have done most to blend the love of truth and the love of man within the love of God and so to keep alive, or to restore a healthy tolerance. Indeed, the mystic spirit has been almost like a deep and quiet pool in which tolerance, when it has been growing old and weak has been again sent back to bathe itself and renew its youth and vigor. * * * The mysticism of today gives great hope of the freedom of the future.—Philips Brooks.

THE BIG FOUR OF THE REFORMATION

By Rev. H. B. Searight In Presbyterian Standard.

(Luther, born Nov. 10, 1483, died Feb. 18, 1546. His first important action in the direction of ecclecias-tical reform was his publication, Oct. 31, 1517, on the church door at Wittenberg, of ninety-five theses.

Zwingli, born January 1, 1484, killed Oct. 11, 1531 at the battle of Kappel. He, by his preaching, inaugurated the Reformation at Zurich in 1519.

Knox, born 1505, died Nov. 24, 1572. A celebrated Scottish reformer, statesman and writer. In 1544 he became tutor of the sons of Hugh Douglas of Longniddry and Alexander Cockburn, eldest son of the Laird of Ormiston. At this time George Wishart, a Lutheran missionary, sought asylum in the houses of Douglas, Cockburn and Crichton, and exercised a powerful influence on Knox. In 1546 Wishart was burned at St. Andrews for heresy. His death was avenged by the murder of Cardinal Beaton. Knox took refuge, in 1547 with his pupils, in the castle of St. Andrews; the same year he was urged to become a preacher and accepted a call from the congregation there. From that time on until his death Knox was full of strenuous activities in church as well as state. He was mainly occupied with the establishment of the Presbyterian church in Scotland.

Calvin, born July 10, 1509, died May 27, 1564. He embraced the Reformation about 1528; was banished from Paris in 1533; published his "Institutes" at Basel in 1536; Fled to Geneva and was banished in 1538, and returned in 1541. He is celebrated in history as Protestant reformer and theologian.—Editor)

The Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century is by far the most important and constructive period in the history of the Church since the days of Christ and his apostles. From it modern civilization, with all its liberal and enlightened institutions, takes its rise. On the inetellectual side it was connected with the Revival of letters; and the earliest. reformers were closely associated with the Humanists. The new learning and the printing press were invaluable allies of the Protestant cause. From a spiritual standpoint the Reformation was a gracious and mighty revival of pure, and evangelical religion— a genuine and glorious religious renaissance.

Like all great and successful revolutions, it was rooted in the past. Men like Wyclif and Huss had sown the seed of revolt against Rome. Even during the the Dark Ages God was not without witnesses. The evvangelical faith was cherished among groups of pious brethren, in circles of obscure desciples, in godly families, and by fervent mystics. Luther was a diligent student of John Tauler and of Saint Augustine, and nourished his soul on their doctrinal and devotional writings.

Every great movement in history demands great leaders. God's sovereignty is conspicuously displayed in the way in which such leaders are prepared, and the men and their task brought together on the stage of time. Providence prepares them for their work, and preserves them until it is accomplished. The exodus had its Moses, the exile its Erza and Daniel, the Apostolic Church its Paul, and the Reformation produced a galaxy of leaders without peers since the days of the apostles. Among these the stars of first magnitude are the mighty and fervent Luther, the liberal and heroic Zwingli, the fiery Knox, and the learned and masterful Calvin— the teacher and organizer of the Reformed churches. associated with them, but decidedly overshadowed, were many others, who in a lesser age would have been reckoned as truly great. These men rendered valiant assistance.. to their chiefs, and deserve to be known and held in grateful remembrnce, e, g., the mild and accomplished Melancthon, Farel and Beza, Calvin's colleague, Bucer and Bullinger. Of all the Protestent countries, England alone failed to produce a really great spiritual leader— a man of prophetic vision and apostolic zeal whose impassioned conviction could inspire the people with confidence in his divine mission. May not this account for the hybrid character of the Church of England?

It is not the purpose of this article to outline the course of the Reformation, nor even to sketch the lives of its four great leaders, but merely to record for our profit a few impressions of these men, which a fresh study of the Reformation has left on my mind.

1. Their—Scholarship—They were men of learning— "of light and leading." Luther graduated from the best university of Germany, taking first his A. B., and then his master's degree. Later he was made a Doctor of Theology, and became a university professor. He was a diligent student, a brilliant teacher, and a powerful preacher.

Calvin was a distinguished scholar; he attended the universities of Paris and Orleans, and always led his classes. He had the clear, logical mind of the French, and a marvelous memory. His first work was a commentary on Seneca's De Clementia, in which he shows an acquaintance with the whole range of his classical literature. He also had an unrivaled knowledge of the Christain Fathers. He wrote in Ciceronian Latin, and he laid the foundations of the elegant modern French prose. His Institute(the first edition of which was published when he was only 26)became the text-book of the Reformed Churches. These men trained an educated ministry for the Protestant Churches, established schools and colleges, and rendered inestimable service to Christain education.

True revivals of Evangelical religion have always been accompained by revivals of learning, and religious decadence has always been marked by a diminishing respect for sacred scholarship. The modern pulpit lacks power. May not one reason be that the city pastor is so busy attending committees, organizing and keeping the Machinery going, that he has no time for study? When a great metropolitan pulpit seeks a preacher, it has to import him from England or Scotland. Sermons come from the study, and not from an office. Propetic vision results from prayer and meditation. The preacher must muse upon divine themes until the fire burns within.

The church is also partly to blame. Pulpit committees seek an organizer, a "good mixer," a young people's leader, a "hustler" and hand-shaker, rather than a scholar and a preacher. These are the gifts of a Y. M. C. A. secretary, a commercial traveler, and the manager of a big department store, rather than of a seer, or man of God. Such a pastor exhaust himself in a multitude of church activitiies; his people finally tire of his thin, unsavory sermons, and in a few years he passes on to another field to repeat the same external round.

Nothing but prayer, and constant study, can maintain a man in a long and really fruitful pastorate, and preserve our high Presbyterian traditions.

2. Statesmanship—The Reformers were men of affairs. They were leaders in a great movement profoundly effecting the entire social and political life of Europe. This gave them breadth and vision. They were bigger and broader men than the Puritans of the following century. There was nothing narrow or scholastic about their theology. They were singulary modern in many of their principles and practices, e. g., they believed in short sermons—30 minutes was the limit. Says Luther in his Table-Talk: "I would not have preachers torment their hearers, and detain them with long and tedious preaching: for the delight of hearing vanishes therewith, and the

preachers hurt themselves." And again: "Agood preacher should have a ready wit, and know when to make an end."

The two-hour sermons was an instrument of torture devised by the grim and prolix Puritans of the seventeenth century.

While entertaining a most high and reverent esteem for Holy Scripture, and regarding it as the supreme and final authority in all matters of faith and practice, they were wedded to no wooden theory of inspiration; and with respect to questions of the date, authorship, and canonicity, the books of the Bible, their attitude was enlightened and judicious. Luther prefers saying the Bible contains the Word of God, rather than that it is the Word of God. While deprecating attempts to make this distinction a test of orthodoxy, because there is a sense in which each is true, and our Confessions uses both, I am inclined to think Luther's expression the more correct. He illustrate his meaning by the smile of the human body. It contains the soul and the soul animates the entire body. So every part of the scripture contains the Word of God, but it is more evident in some parts than others. Just as the soul is more manifest in the face than in the foot, so the word of God is more evident and dwells more fully, in John and Romans than in Esther and Ecclesiastes. The sixtenth century was fresh an creative; the seventeenth was formal and reactionary—the age of the Protestant Scholasticism. (I do not mean to disparage the Puritans; they were great men, but not the equal of the Reformers.)

3 Saintless—They were men of God singularly pure, pious, and prayerful, men of profound moral earnestness, and entire consecration to Christ and His cause. This is what most impressed their contemporaries, and won popular confidence in their cause. They were sincere in their conviction, and ready to suffer for conscience sake. Germany trusted Luther because she saw in him a holy and blameless man of God. Even while a monk, his companions regarded him as a miracle of piety. There was no stain on his life. He had never been a persecutor like Paul, nor dissolute like Augustine. In early life he was thin and pale, his wan face worn by vigils, prayer and ascetic practices. He was utterly loyal to the Word of God, loved Christ passionately, and spent his life in prayer, study, preaching, and works of charity. He never gave less than three hours a day to prayer, and these the first and best hours of the day.

Luther little catechism contains the very soul of the man. It is a classic of truths, of beauty of language and fervor of faith and piety. His devotion to Christ breathes and burns in his exposition of the second article of the creed. We justly admire our our Shorter Catechism, it is a model of logical clearness and brevity. But I do not think there is anything in it as fine as this passage from Luther's Child Catechism: I believe that Jesus Christ, true God, begotten of the Father from eternity, and also true man, born of the Virgin Mary is my Lord; who has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, secured and delivered me from all sins,

from death, and from the power of the devil, not with silver and gold, but with his holy and precious blood, and by His innocent sufferings and death; in order that I might be His, live under Him in His kingdom, and serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence, and blessedness, even as He has risen from the dead, and lives and reigns to all eternity. This is most certainly true."

Calvin's character was equally Christain. He live in the light of eternity, and worked as one daily expecting martyrdom. Earnest Renen, who certainly had no bias in his favor, says this of him: "Calvin succeeded in an age and in a country which called for a reaction towards Christianity, simply because he was the most Christain man of his generation." His theology is Bibical; and his commentaries are unsurpassed expositions of Holy Scripture."

Even the doctorine of Predestination loses its hardness in Calvin's hands. With him it is the soverign divine purpose moving slowly through the centuries, making for redemption and the establishment of God's kingdom on earth, and not the severe dogma of Supralapsarianism for which Beza, and the hyper-Calvinists of the seventeenth century, are responsible; and which differs as much from Calvin's conception as a hideous skeleton differs from a living and breathing human being. He had a wonderful power of sympathy, and a remarkable genius for friendship. Luther trusted him, Knox admired and followed him, and Melanthon wished that he might die with his head on Calvin's breast.

The Reformers were first of all faithful and true men of God. Knox was great in prayer, and Scotland was given him an answer to his passionate petition, "Give me Scotland, or I die!" Zwingli was a patriot, as well as a preacher. He had the courage of a Christian soldier, and was the only one of the Reformers to die on the field of battle. He fell in the bloody battle of Kappel, exclaiming with his expiring breath, "They may kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul."

Such Christian character is the greatest and divinest thing in the world. Protestantism has its goodly saints, and its noble army of martyrs. We do not worship nor canonize them. But let us not forget them. Let us honor and cherish their heroic memories, strenuously immulate their splendid virtues, following them as they followed Christ their Lord; not counting our lives dear unto ourselves, that we may finish our course with joy, and receive that crown of righteousness that fadeth not away.

Western North Carolina mines great quantities of talc. It is worth about one cent a pound at the mine. When ground into flour, a little perfume added, and it is packed in a pretty box it is sold for more than a dollar a pound. Talcum is plain talc, but by the addition of a little stink-sweet it has gotten into society.—Monroe Enquirer.

THIS IS "RED" MITCHELL.

Courtesy of News & Observer

Steel erector by profession, but about the most versatile man in the State's payroll. He can do anything, and a year ago today he was arguing with four gasoline engines very near the bottom of the late lamented Rock Qurry. He gets his first name by his hair. A book ought to be written about him.—Ben Dixon MacNeill.

MRS. MEADE'S WINDMILLS.

(Youth's Companion.)

Mrs Meade paused distractedly in front of the gas range and turned on all the burners at once. She passed her hand nervously over her forehead. Coffee for father, cocoa for Elinor and Aline, cambric tea for the children. She reached automatically for a can and measured out a spoonful. Uncle Isaac drank cocoa shells. That was all she had to prepare—coffee, cocoa, cocoa shells and cambric tea.

She turned the flame low and began hurriedly cutting bread for toast. There would have to be milk toast for Uncle Issac, and Bob would be lost without muffins. If she had only had more time!

"Morning, mother," cried Bob, tearing into the kitchen with his usual boisterousness. "Do I smell muffins, O Queen of the kitchen?"

Mrs. Meade reached for a crock and lighted the gas under the oven. "I can make some, Bob, though it's late; I overslept."

"Count that day lost, mother," said Bob reproachfully, polishing his shoes with vigor, "whose low descending sun views from thy hand no golden muffins done."

Mrs. Meade smiled; Bob was irresistible. But her hands were shaking as she pushed the muffinrings into the oven. There was the table to set, and the family would soon all be trooping in. She stumbled over the chair that Bob had drawn out in order to polish his shoes; the brush and the shoe paste clattered to the floor. Sh sighed as she picked them up and restored them to their place on the shelf. If only the children would put things away.

Aline and Elinor came bustling in. "Mother," said Aline, "will you tie my sash, and where are the handkerchiefs? I can't find a single one."

"Oh, don't bother mother, Aline," Elinor broke in. "Only ten minutes to spare, mumsey. Can't I have a marshmallow for my cocoa? And I'll take my egg soft boiled—"

"I—I was going to fry them, Elinor."

"Not for me, mother," Aline said decidedly. "They're too greasy Poach mine please."

"I want mine hard boiled," cried Barbara running into the kitchen with Fannie's hair ribbon, and with her sister in pursuit. "Mother, can't I have a hard boiled egg? Mother, please!—"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Meade distractedly.

"Oh, sit down, do!"

She reached for the cocoa and pulled it off the flame, but it was too late; a brown stream was running over the stove and dripping on the floor.

The family drew up to the table. Uncle Isaac scraped his throat preemptorily before he said grace. Mrs. Meade sank back in her chair, but kept a weather eye on the pot containing the cocoa shells. It too had a provoking habit of boiling over.

"Finest cook in the world." said father, affably, helping himself to a muffin.

"No shells for me this morning, neice," Uncle Isaac said and waived his hand autocratically. He had al-

ready given up cocoa as to rich. "I think they are effecting my heart. Just a cup of plain hot water neice; but bilin', let it be bilin."

Mrs. Meade rose hastily and relighted the burner under the teakettle.

"If I might have a glass of milk this morning, mother," said Aline looking up sweetly as she pushed her cup of cocoa away.

"Why, Aline, I used all the milk for the cocoa. I thought you liked it."

"Oh, I get tired of it," said Aline. "I guess I'm kind of fussy."

"You said something that time," remarked Bob grinning. "Say, but this egg is leathery, mother. You know how I like 'em— straightup."

"Let your mother eat her breakfast," said Mr. Meade, looking up from his paper and frowning over his glasses. "She hasn't had a chance to get a bite of anything yet."

But Mrs. Meade was already at the stove breaking two eggs into the sputtering fat.

"Well, I've got to hurry, if I'm to write a review of Don Quixote in the first period," remarked Aline, rising.

"That's the old chap who was always fighting windmills," said Bob. "At that, he wasn't so far off. Everybody's doing it, fighting imaginary giants same as Don Quixote."

The phrase remained in Mrs. Meade's mind. She thought of it when they were all gone and left her alone with her almost cold coffee. Don Quixote! When had she thought of that old satire before? The subject of her graduating essay had been the Wit and the wisdom of Don Quixote. Was life like that, an endless tournament with imaginary foes?

She looked round the disordered kitchen; Uncle Isaac's discarded drink would be fit only to throw away. What a rush it had been! What a rush! Her temples were throbing. Still, it had not been different from other mornings.

There came a loud knock.

"Come in," called Mrs. Meade without rising.

Thre was no need to go to the door —it was Melba Keller of course. At least twice a every day Melba came over and used the telephone to to talk to Roy. It was dreadfully annoying: Mrs. Meade had once threatened to have the telephone taken out. If she only dared she would tell Melba that she could not use the telephone every day to talk so foolishly. What a trial it was! she hated to have the children hear the girl. Yes it was certainly a nuisance.

"Oh, go 'long, Roy. How do you get that way?" Melba's shrill tones rang in her ears. "What do you take me for?"

Mrs. Meade tried to collect her thoughts. What had she been thinking of before Melba came? Oh, windmill! every one was fighting windmills which they mistook for mill—

She rose dispiritedly and began clearing off the table. The shelf in the gas oven fell with a clatter. There was the gas oven; another trial. She ought to get a man to mend it. And the furnace smoked dreadfully. Above Melba's clatter she heard the vine trellis rattle. Some one was at the front door, but the bell did not ring;

it needed another battery.

She hurried to the door. It was only a man with a circular. The door scraped as she closed it. That was another thing which ought to be repaired. She had stood it all winter.

Going up stairs, she began to put things in order. The children's clothes hung over chairs. The closets were full and running over. Lots of things were worthless. Old half-worn shoes—old eyes-sores. Plenty of poor people would be glad to get them, but there they were, dusty and in the way.

Another rap sounded and Mrs. Meade hurrieded down and opened the door. It was young Mrs. Weeks and Billy.

"Oh, would you mind, Mrs. Meade You see I am going downtown, and Billy is such a bother. He loves to stay with you. Don't let him be any trouble. It's so sweet of you, Mrs. Meade."

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Meade weakly. I am—er—that is—glad to be neighborly."

"Billy's got so he thinks this is home," called Mrs. Weeks airily. She was halfway down the walk.

"The fourth time this week," sighed Mrs. Meade. "And she with a maid!"

She closed the door and turned just in time to see Billy pounding the piano keys with an iron bar he had been riding for a horse. "Billy, Billy, you must'nt do that! Come, I'll give you a cooky."

"Two of 'em?" Billy demanded shrewdly.

"Yes, two." Having given them to him, she sank dejectedly into a chair. The morning work was not even started; her day's work was before her; and now—this!

Another knock. Mrs. Meade started violently and came to a sudden decision. Hurrying to the door, she opened it apprehensively, a tall gaunt lady armed with suitcases and bundles confronted her. "Why, Aunt Amelia!" she exclaimed.

"Did'nt you get my card?" demanded Aunt Amelia grimly. She pushed into the hall and pecked Mrs. Meade on either cheek.

"Why, no. I had no idea—"

"Well, well, no harm done," said Aunt Amelia. "I'm on my way to visit John in Lenora and wrote you that I'd stop over for a day or two." She was eyeing Billy sharply. Who's that?"

"Why, that's Billy—Billy Weeks. A neighbors child."

"Have you taken him to raise?"

Mrs. Meade smiled wanly. Aunt Amelia was pure gold, but her Spartan outlook on life was rather disconcerting. Mrs. Meade could not imagine Aunt Amelia putting up with windmills.

"He just about lives here. O Billy, don't do that!"

But Billy, whirling the piano stool round to the music of a delightful squeal, was loath to desist.

"Don't mind me," observed Aunt Amelia "Take him into the bedroom and spank him."

At that audacious suggestion Mrs. Meade laughed, but it was a quavery laugh that was suspiciously close to tears. Aunt Amelia arose and gave the astonished Billy a smart slap. "Set there," she admonished him and plumped him into a chair, "if you don't want to be skinned alive."

Billy sat rigid.

"Now," Aunt Amelia said to her niece kindly, "out with it. You're just full up."

"I'm at the breaking point," admitted Mrs. Meade. "It's—it's windmills."

"Windmills," snorted Aunt Amelia.

"You mean neighbors and their put-on ways. You mean bothersome things that could be regulated. You're following the path of least resistance. What you need is to spunk up—"

Some one knocked sharply. Mrs. Meade started. If she went another day without a new battery and without that door being fixed—She opened the door to face a messenger boy. He handed her a dispatch. It was from her sister Louisa. Mrs. Meade read it with unseeing eyes: "If possible come at once. Mother very ill."

"Humph!" said Aunt Amelia shortly, when Mrs. Meade, turning dizzily, handed it to her. But in a trice she had disposed of her wraps and her satchels. Then she took Billy to his home and left him in the care of a supercilious and unwilling maid. with tender, if threaty, murmurings she soothed Mrs. Meade's fears. It was she that packed a suitcase and notified father. So it was that Mrs. Meade was ready to leave by the earliest train.

"I'll stay," Aunt Amelia assured her as they stood waiting on the platform of the station. "I'll look after things."

"That's great," said father.

"Its providential murmured Mrs. Meade; "your coming is providential, Aunt Amelia. She was thinking gratefully that Aunt Amelia was a tower of strength. "Oh, I hope you won't find it hard. They're all rather finicky about their appetites. And Uncle Isaac is so changeable."

"Leave him to me," her aunt told her grimly. "Wait till I get through with him. He'll be as fixed as the rock of Gibraltar."

But Mrs. Meade, mounting the steps, scarcely heard. Her mind was in a whirl. Bob must have his eggs fried hard! If Aunt Amelia should forget Uncle Isaac's shells, or was it water? If only the gas oven had been mended, and the doorbell. And there were Billy and Melba. Through it all, like a solemn dirge, was the the thought of her mother's illness. Her mother, whom she had last seen in the best of health, now stricken—

"Good-by, mother. Don't you worry about us." Father had kissed her, and the train was moving. She looked out to see whether she could catch a glimpse of them, but her falling tears obliterated their figures.

Her sister's son met her at the station. "There is still hope," he told her tersely. "It was very sudden—a stroke. But they bank on her unusual vitality. She is holding her own, and perhaps that's the best thing of all."

For two days her mother's life hung in the balance. During that time, Mrs. Meade thought of nothing except the pale figure in the silent chamber. It was as if she had been transplanted to another age and time. Then came the crisis, and her mother returned slowly to life. Yet was it

life to be ever and after chained to a wheel chair, helpless, with her busy hands folded idly? Mrs. Meade, watching her, felt somehow far removed from lesser considerations. How small they seemed—the doorbell—the front door, Melba, Billy, Uncle Isaac's crochets. The windmills had routed her, mere paper windmills that she need only to have overthrown with a paper lance. She told her mother her thoughts, and the once active old hands knotted convulsively.

"Oh, be glad, glad that you have windmills to fight," whispered the tremulous voice. "Be glad that you can do things for others even if you efface yourself. You take to the next world only what you give to this. Dear, if I could only go into my kitchen and put the kittle on—"

The words rang in her ears during the rest of her stay. They were still with her when she was seated in the train homeward bound. There was no reason to stay longer. She had left her mother as well as she would ever be. Out of her hand bag she unearthed a childish scrawl.

"When grandma is better," ran the zigzag lines, "won't you come home, mummie? We have quit being windmills—"

Windmills! Mrs. Meade smiled at the word. For the first time she saw that situation too with clarity. There was no use in making yourself a slave to carpricious appetites. Still, if she could no longer do things—

When the train came puffing into the station Mrs. Meade discerned father on the platform, surrounded by the whole family.

"Aunt Amelia's abdicated," cried Bob as he lifted her from the car steps. "She had no more worlds to conquer. The Reign of Terror had nothing on Aunt Amelia!"

"She was called home on account of sickness," father explained. As he kissed her he whispered something that sounded suspicously like "sweetheart," but he had to give away before the girl's wild onslaught. Uncle Isaac's "welcome home, niece," seemed a trifle less commanding than usual and Mrs. Meade, looking at him, felt a sudden pity. It was as if he had been a Samson, shorn of his strength. There was something pitiful in the halfhearted flourish of his handkerchief.

It was a triumphal walk up the familiar street. Billy Weeks, peering disconsolately through a window almost broke the pane in his delight. From the Keller veranda Melba waved her hand ecstatically.

"She's quit telephoning," vouchsafed Barbara. "Aunt Amelia put a sign up, 'Pay five cents when you telephone.' "

"The doorbell's fixed," added Fannie. "And the front door too."

"And Uncle Isaac," said Bob, grinning.

They had reached the house now. the light from the living room streamed out. The table glittered with the best cut glass and silver. Laughing and talking, they crowded round it. Uncle Isaac, scraping his throat apologetically, said grace. With a questioning glance Mrs. Meade motioned toward the squat brown teapot.

"Didn't you make any coffee, Elinor? Your father—"

"Now mother," Aline spoke with a trace of Uncle Isaac's old peremptoriness, "this is no longer a short-

order restaurant. Aunt Amelia has reduced it to an equation. Everyone takes either tea or cold water.''

Mrs. Meade smiled uncertainly So Aunt Amelia had entered the lists and vanquished her windmills. Everything was shipshape, systematic and business like still something was lacking. She missed the old spontaniety. Her speculative gaze traveled from one to another and rested on Uncle Isaac. His old hand shook as he lifted his glass of water. She roused herself suddenly.

''Why, Aline, isn't there any hot water for Uncle Isaac?''

''I take cold water, niece, Adam's ale,'' interposed Uncle Isaac with a pitiful assumption of his old pompous manner. ''When it comes to a beverage there isn't much choice, I find.''

''Why, Uncle Isaac,'' demurred Mrs. Meade, and amid the general laughter she rose quietly and slipped into the kitchen.

''Look at mother,'' sang Bob. The old buoyant note was in his voice. ''At it again full tilt, charging windmills! Shades of Don Quixote!''

For Mrs. Meade, laughing softly and a bit tremulously, had ''put the kettle on.''

An Altoona man snores so hard he awakens the dog. The dog sits up, howls and awakens the man. The man swears at the dog and awakens the mother. The mother growls at the man, who forthwith proceeds to go to sleep and start the fun all over again.—Galveston Tribune.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

We now have eight cottages in use, one awaiting opening, two very near completion. and the foundation of the last being laid. This makes a total of twelve cottages with more to come. The last two cottages are being built by the State.

It is rather late to tell of an incident that happened some weeks ago, but the party concerned deserves a write-up so here 'tis: Paul Greene sent to town for ice cream and set up the Mecklenburg Cottage boys. ''Thanks, Paul!''

The land in front of the Printing Office which was so devastated recently when the dynamiting was necessary, has been leveled. Dirt has been hauled to be placed in the holes made by the explosions. The looks of the ground in front of the Printing Office are thus greatly improved and it is now a pleasure to walk down to the place of THE UPLIFT publication.

Mr. Ankers, in charge of Well No. 4 reports the depth of 191 ft. This is quite a gain, for his last depth noted was 75ft. The visits of the reporter to the well-digger are eagerly anticipated, and always enjoyed. Mr. Ankers has an ever ready, cheerful and interesting conversation for all the boys. Small wonder that whenever he is seen, shouts seeming multitudes rise up to greet him.

This is what you might call a ''Ford'' school, for at the present

time no less than eleven Fords are possessed by various officers and employees. And this gives many of the boys who are mechanically inclined a chance to show their abilities, for more than frequently, and as is usual, these Fords get out of fix. The best workers so far are James Grey, Bertram Hart and Kelmer Smith.

A newer and more complete shoe repair shop has been installed at the school in the vacant room over the Printing Office. The coming Winter will try out the new shop, as it will then be repairing very nearly three hundred pairs of shoes (another cottage will be opened by then). Among the first to have their shoes repaired in the new shop were Mr. Fisher, Miss Sarah Boger and Mr. Cook. And they were well pleased and proud of the job on their shoes. This shop is as complete as a regular shoe repair shop.

August, the month of the realization of many high ambitions, is here. This is the month that the boys who deserve it, are released, and told to "make something out of yourself!" And if some who have made just one slip, but who are so sorry that the slip haunts them day and night, are allowed to go, and they do make good, what a happiness to the whole institution it brings. All who are fired with such an enthused spirit to make good that it carries them to many high positions in life. Hoyle Faulkner, William Chalk, Edward Thomas, Magnus Wheeler, Clyde Willard, Arthur Montgomery, Moses Fasnacht, Robert Poole, William Hatch; James Suther, Fred Parrish, Jacob Mead, Jerome Bruton, and James Grey have left the Jackson Training School to take their positions in society as new and valued members.

WAS A SLUGGING TRIUMPH.

As a slugging lesson, the game between the J. T. S. and the All Stars should have been attended by all amateur aspirants for success in the national pastime. The final results of this science of biffology were a score of 21 to 1 favor the J. T. S., many battered balls, and a wiser, much sadder and downcasted visiting bunch of niners. After five innings of opposing pill punching, and tiring of watching disgusted J. T. S. players cross the gutta percha, the All Stars thought they would have a chance with the second nine of the school. So the visiting collection of error making and fannins out players tried to lick the scrub nine. But the end of this game showed that the second nine was equal to its task and won 2 to 1. Of course the second game cannot be officially placed in the standing of the club.

The leading pitcher of the J. T. S. Holman, did not feel sure of himself Saturday because of a cut finger and Cook, regular catcher, did the the hurling whilst Holman received. He received well, and pegged to second, bringing to death many would-be pilferers. A balk by Hollans advanced all runners one station.

Detailing this game by innings would be far too strenuous work, for in one frame **fourteen** tallies were made. Williams, Cook, Hobby, Hancock and McLellan each connected up for a couple of bingles apiece, and the Sporting Editor is

unable to comprehend how it was done; countless walks and errors gave bases to many of the J. T. S. players when they would have far rather taken a bite at the old apple.

Four pitchers were used by the All Stars in the first game of the unscheduled double bill. Each game was an abbreviated affair of five innings. What each pill twister had to offer was to the liking of the Stonewallers; they cuffed the deliveries to all parts of the orchard for singles, two baggers and three baggers. Many of the runs possessed by the home team were made off errors—eight were all the visitors made.

The box score is not in this paper for two reasons. It would spoil the looks of the paper and the important reason is that the score keeper did not keep the score correctly.

In writing of Saturday's game the Sporting Editor of THE UPLIFT wondered why the base ball diamond was not yet been given a name. All diamonds of note have a handle. Charlotte has Wearn Field etc. He determined to give it one. The Training School is named after the second greatest leader of the Confederates — Stonewall Jackson. The only field of battle here is the ball diamond. Why not name it the Manassas Field. Yes that's it—the Manassas Field. Who will be the next victims on the Manassas Field?

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Jack O'Neil, Alvin Cook, Roy Caudill, Dewey Griffin, Marshal Williams, James Autry, Aster Adams, Floyd Linville, Glenn Riddick, Mack Wentz, Jake Willard, (Big Nick) Sims, Harvy Wrenn, Rufus Wrenn, Chas. Rothrock, Max Thompson, Everette Goodrich, Carrol Guice, Lloyd Winner, Charles Stone, A. Wilkerson, C. Hale, F, Wiles, R. Scott, Paul Green, C. Lisk, James Allen, Plaz Johnson, C. Frisk, T. Oglesby, Grover Lyerly, John Kemp, Ed Moses, Herman Cook, Julius Camp, Dallas Hensley, Leon Allen, Robert Holliday, T. Moor, Jack Frazier, Worth Stout, Watson O'Quinn, Walter Mills, Kelma Smith Magnus Wheeler, Challie Lee, William Hatch, Robt. Pool, Raymond Keenan, Edward Cleaver, Edward Thomas, Stanley Armtrong, Malcom Holman, Jas. Honeycutt, Henry Faucett, Floyd Huggins, Arthur Montgomery, Jas. Shipp, Jack McLeland, Swift Davis, Frank Thomason, Columbus Mead, Fitzhue Miller, Hoyle Faulkner, Murray Evans, Harry Hayes, Allie Williams, Robt. Watson, Marion Butler, Vass Fields, William Gregory, Harry Ward, John Wright, Josesh Moore, Clyde Willard.

"B"

Milton Hunt, Wesley Cook, Washington Pickett, James Bean, Richard Johnson, Garland Banks, Paul Leitner, Sidney Cook, Frank Brockwell, James Watts, James Suther, George Pitman, Earle Crow, E. Carver, W. McMahan, J. Branch, D. H. Johnson, C. Jackson, H. Apple, C. Hardy, W. Taylor, H. Tyson, J. Jordrn, A. Duke, R. Holland, Geo. McCone, Louie Pate, D. Driver, John Hill, Forest Byers, Preston Winders, Willie Harvel, Herbert Orr, Joseph Pope, Carlton Hager, Mill-

ard Gilbert, Wesley Forester, Nomie Lee, Sanford Hedrick, Roy Johnson, Geo. White, Avery Rothrock, Oak Ensley, H. Guthrie, A. Goodman, H. Tollie, Clifton Rogers, Lee Bradley, Eunice Byers, Luther Chenault, Bertram Hart, Eugene Apple, Fred Parrish, Jas. Gentry, Chas. Roper, Claude Coley, David Underwood, Wm. Wilson, Walter Brockwell, Loxley Saunders, Ralph Cutcheon Wm. Handcock, Lewis Pressley, Arvel Absher, Walter Shepard, Jno. Moose, Elbert Perdue, Ralph Freeland.

Exactly So!

A clergyman who had held his pastorate for many years was preaching one Sunday morning to a congregation much depleted through deaths and removals.

"Some have gone to their rest," he declaimed sonorously. "Others have gone elsewhere."—Ladies Home Journal.

A person good at making excuses is seldom good at making anything else.—Anon.

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Take Your Choice

Week-end fares. Sunday excursion fares. Summer excursion fares. Special excursion fares to Atlantic City and Nigra Falls

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Dates sale via Sou. & PRR June 28th, July 18, August 1st and 15th.

Date sale via Sou. & B&O July 6th. 12th and 26th, August 9th and 23rd.

TICKETS GOOD FOR 18 DAYS

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Week-End Excursion Fares

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— TO —

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These tickets are on sale Saturday nights and Sunday mornings from Salisbury, Hight Point, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Princeton and all intermediate stations. Good returning Sunday night. Not good in sleeping or Parlor cars.

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— TO —

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 12, 1922 NO. 40

"LOOK IN THE WAGON."

A farmer in North Carolina once drove with two high-mettled horses into town. Stopping in front of one of the stores, he was about to enter when his horses took fright. He sprang in front of them heroically seized the reins. Madden by strange noises, the horses dashed down the street; the man still clinging to the bridles. On they rushed, until the horses, wild with frenzy, rose on the haunches, and leaping upon the man all came down with a crash to the ground. When people came and rescued the bleeding body of the man, and found him in death's last agony, a friend, bending tenderly over him, asked, "Why did you sacrifice your life for horses and wagon?" He gasped with his breath, as his spirit departed, "Go and look in the wagon." They turned, and there asleep in the straw, lay his little boy. As they laid the mangled form of the hero in the grave, no one said, "The sacrifice is too great."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE UPLIFT

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.—Phoebe Cary.

AGAIN, THE MATTER OF RURAL POLICEMEN.

While the brutes that attacked Mr. and Mrs Ketchen, New York tourists enroute home from Florida, while camping in a rural spot in Moore county, have been caught, are in prison and have confessed to the hellish crime, the fact remains that under the lack of rural protection the fiends might have escaped, as many violations of the law are going unpunished because of a lack of police regulation in the rural sections.

That diabolical act, where a young woman, soiled and fallen she may be, was outlandishly and brutally treated by three white men, at a notorious resort of sin and vice in Cabarrus county, might have not occured had rural policemen been on duty; in fact, the dirty joint, maintained with a perfect contempt for law in the pursuit of nearly every vice known to sin, might be brought to an accounting were there moving about minions of the law bent on sustaining the majesty of the state.

There is one thing certain that were brave and courageous rural policemen, who make no distinction in the discharge of their duties, in service in certain quarters of Cabarrus county and in some others, there would be a perceptible falling off of the presence of certain professional and business folks, who cannot give a plausible excuse for their presence at such places

at certain times.

The time has arrived where the safety and the peace of certain communities require the diligent services of courageous rural policemen; and the authorities should provide for them. Lacking the legal authority to put on rural policemen, a bold request should be made for such authority to the end that decency may enjoy its rights and privileges. Crime in the rural sections is just as bad as crime in incorporated towns; and the fact that certain citizens of incorporated towns use the rural sections to carry on their dirty work, should not be overlooked in such a way as to make such jo'nts appear privileged or licensed.

* * * * * * *

REQUIRES MORE THAN MONEY.

Sometime ago Raleigh voted one millions dollars for the enlargement and improvement of its public school facilities. The brave act was heralded throughout the country, and it deserved to be norated.

Since that time the Capitol city has been tied up amongst its disagreements as to locations and other matters connected with the expenditure of the princely fund, and nothing tangible has come from the appropriation of a million dollars for school facilities. It requires many things besides money to make schools prosper—unselfishness, vision, energy and hope are among these.

* * * * * * * * *

VERY PROMISING.

That a reciprocal responsibility exists between the town and rural inhabitant is becoming more and more acknowledged. People in advance sections have learned that there can be no healthy and substantial progress, if their surrounding communities are backward, unthriving, ignorant and deprived of educational advantages.

In a number of the counties of the state there is noted with much pleasure organized plans and efforts to bring the town and rural population into a better knowledge of the problems that confront each. Thus the bar of an imaginary line of incorporation is coming to be disr egarded, and that there is a great big and vital problem that needs the best wisdom ar d interest of all.

The sooner the authorities learn that the substaniability of any civilization rests not on a few select of its population but upon the general average of the citizenship of the whole county and section, then an ideal condition will become possible. Let us hope, while the towns have advanc-

ed at a marvelous rate in educational facilities, that those who are charged with this duty will cease excusing themselves for a lack of function by pointing at these evidences of progress, which is not their making, but set themselves to work at the jobs which belong to them. In a recent issue of a prominent paper a high school-official pointed with pride, with word and picture, to what had been accomplished, but every example was a town or city proposition, in which he and his machine had no part, but was silent to the conditions in the field for which his high office is primarily maintained.

Come down to earth! The rural child is not getting what is due him, except in spots where genius and vision hold sway. A leader with a sympathy for the whole people, who can rise to the grave responsibilities of his duties, in county and state, is an outstanding demand of the times.

* * * * * *

A BOOK OF A PAPER.

Sunday's Greensboro News was an edition of ninty-six pages. The only way any suggestion of improvement is possible, is to say that it should have had four more pages, an even hundred. This could have been accomplished by putting on the whole a thing a four-page back and binding it, thus making a book.

It represents a vast amount of genius, labor and ability of the first water, that issue does; but the subject is a good one, and deserves all the notoriety given it.

It would be interesting to be able to estimate just how many new citizens, how many new enterprises and how much capital that very admirable exhibit will bring to Greensboro. It surely points the way.

* * * * * *

A PUBLIC SERVICE.

Mr. Sidney H. Hearne, perhaps the oldest living native of Albemarle yet a resident of that wonderful community, has rendered a large and unselfish service to his fellows. It is announced that Mr. Hearne has tendered to the town authorities the gift of an attractive and convenient site of three acres for a Public Park.

The generosity as well as the business foresight of Mr. Hearne is attested in that the offer carries no flare-back or insurmountable obstacles, all he requires is a business-like development and maintenance of the site. Without this, the propositon would be worthless.

This leads to some reminiscence. Thirty-two years ago there was only

one brick structure in Albemarle—this was a brick "smoke house" on the lot of the late Samuel J. Pemberton. To-day, Albemarle presents quite a solid appearance in her substantial and attractive brick buildings. And this growth and development are just the results of having in Albemarle men of vision and service, such as is now, as in the past, being exhibited by one of the state's finest characters, Sidney H. Hearne.

* * * * * *

A MYSTIC MASE.

Somebody started the puzzle of ascertaining the twelve outstanding, worthwhile men of the age in this country. Others are amusing themselves in the mystic mase of a smaller territory.

Now comes Miss Nell Battle Lewis, the artist of "Incidentally" in the Raleigh News & Observer, undertaking to pick out the most conspicuous and worthwhile dozen North Carolina women. She is treading on dangerous ground. Take one hundred well-informed women of the state and set them down to make their list of the twelve notables, and you will have a hundred different selections. THE UPLIFT, however, can see now the sparkling eye, the amused smile and the nervous little twitch while Miss Lewis was engaged in the work of elimination and substitution in this labor of discovery.

Perfectly willing to accept Miss Lewis' work as fairly well done, THE UPLIFT must insist on its belief that the famous twelve can be easily found in Cabarrus county, without straining the imagination over the whole 52,000 square miles of N. C. territory.

But, seriously, when it comes to the contributing to real joy and entertainment, we insist on making her list a baker's dozen by adding the name of Miss Lewis herself.

* * * * * *

"TROT IT OUT."

We are indebted to the Salisbury Post for the entertainment of the article portraying some of the history of "Venus," the Rowan correspondent that has become famous throughout the land for his unique "items" and his observing "nose for news"—nothing escapes his eagle eye, not even an old-time country dinner, a big pumpkin, or a pretty girl.

A finer selection for his newspaper name could not be had. That Morning Star, which moves in an orbit between that of Mercury and that of the earth, at a distance of 67,000,000, miles from the sun, Venus, fits most finely the subjects that attract the attention of this faithful correspondent.

He finds the unique, the extraordinary, the curious, the oddities; and, with a faith that is beauty itself, he challenges the world everywhere that "if you can beat it, trot it out."

THE UPLIFT has a devoted friend in New York city to whom is occasionally sent some of the productions of Venus from the Post and the Concord Tribune. That friend calls in his friends at dinner after the day's work is over, and it is asserted that the originality and choiceness of the subjects that this artist displays has prolonged their lives, and made the grind of their work in that old town much more tolerable.

THE UPLIFT is surprised, however, to learn that Venus is of English extraction. He sees too many funny things and displays too much humor to be a regulation Englishman.

* * * * * *

FEELING MORE COMFORTABLE

Now that a complete water system has been installed, including a 50,000 gallon steel tank, a well that gives up 4,600 gallons of water per hour (not to speak of others giving a total of 55 gallons) five hundred feet of standard fire hose, the Jackson Training School plant is in the least danger of fire. And with two watchman constantly on duty, life and property are subject to a minimum of danger.

THE SICK LION.

A Lion had come to the ends of his days and lay sick unto death at the mouth of his cave, gasping for breath. The animals, his subjects, came around him and drew nearer as he grew more and more helpless. When they saw him on the point of death they thought to themselves: "Now is the time to pay off all grudges." So the boar came up and drove at him with his tusks; then a Bull gored him with hishorns; still the Lion lay helpless before them: so the Ass, feeling quite safe from danger, came up, and turning his tail to the Lion kicked up his heels into his face. "This is a double death," growled the Lion.

"ONLY COWARDS INSULT DYING MAJESTY."

"VENUS" THE UNIQUE.

(Salisbury Post)

Per fiesse azure et gules, a barnacle argent!

You don't know what we are talking about? Neither do we, but we have been threatening to "trot it out" for some time.

It's the inscription on the coat of arms of the Virginia Wyatts, according to one of the Richmond, Va., newspapers, the forebears of our own Faith scribe, Venus, who, the paper says, is a descendant of Sir Francis Wyatt, one of Virginia's early colonial governors, who was a son of Sir George Wyatt, of Boxley, Kent, England, who was born in 1621 and became governor when he was thirty-three years old.

In addition to the inscription on the coat of arms, the Virginia newspaper says, "ringed on the crest is an ostrich proper, holding in the beak a horseshoe argent."

The writter has never lamped the coat of arms of the Wyatt family and has to take the description of the Virginia paper as correct.

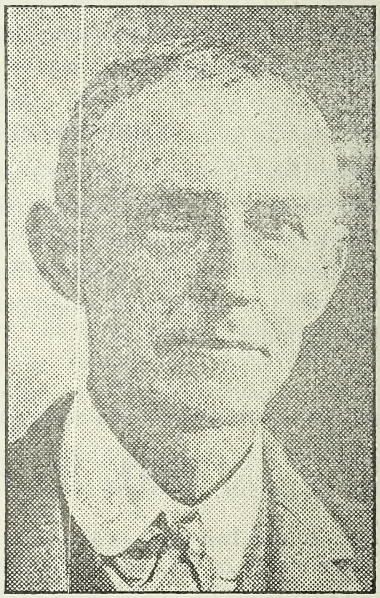
The Virginia paper did not translate the inscription, probably for the same reason that we are not going to try it. The man who translates our Latin is on his vacation.

But the coat of arms of the Wyatt family is not what we started to write about. This is a sketch of Sir John Thomas Wyatt, of Faith, better known as Venus, descendants of Sir Francis, son of Sir George, of Broxley, Kent England, etc.

Born in Davidson County.

The subject of the sketch was born in Davidson county October 31, 1851, and is therefore seventy-one years old.

He was married forty-two years ago to Charlotte Elizabeth Philips, oldest daughter of Esquire E. E.



J. T. WYATT

Philips. He is a member of the Reformed church and has been writing "Items From Faith" for the past forty-six years.

He moved to Faith just fifty-one years ago. He is a granite contractor.

Since his wife's death, he has been living alone at Faith.

Items, Curios and Granite.

He has divided his time about equally between his granite business, the writing of items and the collecting of curios.

His curios which have been demonstrated at many county and state fairs include some of the most marvelous collections of Confederate Veteran reunion medals, arrow heads, newspapers, articles of clothing, etc., ever assembled.

His writings attract great admiration from readers for the marvels of the vegetable world which he "trots out" for other correspondents to beat.

Thru his correspondents, young couples have met and started on the jaunt thru life in double harness.

He attends virtually every public gathering in the county and many outside the county to collect his "Items From Faith."

He has attended practically every Confederate reunion since there has been a reunion. He always has something interesting to write, and furnishes the newspaper guys with copy—for example the lead to this story was carried by one of the leading Richmond papers.

Sir John says he was a member of Company B, Freeman's Battalion.

Shipped First Car of Granite.

But why should we attempt to write a history of a writer when he is alive. We submitted a questionnaire to Venus and it covers our subject accurately.

"I was married to Charlotte Elizabeth Philipps, Oldest daughter of Esquire E. E. Philipps, we lived happily together for nineteen years. She has been dead about twenty-four years, am a widower, living alone in my own home in the center of Faith and am boarding with Mr. and Mrs. John A. Peeler and have been for several years and I am almost just like a member of the family. He runs a big store and is a wealthy man and has plenty of everything good to eat. I have retired from business and am taking the world easy and am having the best time of my life. Am the oldest man living in Faith now."

"Everybody who is living in Faith moved here since I did. I have been living here longer than anyone else here. I shipped off the first car load of granite that ever went off from here and started up the greatest granite industry in the Southern states and now thousands of people are benefitted by this granite business and the good work with continue for many years to come as the granite bed is from twenty-five to thirty miles long and from one and one half to two miles wide and from 5 to 6 miles from Salisbury and crosses the railroad track at Granite Quarry and runs thru the center of Faith and Faith is the home of the North Carolina Granite Millstones for grinding corn and wheat.

"The outside world don't know it but thousands of dollars are sent to this section by the portable corn mill factories and other mills to pay for the little granite stones that go in these portable mills.

"Faith has about 500 inhabitants and nearly everybody works in the granite quarries, except the women folks. The granite works is a fine business and that is the reason so many people are moving here to make it their home. I fill all orders for granite work that I receeive."

THE ART OF FORGETTING.

(Monroe Journal)

It is said that wanting things that we cannot have and which we could very well be without causes much of the disappointments of life. An ancient philosopher is credited with the saying that he was wealthy in being able to do without so many things. "Forget it," has become a popular bit of modern slang. Suppose we should practice the art of forgetting, not only forgetting the desire for a multiplicity of things beyond our reach, but forgetting the disagreeable things of the past. To many people it would be a rejuvenation.

It is a question which class of unhappy people is the largest, those who make themselves miserable by longing for things beyond their means or those who warp their lives by harboring the things that should be forgotten.

The person who harbours all the petty annoyances, the vexing irritations, the mean words, the unkind acts, the wrongs and the disappointments he has suffered is travelling a road that leads straight to permanent unhappiness if not to an insane asylum.

No superior person ever does this, for the one who does it cannot be superior. His faculties are too much warped, his vision is blurred. He can have little wholesome initiative and no poise. He cannot build character worth while because his thoughts turn inward like an ingrowing toe nail, not outward for the absorption of more strength.

You have often heard the expression, "I can forgive but I can't forget." But no one can do any such thing. You can only say that you forgive while making the mental reservation to remember. While if you forget first, there will be no trouble about forgiving. Pretty soon you will see that it is not worth thinking about one way or the other.

Passing by the annoyances or the irritations or the petty injustices and thinking of more important things in life is like leaving the brush and bushes and drift that clutter up a winding foot path and passing out into the broad and clean highway, where you can cease to think of your feet, and hold your head high and behold the far spaces, the widening rivers and the far flung horizon.

"Holding a high head" has a deeper meaning than is commonly supposed. The high head which comes of mere vanity and the attempt to be disdainful is nothing and is justly and quickly sized up as opera-bouffe. But the high head which comes from a determination to respect one's self too much to be a quibbler, a nagger, or a reservoir of petty recollections, gives poise, and universally challenge admiration.

"Chew your food, Doris, before you swallow it; your stomach hasn't teeth to chew with."

"Mine has. I swallowed two last summer."

FORD ON THE MODERN SCHOOL.

Henry Ford, in an article in the Dearborn Independent, criticizes modern methods of teaching says:

"The first thing that school vacations impress upon us is the helpless condition in which the schools leave most boys. They have learned nothing that they are eager to practice; they have studied nothing that they are eager to test. So far as their own feeling goes, there is a gulf between the interests of the classroom and the interests of the world at large. To the eyes of the boy, the school and the world are not engaged in the same things at all. His experience has not given him any practical hand-hold on the life that swirls about him. As a consequence, the vacation period is not nearly so pleasant for the boy as older folks think it is. It throws him out of the routine that exercised authority over him; it does not throw him into anything else but vileness. He is largely left to his own devices. He tries to 'play' but it is harder for a boy to 'play' in this mechanical age than it ever was before. After his temporary gladness because of his release from school, vacation becomes really a problem for the boy of energy.

"Sometimes he tries to work, to get a job somewhere, but there are not many jobs for boys who can stay only two months; and so we learn another thing from vacations, namely, we have no place for our boys. We have not taken them into consideration. We have rid ourselves of them by placing them in school, that is, by placing them in the atmosphere and under the control of the most unpractical element of our population; and then we have forgotten them.

"The dangerous age for a boy is that period when the school is through with him, having told him everything but how to get a start in life, and practical life looks at him askance. The truth is, we have left no place for the boy. We have refused to give him a hand-hold on life at a time when his development urges him to get that hand-hold. We have forced him to pursue a course which if it does not unfit him for his part, at least does not fit him for cised authority over him; it does it. The result is that, to many, study becomes abhorrent in youth, and work becomes abhorrent in maturity. Instincts thwarted at both periods become obstructions all the way through. Freedom is an essential developement in life; freedom with discipline is consistent; freedom with repression is not."

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—Ruskin.

SOME REMARKABLE ESCAPES IN THE LIFE OF A BOY

By George Cleaton Wilding.

When one looks back over the adventures and risks of his red- blooded boyhood he falls to wondering how half of the boys ever pull through it and reach manhood. But it is simply amazing how much a healthy, lively boy can endure and yet survive it, and come out of it all smiling; how nearly he can walk into the jaws of death, and then swing back into the sunny path of life. I think that all normal boys relish a risk. I am sure that to me it was the spice of life when I was a boy.

My first real exciting adventure took place in a Pennsylvania coal village, when I was bit of a lad, say about seven years old. It was a rather raw day in late November, and a half-dozen of us little fellows were playing on top of a coke furnace because of its warmth. In a furnace of this sort the coal is shoveled in through the doors in the front of the furnace on a lower level, while the vent-holes, or chimneys, are on the level at the top of the furnace where we were playing. In theexcitement of our game I tumbled into one of these holes. Fortunately the workman had just shoveled into this particular furnace a lot of fine coal, or slack, and, luckily, I fell into the black center of this smoking heap. Instantly I fell to screaming and thrust my hands as high as I could reach them. The boys gathered quickly around the hole in the face of the rising smoke, and, reaching down, they caught me by the hands and arms, and after a hard tug yanked me out. The flames were gathering about me as I was lifted out. My clothes were scorched, and my hands were slightly burned, but I was saved. One of the boys had raced to our home, near by, to tell my mother, who was busy getting dinner. She came at the top of her speed, with a fork in her hand, and catching me up in her arms she dashed home with me. What a wonderful being is a mother!

My second exciting escape occurred when I was about eleven years old. My father was the superintendent of the coal-mines. A lot of large, empty coal-barges were made fast to the shore near the tipple. That old Ohio River was at flood-tide. Its turbid surface was covered with floating driftwood—planks, slabs, logs, trees and small buildings. A great lot of this miscellaneous stuff was packed in front of the bows of these big barges. The current was so strong that it was jammed very close together, so that we boys could walk upon the surface of it. I carelessly stepped upon a place where were small pieces of wood and bunches of froth. Down I went, and that swift current promptly carried me under the half acre of driftwood. Instantly I felt that I must not allow myself to be carried under the coal-barge. So I grasped firmly the limbs of a fair-sized tree, and felt carefully for a soft place over head, and after a good deal of effort, butted my head through. At once the boys saw me and lifted me to freedom and

safety. As I gazed about me at the blue sky and trees on the hillside, how beautiful it all looked to me.

My third risk occurred in a little village on the banks of the Ohio River, in a part of Virginia which is now West Virginia. It was an inspiring winter morning. The day was crisp and cool with brightt sunshine. It was a great temptation to a boy, even if it was Sunday. I was about forteen then and passionately fond of skating. So, hiding my old fashioned skates under my overcoat, I sallied forth. In the outskirts of the village I met a number of the boys on their way for a day skating. The river had risen, and the backwates had lifted Broad Run out of its banks over the creek. The ice was hard and smooth, just ideal for our sport. Soon we had our skates strapped onto our boots, and we were gliding over the glittering ice.

Soon we were so interested and excited that we forgot all else. In the meantime the water was steadily rising, but we failed to observe it. At last it had lifted the ice loose at the shore, and we were carelessly skating on one huge floating cake of ice. As I turned suddenly the heel of my skate split this great ice-cake clear across the creek, and I dropped neatly down into this yawning crack. I could swim like a duck. Although I was burdened with a heavy suit of clothes, overcoat, boots and skates I managed to swim to the edge of the ice cake. As best I could I put my elbows upon it and tried to pull myself up. But the edge of the ice broke off and let me slip back into the cold water. I tried this several times with the same wretched luck. I was by this time getting very cold and weak. I felt that something desperate must be done. So I again swam to the edge of the ice, and this time I came up to it sidewise. I lifted my hip up upon the ice and rolled, and this time it sustained me. All of this time that bunch of boys had stood at a distance, scared stiff, and utterly unable to help me in any way. They all had succeeded in getting unto the shore. Stiff and numb I rose to my feet and slowly skated to the end of a huge log, that reached to the shore, climbed upon it and thus reached the bank of the creek.

Quickly taking off my skates I flung them to a friend, and, with "Pets" Roush, I raced over frozen fields, with that ice-water in my boots, splashing up my legs, for almost a mile to the farmhouse home of "Pets" father, Mr. Philip Roush. Here, luckily, we found nobody at home. "Pets made an immense wood fire in the great stone fireplace, and I stripped off and lay down on a big thick blanket in front of the roaring fire. My, but it did feel good. I put on a new suit of "Pets" clothes, while mine were drying, and, in the meantime, we filled up on apples and doughnuts. Then I got into my own clothes again, and we went back to the creek and the boys, finding a safe place, we skated till dark. How quickly a boy forgets! And mother was to settle with when I got home.

My fourth escape happened when I was about sixteen years old, in the Ohio River, near the place of the second adventure. A lot of those empty coal-barges were tied to the shore near the coal tipple, in the lower end of the village. A bunch of us boys were

having our afternoon swim one warm summer day. We were in a contest, diving from the watchmans boat, the "Garibaldi," in an open stretch of water, inside the flotilla of big barges. When my turn came I made my dive, determined I would win by making it a long one. I turned to much to the right, and when I came up I was under a barge.

I bumped my head pretty hard, and, for a moment, I was slightly stunned, so that I lost my sense of direction. I could not be sure which was the way to shore and safety. Any other course meant certain death. I remémbered reading that at the bottom of a stream one could find out which way the current flowed I instantly dived to the bottom, thrust my fingers into the soft mud, and at once, I felt the flow of the stream. Now I knew the way, and "pulled for the shore."

But the remarkable thing is that while a part of my mind was busy with the important problem of making my escape from death, another section of my mind was busy with a great moral or spiritual problem. My life passed before my vision like a vivid panorama. There was no haste. It passed by steadily and slowly. I saw and estimated the moral events of my life. My acts of disobedience to my parents, to the voice of my inner conscience, to my God, all stood out before me in plain view. I stood condemmed at the bar of righteous ness. When I reached the shore I was exhausted and faint, and I stretched out on the sand in the sun, as the boys gathered around me. Of course, for a time I was the hero of that gang of boys. But it was a long time before I told all of that story.

My fifth adventure took place when I was a big boy, almost twenty years of age. I was on my way home from college for the Christmas vacation. I took that lumbering old-fashioned sled-stage at Athens, Ohio, for Pomeroy, a distance of some twenty miles.

We started at about 8 p.m. through a pretty deep snow. It was a bitter cold night. After an hour or so I was the only passenger. I curled up in the straw and tried to keep warm. But I got colder and wanted to go to sleep; but I knew that I must not do that.

At last I must have yielded to this drowsy tendency, for the driver sai he spoke to me several times and I did not answer him. Then he was uneasy so he stopped the horses, and came back to me. He talked to me, shook me, and yet he could not waken me. He then picked me up bodily and threw me out on the hard frozen ground. The sudden jolt aroused me, and I became conscious.

The early sensations of freezing are delicious. As the blood trickled up my arms and legs the tickling, prickling feeling made sort of gentle lullaby. It all seemed like a beautiful, dream. But when that same blood rushed back into my hands and feet, the pain was terific, as sharp as a knife. The blood seemed to be as hot as molten metal. When I came to myself I was irritable cross, angry. I wanted to fight the driver. He laughed and backed out of my way. But when my mind cleared. I thanked him warmly for saving my life.

A spoiled child is to be pitied. Also its parents.—Exchange.

LOCAL MARKET PROBLEM.

(The Robesonian)

"The local market for home-raised food and feed supplies is the biggest economic problem that our growing cities have to solve," says the University News Letter. Here's a job for a whole-time commercial club secretary to tackle, if we had one in Lumberton, a man-size job in solving which he would earn his salary.

News items from Fayetteville and Gastonia recently have told of the success of curb markets in those towns. The News Letter says that our farmers will never produce ample surpluses of bread and meat for the nearby town dwellers under present conditions. "Peddling food products from door to door," continues the News Letter, "is peddling business and the stomach of robust farmers rebels at it. Our towns and cities must provide local market arrangements, conveniences, and facilities for home raised food products just as cotton and tobbacco. The local market for home-raised food and feed products means regional stockyards, shipping facilities and advantageous freight rates; abattoirs, chilling and packing plants; warehouses, warehouse certificates, and bank loans on these certificates; open air curb markets, and well managed free public market houses in the larger cities; camping yards and sheds, rest rooms, and so on and on. But even more it means the marketing habit on part of housewives and merchants, along with fair prices and profits for the farmers. It means town-and-country cooperation, and the lack of such cooperation spells inevitable failure."

Not long ago a farmer upbraided a Lumberton man because when he brought some potatoes to town he did not find a market for them. "And yet farmers are urged all the time to produce food and feed products sufficient to supply the home towns," he said.

Farmers will supply bread and meat for the town dwellers, no doubt when the town dwellers supply the market.

"He serves his city's business best who best serves the farmers in the trade territory," concludes the News Letter.

Chinese automobiles are now being manufactured for the first time by a machine company in China.—Exchange.

BROADENING EDUCATIONAL FIELDS.

(New York Evening Post.)

Education was once a private family concern. Then it developed into a local or community matter. Next it passed to State control. Now it is on the verge of becoming nationalized through the operations of the Towner-Sterling bill, which is designed to furnish Federal aid and maintain fairly uniform standards over the whole country. The next

step in the process is towards internationalism, and it is highly significant that the National Education Association, which emphatically demanded continued support for the Towner-Sterling bill, should have arrange to send invitations to forty-five countries asking their teachers to join with ours in a world conference on education in 1923.

So far each of these sweeping advances has brought boons far outweighing, from the standpoint of a democracy, the incident aldifficulties. While the home and the school district may have lost authority in the process at least a strong case may be made showing such loss was the cause rather than the effect of educational reforms. With the measure before the country, that is undoubtedly the case. If all the States were meeting their several educational problems fully enough to satisfy the conscience of the country, there would be no call for legislation of the sort embodied in the Towner-Sterling bill, with its provisions for Federal aid, a national education programme, and an educatior in the cabinet.

The value of the first world conference on education may be chiefly inspirational, but later gatherings may produce solvents for international discords, sedatives for nationalist spleens, and tonics for world thought.

The block of granite which is an obstacle in the path of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the path of the strong.—Carlyle.

SHOES IN BANK BOX.

(Salisbury Post)

Shoes in a bank deposit box!

Doubt it? Don't blame you. But bank employes are to be trusted!

Admittedly, it wasn't a shoe for an adult man. Quite the contrary; it was the shoe of a little child. Perhaps the first pair the baby had ever worn.

Mother was saving it until her "boy" became a man; that's why it happened to be in the bank deposit box—it was asserted. The little shoes was worn slightly; but that didn't matter. They were "his" shoes; which in itself was sufficient.

Perhaps this was the most surprising relic deposited in the bank boxes. Look in the boxes? Not one peep; just gathering the dope from the memory of clerks who had accidently seen certain things placed in the boxes from time to time during the past decade or longer.

Money, old coins, life and fire insurance policies, mortgages, deeds and commercial papers of all kinds and descriptions were said to have been desposited in these boxes.

One old confederate veteran proud, of his long service under General Robert E. Lee; proud of the day's of the confederacy; proud of their money even though it had eventually become worthless,—had deposited a wad of old confederate bills in his box.

Another peculiar document was a marriage license—the cetificate

too! Drawn up properly and incorporated before a year had lapsed? Funny, eh? Well maybe not. No one knows—except the parties who had it placed there—why it was there. Probably to save it? Prevent wifie or hubby, in a case of a vehement disagreement, from tearing it in shreads?

That's just a guess. Haven't investigated the cause; don't even know who the parties are and if that knowledge was given out,—far be it from a reporter to expose the guilty parties.

But it's worth preserving—any register of deeds or judge of a superior court can tell you that!

Curios innumerable also fill the boxes. Some were "unnamable." Vague descriptions could only be secured; too vague to bank an argument on so, it won't be neccesary to enumerate.

Any old love letters there? Didn't hear of any—but there might have been for you never can tell!

Pa and Ma wouldn't admit it if they had preserved any?

Could you blame them?

"If the troops are denying you or those you represent, the right to do anything you want to do please let me know at once what it is, and, if, it is not against the law, I will see that they are requested to let you do it."—Gov. Morrison to President Barrett.

A PAIR OF LABRADOR BOOTS.

By Greta G. Bidlake

The people who live in Northern Newfoundland and along the Labrador Coast are accustomed to look upon many of our necessitties as luxuries from the very force of circumstances. Stores are few and far between, besides they usually carry only staples, and money for even these is not always plentiful. The men make and mend their own nets whenever possible as well as their own komatiks, snowshoes, and dog harness for the winter. The women knit, make mats, fashion the sealskin trousers and warm, fur-fringed 'dikey,' as the parka is called here, for winter wear, and often provide every member of the family with a pair of sealskin boots in addition to all this. These boots are very cleverly designed and are interesting examples of neat workmanship. The English and Newfoundland women learned to make them from the Eskimo women who were already proficient in the art when the former came strangers to the Coast. Still, one observes, that to this day the women who turn out the best boots are nearly always pure Eskimos or of a decidedly Eskimo ancestry.

Labrador sealskin boots are not made of the soft, silky, brown-furred seal familiar to commerce. Several different varieties are used for their making, all rather light in color though spotted with dark brown along the back and sides. They are locally known as 'harps' and 'jars,' and there is a third variety which I have never seen but which is quite common and is called 'square flippers.'

Seals are usually killed in the Spring, though the Labrador people also get a few in the Fall and shoot a stray one whenever they find it. A great deal of work goes into the business of making a pair of boots. The old recipe for cooked hare said, 'first catch your hare' and if you want to have a pair of sealskin boots you must first catch your seal. This is done in more than one way. I shall first tell you how it is done by the Newfoundland seal hunters. The Labrador men do it differently.

Seals, you know, come down from the Arctic regions in the Spring when the ice breaks up, about March, on floating pans or large masses of moving ice called 'floes.' Each mother seal has a baby seal by her side. For the first six weeks of their lives the young seals are almost pure white and are known as 'white coats.' Perhaps some smart boy or girl can tell me why they are this color. Later they shed their jackets and are, for a while, called 'ragged coats.' The people of the North often call all seals 'swiles' and refer to the seal hunt as 'swiling-time.'

As soon as the ice begins to give way off shore, steamers, guided by aeroplanes, leave the Newfoundland ports and brave the bergs and 'slob' ice in order to find the seal herds. Sometimes these ships are crushed in the ice and founder; sometimes they are wrecked or almost submerged by the 'calving' or parting of a huge berg near them; sometimes the men get too far away from their ship or become detached from their party and, not being able to get back before nightfall, suffer tortures from exposures or often freeze to death. A great deal of danger attends one of these seal hunts.

When the seal herds have been located the steamer stops and its crew go out on the ice. They leap from pan to pan, killing the seals by a blow from a 'gaff' or 'bat' and, after 'sculping' or skinning them, leave the pelts upon the ice. A collection of five or six pelts is called a 'tow' and each man hauls his tow to the ship if she is near. If she be distant he leaves them in a heap and the steamer collects them. When a sufficient quantity of skins has been packed away in the hold the ship 'bears up' for home and off they go back to Newfoundland where anxious friends and relatives look hourly for their coming and long to know that the trip has been a success. Every year the women wait at home while their men face the danger of the seal hunt.

The Labrador hunters do things on a smaller scale as they mostly want the sealskins for their own use and not for sale. They practice what is known as 'inshore fishery' and take the seals in nets laid along the shore or shoot them from their row boats in some secluded bay where seals seek shelter or become stranded when a pan of passing ice drifts in and melts.

Here, after the seal is sculped, the flesh is not wasted, but comes to the family table in many a dark, rich, wholesome dish. The skin is lashed into an oblong frame for stretching and drying and is laid in some high place to dry so that the dogs, which become wild at the scent of meat, may not get in. This high place is usually provided by the top of the house

or a shed.

When the skin is dry one of the men rips it from the frame and stores it away. From time to time throughout the summer he brings it out of the wooden chest in the corner of the kitchen and 'works' it with his hands to 'break the grain' and make the hard dry skin soft and pliable. I have seen men roll the skin up tightly and stamp on it during this process.

The leather once softened, the skin is handed over to the women of the house who do the rest. They wet it thoroughly, sometimes in the brook and sometimes in a tub of water, and roll it up in a piece of thick, wet, woolen cloth, taking care that there is always a thickness of cloth between the layers of skin. It is then put away in a warm place where it will keep damp and left for about eight days. If it shows signs of drying out the cloth is dampened again. At the end of the eight days it is brought out and the hair scraped off with a sharp knife. The leather is now ready for cutting. It is quite light in color but becomes dark from frequent applications of seal oil applied while in the wearing.

The skin, however, is not the only part of the seal that goes into the making of a pair of boots, for the sinew with which they are sown comes from the neck of this same animal. It is a circular portion about three inches in diameter and five inches long. While still moist, it is stretched over a round stick and left to dry. The drying finished, it is put in the chest with the skins, having been slit up in order to remove it from the stick. When both leather and sinew are in shape and the time permits or necessity demands, a woman begins to make the boots. She cuts pieces about half-inch wide from the sinew, which now looks like brown parchment, and puts it to soak. When well soaked these strips stretch out into a coarse, dark thread, which is twelve or more inches long. There are times when the supply of sinew becomes exhausted and then stout linen or cotton thread must be used. This rots quickly after the boots are exposed to the water so sinew is always used if it can be had.

Every woman who makes boots has a number of brown paper patterns which she carefully keeps. The day the boots are to be made she brings out the skin, cuts the sinew, puts it to soak and lays her pattern on the leather. She is careful not to waste a bit of it in the cutting for families in the North have a way of growing larger while seals are becoming scarcer year by year. She first cuts two wide, long, double leg pieces that narrow toward the bottom and slant down to a point at one side. slant down to a point at one side. She clips off part of this point so as to leave a curve. When the leg is joined by a seam up the back this leaves a half circle bending up near the instep. To this she sews a piece shaped like a half sole, except that it is rounded at both ends, and the uppers are done. She now cuts two wide, large sole pieces and gathers them. If she is a good boot maker here is where her best work will come in. All the pieces have been soaked to soften them and now these soles must be gathered with fine stitches for several inches around the toe

and heel. The 'heel strings' at the back betray a poorly made boot and great care is needed to pucker them in just right and get them sewed firmly thus. Three of these heels strings are used. The large sole piece turns up all the way around so that the few inches around what was the edge when it lay flat really form a part of the upper when the boot is worn. You will know more of what it looks like if you will examine a pair of shoe packs or mocassins for some makes follow out the same idea. The boots are finished when a band of sealskin, perhaps with the hair left on, has been sewed round the tops as a binding. If they are boots for a grown person, it has taken a quick, skillful woman a day to make them but if for a child, and the children look very quaint and odd in their shorter boots which come only half way to the knee, it has not taken more than five hours or so.

Boots of this kind are commonly worn by men, women and children though many have 'store boots' for Sunday and festive wear. The sealskin boots last well except during the summer when they become scuffed from traveling over the rocky hill trails and the stones in the door yard. The pair I have has been half soled by sewing new pieces of leather on both where the leather on the ball of the foot has worn through and where the bottom of the heel was showing the wear. I often saw women soaking the sole and heel pieces for this and I noticed they chewed them around the edges after. This was to soften the stiff, hard leather even more and it is an effective measure for when put on the stitches in these pieces are very close, do not come through to the surface and can scarcely be detected.

These home-made boots resist water fairly well, especially when oiled, but they would be very cold footwear in the winter were it not for the thick, warm, flannel lining which goes inside them. It is made so as to look rather like a bed sock and is worn outside at least two pairs of home knit woolen socks. The boots always pull on and are made to fit over both socks and lining.

Slippers of sealskin are made too, and one may have the fur side inside or outside as one chooses. These, however, are mostly for sale to summer visitors and volunteers at the Grenfell Mission hospitals, while the boots are for the daily wear of the people of the Coast.

"I see," remarked a gentleman as he paid a small newsboy for his paper, "that you are putting up a good many new buildings in your town." "That is the only kind we put up here, sir," replied the little fellow with a touch of civic pride.

EDUCATION IS THE BASIS OF AMERICAN GROWTH.

By George F. Day

The first postmaster general made the rounds of the offices under his supervision upon horseback, so few were they in number. But now he is one of the busiest men in the Union with an arary of clerks at his command. The increase in letter writing has not been entirely according to America's growth and improvement in that service but has increased according to her advancement in education.

Inside of the first month after the landing of our Puritan fathers on that bleak, cold New England shore, the first free school of America was established and within a year the foundations of Harvard college had been laid so that when the children and grandchildren of these pioneers grew to maturity and took their places they need not live in ignorance but might be able to enter into the duties of life knowing their rights and willing to fight for them.

Our country has advanced ever since its founding rapidly and it is due to her attention to educational interests. Where was the first iron stove invented? The world had for years been struggling along the best it could with the old-fashioned fireplace and a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. It was left to Benjamin Franklin, a poor American, to invent the first practical iron stove and thus revolutionize this kind of manufacturing. Would he have been so successful in any country where he could not have received a liberal education? We have no reason to think so. So it was with the invention of the plow. People had for years been using crooked sticks and big, heavy, cumberson implements. It was left to an American to invent the first practical plow. So we can trace the growth of the invention and adoption of practical tools from the earliest time until the present day. People may say that education is not responsible for this development, yet America stands first in practical inventions and manufactures and is the shipping place of the world. Why should it have been left to America to revolutionize the trade of the nations unless it was because of her superior advantage of education? It is the practical man educated in the practical way tht knows the needs of the masses and the easiest way to meet them. That is why Americans have succeeded. The nobility and higher class of England have always enjoyed the privilege of education but they did not know the necessities of a common man and not knowing paid practically no attention to his improvement and laboring man without education could not better his condition. Our land is full of schools and colleges for the purpose of educating the children of just such men and they are not only urged to send them but are compelled to do so. Gradually there has been introduced into our school system in a great many places a course of manual training. Where the hand as well as the mind can be

trained; where the rich man's children work side by side with those of lower rank; where the boy or girl is taught what handwork is and how essential it is to their success. As a result students became more interested in their work. They are taught the dignity of labor. It has been proven in a great many cases that students who had no interest in their school before this system developed have become enthusiastic over their work and look forward with pleasure to the two hours spent at the bench or in the study of domestic science. By constant association with labor they learn to respect it as one of the noblest things in our existance, and come to realize how much we depend upon the common laborer for even the smallest necessities of life. This system of manual training has been introduced into our schools. It may be argued by some that education is not essential to a man's success, that a person with a good knowledge of business is far ahead of the person who has a good book education but does not know anything of commercial life. That must be true to a certian extent but how much more easily a person can learn business methods and the way in which business concerns are conducted if his mind is trained thoroughly in his high school course and if he knows how to acquire a knowledge of business under his consideration and how to use it to its best ends. It certainly seems practical that a person whose mind is trained, has knowledge of other things and can apply the one thing to its best advantage, it is far superior to a person skilled in one branch who has been educated in one business only and whose mind is narrowed down to one consideration. He cannot conduct his business so as to receive the benefit of other things but must carry on his work in that one narrow channel in which he has been educated.

Education is essential to a full enjoyment of life. You can get no pleasure out of a thing you do not understand. A person must be educated to understand even the most common things in our every day life. What pleasure is there for a person to witness anything he does not understand. He sees the action but never having given the matter any thought, does not inquire what are the causes and what the effects. He simply witnesses it and if it is out of the ordinary, wonders a little and dismisses the matter from his mind. It is not this way with a person who has received a general education. He understands the causes of an event and what its significane is. He gets pleasure out of the smallest occurrences which to some people mean practically nothing. It may be that these things are of no practical use but it is just the men who do observe and understand that make the successful men of the world.

America has grown from thirteen struggling colonies to one of the most powerful nations of the world. She has arisen from her dependence upon Great Britain to an independent nation. Because Americans had been educated they knew their grievances and were able to convince other nations of the fact.

It is due to education that America is such a Democratic country in its belief. It is because America understands the dignity of labor that the

laboring man is respected, and it is just these things that unite the states into a closely bound nation and makes it one of the more important powers among the great nations.

The only hope for the lasting progress of our race is constant reform in social life. To bring this about we must begin with the children. It is in consideration of them that our school system comes into use. That system which is the pride of our race. which has aided so materially in bringing about the great rise of this remarkable country. Scattered all over this broad land of ours are schools, colleges and universities. All designed for building up the character of the younger Americans. Such is the state of affairs in our own country. Thus it is that America has achieved her dazzling success, not by one great lead as the old empires of the East, but gradually and evenly advancing to her present magnificence. She has spread about her into every country where her influence could possibly be left a helpful inspiration. What better thing can be said of a country than that education follows the flag.

Ex-Vice President Marshall, upon his return from Europe, received a report on the operations of his 100 acre farm and found his net profit for the year was $2.39. He will probably return to the lectture field.—News & Observer.

A MILLION NEW CARS

Considerably more than a million new automobiles were licensed in the United States last year. No wonder we see shoals of new cars on the streets every day.

The serious problem, in connection with the operation of automobiles, is chance taking at railroad grade crossings. In spite of the frightful mishaps reported each day, there is only a slight checking of the evil. The only known remedy is to everlastingly keep on urging drivers to observe the following precautions:

When you drive near the railroad tracks that are to be crossed Think of Trains of Cars. Right there on the tracks, is the only place you will find any.

With such thoughts in your mind, you will be prepared for any emergency. Most times, there will be no train near enough to hinder you, but DON,T trust to LUCK. LOOK and LISTEN every time.

If you trust to luck, you are not giving yourself and your passengers a fair deal. A professional gambler will bet almost anything, but he never wagers his Life. He might lose a lot of money once and then recoup his losses in another venture. But every one of us know that when he loses his life he is going to stay dead.

That man who is killed at a crossing yesterday, had no desire to die. There was no end of things to make life worth while. The man simply followed in the steps of thousands who made the mistake of yielding to a quick impulse of trying to beat a train over a crossing.

Sober second thought would have saved him; so we close this little appeal with a solemn warning that now is the time to Call a Halt, and Cross Crossings Cautiously.

The doctors say that the people do not drink enough water, and there seems to be no way to make them drink it except to prohibit it.—Boston Transcript.

THE FAMOUS SEDAN-CHAIRS OF CHINA

The sedan-chair, which is commonly used in the south of China for short journeys, is a very comfortable vehicle. The elastic poles, fastened to the sides and twelve or sixteen feet in length, act somewhat as springs, and the motion is agreeable, except upon a steep hillside; there the oscillations given by the steps of the carriers grow emphatic and discomforting.

The sedan-chair is often handsomely finished within and without. It can be closed to the public view, and affords a fine protection from sun and rain. It has the right of way over all things except official processions, and the carriers on a thronged street mark their approach by loud outcries for room, and use little ceremony in pushing the unwary or slow out of their way. When two chairs going in opposite directions meet, it is a trial of courage, bravado, strength, and noise, as to which shall turn aside for the other. The chair of a bride, or of an official, takes a recognized precedence, and such chairs are often marked by unusual elegance of color and upholstery, or by an extra number of carriers.

No other mode of travel for short distances in China is equal to the chair for comfort and convenience, although one's sympathy for the carriers mars one's pleasure at times.

The Peking cart deserves a more energetic characterization than one can give it. Imagine a two-wheeled vehicle, built like the ox-carts on New England farms, although a little more than half as large and without any seat, surmounted by a cover of blue jean, drawn by a mule and driven by a hardy Chinese, the passenger being left to dispose himself as well as he can in the interior. Then keep in mind the dirt roads in China, left to time and chance and the weather from year to year, full of ruts and unsuspected stones and holes, often more like the bed of a brook than a public highway. Pack the cart and pad his exposed points as carefully as he may, the luckless traveler is at the mercy of his driver and the road, and is liable to carry on his person for many weeks the impressions of a few hours' travel.

And yet this is the chief mode of travel in the north of China. Seven miles of it are about all the average Occidental can endure. A donkey's back, even one's own feet are much to be preferred.

Donkeys abound in northern China, and are much used for moderate distances. They are tiny creatures, hardly four feet high, and their backs

and their slender legs seem insufficient to bear more than their own weight, yet they receive their burden meekly, and amble at a good pace along the dusty roads. It is comical to see a man six feet in height and weighing, it may be, two hundred pounds, astride one of these little beasts, and moving soberly along at the pace of four miles an hour.

The litter is the luxurious mode of travel by land, and merits special attention. A hundred miles or more, all the way from Peking to Pao-ting-fu, one can try this conveyance, which combines dignity and ease. If one doubles the capacity of the covered sedan- chair and fills it with a mattrees and blankets and other baggage for a reclining seat, puts mules unstead of men betwen the poles in front and behind, and adds a driver to keep the mules to their work, you have the Chines litter. You mount the litter before the poles are placed on the mules' backs, and you dismount when the mules are unharnessed and the litter set down, unless you are willing to risk your neck and limbs in a leap from the side window to the ground which is some four feet below.

If the mules keep step and do not stumble or trot, all goes well. When they break step, or gallop, or stop to graze, or to drink at a chance pool, one's reverie is rudely broken, and all one's strength and skill are needed to keep right side up and unside the litter. But as the sides are open to the breeze and the view, and as one may sit up to read, or recline to rest or sleep, this mode of travel is next to that by chair for pleasure, and far better for extended journeys, especially if one have agreeable companions to share the meals of the day and the luxuries of the native inns at night.—Wellspring.

I believe in the boys and girls, the men and women of the great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy soweth the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others. I believe in the wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book; in lessonstaught, not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in the beauty in the schoolroom, in daily life and in out-of-doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of ev ery day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and it promises and in the divine joy of living.—Amen.—Edwin Osgood Grover.

WHERE ARE YOUR EYES

Doctor Galin said our eyes were placed at the top so that we could see things at a distance. It sounds simple enough, but not many of us have thought of it just that way.

Signals in light-houses are elevated so that they may be seen from afar. Many other instances might be cited to show the value of high lights.

The driver of an automobile, as he sits at the steering wheel, has a clear view ahead and ought to be able to protect his passengers from danger at the railroad grade crossing. The risk of being killed by a train of cars is something we all learned in childhood days.

There should be no haphazard driving across railroad tracks. Any driver who assumes that because trains run only at occasional intervals he is relieved of the necessity of being vigilant every time he crosses the tracks, certainly takes a big chance of being numbered with the slain.

Careful use of eyes and ears is the first consideration: next comes something else quite as important, the exercise of good judgmnt in meeting the situation that confronts us.

Much has been said about the safety habit—what a good thing it is. Everybody gives assent to it in theory, but that many fail to practice it, is demonstrated daily at railroad crossings, where lives lost and bodies maimed are the heavy toll paid for Thoughtlessness.

Thank your lucky stars for those good eyes, placed high up at a point of vantage in your anatomy! Yes, and see to it that you make 100 per cent use of those same eyes at a place of known danger, like the railroad grade crossing.

Who drives across
In a careful way,
Will live to drive,
Another day.

THE POWER THAT CONTROLS.

Many of you have read about Xerxes, a great king of the East, centuries before Christ was born. It was this man before whom Esther appeared in order to intercede for the lives of her people, the jews,Xerxes was in many respects an able ruler and general, but he took himself more seriously at times than he should have done. He was one of the greatest kings of all time but not so great as he thought he was. Once when he was conducting a millitary campaign against a powerful foe, he ordered bridges constructed across a sea so that his army might pass over. When they were completed a storm arose and swept the bridges away. Xerxes flew into rage and ordered the sea to be lashed with whips. He hoped in this way to punish and tame it. But how foolish. Man has little control over the winds and waves of the sea. But I should say he has about as much power to calm the tempestuous sea as he has to control his own passions and evil tendencies.

RAIL AND WATER RATES PHILADELPHIA TO SOUTH.

Norfolk, Va., June 30.—Announcement was made by the Southern Railway System of the establishment of rail and water freight service between Philadelphia and the South in

connection with the Inland Steamship Company, via Pinners Point, the Southern's terminal opposite Norfolk.

Rates with the usual differentials under the all-rail rates will apply on traffic moving via this route between Philadelphia and contiguous territory on the one hand and points in the Carolina, Southeastern and Mississippi Valley territories on the other.

The Inland Steamship Company has a line of self-propelled barges with daily service between Philadelphia and Norfolk. Freight leaving Philadelphia one day will be delivered at Pinners Point the following morning in time for forwarding to the south on the Southern's fast manifest freight train, No. 53.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Talbert, the former an officer at the J. T. S., are being visited by Mrs. J. C. Faggart, of Chase City, Va.

Watermelon twice last week! It sure is a sight for sore eyes to see a line of two hundred and fifty boys each devouring a fourth of a melon. But they ate carefully and no ailments resulted.

The old clippers which are run by the movements of the fingers, are so out of style that ways and means of procuring some electric clippers are now being discussed by the authorities.

Nothing so grand as a sincere, constant friend. Mr. R. S. Huntington, ot Greenville, S. C., is this kind. He makes frequent visits, mingles with the boys, te'ls them stories, performs stunts and acts generally the "big brother." His latest visit was particularly a joy.

There are certain officers at the school who are extremely admired by the boys—in fact they take these officers as their models. Then there was a small few who consider themselves above the boys. They are forever on their dignity. These few soon find their littleness out and leave. Those officers and matrons who have been here for some time can take it for granted that they are in the first class. May the first class survive and increase!

Elbert Perdue and James Phillips were taken to Concord recently to have their tonsils removed. Both were brought back two or three days later nearly recovered and able to do light work. This simply means that our boys are always in the "pink of condition" and even in an operation they can come from under it with "flying colors." With their tonsils gone these boys feel more free and do not have the disagreeable feeling of "swallowing their tonsils."

The bakery of the Jackson Training is now being deservedly lauded and is receiving its just rewards. Compliments and good wishes come from all sources. One of the main reasons for these compliments is that as Mr. Hilton proudly states, "It's one of the cleanest bakeries in North Carolina." The bread baked down here is so delicious that many of the boys prefer it to cake. And Allie Williams, the coming first bakeryman of the J. T. S.

has learned from the skillful Mr. Hilton how such palatable bread is cooked. It is indeed good to see the wonderful clock-work machinery way in which the students of the bakery trade handle their jobs. When the oven is to be filled with pans of dough, each knows his place in line; one boy grabs a pan, hands it to his left hand neighbor, who in turn gives it to the chap on his left side and the pan of bread-to-be thus eventually reaches the oven in which a boy places it with a long paddle. Long before the first pan reaches the oven another is started down the line. This is a fine example of the idea of co-operation. The oven is emptied just vice versa. Ours is a modern bakery lacking only a little machinery. Many patrons of Concord desire to buy bread from our bakery, but as the school grows larger, the demand for bread increases so this cannot be done. Suppose you come to the J. T. S. and see the best bakery, for its size and equipment in North Carolina.,

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NEXT!

By The Reporter

Beginning his first tilt with the invading Flowe's Storemen Saturday by completely whiffing the first two men who had garnered enough nerve to face him, and striking out the last baffled and puzzled man of the initial frame, John Russell won the aforementioned game by the nose to nose score of 3 to 2. But Russell's opposing pill twister, John Boger, was also in fine form and by way of letting the J. T. S. batsmen know this irritating fact he duplicated J. Russell's performance on none other than J. Russell himself.

After Russell had considerably d'sturbed the air around the gutta percha in his endeavor to bite the apple, J. Honeycutt grasped a war club and strode up to the home plate, confident of fulfilling his rather vicious intentions. But he too walked away a much disappointed boy, consoling himself with the thought "I'll do better next time." Then R. Kiser performed and the first session was declared over.

Two more frames pushed along much in the same manner as the initial chapter, intersprinkled with occasionally a single or two. In one inning the J. T. S. had men on third and the keystone sack but in this pinch Boger settled down and struck 'em out.

Then the fourth performance sauntered along innocently enough. The Storemen straightened out three or four of Russell's sizzling, puzzling slants and though under extreme oppression carried in two tallies just before three of them were "killed." Then the batters, the "killed" ones and all ran out to their stations in field and with retaliating revenge in his heart each Grierman went to bat determined to hit the pill. And they did it! Holmon changed the J. T. S. goose egg to a 1 and A. Williams tagged up on a long fly to center field and split the path open getting to the last station—home. Later the winning run came in.

Under threats of rain two more innings were played, but neither side scored. Russell held the Storemen down to three scattered hits and the moundsman in the pit for the visitors let the Griermen down with five hits. In the beginning of the seventh frame Jupiter

Pluvius, who had threatened before to come see the game finally arrived, and he must have brought a few of his damp friends, for the game was declared "called" by the best umpire who has officiated a game at the J. T. S. this season—Mr. M. L. Dorton. In the game Hobby annexed a three bagger, Cook coming next in honors getting a keystone sacker. Honeycutt, of the locals and Bigger, for the visitors each claim four assists. Freeman, one of the opponents, who tended the first station, gathered laurels for his put-outs—eight in number. Peculiar as it may seem, Holman and Williams both had perfect days at bat, for even though they got only one hit apiece, the one time at bat gives them the above mentioned honors.

The Jackson Training School desires battles with other teams of high standing. Some real teams! Send them along and they'll be taken down a notch or two.

Isn't this a good enough reason for desiring some regular teams? We are not prejudiced in our own favor but—well, see for yourself:

Club Standing

	W.	L.	Pct.
J. T. S.	11	3	.786

Pitching Record.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Hegular	1	0	1.000
Cook	1	0	1.000
Holman	6	1	.857
Russell	3	2	.600

Bailey Groome, Sporting Editor of the Charlotte Observer, made note of the fact that the ball field of the Jackson Training School had been named "The Manassas Field," in his "One Man's Opinion on Sport Topics." He also told the reason why Stonewall Jackson was such a wonderful military commander. Mr. Groome might be interested to know how the J. T. S. lads play ball—in fact how they enter into all sports. To say that these boys play ball and other forms of sports just like Stonewall Jackson would play were he a lad of today is sufficient to guaran- all teams who enter into competition with the J. T. S. fair play and also a close match of strength and skill.

Then too he may know that of all papers of sport which come to the J. T. S. (and that is no small amount) the boys prefer the Charlotte Observer. The writer, who is a subsrciber to that paper, is beseiged by scores of boys who want to see "Charlotte's Sports." "One Man's Opinion on Sport Topics" is read, re-read, and then read some more. Small wonder is it that when the writer receives his paper again it is a sadly ragged remnent of what it was.

Want another victim on Manassas Field!

Saturday's score:

Score by innings:

Flowe's Store 000 200 00—2 3 2
J. T. S. 000 300 00—3 5 5

Game called 6th, rain.

P. S. I want it distintly understood that the "Cook" referred to is not our editor. He has no time for the "pill"—he's busy with the pen and typewriter.—Reporter.

I had rather suffer for speaking the truth than that the truth should suffer for the want of my speaking it.—John Pym.

As fire when thrown into water is cooled down and put out, so also a false accusation when brought against a man of the purest and holiest character, boils over and is at once dissipated and forgotten.
—Cicero

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Greatly Reduced Round Trip Fares

—For—

SUMMER SEASON, 1922

Take Your Choice

Week-end fares. Sunday excursion fares. Summer excursion fares. Special excursion fares to Atlantic City and Nigra Falls

Atlantic City and Other Jersey Seashore Resorts

Dates sale via Sou. & B&O June 29th. July 13th and 27th, August 10th and 24th.

Dates sale via Sou. PRR July 5th and 19th, August 2nd and 16th and 30th.

Niagara Falls via Washington ro Philadelphia

Dates sale via Sou. & PRR June 28th, July 18, August 1st and 15th.

Date sale via Sou. & B&O July 6th. 12th and 26th, August 9th and 23rd.

TICKETS GOOD FOR 18 DAYS

Tickets good for stop-overs on return trip at Washington-Baltimore-Buffalo and Philadelphia.

Week-End Excursion Fares

On sale Friday nights, Saturday and Sunday mornings to Seashore Resorts and Western North Carolina Resorts.

Tickets good until following Monday and Tuesday (Exception tickets to Western North Carolina sold Saturday and Sunday morning, good return until following Monday.)

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— TO —

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These tickets are on sale Saturday nights and Sunday mornings from Salisbury, Hight Point, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Princeton and all intermediate stations. Good returning Sunday night. Not good in sleeping or Parlor cars.

SPEND SUNDAY AT THE SEASHORE

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— TO —

All Resorts

Mountains, Springs and Seashore.

Tickets on sale daily, final limit October 31st, 1922.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 19, 1922 NO. 41

KNOWING OUR PLACE.

SOME of us think so meanly of ourselves, while others of us think too highly of ourselves. There are those who think that they can do nothing; they have no talents; they can fold their hands and never be missed. On the contrary there are those who think that the machinery of the universe will go to smash without them. They have exalted opinion of themselves. No success is attainable unless they are right at the helm. They are the king-pin of the apparatus of the whole shebang.

Both of these conceptions are wrong. When the late A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York, was remonstrated with for discharging an old and trusted employee, he made this quick reply "Whenever a man thinks himself to be indispensable, I make it a rule to dismiss him." Such an action was not taken for the want of sympathy, but for the good of the business and for the good of the man. WE ARE NOT AS INDISPENSABLE AS WE THINK WE ARE.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE UPLIFT

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.—WRITE FOR FULL IMFORMATION.

THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

AN EDUCATION FROM A NICKEL.

A young girl in Mississippi asked her brother to give her the money to go to college. He told her that he could not afford it, and tossing her a nickel, added, "Unless you can go on that."

The plucky girl took the five-cent piece and bought some calico from which she made a bonnet that she sold for twenty-five cents. It should be added that this happened some years ago. With this money she bought some more calico and made more bonnets. After she had made several dollars in this way, she determined to raise potatoes. She did all the work in the field except the plowing. The venture was a success, and she had enough money to start to school. She did not stop working, however, and it is not surprising that a girl of such determination was able to borrow enough money to supplement what she made.

She was graduated with honor from the State College for Women, attended a medical school, still earning all her expenses, got her degree, and is now a successful practicing physician in a large town in the South; and it all began with a nickel.—Young People.

REAPING SOME OF THE EFFECTS.

A practical demonstration of the unwisdom of some of the things that have been written into the public school law by falling victim to untried theories and an over abundance of enthusiasm comes from a situation that has developed in Johnson county, where modernism had been given full swing for a few years. The like of this situation may be found in other counties of North Carolina.

The Smithfield Herald, which carried off the Savory prize Loving Cup at

the recent Press Convention, in noting a radical curtailment of the teaching force in that county, has this to say;

> "The salary of the teachers being fixed by the State and the length of the school term being prescribed by the Constitution, the only way to harmonize the cut in revenue being to cut the number of teachers employed."

The School fund of the county, by virtue of a lowering of the assessed value of property and the school-tax rate—two things that the wisdom of the officials made imperative—the number of teachers must be materially cut in such a way as, to quote The Herald, to cause "forty-four two-teacher schools to revert to a one-teacher school"; and "twenty-one three teacher schools revert to a two-teacher school." This remedy for the mussed-up provisions for directing the schools at a distance and centralized to a hurtful degree, "leaves," says The Herald, "the schools of Johnston county with a shortage of 100 white teachers and about 30 negro teachers."

How easily this situation could be remedied were the county officials given some discretion and some opportunity to exercise wisdom in the management of their schools. Instead of employing teachers in the ratio of numbers rather than grades—perfect folly, as now standing; and instead of employing teachers on the basis of the unsound process and faulty method of classification, rather than real personal qualification and experience, at salaries that justly fit, the local authorities, we make bold, could conduct their schools efficiently with the present available funds and no laboror or teacher would be unfairly renumerated for services rendered.

* * * * * *

STANLY SPRINGS A SURPRISE.

For several years Stanly county has been in the limelight by virtue of her great material development, her progressive spirit and her forward movements that have made the county a talking subject of the state. At a recent meeting of the County Commissioners, the offices of Home Demonstrator and the position of Co. Welfare Officer were abolished, or rather the commissioners went on record as saying that no further appropriation would be made to the maintenance of said officies.

The best of us may fall from grace, but there is no iron-clad law that prevents a repentence and a return. Let us hope that the Stanly Commissioners, who seemed to have been influenced unduly by a petition, shipping from their progressive mooring, will right-about and restore the positions, which, properly filled, mean so much for the county. There is

more real work for a county welfare officer than falls to any other position in the county. The high need of the office in the several counties and the great good that may be accomplished by such an officer, who is born to the responsibilities and duties af the office, admits of not a particle of doubt. People at times get an averse notion all because they judge it by some foolishness and unfitness elsewhere, the ribbons and frills imported; but active, faithful and intelligent local welfare work is the heart and soul of the whole welfare business and needs the hearty support of every county in the state.

To eliminate the much needed work of the Home Demonstrator seems like trying to have one's county wiped off the map of progress and service. THE UPLIFT has no doubt but that the Stanly Commissioners, if let alone by designing and meddling politicians, will restore these two most important and useful offices. They are worth infinitely more than they cost.

* * * * * * *

THIS CO-OPERATIVE BUSINESS.

Enough tobacco has been sold to indicate that the promises of the leaders of the Co-operative organization for marketing crops are realized. From down Lumberton way, it appears that the existence of the Co-operative organization has had a marvelous effect on the prices that obtain in the old-time auction warehouses. The increase in prices have made the average farmer step higher and more lively.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the same organization may have the same influence over the cotton prices. If a commodity was ever in the clutches of real expert gamblers, who make a hundred times as much out of the crop as do the producers, it is cotton, the erstwhile King Cotton. Deflation hit King Cotton below the belt—oh, well, that seems to have been the real purpose of deflation.

* * * * * *

DOUGHTON.

Ex-lieutenant Governor R. A. Doughton, of the county of Alleghany, occupies the most unique position that has confronted any public man in the state for many decades. Time after time his county sends him to the Legislature, where he has always made an enviable reputation on account of his great wisdom and tireless application to duty; and each time the "Old Man" says: "Don't"; but Alleghany, voicing not only her own wishes but that of the state, continues to draft him.

This capable and much beloved man made a "farewell address" at the late meeting of the General Assembly; but the folks in Alleghany just

laughed and said: "You are too previous," and right they were for a week ago they drafted the statesman, ignored his pleadings, and already seat No. 1 in the House of Represent.ves at Raleigh is set aside for the able legislator. This is really fine, cheerful news for the entire state.

* * * * * *

BISHOP KILGO PASSES.

After twelve months' intense suffering, Bishop Kilgo, of the Methodist Church, passed away at his home in Charlotte on the 11th. As we look at things in our finite manner we cannot see why the great man was taken away at such an early age.

A native South Carolinian, but most of his great accomplishments for state and church were wrought in North Carolina, which he had learned to love as a mother. Not a great scholar, as the world by its reckoning counted scholarship, but recognized a great philosopher, one of the South's mightiest pulpit orators, a man of iron will, of unshakable courage, a superb leader and a tireless builder. His friendships were the intensest.

The state, regardless of denomination, mourns his loss—it is a loss when such an intellect, such courage, such powerful leadership are eliminated from the activities of church and state.

* * * * * *

A NOVEL AND PLEASING EVENT.

It is rare, if ever it occurred before in the state, the employees turn out in full force to celebrate the return of a high official to a position he once filled efficiently and in which he was held in the highest esteem.

Last week, at Albemarle, this novel and unique thing took place. Mr. Joe F. Cannon, who was in charge at the time of the real making of the model Wiscassett Mill plant and village—an ideal manufacturing community that stands out conspicuously among the many mills of the South—after an absence of a year returned to assume the office of Vice-president and General Manager.

The operatives of the great mill, the bosses and other head-men, neighbors, including business and professional men of the community, gathered at the company's pavilion. The school teachers and the band were on hand, too; and then they sent down to the hotel for Mr. Cannon. They took the popular young fellow and stood him up right before the crowd and proceeded to make him understand in no uncertain manner that they were all glad that Joseph F. Cannon was again in harness in their midst as their

leader.

It is an event in the industral life that indicates the existence of a cordial relation that always spells happiness and a mutual benefit. By the way, a great heart and pronounced business ability constitute a combination hard to beat. These are outstanding qualities of the subject, in whose honor the people of the Wiscassett Mills assembled last week.

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CANNING AT THE INSTITUTION.

THE UPLIFT called on Mr. C. P. Wilson, who is in charge of the youngsters engaged in the institutional cannery, for a report of operations up to and including Aug. 15.

Here's a record that challenges a duplication in the state:

TOMATOES.

795 gallon cans and 550 quart cans. Today when this inventory was made, the boys gathered from our 2½ acre patch more than fifty bushels of big, fat tomatoes.

SNAP BEANS.

Green beans (snap) 650 gallon cans and 100 quart cans—and still a-canning.

BEETS.

125 cans of beautiful, blood-red beets.

PEACHES.

From our young orchard, besides what has been used in season on the tables, sixty quart cans.

If the pleasing season which followed Virgin Mary's start upon her journey taking umbrella and a coat (the wise-acres declare a sure sign of considerable rain) continues for a short season yet, there is no reason why our Cannery may not double the foregoing record.

This useful business appears in the sight of the entheusiastic boy's who manipulate the canning machinery, as nothing short of a picnic.

* * * * * *

A VALUABLE SERVICE.

For quite a number of years this Institution has enjoyed a rare and efficient service by Miss. Mary Gaither, who had an important position in the business office. Miss Gaither is a highminded, consecrated young woman, of charming personality.

This fine young woman is capable with books, an expert at the typewriter,

accurate in her statements, no mean musician and just as patient when it comes to binding up a stumped toe, a cut finger or dressing a boil. The boys loved her, and the entire force esteemed her.

Returning to her first love she has accepted a position in the faculty of Mitchell College. That institution has drawn a prize.

* * * * * *

WELL BROKE TO HARNESS.

It does one's heart great joy to find a man that stands hitched; and, being hitched to a proposition, functions successfully. Once a promising lawyer, then an outstanding school teacher, then a high official in the educational world, then a farmer, then at the organizing head of the tobacco co-operative marketing project, then president of the Farmer's Convention, and yet in good health and reasonably happy.

This is just another way of drawing the picture of Dr. James Yadkin Joyner, the leading farmer of the LaGrange section of North Carolina. Such men lend dignity to labor and create hope in the hearts of the people. Here's to your good health and continued fortune, Dr. Joyner.

* * * * * *

PRESS REMINISCENCES

This number of THE UPLIFT carries the contribution of Col. Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, to the completeness of the 50th anniversary of the Press Association of North Carolina. It is an interesting paper, and the author has been in harness such a length of time, as to guarantee the accuracy and to avoid any errors, such as heresay is liable to cause.

There are others, of that most admirable programme, which will follow, one by one, until the leading and outstanding papers at that convention are reproduced in our columns.

* * * * * *

THE NECESSITY RECOGNIZED.

From various sources, locally and elsewhere in the state, have come strong endorsements by promiment people of the position taken by THE UPLIFT calling for rural policemen.

Most of these endorsements come from town and city folks, who realize how easy it is for lawless and vicious folks to slip out into the country and accomplish their evil purposes. The presence of rural policemen or probably the presence at an unexpected moment of a minion of the law, will make fewer dirty occurnaces on the road-side and in certain half-de-

serted houses, and restore to rural sections a sense of security formerly enjoyed.

* * * * * *

COL. WATTS ILL.

Friends, and they are legion, and others, who are not so many, will all alike regret to hear of what is regarded a serious illness that has overtaken Col. A. D. Watts, State Commissioner of Revenue, who is now in a Richmond hospital for treatment. May the first fears of fatal malady prove unfounded, and the useful man be speedily returned to the state entirely restored to health.

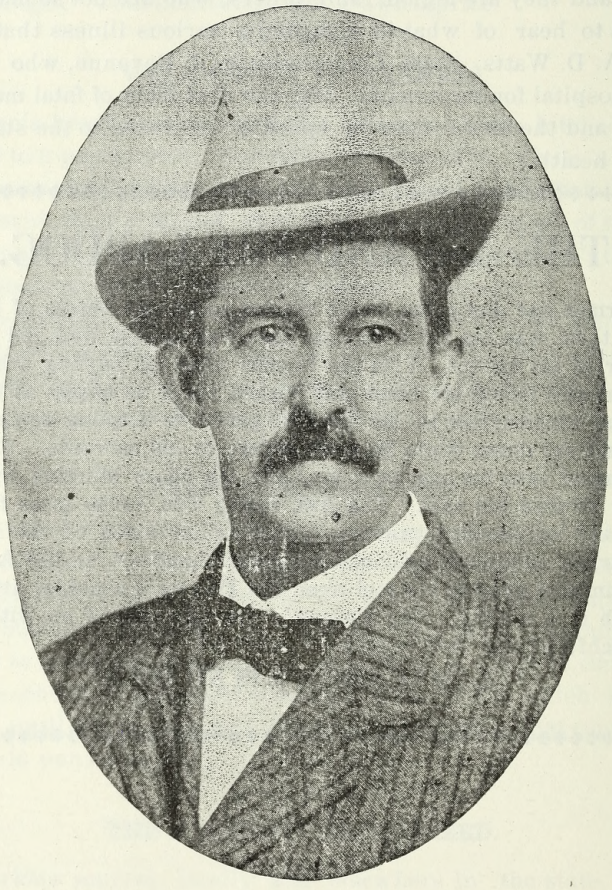
THE ASS AND THE LAPDOG.

A farmer one day came to the stables to see his beasts of burden: among them was his favorite Ass, that was always well fed and often carried his master. With the farmer came his Lapdog, who danced about and licked his hand and frisked about as happy as he could be. The farmer felt in his pocket, gave the Lapdog some dainty food, and sat down while he gave orders to his servants. The Lapdog jumped into his master's lap, and lay there blinking while the Farmer stroked his ears. The Ass, seeing this, broke loose from his halter and commenced prancing about in imitation of the Lapdog. The Farmer could not hold his sides with laughter, so the Ass went up to him and putting his feet upon the Farmer's shoulder attempted to climb into his lap. The Farmer's servants rushed up with sticks and pitchforks and soon taught the Ass that

"CLUMSY JESTING IS NO JOKE."

EDITORIAL REMINISCENSES.

A Paper Contributed To The North Carolina Press Association, At Shelby, By Col. Wade H. Harris, Of The Charlotte Observer, On The Occasion Of The Golden Jubilee Of The Association.



"In speaking of the editors of 50 years ago we must parellel the road with a line in the middle, for the history these men of the press assisted in making had origin far back in the past and overlaps into the present

"The first North Carolina editor was James Davis, who began publication of the state's first newspaper —The North Carolina Gazette—in New Bern, in the year 1755. The most distinguished survivor of the editors of 50 years ago is Capt Sam-

uel A. Ashe, facing the mellowing sunset glow in the peace and quiet of his Raleigh home. It would take a large volume to encompass the editorial story within the period between Davis and Ashe, but this paper must be necessarily incidental with no attempt at elaboration; it is reminiscent, and being that, will carry with it a considerable degree of imperfection and incompleteness.

.. Triumvirate of Writers ..

"There first comes to mind the noted triumvirate, Gen. D. H. Hill editor of Our Southern Home and The Land We Love; Maj. William J Yates ,editor for The Charlotte Democrat and Mr. J. J. Bruner, editor of The Carolina Watchman, published at Salisbury. Coincident with these strong men of the newspaper days of the past was Maj. P. M. Hale, editor of The Fayettesville Observer.

"General Hill came home from the war and gave the country a weekly array of unreconstructed Confederate literature through the columns of his paper, while in the pages of The Land We Love is preserved much of the heart-history of the south in the war. Major Yates was of the type of vigorous and aggressive writers of the times, while Bruner and Hale were two of a kind.

"When Sherman was coming through North Carolina and was within 30 miles of Wadesboro, he met a body of 150 irregular home troops, armed with shot guns. It was a body of Wadesboro citizens sent out to meet and whip Sherman. When they met a section of federal troops they did not know it was Sherman's army.

"General Sherman stopped the leader and asked where they were going.

"'To meet Sherman,' was defiant reply.

"Well,' said the federal general, 'you have met him. I admire your pluck, but deplore your judgment.'

He thereupon took the citizens army in charge and made prisoners of the outfit. Word got to Fayetteville of what had happened at Wadesboro, and Major Hale engineered a meeting of Fayetteville citizens which flung defiance to Sherman and made arrangements to give him a warm reception. Major Hale was the Major Max of Brussels. When Sherman got into Fayetteville and saw the fiery account of the meeting, he detailed a 'firing squad,' which made quick work of the office of The Fayetteville Observer.

"With the invasion of Salisbury by Kilpatrick's army, Mr. Bruner had occasion to express his displeasure at the burning of the depot by federal troops. They did not burn his office, but they sacked it, spilling the type out the windows and wrecking the presses. Mr. Bruner and his office force spent weeks in gathering up the dumped type, assorting the letters and putting them back into the cases and The Watchman resumed publication with a larger number of subscribers than ever.

"Of the noted editors of the past, perhaps Father Creecy, of The Elizabeth City economist, is the most affectionately remembered.

Major H. A. London was a power in the land, and Major E. J. Hale, but recently dead, was one of the

compelling forces in North Carolina journalism. Duncan McNeill, father of North Carolina's favorite poet, John Charles, was editor of The Wadesboro Argus. John D. Cameron edited The Fayyetteville Argus. Others on the roll of honor were Burton Craige, editor of The Western Carolinian; H. C. Jones, the edieor of The Carolina Watchman; R. H. Furman and Jordan Stone, The Asheville Citizen; R. H. Furman and Maj. Wm. A Hearne, The Raleigh Post; Shas. R. Jones, The Charlotte Observer; Edward S. Parker, The Alamance Gleaner; John D. Cameron, Asheville Citizen and Hillsboro Recorder; John R. Webster, Webster's Weekly; Randolph A. Shotwell, Asheville citizen (founder of that paper in 1868.) The Farmer and Mechanic, now The Progressive Farmer, and The Southern Home; P. M. Hale and W. L. Saunders, The Raleigh Observer; Julius A. Bonitz, Goldsboro and Wilmington Messenger; Cicero Harris, The Wilmington Sun; W. H. Powell and Dorsey Battle, The Tarboro Southerner; William H. Bernard, The Wilmington Star; Josh T. James, The Wilmington Dispatch; William E. Pell, The Raleigh Chronicle; John B. Hussy, The Raleigh news; Joseph A. Englehard and Josiah Turner, The Raleigh Sentinel; Duncan DeVane, The Wilmington Dispatch; Henry Myrover, The Fayetteville Gazette; J. P. Caldwell, whose editorial genius was developed on The Statesville Landmark and who later won fame as editor of The Charlotte Observer, and Theodore B. Kingsbury, who was brought from obscurity at Oxford to win distinction on The Wilmington Star as one of the famed literary editors of the nation.

"Nearly all the weekly papers of the 50-years-ago period were launched by returned Confederate soldiers. William D. Anthony started The Cabarrus Standard in Concord, but it did not last long, and it was not until 1870 that Concord had another paper—The Sun—edited by Charles F. Harris. Fayetteville appears to have maintained position as stronghold of North Carolina journalism. Mr. Yates edited there The Carolinian before coming to Charlotte. In Raleigh there was a paper called the Confederate, edited by Duncan K. McRae, with a rival, The Conservative, edited by W. E. Pell. The old Fayetteville Observer has survived rivalries by as many as 20 papers.

"Some of the old hand-set weekly papers of the past were publications of extraordinary brightness. I can recall The Morganton Blade and The Shelby New Era, the latter by the Frick Brothers and a paper that was generally referred to as being ahead of the town. In those days the people had an idea that wind was good enough for editors to live upon. They did not consider a newspaper bill a debt at all, and truth to say, many of the old-time editors had about the same notion. The situation was forcibly expressed by Tom Evans when he was running The Riedsville News that they 'would throw him a ham occassionally and let it go at that.' A number of weekly papers died while being nurtured on cord wood for subscriptions, and many a farmer took

out his receipt for a year while the potato market was glutted.

"But they were good old days, back 50 years in North Carolina journalism, and there were giants among them in those days. The very memory of their courage and determination under days of stress and adverse circumstances ought in itself prove sufficient to inspire the editors of the present day to higher and nobler endeavor."

How often do we see people give up hope of obtaining an objective when they are just about to make it! So many failures almost attain success. Look about you and observe the near-success. Their name is leigon. It is the hundredth man who sticks to the job until it works out. The terrapin has showed the way to hold on. Many would do well to imitate the terrapin in this particular.—Oxford Frind.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

By R. R. Clark.

It was recorded in the papers a few days ago that Mrs. A. P. Crawford of Greensboro, at the age of 71, after rearing a family, had entered Columbia University, New York, as a student; and one reason she gave for taking a college course so late in life was that "stagnation and intolerance are one's greatest foes in keeping young." Mrs. Crawford is evidently a woman of intellectual strength and sound sense. She realizes that if one is to grow old gracefully, is to approach the final destination without accumulating a grouch and getting out of touch and out of tune with the world about us, that we must keep in touch with and so far as possible in sympathy with changing conditions. "Stagnation and intolerance" are indeed our greatest foes in the advancing years, for stagnation begets intolerance. We can't all go to school after youth has passed but we can keep informed, up-to-date, mentally young, so long as sight and mind remain, by reading current literature. Recently a man who had passed the age of 90 remarked that he had kept young by reading the newspapers. That is he had kept in touch with passing events and was mentally up-to-date.

It is natural for elderly people to hark back to the past. Sometimes they unconsciously begin doing that before life's prime—middle age—is reached. They forget so soon their own childhood and youth that they are entirely out of sympathy with children and young people. They attach to the past a perfection that it never attained. Every change is looked upon with suspicion. They are disposed to think that everything, or a very large percent of everything, is going to the bad because it isn't done as it used to be. And a very large percent of such thinking is arrant nonsense. Generally speaking the people of an older day were no more honest or virtuous than

those of the present. In some respects the present generation is an improvement. In some respects it is not so good because the advances and improvements of the modern age have multiplied temptations and opportunities to do evil at the same time they have worked in many instances a revolution for human betterment. Facts in plenty can be cited to prove these assertions, but detail isn't necessary. Open-minded, intelligent people will admit their truth on reflection. It was Macauley who remarked that "Those who compare the age in which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present."

It is foolish and short-sighted to be so optimistic that we overlook the dangers and the evil tendencies of the present age. But it is worse than foolish to pretend, as is the disposition, that the past age was perfect or was so much better than this and that we are al going to hell in a galop because things are done differently. In other words, it is nonsense to oppose change simply because it is different from that to which we have been accustomed and to hold fast to custom simply because it is custom.

Elderly people have much greater responsibility for some of the shortcomings of the young than they imagine simply because they stagnate, get in a route, fail to keep in touch or in sympathy with changing conditins and view with suspicion or actively oppose almost every innovation. Conditions change and it is natural for youth to seek change. Opposition to all change is so absurd that young people realize the injustice of many of the objections and criticisms. The young are peculiarly sensitive to injustice and unreasonableness in their elders, and when they realize that the objection is not founded on sound reason counsel is lost on them; and sometimes they are actually provoked into doing wrong because of the unreasonable restrictions imposed. Youth is short-sighted and lacks experience, but if age is to exercise the influence it should have over youth, age must keep up with the times, must look upon the innovations with an open mind, interpret them within the rule of reason and in the light of changed conditions. By keeping in touch with the hopes, desires and aspirations of youth, the elders are in much better position to guide the young away from the pitfalls which age and experience can detect where youth is blind.

I am neither excusing nor defending the evil tendencies and follies of the present age, which are so glaring in some instances that all can see. But I am pleading for a better appreciation of life's changes and preparation for them. So many old people become utterly miserable because they have not educated themselves to accept the changing conditions they should know must come in the later day. They are unhappy not only but they make all about them unhappy by their attitude toward

life. One should begin in their forties, or before, to realize that the time will come sooner or later, when it will be neccessary to stand aside and let others go in front. That physical weakness or other reasons will render it impossible to keep up with the procession. But we will find compensations on the side lines if we teach ourselves to look for them. There is comfort, for instance, in realizing that the heat and burden of the day and responsibility for the conduct of affairs have in a measure been transferred from our shoulders and that younger and stronger people will have to wrestle with the problems we failed to solve and the new issues constantly arising. If we have educated ourselves to the proper philosophy of existence, we can view the changes without undue worry; and if we show a proper sympathy and consideration for the problems that confront youth our influence will really increase with the years. The old people who are popular with young folks, and to whom the young defer, are those who show some sympathy with the aims and aspirations of the young and who encourage youth to higher endeavor. That not only tends to make pleasant the advancing years, but in some cases it makes the last years the best. All of us may at least strive for

"A green old age, unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days."

"You've been pastor at the Sardis A. R. P. Church a long time, doctor" I addressed Dr. R. G. Miller, one of the most lovable and godly men in all this country. "Yes, just thirty-six years." "Well, doctor, that record speaks mighty good for you and the congregation," I made bold to observe. "Oh," said the fine old gentleman, "it's all the fault of the congregation. You see the situation is that there is no kicker or bucker in the whole neighborhood, like Tom Lowdermilk down in Georgia. He was a Presbyterian, but got so bossy and obsteperous, that he was invited out. He went to the Baptist and soon became so meddlesome that they held a congregational meeting and put him out. Tom then joined the Methodist. His record there was no better and a number of the old, conservative leaders were called together to take council on Tom Lowdermilk's case. One dear old brother was called on to lead in prayer, and the old brother got right down to buisness by asking the good Lord to send Tom Lowdermilk to perdition and relieve us of this torment, but another brother hunched him and reminded if that were to take place Tom would break up hell, and cause scatteration of buisness." There are no Tom Lowdermilks in the Sardis neighborhood.

THEY DO NOT STICK.

(Editorial in Greensboro News)

Mr Spillane's article, in Wednesday's paper, regarding the way women, in the business world, are slipping instead of advancing accords with the observations of a good many other investigators. Mr. Spillane , of course, has reference to high positions. Women clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers and the like are firmly entrenched in business. That sort of work they do as well as, and often better than, men. But who wants to remain a clerk, a stenographer, or a bookkeeper all her life? Certainly no ambitious woman; and yet advancement, according to this writer, is becoming more difficult, instead of easier for women.

The explanation is obvious, and has nothing whatever to do with women's intelligence, ability and energy. Let a $25.00-a-week clerk quit, and no appreciable damage is done—you can spill a hod of bricks into the nearest crowd and knock down half a dozen better clerks. But let a $100-a-week floor manager, or private secretary quit, and the works are gummed until the place is filled; and it cannot be filled by the first man or woman grabbed out of a crowd. Let a $7,500-a year department head quit, and the whole buisness may be crippled for six months; for a competent department head must have, in addition to special aptitude, years of training. The higher the offical, the heavier the loss whenever it is neccessary to make a change.

But it is the experience of all business men that women will not stick. In minor positions that does not matter much; but when it comes to really responsible jobs, it matters enormously. So even when a women is put in a big job she is never paid as much as a man would be paid in the same position. She may do as much work as the man, and her work may be equally good; but nevertheless she is not worth as much as the man, because the employer knows that, under the law of averages, he will presently have to spend a pile of money training somebody else to hold the job; whereas, once he has secured a competent man, he can settle back comfortably in the knowledge that that particular job is taken care of for years to come.

The slogan, "Equal pay for equal work" is false because it does not take into account the fact that part of an employe's salary is paid, not for work at all, but for the permanence of the satisfaction he gives his firm. A woman cannot offer that feeling of security, simply because she is a woman, and women have the reputation of chucking their jobs for marriage, or for some other cases, just as they are getting really valuable. This rule undoubtedly works injustice in individual cases; but, applied to business as a whole, it is not unjust. A woman may consider it hard to be denied the widest opportunity in business on account of the reputation of her sex, for which she is not responsible; but for that matter, a blind man may not be responsible for his blindness.

yet he cannot reasonably expect to be employed as an engraver.

The derivation of our word "salary" is very curious. In ancient times Roman soldiers received a daily portion of salt as part of their pay. "Sal" in Latin is salt, and when the salt was, in course of time, commuted for money, the amount was called "salarium" or salt money. Hence our "salary," and hence no doubt, the expression, "Not worth his salt"——that is his salary.—Exchange.

HE HAD A HEART.

(Anonymous)

It was a hot, dusty day, when two or three passengers entered a train on the Northwestern road at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly-dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent-leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs and the shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a baby. I never saw in my life a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open doors and windows. The heat and dust made traveling, even for strong men, unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman:

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby for a while. You look so very tired."

"Oh! thank you, sir," said she tremulously; "I am tired," and her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing- It's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie dowm and rest a while. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What! by stage?"

"Yes; but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way to friends in the East.My—my husband —my—"

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of of crape in the little traveling-bag. By this time he had taken the baby and was holding it in his arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Georgia," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise, and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah, yes, I see! And you have not money enough to go into a sleeping-car; have you madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers.

I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

The woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It is asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now," with a cheerful smile.

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for us to show that we have been brought up in a Christain land and have Christian mothers and fathers. This poor woman," pointing to the sleeping mother, "has come all the way from the Black Hill, and is going to Georgia. Her husband is dead, and her baby is ill. She hasen't money enough to travel in a sleeping-car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do?" cried a big man near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do? Take up a collection!" the American citizen's last resort in distress. "I'll give five dollars."

The effect was electrical. The hat went round, and the way silver dollars and quarters and ten-cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke and the money was given her. She tried to thank us all, and failed. She broke down completely. But we diden't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

A FAREWELL.

By Charles Kingsley.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

TEACHING THE DEAF TO TALK.

The oral and finger methods of teaching the deaf to communicate with others are coming in for no little observation. It was claimed by a writer that the "oral" method had practically been discarded as being a failure. Prof. E. McK. Goodwin, superintendent of the North Carolina School for the deaf, at Morganton, issues a statement through the Raleigh News & Observer, which is quite interesting. It is:

My attention has been called to an article in your columns of July 23rd —an account of the North Carolina Association of the Deaf—and I think to let it go unnoticed would do the cause and education of the future deaf an injustice.

Under head of "Lip-reading Versus Signs," the article says: "The majority of the members of the Association who constitute the older and wiser heads are in favor of the finger systtem (of teaching the deaf) exclusively, and that teaching of the lip method in schools for the deaf is a waste of good effort, that it is unsatisfactory and conspiciously clumsy method of transmitting ideas, and that is exceedingly difficult to learn and absolutely impossible for a substantial portion of the deaf to master."

The question of teaching the deaf is academic, professional and highly specialized and would hardly be a question for laymen to decide. If the statement goes unchallenged it might be misleading even to parents of deaf children.

Until 1868 all the deaf in American schools were taught by the sign method, (sometimes called the French method) which uses finger spelling, and written language, and at that time about seventy percent of all the teachers of the deaf were themselves deaf, while at present only about ten percent of the teachers are deaf. In 1868 the German, or speech method, was introduced in the Americans schools and has gradually grown in favor until today eighty-five percent of all the deaf are taught orally—by speech and speech-reading—using written English also. In a number of states the oral method is the only method used in teaching the deaf. It is claimed by an overwhelming majority of the teachers of the deaf that the orally taught pupils acquire a better use of written English, to say nothing of speech and speech-reading whether that be much or little.

It is a noticible fact that practically every deaf parent asks for his child to be taught orally. In fact parents almost without exception ask for their children to be taught by the oral method, and after many years experience teaching the deaf the first nine years, by the sign or finger spelling method, if I had a deaf child I would require it taught orally.

The North Carolina Scool for the Deaf belongs to the class of schools known professionally as combined schools, that is we have classes in each of the methods. Twenty-three classe are taught orally and four taught manually. Many of the orally taught deaf become adept sign mak-

ers, learning the sign language by associating with other deaf people. Often those who acquire the best speech and speech-reading become the most expert sign makers.

Every deaf child entering the North Carolina School for the Deaf is placed under oral instruction for the first three years, when he is transferred from the primary department. Those making the poorest progress are transferred to the manual department and their education carried on as best we can under the conditions.

The oral method has been worked out carefully by the best teachers branch of the teaching profession of the deaf in America and now has made greater progres in the past score of years than that of teaching the deaf, and no other country on the globe has made better provision for the teaching of the deaf than the various American states.

Every educable deaf child could be educated by the oral method. Ask the hundreds of the homes in North Carolina who have had deaf children in the North Carolina School for the Deaf what method they prefer and if their children can speak and understand speech of others."

"Why did you take Elmore away from school, Aunt Mahaly?" a lady asked her cook one day. Aunt Mahaly sniffed scornfully.

"Cause teacher ain't satisfactory tuh me, Mis, Mally. What you reckon she tell dat chile yestiddy? She 'low dat IV spell four, when even a idjut 'ud know dat it spells ivy."

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.

Victor Hugo.

It sometimes happens that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry; but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which he leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultutuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared; the sand covers them. He

draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back; he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his chin. Then he recognizes out, and throws himself to the left—the sand is half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his chins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one—lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted; if the land is too far off; if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacble, and impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours; which seizes you erect, free and in full health, and draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth, while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howles, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the the sand fills it—silence! The eyes still gaze; the sand shuts them—night! Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth, filled with the ocean, becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave.

The more you pour out, the more you can take in: the higher you think, the wider the vision, the greater the struggle, the stronger the muscle. To the man or woman who takes it seriously, all life is a continuous demand. —R. J. Campbell.

THE FIREFLY'S GOLDEN LIGHT.

By Julia W. Wolfe

How does the firefly light and what kind of a tail has the bug?

This is the question that nearly every child has asked himself. The explanations that children formulate in answer to the question doubtless would often be highly amusing in their naive disregard of scientific probability. But the scientist himself has had only partial success in finding an explanation for the phenomenon. What he has learned may be briefly stated.

In the firefly's abdomen is a special organ for the production of light. This organ is penetrated by a number of minute air tubes, called tracheaa, and is also connected with the rest of the body by nerves. The cells of the organ secrete a peculior substance, called a 'photogenic substance'' because it is capable of producing light.

Just what this substance consists of is still a mystery to all chemists. It has so far succeeded in eluding their skill in analysis. It was once believed that phosphorous was an important part of it, but that theory has long ago been exploded. This much is certain about the substance —in order for it to emit light it must be moistened and must come in contact with oxygen.

It is probable if the luminous tissues from several fireflies be dried rapidly and ground up, the powder will preserve its light-giving properties for an indefinite period. All that is necessary to make it glow is to moisten it while it is exposed to the air.

These curious insects often make light the early darkness of a summer night. Who has not, in walking down a lonely country road, felt just a little more comfortable because the fireflies were there and doing their best to light the way? The shadows cease to be oppressive when they become an effective background for the hundreds of tiny outbursts of light.

For the greater part of the time the firefly's ligh is merely a faint glow. But at itervals of a few seconds it flashes out with marked intensity. Although both sexes of the insects are luminous, the male carries the more brilliant light. The flash of the female is, however, of longer duration.

The males of some species signal their mates by a double flash, i. e.: by two flashes in quick succession. After a brief interval the double flash is repeated. The female answers with one flash. In another species the's male signal is one short flash and the female's reply a longer one. The female of the species is wingless.

A chief purpose of the firefly's light, it seems, is to attract the sexes to each other. This theory finds support in the fact that fireflies in captivity soon cease to flash.

The firefly is said by some naturalists to possess the most efficient light-making apparatus in all nature, not even man's inventions being excepted.

Although men know how to make lights of dazzling brilliancy, they use up a large amount of fuel in mak-

ing them and then the greater part part of the energy produced is lost in heat and other invisible vibrations. Nature, as represented in the firefly, is fifty times as efficient. So far as scientist observe, she, in this little insect makes light without heat.

In tropical American, the firefly often becomes a jewel for evening wear.

Cuban women like to wear the cucujo thus at the opera. This is a large beetle with two great shining oval spots like eyes on it body. Sometimes two cucujos are tethered with gold chains to the bodice of an evening gown. The steady glow of the spots intenisfies with the rhythm of the dance until there seem to be on the dancer's gown four great jewels sparkling in a maze of light.

A large number of encaged fireflies sometimes serves for a lantern. There is is to be seen in the National Museum at Washington, a much perforated cocoanut shell that came from a tropical country, where it was the body of such a lantern. Enough light to read by may be had in this way.

The glowworm is nearly as celebrated for its power of shining in the dark as the firefly, but to speak of it as another kind of insect is incorrect, for it is only one form of the firefly. There are, in general, two kinds of glowworms; those that are merely young fireflies still in the larval stage, and those that are the female of a certain specie whose males always have wings.

From the begining to the end of its existence the gloworm is a shining light. Even the eggs are luminous the grubs glow brightly, and the full grown females give off a remarkable amount of light. Luminous organs at the head emit a reddish light, while the two or three organs in each segment or section of the body shine with a pale green light.

The tiny animals seem to have the same control over its light that men do over electric lights. It can turn it on, make it brighter, or turn off at will. One close observer declares that between eleven and twelve o'clock it puts its light out for the night. The light is not intermittent like the firefly's, but glows steadily.

There is another secret the glowworm possess, that of anaesthesia. It can administer a nerve deadening drug even more deftly than the surgeon administers ether. But while the surgeons gives ether that his patient may not mind the sharp blade of the knife, the glowworm gives its victim an anaesthetic so that it will not mind being devoured.

When the worm intends to make a meal off a snail, its favorite meat, it begins by giving the snail a few gentle tweaks with its beak-like fangs. At each tweak there is injected in the animal a minute dose of a virus that soon completely paralyze it and deprives it of all feeling. The glowworm can thus feast at its leisure.

It seems therefore that the glowworm anticipated man many thousands of years in art of anaesthesia. The action of its virus, moreover, is less fluctuating and violent than that of the drugs which man uses. A snail rescued from a worm will remain paralized for nearly two days but it will then recover its normal state.

After a hearty meal the glowworm

always takes a sponge bath. It never loses its sponge, for the sponge is a sort of brush that grows on its tail. It is very particular about its bathing, spending much time at it. It curls itself first one way, then the other, so the brush will not miss any part of the body.

The ancient Greeks poetically called the glowworm "bright-tailed." The common name is somewhat of a misnomer, as the glowworm is not a worm at all. Worms do not have legs, but the glowworm has six. It has also rudimentary wing cases. True worms do not wear a variety of colors. But the glowworm has its dark brown set off with pale pink on the under side of its body, and with two spots of bright red at the rear of each segment.

Fireflies and glowworms are not the only members of the animal kingdom that carry lamps with them. This power of emitting light is, in fact, quitewidely distributed.

The common screech owl and the white barn owl have sometimes been observed to shine by night. Pliny and another ancient writers mention birds that have luminous wings or feathers. Superstitious persons have often, when passing by a swamp at night, hastened their steps when they have seen the mysterious will-o'-the-wisp, a tiny spot of light, hovering over the waters and darting among the trees.

These phenomena, however, have another explanation than that for the luminosity of the firefly. Certain bacteria are luminous. These bacteria may grow on the owl's feathers, and make them shine. The apparation of the will-o'-the-wisp, it is probably, is due to the fact that some ordinary night-flying insect becoming infected with these bacteria, glows like a wandering star.

There is happily no suggestion of ghostliness about fireflies. They are nearly as neccessary to the perfection of a summer's night as are the eternal lights above.

SHORT SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

The following selections are made to show how the writings of Shakespeare have become a part of our common life. No doubt you will find here many expressions familiar to you which you had no idea were from Shakespeare. It will serve to show you what a mine of wealth his writings are. No one has any claim to beconsidred well read who is not familiar with the Bible and Shakespeare.

Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself.

Conscience does make cowards of us all.

Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just.

One touch of nature makes the whole kin.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobodyy.

All that glitters is not gold.

Brevity is the soul of wit.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
Make assurance doubly sure.
The course of true love never did run smooth.
The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
Sweet are the uses of adversity.
The better part of valor is discreation.
The emptty vessel makes the greatest sound.
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
A quicksand of deceit.
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water.
They that touch pitch will be defiled
Hee is well paid that is well satisfied.
Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front.
Familiar in his mouth as household words.
He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
Loved not wisely but too well.
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care.
One may smile and smile and be a villain.
Harp not on that string.
More sinned against than sinning.
I pause for a reply.
Some of us will smart for it.
The game is afoot.
The short and long of it.
'Tis neither here nor there.
An itching palm.
Trifles light as air.
As true as steel.
To thin own self be true.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
And make us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly toothers that we know not of.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
The poet's eye in a frenzy rolling.
But man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As makes the angels weep.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them ow we will.

I could have better spared a better man.

Ay, every inch a king.

It is the green-eyed monster

And thereby hangs a tale.

Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

In maiden meditation fancy free.

As merry as the day is long.

We have seen better days.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.

The evil that men do live after tem,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you
Would think the truth were a fool.

Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

'Tis as easy as lying.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

That in the captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

A hoarse, a hoarse! My kingdom for a horse.

But thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shaltnot escape calumny.

He that flinches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it.

Lay not the flattering unction to your soul.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Use doth breed a habit in a man.

Stand not upon the order of your going.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.

A SLEDGE RIDE IN GALICIA.

By Von Sacher-Masoch.

He who has glided over the peaceful ocean in a light bark, and let the element play with him and the shadowy coastlines of continent and island sink behind him, while he gazed into that second ocean of air with its heaving clouds, will easily understand me when I tell of the Galician plain, the wintery snow ocean, the ride in the fleeting sledge. These two, the ocean and the plain, alike attact the soul of man with melancholy longing. But the flight in the sledge is swifter, more eagle-like, while the boats rool in the water like a duck in the air—only the color of the endless plain and its melody are graver, more threatening. We see Nature in her nakedness; we feel the struggle for existance; we feel death nearer, we preceive his atmosphere, we hear his voice.

The clear winter afternoon enticed me out. The day was glorious; the air seemed to stand still; even the light, the golden sun waves, did not tremble in the gentle mist that rose from the ground. Air and light were one element. In the village, too, all was still; not a sound betrayed the inhabitants of the silent, thatched cottages; only the sparrows flew in flocks on to the hedges, and twittered..

Farther on stood a little sledge to which a lame horse, no higher than a foal, was harnessed, and on it a peasant was bringing wood from the forest. His daughter, a girl not yet fully grown, called to him, and waded with bare feet through a yard's depth of snow, to pick up a little fagot that he had lost.

As we flew down the bare mountain-side, with clear-sounding bells, there lav before us the plain—immeasurable, incomprehensible, endless. The wintery ermine lent it the highest majesty. It was enveloped by it; only the bare stems of the stuned willows, farther off single long-armed draw-wells, in the distance a few forlorn, sooty huts, stood out black against the white snow fur.

We flew along over the hard road. Opposite lay a farmhouse; behind it a little village. The snow silvered over everything; it had covered with silver the wretched overhanging roofs, had adorned the little panes with silver flowers; and from every gutter, every pump, every crippled fruit tree, hung silver tassels. High walls of snow surrounded every scoop out for himself passages, like the badger or the fox. The light smoke that rises from the roof seems to freeze in the air. Tall silver populars surrounded the farm. Here and there little grains of frost flutter into the air, and float through it like swarms of diamond gnats— a miniture thunder storm, scattering a thousands little lightning flashes.

At the end of the hamlet, peasant boys, with heads and rosy cheeks, are tumbling about half naked in the snow. They are forming a man out of it, and they put a long pipe into his broad mouth, such as noblemen

smoke. There sits a young peasant on a hand sledge, and some pretty girls, with long brown plaits and full white bodices, are drawing him along pell-mell. The shouts of their buoyant suirits rise above like a carroling lark. How they laugh! And he laughs even more wildly, and has lost his cap.

We flew past the wood. Where is now its melody? The fox barks hoarsely and the daw shrieks. A roseate, watery atmosphere prevades wood and sky. Before us lie only snowy hills, like the frozen waves of a white sea. Where the white heavens dip into it, there rests a lustre. Only that eye can behold it that can gaze into the sun. Behind us the village, the red wood disappear; the last summits of the bare mountains give forth one more ray of light; then they also disappear like the hills and the solitary trees. The limitless plain has received us. Before us naught but snow; behind us snow, above us the white sky like snow, around us the most intense solitude —death, silence.

We glide on as in a dream. The horses swim in the snow; the sledge follows noiselessly. Far and wide not a chimney, not a hollow stem, not a mole-hill is in sight. It is as though we made no progress. Nothing changes before us, nothing behind us; not even the sky. It stands stiff, cloudless, colorless, as though newly washed with lime; it does not move; it does not even glimmer. Only the air becomes more evening-like and sharper; it cuts like glass. Surely our sledge must be standing still like a vessel in the enchanted sea, that moves without leaving the spot. We only believe we are driving—nothing before us, nothing behind us. There flies a raven; he pushes on powerfully, with his dusky wings, in silence, with open bill.

As the sun sets, it gradually becomes visible down below as a shining ball of mist. It does not set; it sinks into the snow. It dissolves like molten gold; golden waves play across to us; wondrous colors run over the snow, which is sprinkled with liquid silver. Now it exspires. The thousand lights which it has thrown out run together become pale a light-red whiff yet floats in the air; then it too dissolves; and once more everything is colorless, cold and motionless.

Only for a moment. Then we meet a sudden icy gust from the east.

In the distance floats a sledge; the fleeting waves of air carry the wailing sound of its bells across to us; then it is consumed by the ashy fog, which, quickly rising on the horizon, gathers into a compact mass, and begins to surge toward us. It becomes rapidly dark; formless white-gray clouds span the sky; a terrible armada, sail upon sail. Now the wind strikes them and swells them; they swim nearer, they approach us, and we drive into them. Evening mists spring up and dissolve into light shadows.

On we fly. The torn mists whirl around us, like birds with large, tired wings. Already the wind is striking us in the neck with both fists; it howls with horrible, lamentable, mad voices; it leaps down from the height into the snow, tears it up, bursts the great clouds, scatters them to earth in flaky masses, and threatens to

bury us under them. The horses drop their heads between their legs and pant. The storm whirls up white clouds to the heavens, sweep the plain with white broom, and forms immense heaps, in which it buries men, beasts, whole villages.

The air burns as though it were glowing hot; it has become firm; broken by the storm, it flies about in pieces, and penetrates like glass splinters into the lungs when we take breath. The horses can advance but slowly; they dig their way through snow, air and wind.

The air has become an element in which we swim with all our might, so as not to be drowned; we breathe it; it threatens to burn us. In the most terrible commotion, nature becomes fixed and icy.

Thoughts are suspended in our brains like icicles; the soul is wrapped in ice; the blood falls like quicksilver. We no longer think our own thoughts, no longer feel as human beings feel. Here is the struggle for existence; but we fight as the elemnts do, patiently, silntly, resigned—almost indifferent. The life we love so much is frozen; we are a stone, a piece of ice—one more rigid buble in the battle of elements. A white curtain separates us from our horses; the sledge carries us through the storm like a boat without oar, without sail—it almost stands still. The hurricane howls on monotonously, the air burns, te snow wirls, space and time vanish. Are we advancing? Are we standing still? Is it night—is it day?

Slowly the clouds move toward the west. Slowly the horses pant again; now they rise up, their backs covered with snow—thick flakes fall; they lie piled on the earth a yard's height, but we can see again and advance. The storm only gasps now, and, whining, rolls in the snow. The mists lie on the ground like gray ashes. Where are we?

Round about everything has disappeared; no road—not a rubbish heap, not a wooden cross, to mark it. The horses wade up to their breasts; only in the distance a few solitary sounds of the storm. We stand, move on our way again.

The horses shake themselves and go more quickly. Only light, watery flakes fall now. But in the distance everything is still veiled. Again we halt and take counsel.

Night draws on; dull, cloudy twilight spreads over us, and enwraps us more and more. A glowing-red streak is on the horizon. We turn toward it. It was as though the red moon had fallen on the earth and were being extinguished in the snow; it flickered up and illuminated strong dark shadows.

"It is the peasant watch near the birch-wood," said the driver; "and behind the wood lies Tulawa."

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

The sewing room has been moved from the Administration Building to a room specially set aside for that purpose in the school building.

The delicious fare of sliced cantaloupes is a daily course in the student's meals. This coupled with tomatoes in the same manner, cucumbers also sliced, string beans,

Irish potatoes and rice form a good a meal as can be had anywhere. Then as a dessert watermelons are given to the boys.

Miss Mary Gaither, one of the most popular officers at the school, has left the institution to go to Statesville to take up an educational position there. She will be greatly missed by the boys here, for whenever she could, when the clouds were dark, she spoke words of cheer to the students. When she returns, there will be great joy in the hearts of the student body.

The striking of water by the well digger on August 3, which, after digging to a depth of 195 ft and 6 inches, netted a flow of 75 gallons per minute, completed Mr. J. T. Anker's work at the Jackson Training School. Mr. Anker's work at the school was satisfactory in every way to the authorities; they will miss the services of a willing and cheerful worker. The boys will mourn the absence of a true friend and pal. And Mr. Ankers, too, is averse to the idea of leaving his friends, but the rule which helped him through life will not be abandoned now: "Duty before pleasure." On his last visit to the well digger the reporter saw that Mr. Ankers was making preparations for leaving. All instruments used in diging a well for water—the most valuable combination of two elements in the world—were stored away for a long journey. What a welcome will greet Mr. Ankers when he comes to the Jackson Training School again.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. AUG. 26, 1922 NO. 42.

A WOMAN'S PROGRAM.

Let the men see that we desire a better, safer, and cleaner world for our children and their children. We realize that only by doing our bit, by facing unclean things with cleanliness, by facing wrongs with right, by going fearlessly into all things that may be disagreeable, we will somehow make it a little better world.

If we want this new world, we can only get it by striving for it. The real struggle will be within ourselves, to put out of our consciousness, out of our hearts and thoughts all that makes for war, hate, envy, greed, pride, force, and material ambition.—Lady Astor.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boy's Printing Class. Subscripton Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

AT MORNING

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us play the man, help us to preform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Robert Louis Stevenson

KILPATRICK OR STONEMAN?

In THE UPLIFT of August 19, there appeared the interesting paper which Col. Wade H. Harris prepared for the Press Convention. In that paper occurred the following statement:

"With the invasion of Salisbury by Kilpatrick's army, Mr. Bruner had occasion to express his displeasure of the burning of the depot by federal troops. They did not burn his office, but they sacked it, spilling the type out the windows and wrecking the presses."

THE UPLIFT is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Bettie C. Gibson, one of Concord's best informed and accurate women, who takes a deep interest in the preservation of correct history, and, last but not least, regards the careless or ignorant naming of the trouble of the 60s "the Civil War" as unpardonable. In her letter, which THE UPLIFT takes the privilege of reproducing, Mrs. Gibson gives some very convincing data that make it appear that it was Stoneman and not Kilpatrick that was the author of all that hellish conduct in Salisbury and up the Yadkin River. Mrs. Gibson writes:

"It may seem presumptious in me to correct the editor of the Charlotte

Observer, but I am sure he will pardon me. I read in THE UPLIFT the report of his address before the Press Convention, in which he alludes to the time when 'Gen'l. Kilpatrick invaded Salisbury.' The Federal General who paid his respects to Salisbury in 1865 was Gen'l. Stoneman. I am fully qualified to testifiy as to his identity, as his troops had very thoroughly raided my home at Shallow Ford, on the Yadkin river, thirty-five miles above Salisbury in the early part of that week. It was a very thorough job they did there and I am not likely to forget the name of the general who commanded.

This, of course, is a question of very little importance but I want our Training School boys to be able to "keep history straight."

* * * * * *

GOVERNOR MORRISON'S FRANK AND COURAGEOUS STATEMENT

The Governor has ordered troops in easy reach of Spencer, where the shopmen are on strike. There are nine companies encamped within three-miles of the scene of contest.

The manly and frank statement, which the governor made, when he ordered the troops, must appeal to the sense of justice and wisdom of law-abiding citizens. No man, who wants to do right, need fear the presence of troops or any officer—it is the lawless, who may object. Governor Morrison's statement is as follows:

"I ordered troops to Spencer this morning about 9 o'clock.

"I do not mean by this action that I think Mr. Ellis and the leaders of organized labor there did not exert themselves to uphold the law yesterday, but the situation there is still tense according to my information.

"Tragedies are happening all about. Last night a man was beaten in the city of Raleigh and his piteous cries for help heard. An outrage was reported from Rocky Mount.

"Mr. Miller, vice president of the Southern railroad, last night urged me to give them protection at Spencer, and said they could not undertake to operate the railroad without protection. He detailed to me an incident there which I investigated and did not find the strikers censurable for to the extent the railroad authorities thought they were, but I have become nervous and afraid that a tragedy may take place at Spencer in spite of the cooler heads and that the honor of North Carolina may be endangered.

"I have ordered troops there and they go under the same instructions they went to Rocky Mount and to Concord, a year ago. They are instructed to uphold the law as I understand it and respect every right of the striking laborers, protect life and property and keep the peace.

"I do not think it just in me to leave upon the shoulders of the heroic sheriff of Rowan county longer the full responsibility of upholding the law and keeping the peace there. The troops are sent there simply to uphold

the law and the rights of all parties. They will be under the command of upright and honorable officers and will do no injustice, I am sure, to any man's rights.

"I ask for the sympathy and support of all the people of North Carolina who respect the law and want to see order and argument prevail in the state. It is, in my honest judgment, unwise to risk further the honor and good name of North Carolina at Salisbury and Spencer in the tense situation there without having the law represented by adequate forces to uphold it."

* * * * * * * *

"WHITE COAL."

There is carried in this number of THE UPLIFT another one of the admirable papers read at the recent meeting of the State Press, at Shelby. It is "The Waterpower Situation in North Carolina." The author is John Paul Lucas, one of the outstanding young men of the state. The article is so well written, carries so much information, touching perhaps the greatest agency in the material development of North Carolina of all ages, and is yet practically in its infancy, that Mr. Lucas has made a valuable contribution to the general story of North Carolina development.

In this day of industrial troubles and strikes, one is brought to a living appreciation of the great value of "white coal" and it no trouble to see to what extent its use may be extended when all of the water power now going unharnessed may be brought into service. It is devoutly to be hoped that the differences now existing in the state with regard to what may be just rates for hydro-electric service may soon be removed and to the satisfaction and justice of all contending parties. It is probable that the great capital invested in the initial development of the water power in this section has never paid a dividend and ages will have passed before returns commensurate with the great outlay, the unbounded faith, the magnificent vision and the patriotic purposes involved, will be realized. Let us hope that nothing may transpire to stop or even check the further development of the supply of "white coal" in this heaven-favored clime.

There is just enough prophecy in Mr. Lucas' engaging paper to make it worthwhile of preservation, for future reference.

* * * * * *

A MOUNTAIN JEWEL.

THE UPLIFT counts itself highly favored by the opportunity of publishing a story that gives the genesis and aspirations of The Patterson School for mountain boys, located in Caldwell county. We are indebted to Mr. Jas. A Robinson, the oldest living member of the North Carolina Press Associa-

tion, and who, by his successful experience in the newspaper business, has won for himself the expressive title of "Old Hurrygraph."

Though a native of Virginia, but living in North Carolina long enough to forget that myth of "F. F. V." and putting on real North Carolina tar, and notwithstanding his home is in Durham, "Old Hurrygraph" grows pleasingly eloquent in his very first paragraph. He is justly proud of the scene of this novel school, which will keep forever alive the honored name of a useful citizen.

But we are bothered. The copy for Robinson's interesting article came prepared on typewriter sporting elite type. But the bother lies in the fact that on that typewritten page every letter "o" is not an "o" but a round hole through the paper. Did the boys of the Patterson School manufacture Robinson's typwriter, or is that method just his way of copyrighting his observations? THE UPLIFT is sure that its readers will enjoy this story of an ambitious educational effort, such as the Patterson School, and brother Robinson has rendered us an appreciated service.

* * * * * *

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS

The prohibition enforcement officers held a meeting last week in Raleigh taking account of their accomplishments and outlined more effective plans to circumvent the dirty business of moonshining and bootlegging. A high official, reviewing the great number of stills demolished, said "these don't count—get the men." That's the medicine. Get the men that snap their fingers in the face of law and decency, that hire fine legal talent to worm them out of the clutches of the law. Get the men—try them, have conscientious attorneys to see that the state and good society are not cheated in the disposition of the cases. And when guilty—put them on the roads and in the penitentiary where they belong. This will demonstrate the majesty of the law—fines merely tickle and encourage.

On the 19th, in Charlotte, the officers, federal and local, made a drive. It was a real nice one. They got a net full. A baker's dozen was caught in the net, and the vile stuff to the size of 20 gallons was captured. Let the good, effective work go. Society is not safe where a minority can and does run rough-shod over the majority and decency.

* * * * * *

UNDERMINING THE FOUNDATION OF SOCIETY.

Just in one day's court in Guilford—to be exact, last Monday—there were granted fourteen (14) absolute divorces. Hasty marriages, prompted by

impulses other than love and worthy aspirations, contracted under modern environment such as street meetings, automobile joy-rides, common swimming pools, public dance-halls and a general break-down of the orderly observance of sane social rules, are responsible for many unhappy marriages and bringing into existence children, who are started in a cold world with a handicap and an uneven chance.

God pity the child.

We recognize prevailing evils, and propaganda and organizations and endowed foundations are working on the evils and the terrible consequences, but going back to the home and surrounding it with all the protection it needs, restoring the family altar, parental training, insisting on modest demeanor of the young and the observance of proper hours and respect for the amenities, is a much better way to stop some of this horrible matrimonial blundering.

In the face of records like this, and they are no worse than in some other counties and sections, one is tempted to ask: "Is marriage a failure?" or "Is divorce right?"

* * * * * *

FUNCTIONING.

"Sixteen 8-months' schools of the county will open on September 4th, and the 7-months' schools will open in October." This is educational news from Mecklenburg county.

Seperated seemingly by an imaginary line from Mecklenburg county, where there is a live and functioning administration of school affairs is another county in which such an announcement could not be made and where no efforts have for several years been made to make such an announcement possible. Were such glorious news possible, it would be a justification for the educational leader of that lifeless and doless administration to re-enact the stunt of the late Charles B. Aycock's spirited horse, which the statesman declared was so proud that "he went down the road with his tail over the dash-board, head over the moon, a-hittin' of the ground only at high places."

* * * * * *

"RIDING ON THE RAIL"

Of course, North Carolina is proud to have Hon. Josephus Daniels, ex-secretary of the Navy, as an honored citizen of the state, and would be delighted to have him continuously and forever, but THE UPLIFT confesses to a degree of satisfaction and much profit whenever the distinguished

citizen announces in frequent letters in the News & Observer that "Bless me, this is pleasant, riding on the rail."

These letters Mr. Daniels is writing from different points touch many delightful subjects which he treates in peculiarly engaging manner. They are all entertaining and in great measure throw much light on historical events worthwhile. Just as long as Mr. Daniels acquits himself in such manner THE UPLIFT moves that he keep on "riding on the rail."

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A MOST VALUABLE CITIZEN.

Whenever THE UPLIFT gets stumped over some history about the Mecklenburg Declaration, or other ancient local history, or some Charlotte notable, old or young, it always invokes the kindly aid of its esteemed friend, Col. Wade H. Harris. He is never too busy to respond and to respond right on time.

Ever since THE UPLIFT editor heard John Paul Lucas at Shelby, observed his pleasing personality, his well-balanced enthusiasm over matters that vitally affect the state, the desire to know more about him grew greater. We called on Col. Harris to supply this information. He has done so. He has done it well and his answer to our request makes mighty good reading.

THE MOUNTAINS IN LABOUR

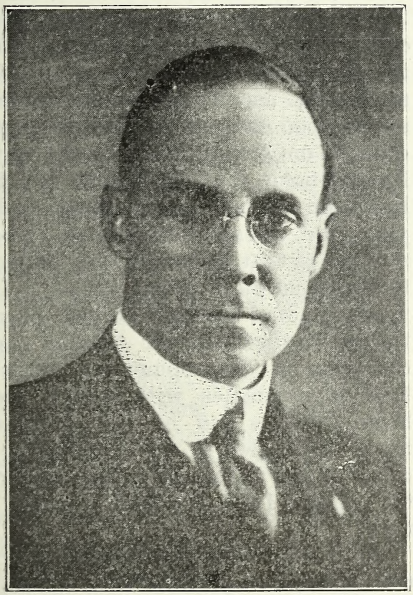
One day the Countryman noticed that the Mountains were in labour; smoke came out of their summits, the earth was quaking at their feet, trees were crashing, and huge rocks were tumbling. They felt sure that something horrible was going to happen. They all gathered together in one place to see what terrible thing this would be. They waited and they waited, but nothing came. At last there was a still more violent earthquake and a huge gap appeared in the side of the Mountains. They all fell down upon their knees and waited. At last, and at last, a teeny, tiny mouse poked its little head and bristles out of the gap and came running down towards them, and ever after they used to say:

"MUCH OUTCRY, LITTLE OUTCOME."

JOHN PAUL LUCAS.

By Wade H. Harris

John Paul Lucas, whose excellent paper read before the late session of the North Carolina Press Association is a feature of the current number of THE UPLIFT, is a young man of a most interesting career and one in



JOHN PAUL LUCAS.

whose fortunes I have a peculiar interest. because, in the early days of his venture into journalism I gave him a spanking and started him off on the right editorial course. Mr. Lucas is the son of the late Dr. Henry D. Lucas, and was born January 25th, 1885, at Black Creek, Wilson County. Following the death of his father in 1895, Mr. Lucas came to Mecklenburg County with his mother and family of seven children, and lived for five years on a farm to the east of Charlotte, and to which the city has since grown. He became a resident of the city in 1901, going to work as a cub reporter on the The Observer under Isaac Irwin Avery, who was then gaining renown through the Idle Comments column. Lucas was at that time just 17 years old. After four years experience as local reporter he got leave of absence and took a special course at Trinity College, returning to The Observer as assistant city editor, in which capacity he remained until March, 1907, when he went to Winston-Salem to become editor of The Journal. He edited that paper for two years, during which time it was enlarged and a new plant installed. The Evening Chronicle was started in Charlotte meantime, and he came back to accept position as managing editor on that paper. A short time latter, when the writer of this sketch was made editor of The Observer, Mr. Lucas succeeded him as editor of The Chronicle, filling that position with signal ability. But the notion come to him that he could make more money in real estate, so he pulled out from journalism and cast his lot with the real estate sharps. He was doing somewhat in that line when he received an offer from Governor Bickett to become a member of the State Food Commission, in 1917, he having gained prominence as president of the State Farmers' Convention. He was elected secretary of the Food Com-

missioners and requisitioned to conduct food production and conservation during the Spring and Summer of 1917. That was before the United States Food Administration had been organized, and the entire Spring and Summer was devoted to a vigorous campaign throughout the State, in which Mr. Lucas was potently aided by co-operation from the newspapers. This campaign was of so successful a nature that it was matter for Nation-wide comment and through it Lucas gained an enviable prestige.

The United States Food Administration came into the field just as the State Food Commission was finishing its work, and Henry A. Page, who had been appointed State Food Administrator, requisitioned Lucas as executive secretary of the new organization to be formed in the State. He was later made educational director, and director of conservation, and was in fact, assistant food administrator. The food Administration built up a very considerable organization, having at one time more than 40 employees in the offices at Raleigh, in addition to a county food administrator in each of the 100 counties of the state. North Carolina was recognized at Washington to be one of the half-dozen or so states in the Union in which the work of the food administration was most effectively and smoothly carried on. Having accomplished this great work in advancement of the interests of the State Mr. Lucas returned once more to Charlotte and took up position as advertising manager and director of public relations for the Southern Power Company, the duties of which he has been performing with marked ability.

In view of the reputation he established in food production and conservation, it was natural that he should have been selected by Governor Morrison to conduct the "Living-at Home" campaign, the object of which was to induce the farmers of the State to raise at home, as nearly as possible, all the food and the feedstuffs required on the farm and thereby keep at home the $100,000,000 which had been sent out of the State each year for these necessities. The success of that campaign only added to the prestige of young Lucas. It must be noted that Lucas had been trained in the Observer office in the direction of development of industrial opportunities with which the State abounds and he had become much interested in the interdependence of and advantages the one to the other of Industry and Agriculture.

Mr. Lucas' mind has been fixed on the immense possibilities of the State in industrial, manufacturimg and commercial lines and in promotion of these causes he has contributed an active and a valuable part.

He is a fine young fellow, pulsating with State enthusiasm, and in all North Carolina there is no better subject for kindly exploitation by THE UPLIFT than John Paul Lucas of Charlotte.

Some men are optomists until they judge their neighbors, and others are pessimists until they judge themselves.—G. T. Evans.

THE TRUE USE OF WEALTH.

By John Ruskin.

There is a saying which is in all good men's mouths, namely, that they are stewards, or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to them. Only, it is not a strange thing that while we more or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical, we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of; the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his lord's money. Well, we in our poetical and spiritual application of this, say that of course money doesn't mean money —it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means every-thing in the world except itself.

And do you not see what a pretty and pleasant come off there is for us in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit, we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures; but we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents entrusted to us of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money, but the parable cannot possibly mean anything vulgar as money; our money is our own.

I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as the other, that the story does very specially mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so is a sort of tacit idea that, while thought, wit and intellect and all power of birth and position are indeed given to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver, our wealth has not been given to us, but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think that you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; but; strength is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering and more sagacious. Well, who made him more perserving and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize opportunity that others lose, and persist in the lines that others fail —are these not talents?—are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?

And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorites of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain? You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture room, and calmy choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of into the back seat or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children were being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them.

But you are not the least bit indignant if, when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are in the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he himself is the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

But there is injustice, and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no very distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree how ever, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possesseed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man at the end of his career should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict? Not so.

What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them and starve them and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relation of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him; not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and support of his children; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support, of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor; but of the guilty and punishable poor—of the men who ought to have known better—of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves.

It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength in war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind,

to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one, and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dullneess would have lost.

This is much, but it is yet more when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labor far and near. For you who have it in your hands are in reality the pilots of the power and efforts of the State. It is intrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingsley authority was ever given to a prince or military command to a captain. And according to the quanity of it you have in your hands, you are arbiters of the will and work of the State shall suffice for the State or not, depends upon you.

You may stretch out your secpter over the heads of the laborers and say to them as they stoop to its waving; "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathears; put away this plague that consumes our children; water these dry places; plow these desert ones; carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darkness; carry this life of those who are in death." Or on the other side you may say: "Here am I; this power is in my hands; come,build a mound here for me to be throned upon high and wide; come make crowns for my head that men may see them shine from far away; come, weave tapes-from far away; come, weave tapestries for my feet that I may tread softly on the silk and purple; come, dance before me that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me that I may slumber; so shall I live in joy and die in honor." And better than such an honorable death it were, that the day had perished wherin we were born.

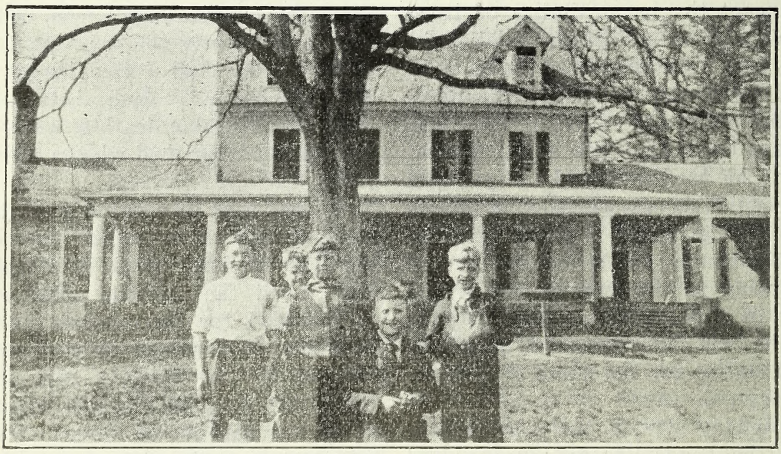
I trust that in a little while there will, be few of our rich men who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfit the glorious office which is intended for their hands. I said just now that wealth ill-used was as the net of the spider, entangeling and destroying; but wealth well-used is as the net of the sacred Fisher who gaters souls of men out of the deep. A time will come—I do not think it is far from us—when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of the morning cloud over the sky, bearing with them the joy light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil.

The church and Christain training have to make a battle royal in holding its own against the world and automobiles in Cabarrus county; and probably the record in other counties is no better. At the Sunday School Convention last week in Cabarrus it developed that just fifty per cent of the population is enrolled in the Sunday School, and the average attendance amounts to just 25 per cent. This would not mean so serious a sit uation except that a majority of the family altars have been torn down and the old-time Bible instruction has about become obsolute

ABOUT A UNIQUE INSITUTION.

By Old Hurrygraph

In the beautiful "Happy Valley" of the Yadkin river, in Caldwell county, where the river purls joyfully on to the sea; where the sunshine shimmers the brightest golden glow; the crops grow with the greatest luxuriance; the verdue of the valley and the mountains the greenest; the people



Pamyra, the colonial home of the late Samuel Legerwood Patterson, now one of the main buildings of the Patterson School.

the best on earth, is located the Patterson School, the property being the estate, and the old colonial home —Palmyra—of the late Samuel Legerwood Patterson, former Commissioner of Agriculture of North Carolina. This property consists of thirteen hundred acres—three hundred cleared, tillable land, the balance woodland, and was bequeathed by Mr. Patterson and his wife to the Episcopal Church, in the District of Asheville, for an Agricultural and Industrial school for worthy white boys, who have no means for equipping themselves to earn a living.

Fourteenth Year.

The School has been in operation for 13 yeers, and on the 8th August this year, began its 14 session, with the largest attendance in its history, and under most promising conditions for the future. It is under the supervision of a board of trustees of the district. Rev. Hugh A-Dobbin is the principal. Legerwood is the postoffice.

During the life of this schools it has turned out many useful citizens, who now occupy various walks in life, living useful and serviceable lives. Boys, many of them from the humbler walks of life, which, in all probability, would not have been

able to reach the goal they have attained, but for the assistance of the Pattersen School, which held the educational torch, and its curriculum of religious duty; educational endeavor; and farm industry spurred on their determination to make men of themselves. Mr. Patterson opened the door of educational opportunity to the poor boys, and they have crowded the institution to its capacity, since its opening. Scores will revere his memory, and rise up and call him blessed. Though dead, his good works are still living and blessing generations unknown to him; and others to come.

Some of the Patterson School boys doing their bit in the corn field.

Beautifully Located.

No school in the State is more beautifully situated. The restfulness of the lovely valley, in its animated frame of lofty mountains, give a peaceful composure to the mind, and brings the soul in close communion with the riches of nature, and through this richness to its God. The farm life is beautiful to behold. The improved, young thrifty cattle, browzing upon the level pastures green; the grunt of the fat hogs too lazy to get out of the shade; the cluck and chatter of the chickens big and little; the quack of of a long row of ducks as they waddle from feed to stream; the gobble of the turkeys, and the "peep" of two large gangs of little ones; the hum of machinery and the activities of the boys, out of school, forms a pastoral picture that makes the valley happy, and is good for city eyes.

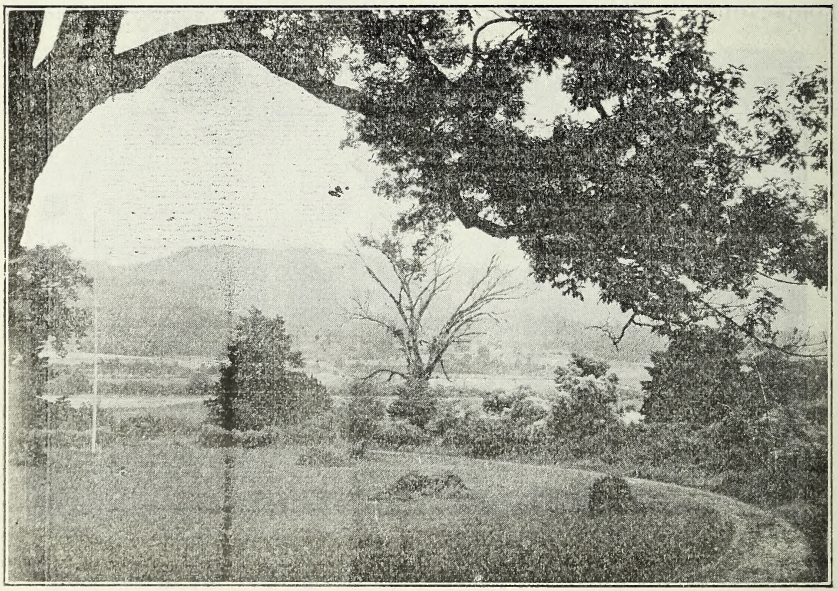
The New Dormitory

A great addition to the School plant is the new Gard Memorial Dormitory, made possible by the

generosity of Mrs. Chas. E. Gard as a memorfal to her late husband. It is a handsome brick building 40x90 feet, the boys of the school largely making the brick and preparing the material for its structure. In this building are recitation rooms, chapel, office and sleeping quarters for two teachers and sixty boys. It was used this session for the first time.

A new brick library building is now under construction. It is a memorial to Miss Sarah Lencir, and the fund was given by a relative of that Caldwell lady. It will give the School a fine place for reading and study.

While the Patterson School is a success in farming, under the intelligent farm management of Rev. Mr. Dobbin, the principal, and while it is possible for a boy to pay his way by his work, it is of course evident that the work thus received from the boys cannot pay the salaries of teachers, or equipment and grocery bills. To meet these financial obligations of the school, several thousands of dollars are required annually. For this amount the School is dependent soley upon the generosity of friends. Then funds are needed to lay the cement floor in the basement of the new dormitory: furnishing several rooms to accomodate more boys; a piano and an automobile. These things would materially help the school a great way in its enlarged ork this year.



Scene from front porch of Patterson School, looking to the Yadkin river.

Advantages of This School

The equipment and facilities of the Patterson School, while somewhat circumscribed, in the splendid work it is now doing, can do greater with the aid of friends in contributing to the needs. The Agriculture department comprises instruction in theory in the class room, practical instruction by experiments and work in the fields, and such other employment, for the boys as must necessarily be done on any farm. Definite instruction is given in soils, their structure and treatment: principles under lying the preparation of the ground of various crops, their cultivation;; dairying; how to judge livestock and how to care for it; and the numerous other matters connected with farming which the modern farmer must know and get from actual experience.

The Patterson School is doing a great and wonderful work for the State, as well as for its immediate section.

" x x x x but for 'likker.' It is one thing that is sharper than a knife and cuts into friendship and dissevers them. It operates that way with most men, no matter which side they are on. It is one subject which seems to make men unreasonable, certainly which seperates them." —Josephus Daniels.

THE WATERPOWER SITUATION.

The Following Address Was Delivered Before The North Carolina Press Association At Its Recent Annual Convention At Shelby By John Paul Lucus of Charlotte.

The utilization of waterpower in North Carolina is not a new thing. The production and utilization of hydro-electric power is comparatively a new thing and is now in its infancy.

The first utilization of waterpower in North Carolina was for the operation of the neighborhood grist mill. Then when the first development of textile industry was begun invaribly waterpower sites were utilized.

A study of the early development of the waterpower in North Carolina gives an interesting insight into the early development in the textile industry. The first cotton mills in North Carolina were generally limited to a few score or a few hundred spindles and sufficient looms, if looms were used, to take care of the availability of numerous small waterpower sites in various parts of the state encouraged and added in the early development of the textile industry. Small quanities of power were required and only small quantities could be developed through the engineering practices and aparatus in vogue at that time. There were single textile establishments in North Carolina today which are using more power than all the cotton

mills in the state combined were using 50 years ago.

It is interesting to note that most of the dams used in the early developments were constructed of heavy timber and that their heights ranged from three or four feet to 8 or 20 feet, the average being eight or 10 feet.

Close Distinction.

In considering the waterpower development and the waterpower resources of North Carolina, it is necessary to distinguish clearly between hydraulic development and hydro-electric development. Waterpower was ultilized first through hydraulic development, which was purely a mechanical process. No electricty was generated.

Up until approximately 30 years ago, the development of hydro-electric power to any considerable extent was an impracticable proposition, because only direct current was used, and the voltage being limited to approximately 500 volts, distance transmission was impracticable. The real development began with the coming of alternating current. At first only single phase alternating current was available and this could be used only for lighting purposes, there being no motors adapted to the use of the single phase alternating current. Thus the development of hydro-electric was still restricted and it did not receive its real impetus until Tesla's invention made possible the three-phase alternating current, which is adaptable for power as well as lighting purposes. As soon as the full significance of Tesla's inventions became generally recognized the real development of the hydro-about 1890, but even at that time electricity was generated only for use in immediate locality of the generating plant.

The generation of electricty in large quanities for power and light to be distributed, through power companies classed as utllities, to individuals and large and small industries began in earnest less than 25 years ago.

South Carolina Record

It is interesting to note that probably the first hydro-electric plant built in the United States for the generation of electricity to be transmitted over a high tension line any considerable distance was at Portman Shoals on the Seneca river, six miles from Anderson S. C. This was in the year 1897. About the same time a small plant was constructed in California. Probably the third such plant was constructed by the Fries Manufacturing and Power company at Idols on the Yadkin river, 14 miles from Winston-Salem This was the first hydro-electric plant constructed in North Carolina, and its capacity when completed was approximately 1,000 horsepower. It was put into operation in 1898.

This plant, which with the first plant at Portman Shoals, is now owned by the Southern Public Utilities company, was reconstructed a few years ago, and today has a capacity of 2,500 horsepower. This gain through reconstruction illustrates the rapid advances that have been made in the art of hydro-electric power development.

The first hydro-electric plant of any considerable size in North Carolina was the Blewitt Falls development owned by the Yadkin River

Power company a subsidiary of the Carolina Power and Light company of Raleigh. This plant, which is located on the Yadkin river near Rockingham, develops slightly more than 32,000 horsepower. It was put into operation early in 1912.

The next plant in this class was the Lookout Shoals station of the Southern Power system on the Catawba river above Statesville, which was put into operation in December, 1915, generating 33,000 horsepower. In 1917 the Alumnium company of America began generating power at Baden on the Yadkin river, where the next hydro-electric plant in North Carolina was built, its capacity being 93,000 horsepower. This company has two other plants generating 72,000 and 20,000 horsepower, respectively, making their total capacity 185,000 horsepower. Most of this power, however, has been used by this company in its own industries, little being available for the general public.

Bridgewater Development

The Bridgewater development of the Southern Power company was completed in 1919, and the Blue Ridge company's development at Tuxedo, with a capacity of 8,000 horsepower, was put in operation early last year. The North Carolina Power company at Asheville has three plants generating 7,750 horsepower.

According to a summary by Thorndike Saville, hydraulic engineer of the North Carolina geological and economic survey, there has been developed in North Carolina a total of 360,000 horsepower of hydro-electric energy. Of this, slightly more than 46,000 horsepower is used by the manufacturing plants which have their own generating stations, 80,000 horsepower is transmitted for use outside of the state; and more than 100,000 horsepower at Badin is used in the production of aluminum. A total of only 135,000 horsepower of the hydro-electric energy developed in North Carolina is available for general industrial and public use. Of this amount the Southern Power company and the Carolina Power and Light company develop 98,500 horsepower, or 73 per cent of all the electrical energy which is available for general use.

An Astonishing Fact.

It will probably astonish you to know that the use of electricity in North Carolina has grown at a much more rapid rate than power has been developed to supply this demand Actually less than half of the electricity used for power purposes in North Carolina is generated within the borders of this state, and yet North Carolina is in a better position than probably any other state in the union to appreciate the value of hydro-electric development because it has seen the advantages of this type of development and has enjoyed unprecedented industrial growth as the result of the availability of electricity made possible by these developments. Just as the availability of electrical energy for power purpose has been the determining factor in the industrial expansion of the state during the past decade and a half just so it will continue to be the determining factor. Industrial development and progress in North Carolina during the next 10 years is going to be measured and

determined by the amount of hydro-electric power that is developed and made available for general use.

In a circular on "The Waterpower Situation in North Carolina," by Thorndike Saville from which I have already quoted some figures, the author declares: "In a number of instances, large industries have been kept away from the state during the past year because the hydro-electric companies could furnish them no power. The demand at present can not be met and it is insistant and increasing."

Undeveloped Resources.

Now let us turn for a moment to a consideration of the undeveloped waterpower resources of North Carolina and to the possibilities for the enrichment of the state through their development.

According to the United States geological survey, North Carolina has slightly less than 3 per cent of the waterpower resources of the United States and not quite 9 per cent of the waterpower resources east of the Mississippi river. According to this same authority, the maximum power resources of the state total 875,000 horsepower. The North Carolina geological survey has made a recent estimate that, with storage, the waterpower resources of the state are possibly 1,000,000 horsepower.

Competent engineers at the recent Southern Applachain waterpower conference at Asheville declared that if properly developed, with proper storage and figuring on a 12-hour day, the waterpower resources of North Carolina are not less than 2,000,000 horsepower. This estimate is concurred in by the North Carolina geological survey.

It must be remembered that the estimates of the United States geological survey were based upon data complied many years ago and largely upon engineering practices and apparatus then in vogue. I was interested to note in an old report in a bulletin of the North Carolina geological survey an estimate of 2,300 horsepower as the power available at the Mountain Island site on the Catawba river. In a report of the United States geological survey, a statement was made that, with storage at this point, probably 7,000 horsepower could be developed. As a matter of fact the hydro-electric plant which is under construction at that point at this time will develop 80,000 horsepower. The energy to be developed there will be equivalent to between 500,000 and 600,000 tons of coal a year.

Striking Illustration.

Thus is strikingly illustrated this statement which I desire to emphasize: The maximum of capacity and of usefulness of the waterpower resources in North Carolina is going to be determined by the vision of the men who develop them.

The waterpowers of North Carolina are a great natural resource and, in the interest of the whole people, every site should be developed to its utmost capacity and in the most economical and efficient manner. When a waterpower site is halfway developed, the margin of its possibilities above its actual production is to all intents and purposes destroyed.

Some waterpower sites, because of remoteness from transportation and

of local conditions, are more difficult and more expensive to develop than others. Many sites, which because of their storage possibilities would be valuable units in a system of hydro-electric developments, could not possibly be developed merely for the power that might be generated at the one station. One of the most striking instances of this situation in the United States is the Bridgewater development of the Southern Power company near the headwaters of the Catawba and Lineville rivers.

The power generated at Bridgewater, were approximately $5,000,000 was invested in the development, would not warrant anything like such an investment, but when one considers the fact that the water which is caught and held in the Bridgewater lakes during the winter and spring, released during the dry period, augments the flow of the river during the dry season to the extent that the six other power plants of this company down below are enabled to operate at their normal capacity, it may readily be seen that such a development is a God send not only to the power company but more particulary even to the hundreds of users of power and probably more still to the tens of thousands of workers whose jobs and living are dependent upon the continuous operation of the cotton mills and other industrial plants in which they are employed. No severer test could be imposed to demonstrate the value of the Bridgewater development than was imposed by the severe drought last summer, which resulted in two to four-day curtailment a week for several weeks by cotton mills and other enterprises in many sections of the state.

Catawba Watershed.

The Catawba river watershed was embraced in the drought area but thanks to the 100,000,000,000 gallons of water which had been caught and held for six months at Bridgewater, the seven plants of the Southern Power company system on the Catawba river were enabled to operate at normal capacity, and the 5,000,000 cotton spindles in North and South Carolina driven by energy from the Southern Power company's lines were enabled to operate without the slightest interruption.

In order that the maximum development may be made of the water-power resources of the state and in order that dependable and continuous service may be rendered to the industries and individuals using this power, the development of each power site should be made with intelligent consideration of its relation to other power plants on the same river, and other power plants on the same transmission system.

To again quote from the recent bulletin issued by the North Carolina geological survey, "The success of a hydro-electric project is in indirect proportion to the continuous operation of all its hydraulic installation. This is affected by load factor and availability of sufficient water to meet all demands for power. The latter is afforded by storage reservoirs to supply the deficiencies of a dry season. This factor is also related to flood prevention and navigation."

Mr. Saville in his bulletin also emphasizes the importance of the interconnection of power plants in order to assure continuity of service

By interconnection of units excess power from regions having an abundance of flow may be transmitted to sections of deficient flow, or a peak load in one place may be met from the power at another place where the peak load occurs at a different time.

Tremendous Investment.

The development of hydro-electric plants require the investment of tremendous sums of money. It may interest you to know that the investment in the light and power industry in the United States today is not less than $4,600,000,000. The bonds and other securities of the industry are held by 1,600,000 individuals and other investors. In other words the ownership of the electrical industry in America is distributed among more than one million and a half investors. The industry serves approximately 10,000,000 people, and the investment in the industry averages approximately $450 per customer served. The increase in the number of customers is averaging approximatly 10 per cent a year, and it has been estimated by electrical authorities that $750,000,000 will be required annually for several years to supply the plant and line extensions necessary to take care of the new demand for electrical service.

Industries by the thousands are demanding new power, and householders by the hundreds of thousands are demanding electric service in their homes. It is not too much to say that those sections of the country in which hydro-electric power is most rapidly made available are the sections which are going to experience the most rapid and the most substantial growth and progress during these coming years.

North Carolina has the greatest opportunity that has ever been open to her if industrial leaders and investors can be induced to develop her waterpower resources as rapidly as there is a demand for electrical energy. No one man and no single group of men can be depended upoon to develop all of the water powers of North Carolina or to develop the waterpowers of the state as rapidly and over as wide a teritory as they should be developed if the tremendous and ever increasing demands for electricity are to be met, and if the industrial expansion of the state is not to be restricted and held back.

The development of waterpower has its hazards and its uncertainties and before capitalists and investors put their money into such an undertaking they must be convinced that their enterprise, which by law is regulated as to service and to rates, is going to get a square deal at the hands of the public and the representatives of the public.

Power of the Press.

The press can do more than all other agencies combined to bring about in North Carolina such a state of mind that industrial leaders will feel safe in investing money in North Carolina, either in hydro-electrical development or in industrial or commercial enterprises.

Let me give you a further idea of what hydro-electric development will mean in the progress and development of industrial North Carolina.

It has proven out in practice that for each dollar invested in hydro-electric development from $5 to $6 is invested in the industries that use the power generated. And to be added to those figures is the incidental investment in housing, new stores, and other enterprises that go to help make up the new community.

In North Carolina last year the value of goods produced in our industries per horsepower used was more than $5.000. Again, every time one water horsepower is developed five and a half to 11 tons of coal per year are saved, depending upon whether the power is generated over a 12-hour period or over 24 hours a day. Every time five hydro-electric horsepower is developed the the labor of one man is released for other uses.

The waterpower sites of North Carolina are so widely distributed that, with the problem of distance transmission solved as it is, practically every industrial plant in the state may be operated by electrictiey The magnitude of our power resources are such that there is no necessity for any North Carolina individual or enterprise to send money into other states for coal for power purposes. To continue to import coal into the state for power purposes, sending millions of dollars each year to other states when the waters of our rivers are flowing unimpeded and uselessly to the sea is like unto a foolish rich man who has a magnificent mansion available but continues to pay rent for an uncomfortable cottage.

We are not only importing coal but hydro-electric energy as well. If I know the spirit of North Carolina, when our people realize our situation and our possibilities this situation is going to be changed.

Even Louis Graves, the professor in charge of the school of Journalism at the University, calls it the "Civil War." He spoiled an otherwise delightful story built around the visit of old man Thomas S. Norfleet, of Bertie county, who, after fifty-six years, was making a return visit to Chapel Hill.

A PATIENT BUILDER OF CHARACTER.

Greensboro Daily News.

The death of Mrs. Fannie Reitzel, for more than 30 years a teacher in the public schools of the Alamance section and east Guilford, has evoked remarkable tributes from the citizens of the county. In the hurly-burly of the great world this woman's presence went almost unnoted. We doubt that it would have occurred to anyone to include her name in any list of "prominent and influential" people of the county; yet for almost a generation; she has been quietly shaping the citizenship, and how far her influence has extended no human being can compute.

To spend a lifetime in county schools is certainly no career for self-assertive people, people avid of the world's applause. Still less is

it a career for those who are avid of the world's goods. But by Heaven's grace the world does not consist of those alone. There are yet among us Fannie Reitzels content to be poor, content to be obscure, if by renouncing all hope of fame and fortune they may contribute something to the building of character in the young people of their time.

One of those embittered and dreary souls mis-called "realists" might, on reading an account of this woman's life, find it suitable material for a tragedy—a drab tragedy of frustrated desires, of smothered hope, of an existance vain and futile, spent at a task as hopeless of completion as Penelope's weaving, which was raveled every night. For colorless print catches nothing of the glow that suffused that life; it is reflected only in the hearts of her old pupils who had nothing to say about her while she lived, but who are all talking of her, now she is dead. An afterglow that bathes every familiar object in a magic glory never seen until the sun went down comes only at the close of an evening unusually serene and clear. A realist, merely reading her story, would never catch the afterglow that proves the atmosphere of this woman's life to have had the clarity of high sincerity the serenity of a great ideal.

Therein she had her reward. Therein have they all their reward, these obscure, unheeded country teachers, apparently frittering their lives away at a fruitless task. For in their hearts they know. At bottom every one of them, save, perhaps, in such moments of depression as afflict us all now and then, knows that the tedious and incessant labor is not wasted; for, it may be long after the grave has closed over the teacher. in some frightful hour of the world's travail the solid masonry of character that the teacher has so painfully built will stand as the impregnable rampart of the republic, and the lofty ideals that they have inculcated will rise as its tall minarets whence float down the voices that move the faithful unto prayer.

The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weather is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience.—Lowell.

THE SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL

By W. Gilmore Simms.

The sense of the beautiful once actively developed in man, he loses nothing in nature which his sense should absorb within themselves as so much aliment. He recognize with each day's consciousness, new and increasing powers of perception in himself. The sounds issuing from the great forrest of the mountain gorges, are no longer mere gusts and murmurs of the senseless force in nature, but they resolve themselves into the song of the winds, telling the story of their capricious wanderings over land and sea. The solitude is no longer companionless.

There are those who walk beside him, who speak with numerous voices to his newly-developed faculties. He finds the Beautiful in all her retreats; his ear opens with a new capacity for music, which enables him to hear the spring-time chant from earth, in the murmur of the infinite tribes that toil below for extriction from the seed and the bondage of the soil.

All the senses grow in turn, and triumph in the fresh delight of that wonderous fountain newly welling in the soul, now first made capable to feel all the glory that harbors in the grass all the splendor that blushes and bourgeons in the flower. We become sensible of the majesty, the dignity and the frankness, as well as the magnificent beauty in the rose, and it glows before us with the charm of an exquisite and perfect woman. We linger with delight to survey the fearless yet pleading innocence which looks to us from the virgin lily. The delicate appeal which is made to us in the equal beauty and odor of the pink moves us to place it in our bosom; and, briefly, we discover with our own developed sense of the beautiful that, in the cultivation of the flower of the valley, we have cultivated a very rose of Sharon, blossoming for immortality in each loving heart and soul.

It is not a mere shrub or flower which we nurture with so much care; it is a sentiment, a song, a virtue. It is our own best nature which we thus train to beauty through every agency of sense, sentiment and sensibility, to the full development of that greatest of all human virtues—a perfect manhood. It is not merely eye and ear and nose which are the satisfied feeders among these flowers but here a thought broods with new discoveries which bring new hopes; fancies spring with fresh desires that take all their aspect from innocence; love glows with generous and sweet emotions, and the man becomes complete in the exercise of all his fullness of quality, in beauty, majesty and strength. Studying well the art of the cultivator, he has read from those books of nature which practice no frauds upon the intellect, assails no moral in his soul, teach no errors, beguile to no crimes or vice; and sensibilities thus tutored minister lovingly to all his moods, whether in joy or sorrow, whether it be care or triumph, pain or pleasure, that is looking meanwhile over his shoulder.

With pardonable pride a lady displayed a very ancient piece of house linen to her servant, saying, "Look, Bridget, at this table cloth. It has been in our family for over one hundred years."

Bridget eyed it carefully, and then remarked, in a most confidential tone:

"Sure, never mind, Mrs. Arthur, dear Who would know but what it was bought brand-new out of a shop?"

SEPTEMBER.

With waving wand of goldenrod,
And asters in her hair,
Adown the year's sweet path she comes
With dreamy face and fair.
Within a circled arm she holds,
Filled over-brim, a tray
Of luscious fruits to scatter wide
Along her pleasant way.

The months of summer came and went
On dancing, flying feet;
O dear were they, and swift were they
To hasten their retreat:
But even the while with saddened eyes
We watch them disappear,
September comes to win our love,
And spread her bounties here.

The roses are not hers to hold;
The nesting birds have fled;
The fields are shorn of grass and grain;
The violets are dead;
So, threaded through her daily songs,
There runs a pensive tone,
And in her eyes a longing lies
For joys she had not known.

But still in matchless grace she walks:
Beauty matured she shows;
She wears the emerald robes unmarred,
And ways to charm she knows.
And down the pathway of the year
No queenlier one has trod
Than she who wears the aster crown
And ward of goldenrod.

—The Christian Endeavor World.

When you lose your temper some one else is almost certain to find it and greatly to his advantage."

"Hush! you two boys are always quarreling. Why can't you agree once an a while?"

"We agree this time. We both want the same piece of pie."

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mr. J. C. Faggert, of Chase City Va. is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Talbert. Presumly he is here to join his wife, whose visit was noted in the issue of the twelfth.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Goover and son Chas. who arrived from Chattanooga have accepted positions at the School as officer and matron. Mr. Goover has charge of the shoe repairing department.

One of the best dairy barns in North Carolina is now open, and so as to keep up with the dairy barn, it shelters cows which are among the best in that same wonderful state. This is a cordial invitation for all readers of THE UPLIFT to visit the school.

The desks and all the furnishings for the new school rooms have been placed and all is ready for its opening. As soon as boys are picked out and a few changes are made it will be opened. But perhaps authorities are awaiting new arrivals. However it can't be long before it's opened.

The boys now delight in the charming personage and intimate acquaintance of Mr. James Earle Iredell. He is in the Mecklenburge Cottage. Perhaps some day he may be useful citizen as the James Earle Iredell as a result of the training he will receive here. If he does, it will merely mean that another goldon star will be added to the page of J. T. S. successes.

Mr. Zebulon Teeter was called from his official duties at the Jackson Training School to fill the pulpit of the Forest Hill Methodist Church in the absence of the regular pastor there. He did himself proud on this, one of his first attempts. The boys are all proud to feel that one of their instructers is succeeding in his attempts to bring divine messages from God to His chosen people.

A visitor in whose personage and acquaintance the whole Institution rejoice, was Senator F. B. McKinney, of Louisburg, who was here last week. The reporter enjoyed his talk with Mr. McKinney very much. And as Mr. McKinney will nodoubt read this he must revisit the school at any possible time as many desire to see him again. He was here to see the results of the appropriation of the last legislature.

Perhaps all who read this will remember the cold days last week. At the school this weather made it seem like Winter and many boys wore out thick sweaters, coats, and jackets. But "Old Sol" made his appearance later in the day and these wearing appearels were quickly discarded. They were glad to cast off the extra clothing for many boys asked them if "it were snowing."

As each boy goes to his respective home a new boy arrives to take his place, to receive the benefits the one who left had gotten; he will get the training the absentee gained; he will know of the joys and sorrows that must come, but which will leave him a stronger boy in every way. And last but assuredly not least, he will one day be called from the work he likes, and will be given a parole

along with the words: "Show the world what the Jackson Training School has made of you."

As the metal work on their beds is being painted, and not desiring to have some of this paint on them as an accidental touch would so cause, the occupyers of these beds in the King's Daughter's Cottage and the State Cottage were taken to the recently completed and furnished but yet unopened Gaston Cottage for nights until the beds dry. There in new surroundings which are strangely familiar because of close resemblance of all cottages each boy fell asleep with new thoughts, dreamed new dreams and when morning came resolved new resolutions. On a whole this change was for the best.

On Sunday afternoon, August 12: from 3 to 4 o'clock the students of the Jackson Training School were listening to the best sermon that had received their attention in a long while. This sermon came from the lips of Rev. Mr. Alexander, formerly of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord. He spoke of a topic relating to "Do what you do with all your heart" in such a manner as to hold his attentive juvenile audence intensely interested until his last word. If the much discussed pin can be heard to drop to the floor in a quiet room, then it could be heard in the Auditorium in the pauses and sentences of the voice of the carrier bringing the divine message.

Mr. Morse, an out door photographic artist of Charlotte, extended his services to the Jackson Training School Thursday and Friday, August 17th and 18th. He took many pictures of the boys in various situations. The most striking pictures were two taken of the boys engaged in a watermelon feast. Other pictures taken were ones of the pavilion, printing office, shop building, barn, dairy barn, shoe repair shop, sewing room, school room, cannery, memorial arch, ball ground, cottage pictures and others. As many of these pictures are to be made into cuts and printed in a coming issue of THE UPLIFT, more will be said of them under an article, "The Boys' Thoughts by One of Them" in which the writer tells what the boys thought of each picture and their positions and etc.

Mr. Morrison Caldwell spoke to an audience of two hundred and fifty ambitious boys, Sunday, August 20, choosing for his text, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them," he delved straight into a talk which he delivered from his heart with such an enthusiasm as no jury has ever heard. He told the boys that undoubtedly out of their midst would come a governor and many other government officials, not to speak of various other occupations. "But," he went on, "a small minority of you will go elsewhere. That is inevitable. Which class will you enter?" He told that to be temperate would greatly aid them in their struggle to lead an honest life. He pointed out a very close example of spirits leading men to destruction and shame when he called their attention to the fearful automobile accident which occured

on the highway near the school. Once or twice he asked some boys who was their model and ideal. Had as asked the writer for his model of a speaker, the answer wonld have been, "Morrison Caldwell!" Just before Mr. Caldwell's speech Mr. Peele read a selection from the twelth chapter of Eccleasiastes, from which Mr. Caldwell's text was taken. The first hymn was sung without the invaluable lead of a piano, but just before the singing of the second Mr. Boger espied Miss Sarah Barnhardt in the audience and from thenceforth until the end of the service we hard a every capable pianoist.

WHEN J. T. S. LICKED J. T. S.
(By The Reporter.)

The most unique game of the season was witnessed on Manassaa Field by 300 spectators, oddly divided in their cheering, for on thisday, Sat., Aug. 19, the Jackson Training School played the Jackson Training School and defeated herself by a score 9 to 3.

The officers of the J. T. S. met the boys of the same place for a battle to the finish to make a discovery which would put an end to the much disputed question as to which were the superiors. But after the boys had stepped on the officers hard and licked them 9 to 3, the officers said they would play three games of which the champs must capture two. So now we must install a temporary league here to decide who are the champions of the J. T. S. This is how the League Standing looks so far:

Stonewall League

	W.	L.	Pct.
Juniors	1	0	1.000
Seniors	0	1	.000

Saturday's game was marked by errors and good plays by the Seniors and less errors and more good plays by the Juniors. The game started with the Seniors in the field. The Juniors grabbed one tally. Then the Seniors went to bat. Russsll, an experienced Senior slugger, faced Pressley, hurler for the Juniors. Russell promptly connected up for a two bagger on one of Pressley's slants. He went to third on Hobby's sacrifice, and dashed the hopes of the Juniors when he stole home. If this were an example of the playing of the Seniors, then the game was as good as lost for the Juniors. But reader, 'ere you read much further, you will come to the conclusion that it was evidently not.

The Juniors, after letting the Seniors grab a run in that tilt, settled down. They went to their dug out in a short time, but were unable to avenge that run. So thus began a battle in earnest. Both sides gave the other nary a run in the second performance. But in that third session the Juniors led off with four tallies and were never in danger thereafter. In their half of the third chapter, the Seniors could accomplish nothing nda as a result had the goose egg you see below instead of a run or two which would have greatly helped them.

Fourth inning scoreless for both sides.

In the fifth tilt the Seniors annexed a lone run, but shucks! It was 2 to 5, now. In the sixth chapter the score read 2 to 6. The Juniors went across the platter with one man.

The seventh gave the Seniors a

nother tally, but but the Juniors were not afraid; 3 to 6 was still a safe lead, unless the Seniors started a rally.

Elghth session was also scoreless for both. Your last chance Seniors! But it was the Juniors who did the 9th inning rally stuff. They carried in three runs and then held the Seniors down to another goose egg, winning the game, thus acquiring first position in the temporary Stonewall League.

McLellan, star left fielder of the Juniors, lived up to his stellar role by making a magnificent running foward catch. He grabbed the fly below his knees, a feat which is unusual for most big leaguers, said catch which Williams raves over.

Williams, doing duty for the Juniors at short stop made several nnthing short of miraculous catches.

Grier, tending the keystone sack for the Seniors kept a runner from gaining first on a seemingly safe hit by glueing to the pill in a well nigh impossible was, pegging to first while he was off his balance.

Shipp, gardener of the right orchard, in the last inning slammed out a three base hit with two Juniors on the paths, later stealing home. He also lammed out a two bagger and a single. He showed the way on the paths pilfering four sacks. Holman also slugged out a tripple. who will cop the next game?

Saturdays Score:

Juniors	104 001 003—9	14	3
Seniors	100 010 100—3	7	7

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207 West Trade Street Charlotte, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C [illegible] 2, 1922 NO. 43

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THE REAL LIFE.

What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and words! His real life is hid in his head, and is known to none but himself. All day long, and every day, the mill of his brain is grinding, and his thoughts, not those other things, are his history. His acts and his words are merely the visible thin crust of his world, with its scattered snow summits and its vacant wastes of water—and they are so trifling a part of his bulk, amere skin enveloping it! The mass of him is hidden—it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil, and never rest, night or day. These are his life, and they are not written, and cannot be written. Every day would make a whole book of eighty thousand words—365 books a year. Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the man—the biography of the man himself can not be written.—Harper's Magazine.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, **J. C. FISHER**, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

Smile at the world and you get a smile back; give it a scowl and it will shake its fist under your nose; treat it with indifference or neglect and it will forget that you live.

"THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD TO HAVE NO SENSE."

The late Riley Kindley, of Cabarrus county, made famous an observation that meets with the endorsement of the average person in moving about and taking account of the sayings and acts of certain people. When an exhibition of foolishness, either in acts or words, came to his attention old man Kindley would seriously remark: "It is the worst thing in the world to have no sense." He was right.

The moment the youngsters are entered into the kindness, care and training of the Jackson Training School, the past is a closed incident. The boy understands this within a few hours. A new leaf is turned over. A clean page is given for a score card. A chance, without strings, without obstacles, heart-aches or tantalizing echoes of the past, is freely offered and acceptance is insisted on. The face is turned towards Hope, Faith, Opportunits. And nothing is permitted to exist or occur that will dim these agencies of recovery.

Whenever visitors come to take in the institution, they are given the escort of a boy. They are carried wherever they desire to go, and all worthwhile questions are to be answered without reservation. Just about four times in the life of the institution has this courtesy been illy treated by a visitor. A "Smart Alex" recently spent the day with us. His appear-

ance, his opportunities, his position in welfare work would have indicated that he had a proper conception of the amenites. The moment the youngster started on his rounds with the visitor, he was accosted with a rude question that harked back to a past that the whole purpose of the institution is intended to wipe out. Failing to see the cheer and happiness that were in evidence on all sides; the active and enthusiastic efforts going on about him, the buildings going up; the beautiful grounds; the cleanliness and system that prevail; the visitor rudely stopped the manly little fellow that had set his eyes and hopes toward a better field and asked; "what crime did you commit?" the bov, realizing the rudeness of his guest and the man's lack of appreciation of a noble purpose, replied: "I stole a train, and, going back to get the track, an officer arrested me."

This actual occurrence carries its own moral. That was a nice way in which the youngster answered the rude sociologist, who had no right in the world to ask such a question—lots better than to tell the curious visitor, "that it is none of his business." But one can imagine how this visitor, suffering with the disease that old man Kindly discovered, must have been consumed in wishing to know what railroad corporation had suffered the loss of a train by theft.

* * * * * *

SOMEWHAT SEARCHING.

Ninety-nine applicants faced the Supreme Court last week, seeking license to practice law in the state. There were in the crowd several ladies and two or three colored applicants.

The examination was put up by Justice Hoke. To a laymen it seemed pretty searching, as it should be. That is one way of weeding out or preventing shysters. An applicant that has brains and knowledge enough to satisfactorily pass the examination that Judge Hoke put up would doubtless possess enough intellect and character to abhor the business of a shyster—he would strive for the higher and nobler conception of law and its purposes.

Some years ago an examination was put up for a law-license, in the city of Raleigh, that was a marvel for easiness. Two drummers, one a book-agent and the other a Cinco salesman, sat in a room at the Yarborough (when reasonable prices prevailed and when you got your money's worth). They amused themselves in the attempt to answer enough of those questions to entitle them to a license. They submitted their answers to a distinguisned lawyer to review. He did so, with the assurance that both

drummers would have passed had they taken the examination. Neither one had ever looked into a law-book, nor had they ever attended even a magistrate's trial, nor had either ever served on a jury.

A few days later the papers published the successful applicants. In the list was an ex-grocery clerk, who had probably finished a course in the public schools of his county that approximated the sixth grade. He won his license, but since that time his legal talent and knowledge of the law have not distinguished him or given him a reputation enough to make it generally known even in his community that he is actually a lawyer.

The book-agent and the Cinco man, were they in the flesh to-day, couldn't make even a start in Judge Hoke's legal catechism of last week. And it is well.

* * * * * *

"RECOLLECTIONS OF INVESTMENT DAYS."

Sunday's Charlotte Observer, making note of Mrs. Gibson's communication putting the credit for devilment done around Salisbury in the 60s on Stoneman rather than Kilpatrick, as Editor Harris had written, has this comment:

> It is well to keep history straight. Mrs. James C. Gibson, an authority of accurate record, sends THE UPLIFT a letter in which she maintains that it was Stoneman and not Kilpatrick, who burned Salisbury, as had been incidentally stated by the editor of The Observer, and Mrs. Gibson is correct. Our mind cannot get away from the Kilpatrick cavalry troop because it was his detachment, deploying out of Salisbury, that made us—at the time a boy of seven years—prisoner, and carried us from a point where Kannopolis is now located to Brewer's Cross Roads., before releasing us, since which time we have never let an opportunity pass to pay our respects to the victorious enemy who try as he might, failed to throw a scare into us. It may be that through all these years we have been accusing the wrong man, and if so we would want Mrs. Gibson to set us straight.
>
> And by the way, THE UPLIFT might secure an entertaining bit of literature if it will induce some of the older historical authorities of Concord to make narrative of incidents in its town during the brief week of Federal investment. Elaborately decorated headquarters was established in the woods facing the highway near the former home of Capt. Charles McDonald, and the captain could weave a fine story if he should take a mind to do so.

THE UPLIFT is grateful for the foregoing suggestion. Already we have several of our local historians, who tasted of the bitterness and insults of those days, busy assembling data such as suggested by Editor

Harris. And right here, may we remark, this is the fascinating part of newspaper business. Somebody is always kindly starting something, out of which much fine reading matter comes to the editor without any tax upon his time or effort. The little slip made by Editor Harris and the polite correction by Mrs. Gibson are leading to unearthing some historical facts that need to be remembered.

Just watch these pages for the contributions of Captain Charley McDonald and others.

* * * * * *

SHE'S MOVING THINGS.

The state might as well get ready to attend the best State Fair in the history of N. C. Agricultural Society. Mrs. Edith Vanderbilt, the enterprising and enthusiastic president, is having every cause intelligently looked after.

This business woman is having the old grounds cleaned up; the buildings made more sightly, and already word has gone out that indecent shows will not be permitted. That is a compliment to the citizenship of the state. It proves that this woman and her associates know that a successful fair may be held without resorting to shows of questionable character to draw the crowds. Things of a worthier nature will appeal to our citizenship, and she has instructed the business manager to direct his efforts towards having the whole thing clean and representative of the best in the state.

The system of advertising invoked is catchy and is bound to keep this important event constantly before the public. The latest stunt is the announcement of a twenty-five dollar gift to the "most freckled boy in the state." If they get all these youngsters interested and headed towards Raleigh on the coming fair occasion, the Capitol city will be swamped,

* * * * * *

AN APPRECIATED ACT.

THE UPLIFT editor has received a letter that affords our heart an excuse for unbounded gratitude. It came from a business man of Philadelphia. The gentleman is Mr. Clarence E. Mason, formerly of Charlotte, but now engaged in business in Philadelphia, one of the chief officers of the Clarence E. Mason Company, dealer in Cotton Yarns. Here's the letter which explains itself:

"If the students of the Jackson Training School are sufficiently interested, I desire to give each of them a copy of the Gospel of John, to

be followed by a small pocket Testament after they have reported to the principal of the School that the Gospel of John has been read."

This kind offer is accepted right on the spot. THE UPLIFT has already put Supt. Boger wise to this generous offer, and ere this that official has notified Mr. Mason how many hundred copies will be needed to carry out his interesting and worthy plans. This is not the first act this North Carolinian Away From Home has wrought that indicates his great interest in the success of the institution, and, particularly, the welfare of the boys.

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MOSQUITOES.

It is found to be impossible to destroy the mosquito, but it is confidently asserted that by shooting the people full of quinine the mosquito will be unhorsed in so far as spreading chills and other diseases with which she is charged. This is interesting. Already some wags are figuring how many train loads of quinine will be required to render immune the people of even one county—say Carteret county, for instance.

But where, originally, did the mosquito come from? The evolutionists easily account for their ancestry, but why have they not traced the origin and successive development of this miserable little cuss that is finding its way into even the mountain fastnesses? The average aged person never heard of the mosquito in his youthful day. Was it something else when they were children?

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GROWING FEWER.

The Old-time camp-meeting grounds, the result of necessity in the earlier days of this country, are growing fewer in number. Here and there over the state these popular meeting places for a series of meetings have gone into the discard, but a number yet remain and are conspicuous because of their continuance and the faithfulness of the people that keep them alive. Where there were formerly scores of such camp-grounds, there are to-day just a few.

The foregoing observation is suggested by an interesting article which we take from the Marshville Home and printed eslewhere in this mumber. It is a fine revelation of what devotion people in former days manifested, and which to-day is still in a healthful condition in certain localities.

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HARKING BACK.

Mr. James A. Robinson, "Old Hurrygraph," a newspaper man of Durham,

is the oldest surviving member of the original Press Association of North Carolina. At the recent meeting of the Convention at Shelby he read a paper that deals with the men, who made newspaperdom what it was some fifty years ago.

That delightful paper is in this number of THE UPLIFT. It will be found not only entertaining but very instructive, carrying one back a half century when it cost some sacrifice and hard, unrequited toil to make a paper. He names a number of the old heroes.

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BEST ROADS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A "week-end" spin across the county of Stanly reveals the fact that there is to be found the very best roads in North Carolina. THE UPLIFT is conscious of taking in a vast territory in this statement, but no fears of a successful refutation are entertained. Nature, brains and energy have combined in producing these results.

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THE LION'S SHARE.

The Lion went once a hunting along with a Fox, the Jackal and the Wolf. They hunted and they hunted till at last they surprised a Stag, and soon took its life. Then came the question how the spoils should be divided. "Quarter me this stag," roared the lion; so the other animals skinned it and cut it into four parts. Then the Lion took his stand in front of the carcass and pronounced judgment: "The first quarter is for me in my capacity as King of Beasts; the second is mine as arbiter; another share comes to me for my part in the chase; and for the fourth, well, as for that, I should like to see which of you will dare to lay a paw upon it."

"Humph," grumbled the Fox as he walked away with his tail between his legs; but he spoke in a low growl—

"YOU MAY SHARE THE LABOURS OF THE GREAT, BUT YOU WILL NOT SHARE THE SPOILS."

REMINISCENCES.

Forty-Eight Years' Association With The North Carolina Press Association—A Paper Read by James A. Robinson ("Old Hurrygraph") of Durham Oldest in Membership, Before The Golden Jubilee Celebration at Shelby.

James A. Robinson, of Durham, oldest member of the North Carolina Press association, having joined the association two years after its inception 50 years ago, rang the bell of memory with an address on "Reminiscenses" on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the association. Of all the members of the association when Mr. Robinson joined, he is the only living one.

"Old Hurrygraph," as he is affectionately known among his colleagues, drew some pen pictures of the famous editors in North Carolina in bygone days. He called them by name, and told the men of their characteristics. The address proved to be of exceeding interest to the present membership of the Fourth Estate.

"I am on the program to ring memory bells. I must confess to you that when memory lifts the veil on the past half century of this association, I approach the task assigned me, "Reminiscenses," with feeling of a peculiarly pathetic nature.

"This association was organized at Goldsboro—and its very fitting that it should have a golden jubilee—on the 14th day of May, 1972, with the selection of that splendidly equipped editor of The Wilmington Journal, Major Joseph A. Engelhard, as president. Not a single member at that first meeting, or the one two years later, when I became associated with this association, is now living, so far as I can ascertain.

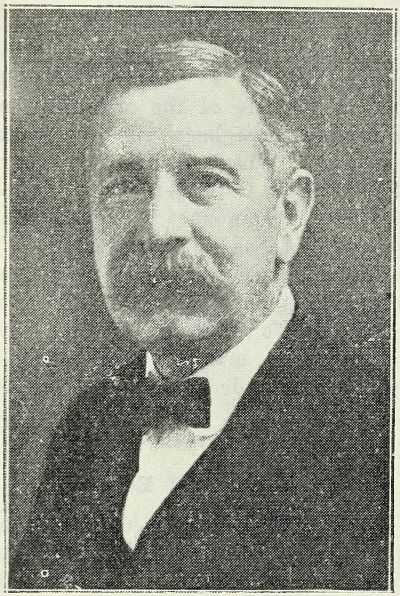
"I have been a member of this association for 48 years—nearly as long as the life of the organization. Journalism has been my life work. I love it. When a boy, 15 years old, in 1869, I entered the office of The Piedmont Virginian, at Orange, Va., as a "printers devil," to serve three years before I received a stipend, and then and there I fell in love with the art of printing and the making of papers. I have been wedded to my love up to this good hour. The printing office is my alma-mater.

Brotherhood of Editors.

"I became a member of this association in the year 1874, at Raleigh. Forty-five papers were represented, and Major Engelhard was re-elected president. W. A. Davis and myself, at that time, published The Oxford Torchlight. We were styled at that meeting the 'Boy Editor.' It was certainly a proud day for me. My advent into the great brotherhood of North Carolina editors made an indellible impression upon me. I shall never forget as long as memory sits upon her throne, and to the day my last copy is turned in.

"Raleigh did the handsome thing in entertaining the handsome body of men. After numerous feastings, they carried us to the state penitentiary, from which all escaped. They next carried us to the state

insane asylum, and I believe every one came away sane, except myself. In the reception halls, at the end of the corridors of the female wards, the milder female inmates were al-



JAMES A. ROBINSON.
(Old Hurrygraph)

lowed to assemble and see the guests as they passed through. As the column of editors, two abreast, filed by these inmates in one of the halls, and as I came within the scope of their vision, a handsome woman, one of their number, made a rush for me, and before I knew what was going to take place, she threw her arms around my neck, passionately exclaiming: 'This is my long lost John!' Recovering sufficient breath to hear my own voice, I said: 'Madame my name isn't John, and I'm not lost.' The attendant, who was showing us through, stepped up and told me to be perfectly calm and quiet; that she had lost her lover several years previous by death, and at times she was very demonstrative. How was an unsophisticated youth, never before in a 'press association,' and certainly not one like this, to keep calm and quiet, with a woman swinging on his neck? I felt like I think a fool feels. In later years I have regarded the incident as fine reading matter, at the top of the column, without display ads. But my woes did not stop there. The second day of the convention, while the congenial spirits were mingling, and joy was unconfined, I received a wire calling me to my home in Oxford. The Torchlight was a one-printed paper. The printer was at his first press convention. The boy we had left to wash the forms, in our hurry to get to Raleigh, had let one of the forms drop out of the window, our usual place of washing them on a shed, and had slipped into the street, and was a pile of pie. The Pied Piper may make attractive music, but a pied editor at a convention is misery personified.

Misses One Issue.

"No meeting of the association was held in 1876. The only time in its history it missed an issue. Why, has never been explained to this day. The place selected that year was New Bern. On the day it was to have met, only three members stepped off the train on New Bern—two colonels and one private. They

were Col. John D. Cameron, then president of The Hillsboro Recorder; Col. Pat Donan, of The Raleigh Sentinel, and this reminiscencer. The hospitable people of New Bern had made extensive preparations to receive and entertain the association At the station was a large concourse of citizens lined up afoot and in phaetons, coupes, sedans and carriages, headed by Judge Manley chairman of the reception committee, and a brass band. The three lonesome 'quill drivers,' as they were called in that day, were placed at the head of the procession and marched to the Gaston house where every courtesy was shown just as lavishly as if there had been three hundred instead of only three persons. With the band playing lively and thrilling airs, the three representatives of the press association, top-liners of the procession, were steered through the streets of New Bern. We felt like steers, in a new town, when they pull apart, and draw an empty cart after them. We were overwhelmed with chagrin. A sumptuous banquet was served that night. It was attended by the citizens of the town and all had a jolly social time. What we lacked in quantity was made up in quality. The colonels spoke for an hour each, and they gave the New Bernians "corn beef and cabbages," and a literary bill of fare that was an intellectual feast, Col. Donan furnishing the desert with his inmitable wit and humor. They saved the day, or rather I should say the night. The association trio was feted in the highest style, but they felt more like being footed, by being deserted by their comrades of the 'paste pot and scissors,' in not coming to that New Bern from whence a traveler returns with its praises on his lips, and cordiality in his heart.

"The association was to have met at Beaufort on the 20th of August, 1879, but the Wates must have conspired against us, or heard of our coming, for a storm the day previous carried away the hotel, and the citizens of that seaside town were deprived the opportunity of being carried away by us. The convention that year, for this reason, was forced to meet in Goldsboro, for the second time. In those days some of the boys not only looked upon the wine when it was red, but left very little to look upon when it showed itself in the cup. Col John D. Cameron, of The Hillsboro Recorder, was on the program for a fine dissertation on matters pertaining to the state, and her past history, and knowing that he had a lengthy paper, some of the mischieveous ones, in the hilarity of the hour, stole Colonel John's manuscript, thinking they would thereby shorten the program. To their dismay however, when his time came to deliver it, he did so without his manuscript. It consumed quite two hours, and their courtesy to the learned gentleman, held them confined, between drinks, to the close of the session. This is a practical illustration that nothing is to be gained by appropriating another man's ideas.

Glen Alpine Meeting.

"In 1880 the association met at Glen Alpine Springs, 12 miles from the railroad station, at that time called 'Turkey Tail' During the session the editors, with their wives

and daughters, took a foot trip up South mountain, to a high eminence, and viewed the world below. While up there a mountain farmer invited the entire association to his home and served the best buttermilk the lowlander ever tasted. He also had a big cabbage patch. Mrs. Wiggs had nothing on him as far as cabbage patches were concerned. Whether or not he thought our heads sufficiently solid to carry us through I do not know, but he gave each one a head. Mine was the heaviest head I ever handled, before I reached the hotel. They were fully as large as a half bushel measure, and almost as solid as wood. The way we wiggled down that mountain, with that armful of 'plate matter' was a sight to see. The hotel proprietor must have had cabbage enough to last him several months. We brought nearly the whole patch down the mountain.

"When the association returned to the railroad station, homeward bound, it had the most memorable night ever experienced. I have often sung with ferver, 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye.' The ladies and gentleman, on this occasion, most assuredly got in the wheat by and by Owing to the accident on the railroad, higher up the mountain, we had to spend the night at 'Turkey Tail,' now called Glen Alphine station. The rain poured in torrents. The only shelter was a little one room house used as a depot and grainary. The floor was covered with wheat to the depth of about two feet. No light but a pine torch, with boxes and barrels for seats. The ladies of the party secured a lodging in a continuous dwelling. One lady, not of our party, positively refused to go with the others, much to the chagrin of the boys. The more mischieveous members kept her away all night, as well as the rest of us, by continually broadcasting handsful of wheat, much of which found its way down one's back. The next morning that lady was literally a bag of wheat—from the belt up. That wheat had gone to waist.

No Twin-City Then.

"The association met in 1881 in Winston, long before the name was hyphenated with Salem. On this occasion, at one of the greatest banquets the association, ever attended, given in the side yard of the old Merchants hotel, Rev. P. W. Bynum, a brilliant but very excentric Episcopal clergyman residing there, gave currency to the expression, referring to his town and people, as 'The twin sisters and the sin twisters, and then there after threw a shock into the sensibilities of the moralist by leading in a dance, and dancing several sets with as much enthusiasm as the regular dancing folks.

"Back in 1883, I think it was, our beloved former secretary of the navy, Hon. Josephus Daniels, was advancing along the avenues of journalism as editor of The Wilson Advance. It is a little singular that his name should have been so intimately associated with Wilson so early in his youth. Whether he had a vision of sailing the seas at that time, or crossing the ocean, a notion certainly did cross his mind. I was visiting in Wilson that year, and taking me into his office he told me that he desired to draw up his will

and wanted me to sign it as a witness. He did, and I did. From that time on Josephus Daniels has had a will of his own.

"In 1911, when the association met in Lenoir, a side trip was taken to Blowing Rock. The trip was made in surries, drawn by two horses. No automobiles then in use on that line. At a bend in the road, several miles down the mountain from the rock was a place for watering horses. Above the trough was a long rail, across the ravine, supported by forked stobs. This rail was lined with men, perched like a flock of birds. When inquiry made was as the occasion of their assembly, the answer was that they 'had heard that the editors of North Carolina were going to pass that way, going to the rock, and they wanted to see what kind of looking animals they were.' We satisfied their curiosity, and since that time they have been the best friends of the editors.

Some Pen Sketches.

"Col. Pat Donan, of national fame breezed into North Carolina from the Golden West in 1876, and for two years illuminated the state journalistic sky like a meteor. As a user of adjectives he was a genius. He dressed in the height of fashion and always wore a large sombrero. He spent his time in writing editorials, and spicy paragraphs for The Raleigh Daily Sentinel.

"My beloved friend of long years, Henry Blount, was blount in name only. He edited the Wilson Mirror and reflected the beauty in thought with an amiable disposition. He could turn a sentence on the most common-place things with all the colors of the rainbow, and round a period with the brilliancy of a diamond. He was the aurora australis of North Carolina journalism.

"The oldest editor in 1878 was Col. R. B. Creecy, of The Elizabeth City Economist. We shall never look upon his like again.

"The editor commanding the highest order of esteem, and the biggest brain intellectually, was Col. W. L. Saunders, of The Raleigh Observer.

"The hardest working editor was Jordan Stone, of The Asheville Citizen. He left no stone unturned to serve this association.

"The most scolary and philosophically was Manix, of The New Bern Times.

"The editor readiest for a fight or a criticism was J. J. Woodhouse, of The Concord Register.

"The handsomest mustache was worn by J. K. Bruner, of The Salisbury Watchman.

"The editor with the biggest beard, carrying the longest walking stick, and produced the most laughter, was C. T. C. Deake, of The Roan Mountain Republican. He was styled Santa Claus. Happily disposition in a rugged exterior. He used to say that he published a paper for the fun in it but, worked mica for a living.

"The editor who showed the levelest head, with the most poetry in it, was Manly, of The New Bern Nutshell. The Nutshell had many fine kernels of thought in its columns.

"The laughingest editor in the body for many years. was W. W McDairmid, that true-blue Scotchman of The Lumberton Robinsonian. Whenever he reached a town the

citizens would "stop, look and listen" to Mack's contagious laughter, and then join in, whether they knew what he was laughing at or not. He kept the association in smiles as never before or since.

"The youngest looking editor, (not including the amateurs) was Ramsey, of The Statesville Landmark.

"The most popular editor among the young ladies was Ward, of The Murfreesboro Enquirer. He was also a perfect Ward-robe in dress.

"The talkingest editor, with the best face in many points of view in the whole body, was R. M. Furman, of The Asheville Citizen.

Types of Editors.

"The most unassuming and unpretentious, and an editor who linked us with the past as an old school gentleman of the purest type and highest merit, was Col. John D. Cameron, of The Hillsboro Recorder.

"The most silent and observing editor was Dr. W. M. Roby, of The Carolina Methodist.

"The largest editor in size was Maj. J. A. Engelhard, of The Wilmington Journal.

"Perhaps the finest looking editor and the most brilliant with quick wit and humor, was Dossey Battle of The Tarboro Southerner.

"From 1884 up to the time of their several departures, E. C. Hackney, of The Durham Recorder; J. A. Thomas, affectionately called "Dolly," of The Louisburg Times; Thad R. Manning, of The Henderson Gold Leaf, and your reminiscencer, were called the Big Four." They were always chums at the association meetings; roomed together; ate together; rode together; and most of the time stayed together. Their absense is deeply felt.

"In the above list I have mentioned only a few. Alas! Death hath silenced their pens. The memory of all the good men who have been members of this association; who have wrought well, and have passed from the editoral sanctum temporal to the sanctum sanctorium eternal, whom I knew in the 48 years of my membership, overwhelms me. I must stop.

"Gentleman of the Press association of 1922, I bid you God-speed in your noble work. May we make satisfying history, and leave records of work as well done as that of the splendid fellows of the years gone, who have filled the rank of our association with honor to it and themselves, and have now joined the association invisible, "Beyond the sunset's radiant glow,"

Miss O. B. Fashunable.—"We dined out last night. Pa disgraced us, as usual.

" How was that?"

"He got to the end of the dinner with three forks and two spoons still unused."

OLD TIMEY CAMP-GROUND.

Editor J. Z. Green, of the Marshville Home, in a late number of his paper gives an interesting account of Pleasant Grove Camp-Ground in Union county. It is:

At the beginning of services at Pleasant Grove last Sunday morning it was announced that a cash fund of about $375 was needed to pay for some "tent" buildings that had been erected on the grounds for two Union county ministers and to provide means for re-covering the arbor which has stood as a historical landmark for 92 years on that notable camp ground. More than the amount asked for was raised in a few minutes. That community and Union county has no better land asset designed exclusively for religious services than the 26 acres and the three fine springs of pure water that are embraced in what is known as Pleasant Grove camp ground. The hundreds of massive oak trees retained from the original forest to make up the large grove presents a stately appearance which at once causes the mind to revert to pioneer days and linger upon the sacred traditions of a sainted ancestry. That was a commendable spirit manifested Sunday when that vast assembly quickly raised the necessary funds to re-cover the arbor and preserve the hewn frame timbers held together with locust wooden pegs and reclaim it for a great annual camp meeting. It represented religious spirit combined with patriotism.

There are now twenty-seven 'tent' buildings on Pleasant Grove camp ground, sixteen of which were erected this year. Most of them are made of rough lumber with plank hinged window shutters, with screen wire tacked over the windows on the outside. They have two screened doors, one in front and the other in the rear. The average size of the "tent" buildings is about 16 by 30 feet, and with curtained apartments they are large enough to provide sleeping capacity for a family and also accomodate a limited number of visitors. A few workmen can erect a tent building in a day or two. Those who desire to erect a building for their families are now given thst privilege. The securing of an option on a lot involves no legal technicalities. All you have to do is to select your location, stake off the lot, post your name on it, and then erect your "tent" building some time between now and the next annual camp meeting, which is usually held in August. This year the "camp village" of Pleasant Grove has a transient population of approximately 150 people. Within the next year the number of buildings will probably be increased to 60 or 75 and possible more. Then with a camping population of 400 or 500 people as a nucleus for a congregation, to which is added the crowds that go on autos add buggies to attend the summer meeting, it will be possible to secure some of the ablest ministers of the South, as has been done this year with the Belk brothers, to help carry on the meeting for as long period as interest and attendance make it desirable.

Statistics show that of the million tourists in the United States this year more than 60 per cent were campers. In seeking mental and physical relaxation men and women are

turning more and more to the freedom of the open-air camp life in preference to some noisy, strenuous and nerve racking summer resort hotel that causes folks to come away tired and worn out physically and "busted" financially. Some body said that if a farmer would build a tent a few hundred yards from his residence and require his wife and family to live in it a week or two during summer and cause them to drink as much water as folks do when they stop at a five-per-day hotel at a mineral spring they would get equally as good physical results. However, the social life in the back-yard tent would be lacking. It isn't lacking in the camp life at Pleasant Grove. With all formalities eliminated every camper there seems to have thrown off everything that hampers or hinders them from enjoying the fullest freedom and relaxation, and since most of them are residents of the same county they are not strangers to each other, as are traveling campers, and this element of neighborly friendship makes the social life congenial and idealistic. The indications are that there will be an extensive "tent staking" during the notable camp meeting at Pleasant Grove this week.

It used to be a common thing for contractors to incur a loss in building contracts. They didn't know how to "figger" as safely as modern contractors do. Ninety-two years ago a citizen by the name of John Rape took the contract to build the big arbor at Pleasant Grove for $125. The timbers in that structure were hewn out by him with axe. As the work advanced he discovered that he had made a losing contract. Then the neighbors joined in and assisted him in carrying the job to completion. That volunteer assistance that came to him in the face of threatened loss reflected the spirit of fairness and primitive honesty that prevailed among our ancestors of that period. If a contractor doesn't protect himself now when he makes his estimate, that's his loss. Modern commercialism does not seem to preserve that old-fashion unselfish spirit that formerly characterized the race. While this is true some compensating changes have come along that may be entered on the credit side of the ledger. For instance, it used to require special officers to look after the drunks at camp meetings and the courts had quite a lot of extra work following the meeting. But at Pleasant Grove Sunday there was no disorder among the thousands of people in attendance. While Dr. Belk was delivering his sermon during the forenoon with an overflow crowd standing for twenty or thirty feet around the arbor there was no talking among the crowd and every word could be heard distinctly. It is true that when a sermon is being delivered as a master-piece by an able minister there is magnetism enough to held the attention of thinking men and women but that kind of order was never maintained in the days of whiskey stills and open saloons.

"Great kindness is better than great talent in making this world a comfortable place to live in."

THE CADLE TABERNACLE.

In one of his delightful running, talkative stories, which appear from time to time in the News & Observer from the pen of Hon. Josephus Daniels, who is filling Chataqua engagements all over the country, one in answer to "What is the Cadle Tabernacle" is brim full of human interest and demonstrates that a "Man may be down, but he's never out." It is concerning a building of immense capacity in the capitol of the Hoosier state, the product of a heart overflowing with gratitude by a returned prodigal. It is;

I started to write about the miracle I discovered.

This tabernacle was erected by E. Howard Cadle in honor of his mother, whose prayers saved him from a gambler's and drunkard's grave.

These are the words printed on a beautiful little pamphlet containing a picture of the tabernacle, a story of its erection and the names of the 1,500 members of the Gypsy Smith choir which sings here every night. I talked to the pastor of the Cadle Tabernacle—for it is a church upon a new plan. The tabernacle grew out of a great Gypsy Smith meeting. After that meeting, which stirred the city, there was a call to preserve the remarkable organization. The buidling of the tabernacle resulted and it carries on. Every Sunday afternoon the choir renders music. Some one speaks or preaches, and again at night there are services. The tabernacle is a church within a church. Here is the way it works as told me by a courteous gentleman and his wife: "We belong," they said. "to the Christian church (sometimes called Campellite) and we attend our own church in the morning and our Sunday school and go to the tabernacle in the afternoon and at night. It therefore makes an appeal to people of all creeds, and, in addition, reaches thousands who for some reason or other are not reached by the churches in our cities."

But I was more interested in the man Cadle who put $305,000 in cash in the building and who carries it on than I was in the tabernacle. Here is the story given me:

E. Howard Cadle, builder of the Cadle Tabernacle as a memorial to his mother, Mrs. Loretta Cadle, is evidence of the regeneration of men. Seven years before the Cadle Tabernacle was dedicated. Cadle was a "down and outer," the result of a life of gambling, drinking and profligacy.

His physician had told him he had but six months to live. Without funds, his health wrecked, hope and ambition burnt out, he went back to the parental home—to die.

He had been known in the sporting fraternity as the "slot machine king," a hound after the easy money of the sucker.

Cadle was reputed on the "levee" the rendezvous of the sporting people, as wonder-worker with the dice —a marvel with the cards—finger trained to manipulate to "trim the sucker," in the vernacular of the underworld. He then was at his hight in the old life.

But there is an eternal law of compensation and Cadle paid the pen-

alty. Health slipped away as Nature's laws were violated. Drink upon drink was restored to—drinks which destroys. His family was ignored with the decreasing sense of duty, and admiration for others fought against his lova of wife.

Then came the end—a logical finish.

When the physician told Cadle that he had six months to live, he was working as porter in a "levee" saloon, the same saloon which he had owned, and over which he had had his gambling room and wine room, for eight dollars weekly and drinks, while a loyal wife and two children—a boy and a girl—ragged and cold, were suffering for food.

Cadle returned to the home of his parents—a complete prodigal. Due to the prayers of his mother, her faith in the saving grace of Christ and her ability to show the light to her son, Cadle started his regeneration. He threw off the old life and made a covenent with the Lord that if He would save him, his life from that day would be in the interest of reclamation of men.

Life since for Cadle has been a battle—a battle of hard work, which is good for the soul, and a battle against the temptations of the old life.

Mr. Cadle is president of the American Shoe Repairing Company, with branches in Chicago, Terre Haute, Louisville, Dayton, Evansville and other cities.

It is a big business—that of making as good as new a shoe which, otherwise, would be worthless.

The business has been profitable — highly profitable — otherwise, Cadle could not have done the things he has, such as building the Cadle Tabernacles in Indianapolis and Louisville, that men, carrying the cross of their own sins, should have their burdens lessened and that the light of a new life should be opened unto them.

How different the home life from that of the old day! A happy wife instead of disconsolate one! Joyous children, the boy and the girl—enjoying as children should enjoy, childhood's happy days. A happy family! A beautiful home!

The life of E. Howard Cadle in the past seven years—the building of the Cadle Tabernacle, the organization of the Gypsy Smith choir, and hundreds of other good deeds that never received the light of publicity—is proof that men do "come back," if they so desire.

MR. CADLE SAYS.

" I went home to die—home to my mother and father, with my wife and children. Certainly it was an ignoble return. But the parental welcome! The prodigal son is always welcome. Mother had prayed for me all thosee years, as mothers eternally praying for erring sons!

"Life is worth much if we're in useful labor and doing our best for the Master, which means salvation for the man who is getting the worst of the breaks."'

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother O' Mine, Mother O' Mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother O' Mine, Mother O' Mine."

The good deeds of men come from the inspiration of good mothers. The foundation of the Cadle Tabernacle lies perhaps not so much in the

stones under the earth, but in the heart and the sympathy and faith in the Master of a simple woman, a mother, who by a mother's precept, turned an erring son into the flowered paths of righteousness.

That woman was Mrs. Loretta Cadle, mother of E. Howard Cadle. As a memorial to her, the tabernacle was built. Her prayers, out of her sorrow and her tears, saved him from a gambler's and a drunkard's grave, and started him, through God-given grace, into service for those who are weary and whose strength is little.

Like the prodigal son, E. Howard Cadle has come back home, after a life of debauchery, his health gone, his spirit brokan. He had come home, his physician said, to die. And the mother, as mothers have done since the sin of Cain, welcomed him and forgave him. Out of her love, she showed the light of conversion with these words:

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, if you go to Him. He can take away your sins—can heal you, physically. Put your trust in Him."

A new man—her son—was born then.

Out of that regeneration came the Cadle Tabernacle.

When Mr. Cadle "came to himself," and his health was improved and religion had made a new man of him (it is the only power that can lift a man out of sin and keep him on the high and solid road), he looked about how to make the best use of himself. Nearly every line of business seemed crowded. He had the keeness to find out what people most needed that was not well organized supplied. He observed that everybody had shoes run down at the heel, everybody needed to have their shoes half-soled, everybody needed repairs to footwear. He observed also that the business of repairing shoes was carried on as it was fifty years ago, that no large concern well organized catered to this universal need. When the idea that here was a real opening and a real need got possession of him, Mr. Cadle could not be content without giving it a trial. But he had no money, and his idea required much money. Where was it to come from? Of course he had brains. People who knew him were sure his conversion was genuine and he was a new man. Governor Goodrich, of Indianapolis, a business man of means who made a fine War Governor, knew Cadle. He knew he was genuine and had ability. He believed Cadle could make the business of making and old shoe as good as new a success. So Governor Goodrich lent this "new man" fifty thousand dollars. When his branches in half a dozen cities had made him rich, Mr. Cadle paid the Governor back his $50,000 with $10,000 to boot and built the great tabernacle which he keeps open only for religious and right sort of civic entertainments and conventions.

Who will say that the age of miracles has passed?

There may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.—G. S. Merriam.

THE EXALTATION OF SELFISHNESS.

By R. R. Clark.

"Selfishness," said Mr. Gladstone the great British statesman of a former day, "is the greatest curse of the human race." It is certainly a predominating characteristic of the race. A certain amount of self interest is not only natural but commendable. If one does not look out for himself to the extent of protecting his own interest he will suffer at the hands of others, for few there be who are so unselfish that they will voluntarily protect those who neglect their own affairs. But selfishness is defined as caring unduly or supremely for one's self; regarding one's comfort or advantage in disregard of or at the expense of others. That is, taking to one's self a special privillege regardless of who is inconvenienced or hurt thereby. That is selfishness that is despicable. It is quite noticeable in these days when humankind is fast being organized into groups, that each particular group is out for some selfish purpose. That is, after they are organized they begin to demand special privileges, and often the demands are made with an assurance, an "assumacy," as the late Capt. Geo. Bason would have called it, that takes one's breath.

I am moved to these remarks by reading in the papers that the organization of a North Carolina Motor club is proposed, with branches all over the State, all who are interested in automobiles to be eligible. The first idea of the promoters is to obtain legislation with reference to the operation of motor vehicles, to protect the owners and the users of the same from unjust legislation and to protect the rights of all persons who own and operate motor vehicles. In elaboration it is explained that the idea would be to get uniform traffic laws, rewards for the conviction of auto thieves, rewards for persons trying to injure cars by putting glass in the road, abolition of "unfair speed traps and extortionate fines by local magistrates," etc. Some of the regulations are all right; possibly the majority of them are proper and neccessary. But the first thing that struck me was that they are all in the interest of the motorist. They proceed on the idea that the helpless motorist is being oppressed and that he should organize and demand his rights. That's the big idea—organize and get yours. As a matter of fact the motorist (and I can qualify for membership in that group) is now so numerous that the fellow who hasn't a car is more in need of protection against the motorist than the motorist is in need of protection. In fact the motorist is so numerous that he can almost do as he pleases and get away with it, as too many of them do.

The promoters of the proposed North Carolina motor club, with branches to cover the State, may intend to include regulations to govern offending motorist but they diden't make that fact conspicious in the draft of plans. While demanding protection and privileges they did not mention the speed fiends and the road hogs who break the laws

almost continuously; who on all occassions manifest contempt for traffic regulations and the rights of others as well; who are a constant menace to all on the highway. Nor were the infamous wretches, the "damned "damned juggernauts" who ride all who can't get out of their way and pass on without concern as to whether they are dead or alive, mentioned as undesirables that all decent motorists should unite in eliminating. Not at all. They want protection from "unfair speed traps and extortionate fines by local magistrates." Possibly there are a few places where traps are laid for no other purpose than to extort fines from unwary motorists. But for every one of these there are 100 cases of wanton violation of traffic laws by motorists, and 50 to 75 per cent of the violations endanger other travelers on the highway, who have a right to a peaceful passage thereon.

If the motorists would have equity they must do equity and they must come into court with clean hands. The first plank in the platform of the North Carolina motor club should contain a solemn pledge that all who become members bind themselves to report all infractions of the law by fellow motorists and to give moral and financial aid if need be, in their prosecution. And in providing rewards authorize a large reward for all reckless drivers and an extra amount for the wretches who damage others and try to run away, the motor club to assist in the prosecution of all such cases. Also provide that all motorists who fail to show new tax tags on the first day of July each and every year shall be prosecuted by the club; and that all members who persist in violation of the regulations shall be expelled from the club; that any who violate the law or commit injury to any person or thing and run away are automatically outlawed and should be deprived of the privilege of driving a car; etc., and so on.

These are not imaginary ills. They are glaring and outrageous offences that are becoming more common every day: so much so that travel on the public highways is fast becoming dangerous and unsafe, and will become more so as the mileage of hard-surface roads is increased. Who can make the highways safe for decent people who have some regard for the rights of others? It is the motorist in the decent class and I want to think that the motorists who regard the rights of others are in the majority. Then if they would do a worthy service and one much needed, let them band themselves together to report and help prosecute all violations of the law by the reckless and the criminal type. Their combined efforts would soon clear the highway of this class. The motorcycle cop would be little needed. Let the motorist take the number of the offender and turn it in with his own name as a witness. Not only would a great service be rendered to that part of the travelling public that uses the highway, but the motorist who rendered that service could then ask for the consideration they think they deserve, and get it without difficulty. But until the motorist shows some disposition to begin his reforms at home, his frequent demands for consideration, for special privileges will but harden the heart of all those, whether motorist or not, who consid-

er the constant offending, and in too many cases, of the infamous offending in the rank of the motorist.

A republic is that form of government in which every one knows just what should be done and nobody knows just how.—Boston Herald.

SCIENCE ENRICHED BY THE INDIANS.

When the early American Indians fired the prairies in time of drouth in the hope of producing rain they were carrying out one of the principles of artificial rainmaking that science now looks upon with favor, according to Dr. D. W. Hering, emeritus professor of physics at New York University.

Whether the Indians learned from long observation of accidental fires that such conflagrations often were followed by rain or whether there may have arisen a scientis among them as there were astronomers among the ancient Chaldeans is one of the mysteries locked from the possibility of solution, but it is a curious fact, nevertheless, that these savage tribes possessed a knowledge that present day meteorologists look upon with respest.

It was James Pollard Epsy, father of the Utited States weather service and humorously known in the days before the Cieil War as "Old Storm King," who first gave scientific support to the practice of the Indians, says Professor Hering, writing in "The Scientific Monthly." In those days Espy was regarded as a crank on the weather, and he gave the jokesmiths of that period the opportunity for many laughs by asking Congress for an appropriation to enable him to build large fires over an extensive area. as the Indians did, to see if he couldn't produce rain. After many laugh-producing speeches Congress kelled the bill, but before he died in 1860 "Old Storm King" had the satisfaction of being internationally recognized as a metcorologist and being madk head of the Meteorological Bueau of the War Department, out of which grew the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Espy's theory, according to Professor Hering, and that of the Indians, if they may be considered to have a theory, was that the fires would cause a great column of heated air to rise to rarer regions and expand. This expansion would be accompanied by a fall of temperature and would condense the vapor in the continguous air, as well as that in the column. This condensation would liberate enough heat to stimulate the further rising of the central column, and the continuous expansion ane cooling and condensation of vapor would eventually precipitate rain.

Thirty-one years after Espy's death the government sponsored General Dyrenforth's rainmaking experimeuts in Northwest Texas, but the results were not conclusive, but since that time private rainmaking companies have flourished from time to time in the Middle West. Sometimes rain followed their efforts, sometimes not.

Now scientists are taking up the

matter again; and, according to Professor Hering, they are not hopeless af ultimate success. One of the processes they frvor is the filling of the air with dust nuclei (surface fires such as the Indians used being one method of doing this) and producing jars or concussions that will so disturb the air that water particles will attach themselves to these nuclei and descend in the form of rain.

MAY BE HER ONLY FRIEND

(Saunders Independant)

A wrinkled old woman with a hard face climbed aboard a jitney bus the other day with a ragged looking poodle dog under her arm. She settled down in the bus with the poodle dog in her lap. Other passengers in the bus sneered, giggled or looked resentfully upon the old woman mothering the poodle dog. The little old woman sensed the feeling of hostility and ridicule and her black eyes snapped defiance at those about her.

Who knows the story of that wrinkled little old woman? Maybe she has no other love than that ragged little poodle. She may have been a mother of many children and those children, grown up now, married and making homes of their own, have neglected the little old mother. Maybe she is living in a house alone, or in a rented room somewhere among indifferent people. People who are old and ugly and poor do not have so very many friends; the young, the robust, the comely have friends and companionship; the old are often very lonely for someone to talk to, someone to love, someone to care for. And to a wrinkled little old woman with a hard face, a ragged, blear-eyed poodle may be good company and the finest friend in in the world; our dog friends do not mind our wrinkels, our blemishes, or tattered clothes; to them we are beautiful so long as we are kind. Do not sneer at the old woman fondling a frowzy dog; it may be the only thing left to her that appreciates her love and devotion—and women are never too old to love and yearn for appreciation.

A FAMILY OF DRUMMERS

By NEVIN O. WINTER

"How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there, on the elm-tree pole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum or to burrow in?"

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. This is the sound you will hear some bright spring day. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. You look around here and there to see the bird that is the cause of it all. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Ah, now I see you, Mr. Woodpecker, way up there on the dead limb of an old elm! Day after day you may watch his red head pecking away, each day sinking in deeper, until finally the bird dissap-

pears in the hollow of the tree. It is hard work that this busy and wide-awake bird performs in preparing his nest, and there is nothing pretty or artistic about it when completed.

Than the woodpeckers are a noisy rather than a musical family will be generally admitted. This fact is rather brutally impressed upon one when he is awakened in the wee small hours of the morning by the rat-tat-tat upon the metalic roof or some very resonant wood. The sound may be sweet to the ears of a lady woodpecker, who is likewise an early riser, but to the aurieular senses of the human it is almost excruciating when it makes impossible the morning nap. One will frequently find two or more woodpeckers —especially red-heads—either endeavoring to outdo or else answer each other with their rappings. It may be a rivalry in the effort to attract the attention of some coquetish maiden in the vicinity, for it is a well-known fact that the woodpeckers drum up their mates. The male advertises his need of a wife by hammering upon a dry, resonant limb. In due time the lady approaches, is duly courted and won.

The woodpeckers are a numerous family and very easy to identify. With one or two exceptions, each American species is distinguished by some distinctive red marking. The common red-head is well named, for he wears the greatest amount of this brilliant shade, while the little downy has only a small nuchal patch of red and his spouse is deprived of even the slightest trace. There is also a peculiarity in their method of flying in short, jerky curves, and their notes are characteristic. Whenever you see a bird clinging to the side of a tree, if larger than a sparrow, you may safely assume that it is a woodpecker.

The woodpeckers vary in size from the pileated, which is as large as a crow, to the dainty little southern downy, the size of a sparrow. I well remember my first sight of this great pileated woodpecker in the Blue Ridge Mountains. I was startled by a loud "cuk," "cuk," repeated several times. Following the sound I caught sight of Mr. Pileated on the trunk of a tree not far distant. His crest and crown were a brilliant scarlet in the bright sunlight and the red moustache mark, which distinguishes him from his spouse, was easily noticeable. The pileated is certainly a striking member of the feathered inhabitants of our woods and forests. He seems too large a bird to be a woodpecker and makes a tremendous noise with his hammering. The name by which he is most commonly known is logcock.

The woodpecker family in general is extremely useful because of the destruction of bugs and grubs, caterpillers, beetles, etc. Every little seam in the bark is carefully scrutinized, for here moths and beetles deposit their eggs. When he hears a tree-borer at work—and his sense of hearing is wonderful acute—he begins to search for him with his chisel. His tongue is of such a nature that he can withdraw a larvae when once reached. It can be greatly extended and in some it is coated with a glueish substance to which the food adheres The flicker or golden-winged woodpecker loves the common ants. As a matter

of fact he is more of a ground-pecker than a wood-pecker, for he feeds mostly on mother earth. He seems to resent nature's classification and chooses association with the robin rather than his kind. He likewise prefers horizontal to perpendicular surface for walking. What birdlover does not admire red-head with his blueish-black, white and red colors? He might be called the national bird because of these colors. He is sassy and bold, noisy and unmusical, but there is a self-confidence and self-satisfaction that challenges admiration.

The nesting habits of all the woodpeckers are the same. Without exception, each species nests in holes. A few excavate holes only in live trees. while the great majority choose the easier method of selecting a dead or partially dead tree with a ready-prepared cavity. The red-heads and flickers have become modernized and have developed a penchant for aged telephone poles. The others avail themselves of almost any kind of a tree with a ready-prepared cavity, into which it is frequently only necessary to bore an entrance. Nature has provided them with an instrument capable of excavating desirable holes for themselves. The eggs and young of no birds are better protected from their natural enemies. The woodpecker's bill is a chisel, a pick-axe, and an awl, as well as a drum stick, knife, fork, spoon, hand and fingers, besides answering several other useful purposes.

Upon one occasion I found a red-head's nest in a badly decayed gate-post. Here I had an opportunity to study at close range his domestic habits. In due time the head of a baby woodpecker could be seen sticking out, as if investigating the strange world about, but it would be hastily withdrawn if anyone approached. The father performed his full share in satisfying the wants of his offspring. The babies did not attempt to leave the nest until they were abundantly able to fly, thus avoiding the disaster that overtakes young fledglings. Gray replaces the red on the head of the immature redheads and, with stripes of black and white on the back, they resemble their parents very little.

The red-head is an adept fly-catcher, and one may frequently see him darting out after some flying insect and returning to his perch in true flycatcher fashion. He also has the prudent habit of storing up acorns, and beechnuts as food for wintry days. He is much more of a vegetarian than his relatives, for even in summer half his food is of this character. This last summer an interesting incident happened at a summer resort near my home. A ed family of red-heads frequented the park and became accustomed to the crowds of visitory. One day a man with a sack of unshelled peanuts threw some on the ground. The old male began to pick them up. He would fly away to a tree and return quickly after another nut, never halting to eat any. Finally the man threw a nut at the bird and he caught it in the air. A crowd gathered to witness the comical scene of a woodpecker catching peanuts in the air. His skill as a flycatcher proved valueable and his hoarding habits were shown in the concealment of each nut given him.

The downy woodpecker is a fearles and rather friendly little fellow. He is on of the commonest members

of the family and remains in the orchards, open woods and even dooryards throughout the summer. Downy is the most industrious member of an extremely active family and never has any spare time for mischief like the red-head. You can frequently almost touch him without distracting his attention from the serious business of his chosen occupation. On the farm he installs himself as offical inspector of old apple tress—a very honorable and useful profession. He begins at sunrise and continues his patrol until sunset. He taps every spot that suspicious. If anything alien is found, he removes it at once. Eggs and larvae, beetles and ants alike taste good to him and are devoured. His services are wholly gratuitous twelve months in the year The berry patch does not have any charms for him. The hairy woodpecker which so closely resembles the downy, except in size, is shier than the other and prefer the deeper woods. Each bird excavates a hole for its winter residence and lives in solitary seclusion.

"Hey, Madam Flicker, are you at home? This was what I meant by knocking on a telephone pole near the top of which a pair of flickers had made their nest. It was so comical to see te red-spotted, yellowish head pop out of he hole and look around inquiringly. As soon as the intruder was sighted a quick exit was made and the bird flew to an adjoining tree to make an indignant protest. "Why do you trouble?" she seemed to say. Then the mate would appear and scold in his way, as if to say: "Do you consider our affairs a great joke? Can't you leave us alone?" I could not help laughing at them every time a head appeared in the dooryard, for it seemed to have such a quizzical expression.

The flicker has many names—more than a score, in fact. By many he is known as the high hole or the golden-winged woodpecker, and by others as the yellowhammer. Flicker is the correct name. Madam Flicker is a true helpmate. Like a dutiful wife, she preforms her full share in excavating a home. I once watched a pair at work for two weeks. I passed by the tree several times a day. The male would peck away for half an hour and then he would be relieved by his partner for an epual period.

A baby flicker scarcely looks like a bird. It has two very long legs and appendages that will be wings some day. Nevertheless, these babies squirm about very lively and have strength enough to lift up their long necks when food is brought. The old bird sticks its bill far down the throat of the youngester and shakes it violently in the process of regurgitation. After the youngsters have become old enough, the parents teach them to hunt by tucking fat grubs under bits of bark where they must see them .Ant hills are opened and the grubs exposed in the process of a baby flicker's education, for the seeking of food is the most important subject that is taught.

"If you are not doing your best you are not doing enough."

THE STORY OF KEEDON BLUFFS.

By C. E. Craddock

This selection from the "Story of Keedon Bluffs," by Charles Edgebert Craddock, serves to give us some idea of her very graphic pictures of life among the mountaineers of Tennessee

The next morning Ike woke with an odd heavy sense of having sustained some serious misfortune, and it was several moments before he could identify it; when he did, he was amazed to find it only his intuitive distrust of the stranger's presence here, and an aversion to its continuance. He upbraided himself in the same instant for the inhospitable thought.

He was disappointed, however, to observe that after breakfast there was no sign of an impending departure; Jerry Binwell easily adapted himself to the domestic routine, and smoked and lounged before the fire, or strolled lazily about the yard. Ike thought, for all he so readily made himself at home, that his sordid, weak, sly face looked strangely alien and out of place among the sterling, honest, candid countenance of the family circle. So ill at ease did Ike feel with this vague anxiety that he was glad enough when his mother bethought herself that she needed logwood from the store. Mounted on the old gray mare, he set out on this errand, feeling liberated in a measure, riding against the fresh wind, that seemed to blow away the vexing distemper of his thoughts.

The rain had revivified the world everything seemed made anew. The colors were so luminously clear. How splendidly the maples deployed down the mountain side, with red and amber and purple gleams; every needle of the pines was tipped with a raindrop, prismatically glittering. Mists rose from the intermediate valleys between the ranges, and folded their wings for a space, dallying on the summit, and then, drawn sunwards, lifted with silent, ethereal grace into the soft blue sky. How loftly the mountains seemed to-day—how purple! Even the red mud beneath his mare's hoofs had depths of rich, ocherous tints, restful to the eye. It splashed monotonously under the steady jogging tread, so muffled that a squirrel, nimbly speeding along the topmost rail of the wayside fence, had no thought of an approach, and seemed a fellow traveler—a swift one! the old mare is soon far behind.

And now the river is crossed, swollen by the rain and of a clay-color, instead of its wonted limpid, silvery tint, and deep enough in the middle to make the old mare flounder to the girth and then unwillingly swim, while Ike gathers himself on his knees on the saddle to keep out of the cold water. And now up the rocky bank in the deep, shadowy woods—where there is no fence on either side of the road, which seems merely a vagrant wheel-track here and there in the mud, covered with the yellow and red and brown fallen leaves—and all the bosky vistas are full of richest color. Everywhere the giant trees close thickly in; no

sign of mountains now have the tonic balsamic air is proof of the altitudes. Only the pines and cedars and the jungles of the laurel green, and green they will be all winter. Hear that! a fox barks in that dense tangle. Are the frost grapes ripe old Crafty? And suddenly, between a scarlet oak and yellow hickory, a section of purple mountain shows, floating capricious sprite-like mist slips in and out of sight, and there at the base of the range is the little store—a low white-washed shanty of one room. Further up the slope in the clearing a gray log-cabin stands, where Skimpy Sawyer lives.

Skimpy's father kept the store in a leisurely and unexcited fashion—indeed many people might have considered that the store kept itself. As Ike dismounted and hitched the mare to the fence, he gave a peculiar whistle, a preconcerted signal, loud and shrill enough to summon his friend if he had been anywhere in the vicinity. No one responded, and Ike took his way to the open door of the store.

He had a certain pleasant anticipation; here congregated the mountain cronies, and he loved to listen to their talk enriched with warlike reminiscences, through which vibrated, as it were, some faint and far-off echo of the strain of the bugle and the rool of the drum.

His hopes were suddenly destroyed. As he ascended three or four unhewn rocks that formed the steps to the door, he heard the long, expressionless drawl of the storekeeper, within, and then a fat man's husky laugh. Ike started guiltily at the sound. But the broad sunshine had thrown a squatty shadow of him upon the floor within, and he knew that this caricature was recognized, for the voice sang out suddenly: "Ai—yi, Ike; I see ye! Needn't be hidin'! I'll kem arter ye!"

Then as the boy, shamefaced and a little lowering appeared in the doorway, he continued, "Whar's that buckeye tree ye war a-goin' ter cut down fur me so brash?"

"I plumb furgot it," mumbled Ike, as if his contrition were more acceptable when half-articulate "I furgot it, Mr. Corbin."

"I'll" be bound ye did!" said the fat man vivaciously.

He was seated in one of the rickety chairs which hardly seemed adequate to his weight. He wore an unbleached cotton shirt, a suit of blue jeans much creased and crumpled, and broad-brimed hat, beneath which was a face also creased and crumpled. He was slow and inactive rather than old, and a man of his age who had lived a different life would hardly have such gray hair as his, or so many wrinkles. Nevertheless he had not entirely subsided into the chimney corner as is the habit of the elderly mountaineer. He still plied his trade, which was that of making spinning-wheels and chairs, bread troughs and bowls, which require mechanical dexterity rather than agility; thus it was that he had hired Ike to find and cut down a sound and stalwart buckeye suitable for his purposes, his own unwieldy bulk and sedentary habits making him averse to undertaking the job himself.

Peter Sawyer, the storekeeper, was tall and lank. He had a long

head, an attenuated face and a habit of basking in the sun, which was not incongruous with a certain lizard-like aspect. He sat now with his chair tilted against the frame of the doorway, and the sunshine poured through upon him. He, too, wore his hat, and did not move while one of his customers counted some pelts that he had brought to exchange and announced the result. "Want some sugar an' salt fur 'em?" demanded the merchant lazily. "He'p yerse'f neighbor; he'p yourse'f."

The neighbor, who lived on the other side of the mountain, pottered around among the merchandise in search of the sugar and salt, attended only by the storekeeper's dog, an earnest-minded and grave mannered brute that guarded the store by night and seemed to clerk there by day, following the customers about with sedulous politeness, and apparently only hindered from waiting upon them by the lack adaptability in his paws. His urbanity did not extend to his followers. He measured strength with all the dogs that came to the store. It was useless for any pacifically disposed hound to sit under the wagon-bed at a safe distance. The clerk would rush out with a celerity that implied a hundred feet, and the fracas under the wagon would be loud and bloody. But he had not all the cannie pluck in the Big Smoky, and thus it was that one of his ears was slit; and he preferred to shut one eye, and his tail was but a stump. He turned, wagging it it vivaciously as Ike came in, and the storekeeper, regardless of old Corbin's reproofs, said benignantly, "'Howdy Ike, howdy? Make yerse'f at home. How's the fambly, Ike, how's the fambly?"

"Jest' toler'ble," said Ike, taking a rickety chair near the door.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

Mr. W. W. Johnson has returned from a thoroughly enjoyed vacation.

The cannery workers are busy putting tomatoes away in cans for use in the coming winter. Tomatoes will be needed very much this Winter to be used as a variety and for body building.

Happy indeed were Doyle Jackson, James Riley, Dudley Pangle, Roy Caudill and Grover Liley last Wednesday. Why? Because their relatives or parents were here to see them on that day.

Mr. J. T. Ankers paid a return visit to the institution, last Sunday and Monday. This was not a pleasure visit but a business one. But he enjoyed his visit whatever the cause or object. The business he had here was to prepare his well digger to ship it to another location.

On Sunday, August the 27th, the students studied a lesson from their quarterlies entitled "Nehemiah's prayer." This lesson told of Nehemiah's supplication of the Lord. As the lesson just told of Nehemiah's entreaty and not the answer of it, many of the boys studied the following lesson in order to discover how the Lord answered Nehemiah's prayer. They found that His answer fully justified the golden text of the first lesson: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man

availeth much." All of the boys decided to make their prayers hereafter far more effectual and fervent. Then they will be surprised how quickly and completely the Lord hears their humble request.

Miss Vernie Goodman is now employed by the Jackson Training School and is working in the position recently vacated by Miss Mary Gaither. She is taking the place of Miss Gaither in every respect, for when Miss Gaither left the school to teach in Statesville, the students were worried because they had no pianoist to lead them in devotional songs on Sunday; but now this worry is alive no longer. Miss Goodman completely did away with this worry by showing the boys that she was an old hand at the ivory keys.

Jack McLellan and Floyd Huggins have gone out into the world as honorary paroled boys from the institution. Of course both boys were exceedingly happy and truly "their cup runneth over" and it is hoped that the rest of this Psalm "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever" will also be true of them. Jack was a very likeable boy and while once or twice he made a slip none of these were bad enough to be held against him He leaves with wishes of success from the whole student body. Floyd was also a boy whose friendship others were proud to claim. The loss of Jack and Floyd is one from which the Institution will not quickly recover.

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VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 9, 1922 NO. 44

STRENGTH

Strength comes through service. The man who bears no burden in life is not the man to meet emergencies where strength is called for. Intellectual grasp comes through intellectual application. The individual who can master a situation is the one who, by previous activity, has fitted himself for the emergency. The apparatus that extinguishes the fire is the one in condition and on the ground when needed.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE UPLIFT

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, **J. C. FISHER**, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

"Lord, help me live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetting way,
That, even when I kneel to pray,
My prayers may be for others."

* * * * * *

MY HOME CITY.

My city is the place where my home is founded, where my business is located, where my vote is cast, where my children are educated, where my neighbors dwell, and where my life is chiefly lived

I have chosen it after due consideration among all the cities of the earth. It is the home spot for me.

My city has a right to my civic loyalty. It supports me and I must support it.

My city wants my citizenship, not partizanship; friendliness, not offishness; cooperation, not dissension; sympathy, not criticism; my intelligent support, not indifference.

My city supplies me with law and order, trade, friends, education, morals, recreation, and the rights of a free-born American. I should believe in my city and work for it, and I will.—The Morganton News-Herald.

TINY TIM FUND.

That's a beautiful idea that moves the local circle of King's Daughters, who propose to give a 1922 setting to Tiny Tim, the little crippled son of Bob Cratchit in Dicken's "Christmas Carol." These women, divorced en-

tirely from the atmosphere of social functions in their activities, lay aside their own individual pleasures and go out "lending a hand" to the downers, and giving "a cup of cold water" to the weary and the sick.

It was brought to the attention of this circle that quite a number of the crippled children of Concord and Cabarrus, who are treated at the Orthopaedic hospital, come back on the road to a final relief but for a period many of them need little crutches, braces and other things to hasten the full realization of the treatment at the wonderful institution at Gastonia. It so happens that many of them are so situated financially that these necessities cannot be had, so the King's Daughters have created a fund to be honored by the name of The Tiny Tim Fund. They will undertake to make it a perpetual fund of sufficient size to meet every call.

This is the church—verily, genuine religion—in action. Going about doing good as representatives of those who are too busy themselves to give to it a personal attention but who grasp freely the opportunity to assist with their funds. is a beautiful idea that gives pleasure to God's real noblemen, men and women. Let Tiny Tim know that he has a friend back home, carries a joy to the little fellow and his home.

* * * * * * * *

THE BOLL WEEVIL.

The entire cotton belt, excepting the state of Virginia which as a cotton producer is practically negligible, is now acquainted with the boll weevil. Last year in the lower part of the Piedmont region of North Carolina there were a precious few people who had ever seen a boll weevil, or would recognize one if met up with.

To-day everybody in this region, who has any interest whatever in the fortune of cotton or the cotton producer, knows exactly what the boll weevil is. The general term that he favored the doodle-bug was all most people knew about the pest, but to-day they know he has a bill that bores like an auger, that his two front legs are reinforced at the joints with an extra sized muscle, and that he is full of energy, eschews race suicide and can fly. He is an impudent and destructive terror.

In this immediate section he has collected this year a terrible toll; and the infernal scamp from Mexico has perfected plans to do his best on next year's crop. This is a serious condition that confronts the farmer, who has already been put to the test by other troubles and conditions.

The damage to the South's greatest money crop is already enough to test

a theory we have all accepted as sound, but thus far in this season with the record of damage absolutely established the law of supply and demand is not functioning one bit. Possibly the work of the co-operative marketing campaign has served to keep the prices from melting away; but it certainly has failed at this time to cause such prices to prevail to make cotton culture a remunerative business, but there is yet time for this organization to make a dent on the operations of the cotton gamblers—let us devoutly hope so.

* * * * * *

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

This official of the Southern railway is a real man, a genuine human. He has tolerated no quarrel with his striking shopmen. He has tried every means possible of keeping open doors to the striking workmen; he accepted their terms, and they still declined to return to work. The average man would have stopped right there, making no further effort to get together. He would have eliminated them entirely. Not so with President Harrison. Learning of distress among certain of the women and children of the strikers, he sent his personal check for one thousand dollar to a representative in Salisbury to be added to a relief fund.

This noble act was done in a quiet and orderly manner, but it was such an unusual act on the part of an official of a corporation that it refused to be kept in the back-ground and it became public. The demagogue loves to declare that "a corporation has no soul" and thereby ride into positions of trust; but say what you may, there are throughout the South thousands of corporations that are directed and governed by men of the highest type, men of the highest sense of the humanities. It is a source of pride to us.

What a pity this condition must be disturbed by the introduction of foreign methods, agitators and folks who make a living by virtue of agitation. The sum total hurts everybody, and does good to only a few who exploit their business and their associates. President Harrison did a noble act; and while it was not his corporation's one thousand dollars that went to the relief of women and children, it was a contribution from the corporation's guiding and directing head.

* * * * * *

A WORLD AT UNREST.

It is just like opening a prize-box, this thing of watching for the front

page of the average morning daily to see what you may draw. Last Monday's front page of one of our favorite exchanges—and it seemed an off day, and thereby very encouraging—revealed the fact of sin everywhere and that men were not at peace with each other.

For instance, that page made this exhibit, heralded in large and impressive heads:

"Government's actions will hasten the end of the shopman's strike."
Hinton shoves off for South America.
Seven car workmen are burned to death and 10 hurt; property damage $220,000;
Automobile plunges in Niagara falls carrying down woman passenger.
Some officers of Virginia are in trouble.
Tom Jimison defends striking shopmen, saying he would strike himself if his stewards cut his salary.
Car shortage is now believed sure.
Gompers' call is to keep up the fight.
5,000 people at the funeral of the detective.
5,500 marshalls on hand to uphold the drastic temporary injunction.

Though this news was snpposed to be of a Sunday's doings, it appeared as an oasis in a desert to see one small item about an Indiana church; and the picture of the Baltimore girl who has been selected to represent that city in the National Beauty Show.

It is just a restless, old world, where, in large measure, the Golden Rule has been shelved for a period.

* * * * * * *

IS GEORGIA THE EMPIRE STATE?

That spectacular hanging that took place in Atlanta last Friday, wherein the subject of the occasion gave expression to his delight and satisfaction of the large outpouring of the people to witness the performance, is shocking.

Fifteen thousand people signed petitions asking for the fated Dupre's commutation, even appealing to President Harding, but there was no way for Governor Hardwick to give heed within the mandates of law; the story of the crime was written up in such a style as to make the case take on national size; the sweetheart, whose name was Betty, was played up in such a way as to excite sympathy for the condemned man; and when the tragic performance was about to come off thousands of men, women and children crowded the jail and its surroundings to satisfy a morbid curi-

osity.

This setting gave the condemned man the incentive to play himself up in the role of a hero, a martyr; and he cried out to his sweetheart: "Be a good girl, Betty; and meet me in heaven."

Can a state that puts men to death in such a manner; that permits such a spectacular gathering; and that encourages vicious curiosity among its people, by a public hanging, be regarded worthy of the name of Empire State?

* * * * * *

IT WAS SURELY STONEMAN.

Prof. L. H. Rothrock, one of the survivors of the War Between the States, who takes a lively interest in historical matters, writes from his home in Gold Hill as follows:

"I left Sandusky, O., July 13, '65 for Salisbury. Gen'l. Stoneman's raid occurred a day or two before I reached the city. Mrs. Gibson is exactly right. It was Stoneman and not Kilpatrick. I know what I am talking about. Gen'l. Stoneman had a little skirmish at Town creek a short distance south of Salisbury in which he lost a man. I saw evidences of this, as I passed over the skirmished ground on my way home from Salisbury. Yes: "Keep history straight." Am trying to straighten out some other points and hope I shall succeed."

To have just gotten out of a federal prison at Sandusky and then on home-ground. is enough to indellibly impress the returning soldier of the name of the fiend, who was doing his dirty work in these parts after the surrender. It surely was Stoneman, and history does not record where he ever asked his victims or his Lord for forgiveness; and for that reason, let us imagine, he passed away in a bad plight.

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"MADE-IN-THE-CAROLINAS SHOW."

It is with gratification that THE UPLIFT notes the systematic and thorough efforts making for the Made-In-Carolinas Exposition, to be held in Charlotte this Fall. It is a most commendable enterprise, and means so much for the industrial progress of the states and the benefit of all our people.

The first year's experience was such a brilliant success that strong men, men of vision and patriotism, were not hard to find to fall in behind the proposition to give it that substantial boosting that the worthy enterprise deserves. It was a wonderful and an eye-opening show last year, reveal-

ing the power and greatness of the two states and their people, but this year's exhibition promises to be bigger, grander and more successful. Everybody is now interested, as they should be.

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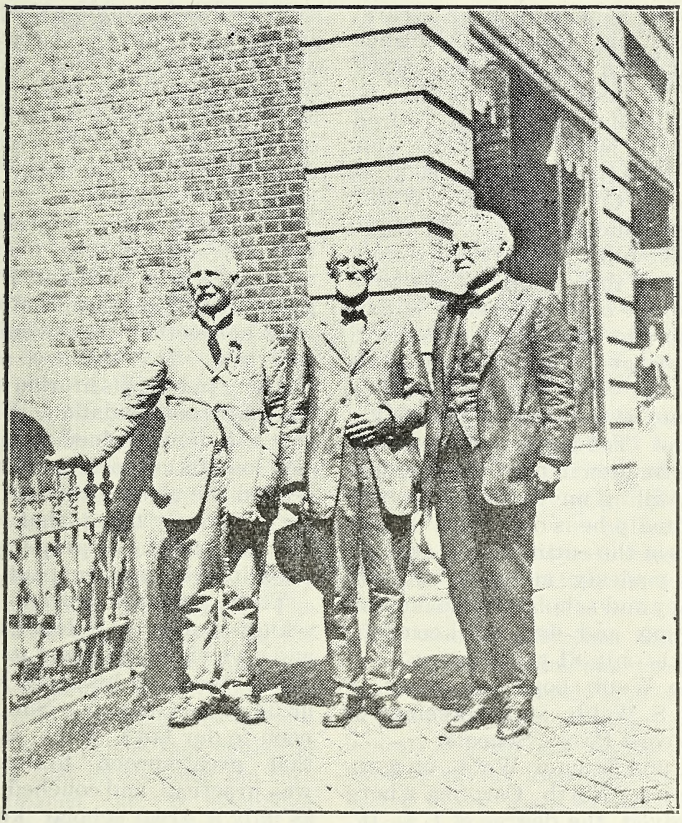
THE HORSE, HUNTER AND STAG.

A quarrel had arisen between the Horse and the Stag, so the Horse came to a Hunter to ask his help to take revenge on the Stag. The Hunter agreed, but said: "If you desire to conquer the Stag, you must permit me to place this piece of iron between your jaws, so that I may guide you with these reins, and allow this saddle to be placed upon your back so that I may keep steady upon you as we follow after the enemy." The Horse agreed to the conditions, and the Hunter soon saddled and bridled him. Then with the aid of the Hunter the Horse soon overcame the Stag, and said to the Hunter: "Not so fast, friend," said the Hunter. "I have now got you under bit and spur, and prefer to keep you as you are at present."

"IF YOU ALLOW MEN TO USE YOU FOR YOUR OWN PURPOSES, THEY WILL USE YOU FOR THEIRS."

* * * * * *

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.



It is no small pleasure to carry in this issue of THE UPLIFT the picture of three North Carolina brothers, who have passed the mark of three score and ten. Each of them would resent our calling them old or even suggest that they are approaching the "shady side" of life. We, therefore, compromise in putting them down as just well-grown, happy boys.

Two of them are survivors of the War Between the States, and, during the recent Confederate Reunion at Richmond, they called in their brother and had the picture of the three brothers made. THE UPLIFT got hold of that picture, all "unbeknownst" to either of the men. They will not care, for they belong to that type of delightful citizenship that lives in the open, all the time natural and unfamiliar with a grudge.

The one with just a mustache is a

bachelor, a lawyer and a farmer. He is 73 years of age, just missing Confederate service by a few years. He makes his home in Alamance county and is a worthy, upright citizen. The middle man is W. R. Webb, of Warren county, a retired farmer. He is 79, saw intense service in the struggle of the 60's, is the father of Col. Alexander Webb, of Raleigh, and Hon. Chas. A. Webb of the Asheville Citizen. He is actually younger than either of his boys in spirit, the only difference is that they have to work and he doesn't. The other gentleman in the picture is Prof. A. S. Webb, the founder and owner of the famous Bellbuckle School of Tennessee. He served with distinction in the United States Senate, filling an un-expired term. Undoubtedly he is one of the ripest scholars of the entire South, and his intense modesty mingled with his brilliancy and scholarship make him a charming and delightlul companion. He is only 81 years young.

These Webb boys are uncles of Prof. A. S. Webb, superintendent of the Concord Public Schools.

Prof. and Senator Webb, on a recent visit to North Carolina where he received the degree of L L. D., from the University of North Carolina along with Senator F. M. Simmons, Judge Bynum, of Greensboro, and David S. Houston, paid a visit to the Jackson Training School. He made us feel that he was pleased with what he saw, and, on his return home, he wrote to a kinsman in Concord as follows:

"I enjoyed very much my visit to the Jackson Training School when I was in Concord and I looked with care into their buildings, equipment and methods of work. I regard their unit of building as ideal. One building for about thirty boys is exactly my idea of what a dormitory for students should be. It is much more desireable than one large building for a larger number.

"I was greatly impressed with the provision North Carolina is making for her boys and I shall be glad to call Tennessee's attention to what her mother state is doing along this line. The literary and moral training in that institution meets my warmest commendation. I feel sure that the boys trained there have a safe foundation for a genuinely successful life along all lines. Character is the only thing that counts in life and that fact is properly emphasized in this great institution."

These splendid words from such a high source are indeed gratifying, and give encouragement to press onward. When on his visit, Mr. Webb made an address on a Sunday afternoon to our boys. They talk about that "great speech" to this day. It was practical, and couched in words as only a great scholar knows how to use in coming down to the grasp of boys—a thing that only few can well do.

My! what a contribution North Carolina has made to other states in the number of able men and women she has furnished them. But some of these days we will learn how, in a measure, to hold them. So mote it be.

He that wrestles with us strenghtens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

EXAMPLE RATHER THAN PRECEPT.

By R. R. Clark.

"I see be the pa-pers," as Mr. Dooley would say, that the school curriculum is to be further enlarged by a course of instruction in honesty. An "honesty bureau" is the conception of President William B. Joyce of the National Surety Company, New York. It is assumed that Mr. Joyce's company has been paying out considerable cash for defaulters whose honesty the company had guaranteed and he thinks to improve the situation by teaching honesty as a part of the school course. In any event the company has set up an "honesty bureau" and has employed Dr. William Byron Forbush, a well known specialist in juvenile problems, to prepare the printed matter which will be distributed free of cost, the surety company financing the project. The school will be asked to put on the course of instructions thus prepared.

Not a few people believe that the average school curriculum is already a triffle long; that the race course is so extended that by the time the runner has finished he is exhausted Especially is this complaint made of city schools, which seem to have become sort of department stores of education. They try to keep about everything in stock. More than likely they will add a little later courses in medicine, law, theology, horse doctoring, etc. At present some of the cynics are disposed to claim that the schools, especially the urban schools, try to teach so many things that they teach nothing well. But far be it from me to undertake to teach the schools how and what to teach. I am taking the opportunity to remark that while the course may be a little crowded, I am strong for the teaching of honesty. We will all profit by other and further instruction in that virtue. Some of us who have passed the school age could well afford to take up the study again. Judging by events, one is constrained to believe at times that a large per cent., of the folks have forgotten all they ever learned of honesty—if they ever learned anything about it. Certainly there is a vast amount of ignorance as to the proper conception of common honesty. Some of the folks who are conspiciously ignorant in this respect may not be wilfully ignorant, but we have to assume they don't know any better. At least they get by with that. I have been tempted to remark aforetime that among the country's numerous needs there is none more urgent than a revival of old-fashioned, common, everyday honesty. I am not saying that the honesty of the ancient day was any better brand than we have now, or that it was more in common use. I am using that expression because it fits the case and because it is apparent that we need a revival of the conception of honesty that prevailed in an older day. We have hedged about the definition of the word and so modified its meaning in practice in many respects, that there are numerous divergent opinions as to what constitutes honesty. Mr. Webster in his book makes extended comment on various meanings of the word hon-

est. The definition that covers most territory is that which says "Characterized by intergrity or fairness and straightforwardness in conduct, thought and speech; upright, just, equitable, trustworthy, truthful, sincere; free from fraud, guile or duplicity; not false." The ordinary conception of honesty is almost narrowed to the omission of direct larceny. If one doesn't steal outright, commit the offence commonly called larceny in the law courts, by some he is considered honest. It will be observed from the definition quoted that that is only one principle of honesty. And so perverted is the idea as to honesty, that many people who would not commit an outright act of common theft, do steal indirectly and commend themselves for their shrewdness. For them dishonesty is that only which is punishable at law, and not even that if one can work the game without colliding with the law. Under modern conditions "tricks of trade" have been so enlarged and improved in cunning, that a real shrewd fellow can just about commit highway robbery —do things that are really morally and legally worse than perpetrating a hold-up at the point of a gun— and remain a prominent and leading member of society and the church. Not a few of our fellow citizens have accumulated and are accumulating wealth by methods that are nothing lss than robbery, but it isn't called that in the open. The practice of shady transactions, of taking "inturns," working games by cunning, through which the unwary or the helpless are unjustly deprived of their goods, has become so common that many there be who boldly and defiantly defend these practices as necessary and justified by circumstances: and they are often accepted because they are common and these who practice them and profit by them are leading and influential citizens, even if they are not inwardly so highly respected as they are outwardly.

While I would approve making honesty a part of the school course, for it could do no harm and would do some good, I am sure that the best method of instruction, the most effective, is by example. Precept is all right, but it is of little value unless it is accompained by the example. The employe who refrains from robbing the cash drawer but fails to give his employer the full service he can render is just as dishonest as if he had robbed the cash drawer, but as it is custom to "beat time," to give less than full service in time and effort, that is accepted as a necessary evil. The employer who exacts greater service than he pays for and knowingly and wilfully refrains from paying full value for the service rendered is morally as dishonest as if he held up his employes in the dark and robbed them of their wages; but the practice of holding down the wage as low as possible regardless, as well as the practice of beating time, are so common that they are accounted shrewdness and allowed to pass. Charging an excess profit for goods, taking advantage of conditions to reap an abnormal profit, is dishonesty but it isn't treated that way. Instead he is accounted fortunate who can perpetrate that sort of hold-up and get

his, while others regret that they didn't get their share of the stealing while it was going on, the same being the expression of a United States Senator on one occasion when he was demanding his share of the spoils. Charging usury, a greater rate of interest than the law allows, directly or indirectly, is a most common form of dishonesty that is not called by that name. Instead it is defended by leaders in church and society. The use of trust funds by bankers and public officials, a prolific source of defalcation, is notoriously dishonest, but it doesn't get that name unless the fellow is caught and is unable to make good. But the dis honesty begins when public funds and trust funds are used for private purposes and it remains dishonesty if every penny is accounted for. It is a distinct violation of trust and dishonest as well to use such funds for private purposes without te knowledge and consent of those to whom they belong, even if every dollar is made good and the owners of the funds lose nothing. The practice is illegal and immoral but it has been allowed to pass when the funds are replaced until it is accepted as permissible and is brazenly excused. People who charge usury and use trust funds for private gain will hold up hands in horror if a minor official sometimes appropriate trust funds to his own use and is found short. The horror is all right, the wrong is inexcusable. But how many of the higher ups realize their responsibility for setting the example. The only difference is that they were in a condition to get by the law with theirs; there is no moral difference.

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She always had a mink or two
About her dainty throat.

A bird of paradise, a tern
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure, largely "rat."

Her tiny boots were sable topped,
Her gloves were muskrat, too.
Her muff had heads and tail of half
The "critters" in the zoo.

And when she walked abroad, I ween
She feard no windly wind;
At keeping warm, 'twas plain to see
She had all nature "skinned,"

—The Reflector.

WHERE DR. MITCHELL DIED.

By Josephus Daniels.

The story of how Dr. Mitchell came to his death on the mountain top that bears his name is a Carolina classis, and the thrilling epistole of the search of his body by organized bodies embracing Big Tom (T. D.) Wilson, Zeb Vance, Adoniran Allen, the Pattons, Westall and others was first made known in an account written by Senator Vance, then only a short time out of the University. Dr. Mitchell was known to have gone up on the mountain. He had been missing seven days when organized searching parties went out to find him. Some started from Buncome and some from the Yancy side. Big Tom Wilson's story of the finding of the body is in these words:

"I went ahead of the party, trailing, and came to where Professor Mitchell had been stepping sideways to where he could view a fire scald on the face of a nearby mountain, probably thinking it was someone's field. He had then gone in the direction of the fire scald to a branch and turned down the branch. For a short distance the tracks showed he had gone around the big logs that had fallen across the branch. Near the Big Creek the tracks showed he had gone straight down the branch, over logs and through pools to the Big Creek. I says: 'Boys, here's where night has overtaken him, or else he should have dodged those big logs.' He had scrapped the moss off the logs with his shoes and the seat of his trousers, as he went over them. Then he had taken down the bed of the Big Creek, making no turns for pools or falls.

"I followed the trail down the creek for a short distance then calling the boys to me, said to them: 'If he intended to go down th creek, here's where we'll find him, for by the looks of the timber here, there's a fall just below here about 50 feet high.'

"The boys crossed the creek and made their way through the thickets down the mountain side, while I still followed the trail down the creek."

"Near the top of the falls he had turned to the right and followed a bear's trail which led around the top of the falls, indicating that the roar of the falls had warned him of danger and he had turned aside to escape it. While following the bear trail at the top of the falls his feet had seemingly slipped and hung in some roots. He pitched over, face foremost, slid down the rock 45 feet and fell clear 15 feet into the pool of water 15 feet deep.

"I looked down and could see nothing so turned to the right and went down the mountain to the lower end of the pool, where a mountain birch log had fallen across it. I walked out on the log and saw his hat, and called to the boys, but they did not answer. I called again and they answered. I then said 'Come here, boys, here's his hat!' Then I walked across the log and around up the rock on the left side of the falls, (facing downstream) and underneath a pine log, I saw his body, and called to the boys 'Here he is! Poor

old fellow! They said: 'Have you found him?' I said: 'Yes, here he is! Poor old fellow!.

"The body was floating, doubled over, face downward, arms hanging down, seemingly caught on a bough of the log. Bob Patton said: 'Let's raise no false alarms! Let's touch the body first.' I went out and cut a Peruvian cherry pole and touched the body with it. He was dressed in light hempen clothing such as was worn in that day and time.'

"The body had been in the water for 11 days when I found it, and we had to wait for the coroner to come from Brunsville to view the remains before removing the body from the water."

It will be recalled that the body of Dr. Mitchell was carried down the mountain, buried in Asheville, later properly brought up here and re-buried, and amonument erected over it. Visitors clipped off the marble until the monument was nearly all gone. When we reached the top of the mountain, we uncovered at the grave of Dr. Mitchell on the top of the mountain with some of the feeling felt by the poet who wrote "On This Side Nebo's Mountain." Today the grave is covered with stones gathered from the mountain and a simple modern slab at the head has this inscription:

IN MEMORIAM

ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D.

Who Lost His Life
Exploring This Mountain
Whose Altitude He
First Determined.
Born August 19, 1793.
Died June 27, 1857.

"He Reached the Heights to Rest In Peace."

This Tablet is a Temporary Tribute to the man who loved and knew the mountains of Western Nort Carolina.

Governor Craig started a movement to erect a suitable granite monuments over the grave to replace his wooden slab, and several hundred dollars were subscribed. The Legislature secured the land at the top of the mountain and made it a State Forest Reservation where Mr. D. C. Moser, Forest Ranger, keeps tab on the weather and is the guardian of the grave of Mitchell.

Comparatively few people have climbed to the top of Mt. Mitchell. A few years ago a company, headed by Messrs. F. A. Perley and C. A. Dickey, built a railroad two-thirds the way up the mountain to take down the logs they cut down for market. When the logging was finished, the railroad was torn up. There seemed no way of reaching Mt. Mitchell then except by vigorous mountain climbers. But Perley and Dickey and their associates have done a genuine public service by constructing along the road-bed, with many improvements, and excellent automobile road. Today we made the ascent in automobiles to within seven tenths of a mile of the top under the chaperonage of Col. Sanford Cohen, an officer of the company, who will admit to you in confidence that there is no spot equal to it in the whole world and that "it is a most notable fact that artist, writer and poet have all admitted inability to find words or adjectives in the vocabulary sufficient

to describe the real beauties of the trip to Mt. Mitchell, the King Peak of Eastern America."

There was a debate half a century ago as to which peak of the Appalachian mountains was the highest. About three months ago some Tennessee newspaper man sent out a statement that all the peaks in Eastern America had been measured with the result that a certain peak near Knoxville, Tenn., was found to be 27 feet higher than Mount Mitchell. His friends say that this publication so disturbed Col. Cohen, who loves Mitchell as if it were his very own, that he got in an automobile by daylight, taking two carpenters with him and by the time the sun was lighting up the peaks had begun the erection of a tower thirty feet high-in order to preserve the fact that Mount Mitchell is the highest peak. It turned out that the story on Col. Cohen was manufactured by Mr. Stafford of the Asheville Citizens, but they do say that Col. Cohen never spent an easy hour until a representative of the government at Washington measured the Tennessee and North Carolina mountains and officially reported that Mt. Mitchell is more than 300 feet higher than the highest peak in Tennessee. Since then Col. Cohen has regained his spirits and his genuine enthusiasim and appreciation of the scene that is presented to view in the successive views is so contagious that all who go up Mitchell's feel that nothing of what has been said of the granduer of the scenery could approach the real vision of glory that unfolds and enraptures one as the top is reached.

The actual length of the road is 18 miles; the average grade 3 1-2 per cent less than any mountain scenic auto road of equal length; the maximum grade is 7 per cent; the trip is made in less than two hours; and starting with an altitude of 2,700 feet at Black Mountain you rise steadily to 6,711 feet in two hours, and have gone above 40 peaks exceeding 6,000 feet in height.

The habit of looking at everything constructively, from the bright, hopeful, expectant side, the side of faith, confidence and assurance, instead of from the doubt side, the uncertainty side, will improve your entire view-point of life.—Exchange.

ALL FROM A HOME FARM.

Salisbury Post.

Ninety eight farm products listed as sold in Salisbnry by two Rowan farmers during the four weeks contest which the Evening Post conducted recently ought to cause attention. Two men, Messrs. S. B. Karriker and N. M. Menius, tied for the first prize, each having sold on the streets of Salisbury ninety-eight farm products from their respective farms. What these two Rowan men did can be duplicated by other farmers in the county with comparative ease, we have no doubt.

The list did not carry many things unusual to a North Carolina farm, and the experiment goes to prove that a state can produce almost without limitation is a state well worth living in.

These men did not have a moments notice; they did not start last spring preparing for a little contest. It came as a surprise. One day they picked up their Evening Post and read that the managing editor was staging a little contest, a very simple little affair for the purpose of drawing from cover into publicity the articles that Rowan farmers bring to the local market, and they decided that they would list their offerings. Every thing was there without any special preparation. They all belong on a North Carolina farm and they all bring money to the farmers' purse for there is a market at hand for every item, even the most insignificent items that came into the listing.

What will North Carolina not produce, what will Rowan not produce? Tropical and semi-tropical fruits and a few things that require a climate unsuited to human happiness may not thrive in the counties of the state, but the state grows everything that is necessary to make life worth living, that goes to supply the table of man and to bring money into the state for raw materials needed in the world's commerce. What county outside of North Carolina can match the showing made by these two Rowan farmers? they could have run the list considerably above the 98 limit had they had a little advance information and set about to prepare for the showing, so could have any man in this or other North Carolina county.

Are we doing the best possible with such a state? Are we making sufficient for our labors. Are we utilizing our wonderful resources as we should? In an undertaking to see and to know North Carolina, let us begin at home and see and realize what we have in Rowan, what our own wonderful county is and is capable of doing.

An institution of Christian education is one that, by its origin, its constitution, and its traditions, is completely committed to Christian ideal and Christian service, and that, while doing well all its educational work, sets these ideals and this service high above every other consideration. In the realm of spiritual values what an institution really puts first, means everything. Let me illustrate this simply:

You know well the story of Shylock, the Jewish money lender in the Merchant of Venice, and you know that about his character there has been difference of opinion. Shylock was rich and had an only daughter. He loved his riches, and he loved his daughter. He lost both on the same night and felt the lost bitterly. If we knew which loss he felt the more keenly, we should have a key to his character. But there is doubt on this point, for he cried out in great emotion, "O my daughter and my ducats, my ducats, and my daughter."—Dr. W. P. Few.

DO DOCTORS NEED GOD?

Physicians cannot be at their best unless they pray. No doctor can do his best work unless he asks God to do still better than he himself can. For doctors are but members of the fallen human race, every one of whom needs not only Christ as a Saviour, but also that supernatural wisdom and skill without which "they labor in vain that build." So many Christian physicians know this, and depend more upon God than themselves, that it is a great pity when a prominent surgeon, of a nation-wide reputation, makes such a remark as was reported recently of a convention of medical men. A newspaper account of his address contains the following: "Showing that the day has passed when the surgeon may say with an early pioneer, 'I dress the wound, God heals it,' Dr. ———— indicated that surgery has reached such a point that the competent man is no longer justified in 'passing the buck to the Almighty.'" In refreshing contrast with this was the testimony published in The Sunday School Times of August 13, 1921, by a physician of wide experience, in which he said! "My life, like that of other physicians, is full of emergencies; I often encounter and grapple with other people's troubles; . . . my testimony is that the lifting of the heart to God at all times, in all manner of tight places, and perhaps most striking of all when facing imminent disaster, has ever brought not only immediate guidance at the moment, and solace to my soul, but frequently also quick deliverance and recovery . . . . More than once I have had occasion to bless and praise Him for almost miraculous recoveries from apparently impending death. Means were used, to be sure, promptly and energetically, but it was God's blessing that made them immediately efficacious." To this a great army of Christian physicians, from the days of Luke the beloved physician to Dr. Howard Kelly, of Johns Hopkins, echo a fervent Amen.—Sunday School Times.

If there are those of us who find in our theology, our government, our amusements, our labors and professions, all that we desire there is little help for us. If we hear no calls of humanity, no moral urge, if we know not the eternal conflict and feel none of its thrill, if we have a satisfied past, an easy present and a certain future, Heaven itself is up against it. There is no help for us. Prayers for influence, for peace, for power and place will seldom avail; but the hunger and thirst for righteousness shall fill every willing man.—Extract from Tom Bost's sermon.

MATRIMONIAL VOYAGE.

In a recent issue, THE UPLIFT made note of the fact that in one day's course of the Superior Court in Guilford county fourteen divorces were granted. Another case came forward for settlement and it offered the opportunity for Judge W. F. Harding, the presiding judge, to make a lecture that needs the widest circulation.

According to the Greensboro News the following is what took place while the judge was reviewing the circumstances surrounding the case seeking divorce:

"Unless a chaperon is present a young girl should not be allowed to go out for an automobile ride with any young man after sunset. I don't know what this world is coming to. There's much immorality occasioned by such rides. This condition of affairs is proving more harm and damnation to the world than anything that I know of. It is worse than the liquor law violation."

These words were spoken by Judge W. F. Harding in Superior court here on Saturday afternoon when he assumed the nature of a peacemaker rather than a matrimonial dissolver in a case in which a divorce was being asked.

The couple who sought divorce, the wife asking for an allowance of alimony and the man asking for an absolute divorce, have not had their wishes granted as yet. To the union fo this couple were born three children, one of whom is dead. They have a boy 14 years of age and a girl 12 years old. Talking to the parents in court after the evidence of the case had been submitted, Judge Harding said "If that boy and girl were mine. I'd work these fingers off and I'd let my wife beat me with a broom or anything else three times a day—at breakfast, dinner, and supper—before I'd leave them. They're your jewels. They are worth more to you than gold."

"When that boy took the stand here this morning to testify. I looked at him and only wished that he were mine. He is a handsome looking boy and who knows but what great possibilities are in store for him? And that girl—she is beautiful. But mark this down! If you two do not get together and live with each other that boy and girl in 20 years from now will come to ruin. Their whole prospect in the future will hinge upon your two getting together and living right. You can raise them to be ornaments and good to the community, a blessing to society. They both look very intelligent. But what have they in prospect when they know that father is separated from mother and mother from father? If you've got any sort of affection for these children. I implore you to go back and live together."

The greater part of Saturday afternoon was taken up in the hearing of the evidence in this case. Many witnesses were called to the stand to submit testimony in behalf of both the plaintiff and the defendant. The couple were married in Texas in 1905 but had lived here for the past number o' years. Judge Harding stated that he would hold the matter open for a few days to ascertain if counsel for both sides could influence the couple to go to live together once

again.

His talk to the principals in the case was one of the most straighforward ever given by a judge in Superior court here. He made a decided impression upon the many people who were in the courtroom during the trial.

After all testimony had been submitted, Judge Harding, in part, said, "If you two folks have told the truth, you have ruined yourself by your own testimony- Here the wife testifies immorality against the husband and a similar testimony is offered by the husband against his wife. But that is past. You two should go to live together again. Go back to your home and make it your determination to live the right life. Here is a couple that has a home. If the husband dies, that home goes to the wife and the two children. If the wife should die first, the husband has a home. If a man is not willing to go all the way, he should stay single and the same thing holds good for the wife. You should get down to brass tacks and your home will rebound in happiness. You have taken and oath before God's alter and that oath is greater than any that has ever been taken in this court. It's an oath that's recorded in heaven."

I am asked to tell what is my favorite hymn. I am not in the habit of thinking much about what is my favorite hymn; there are so many hymns I love. But I will try to bring the question to a practical test. Suppose all the English hymns I know should be taken from me except one, and I were given the choice which one should be left to me, I would choose to hold on, for life and death, to Rock of Ages.—Dr. A. G. Voigt.

A SUMMER IDYL.

(By Old Hurrygraph)

The "Happy Valley" of the Yadkin river, in Caldwell county, is the beauty garden of North Carolina. Just now it is seen perhaps at its best, in the hand of summer, with products passing on to perfection, and the woodland choristers tuning their voice for "the harvest time."

These are golden days in the "Happy Valley," where is located the Patterson School, amid great divine blessings. The sun shines with a benign radiance that gilds the landscape and the mountains with a soft golden hue. The days are shot to the heart with inspiring beauty. All nature seems bathed in sweet effulgence and holy calm. The mornings aud evenings declare the glory of God in the beauty of the ever-changing tintings of the coming and going of the great orb of day; so lovely, so varied and so delicate that they could only be wrought by angels' hands who minister under translucent crystal that arches the gold-paved, jewel-gated city of the New Jerusalem, not made with hands. The Yadkin river traces its way in cheerful songs of praise through the valley, and broad acres of smiling products, like a silver chain upon the bosom of nature. One day answereth to another, and

the mornings and evenings certifieth to each other. The air alternates between the softness of a summer's skies and the crispness of autumn's first cool breath. At time vast, wierd masses of fleecy clouds float across the valley, from the pinnacles of the Ripshin to the Green mountains, like supernatural airships and floating islands of supernal snow in aglowing sapphire sea. The maturing crops, the majestic leaves upon the forest trees, down to the tiny blades of grass are all adorned with nature's diamonds, the sparkling dew-drops, which hold in a loving embrace the reflected loveliness of sky and earth. Fruits and flowers blue with all the beauty and modesty of maidens, making their debut, through circlets of green, so delicate that the colors could only have been wrought by mermaids' hands in ocean palaces of shadowy shells.

Periodically, the full-orbed moon, queen of love and romance, sails the fleckless azure, attended by a royal retinue of gem-like stars, and wraps the world in a silver sheen that inspires joy, rest and peace for the troubled and care-worn soul. If this side of heaven is so transportingly beautiful, what must the other side be?

Our old professor once said that he never found any trouble in exacting obedience from his wife. He always found out what she wished to do, and then ordered her to do it.—Dr. Bridgers in Presbyterian Standard.

ARE YOU GOING?

The effort to make the sixty first annual North Carolina State Fair on October 16 20 representative of the entire State of North Carolina is receiving the personal attention of Mrs. Edith Vanderbilt, president of the Fair.

No pains are being spared to make the representation apply to attendance as well as to exhibits that will be on display. Aside from the exhibits, the horse racing and other amusements at the Fair, the annual football game between the University of North Carolina and the North Carolina State College in itself draws thousands of visitors to Raleigh during Fair Week, most of whom stay over for two or three days in order to properly take in the Fair.

So, what is of most concern to Fair officials is not getting the crowds here but making them feel at home after they come. Profiting by her experience of last year, Mrs. Vanderbilt has personally interested herself in the beautification of the buildings and grounds and improvement of sanitary conditions.

The management is also endeavoring to make visitors feel more at home by incorporating as far as possible the features that have made community fairs successful in so many places. The main attraction about a fair to some people is that it affords an opportunity to meet acquaintances and exchange experiences. Every attention will be paid to that type of person. The

grounds and buildings have been made more commodious, more entrances have been provided and the comfort of visitors is being emphasized in all arrangements, which include greatly improved eating places.

Special attention is being paid to the attractions that accompany the Fair. In addition to a large list of free attractions by trained experts, there will be a number of features in which visitors themselves can participate. The horse show and the dog show are two innovations while community singing and singing of folk songs will also be featured. A unique competition has already been arranged by the Raleigh Evening Times, the newspaper having offered a prize for the most freckled boy in North Carolina. The management is desirous of arranging other contests of a similar nature.

Dentists say women have the best teeth; but men say it is because they are in the open more.—El Paso Times.

LINDSEY'S LEGACY.

By J. L. Glover

"OH, DEAR ME!" Lindsey sighed. "How I wish someone would leave me a legacy! It must be so nice to have something you haven't worked yourself half to death for.'

It was not often that Lindsey grumbled, she was very brave as a rule; but she worked in Madam Ellison's Millinery Emporium—never call it anything so common as a store—and she was tired tonight, and inclined to indulge her feelings, after a long, hard, hot day spent in making lovely hats for other girls to have a good time in, and in trying on other lovely hats for the benefit of girls with plenty of money, but not a tithe of the good looks of Lindsey herself. Certainly, things are unevenly divided in this world, she reflected, discontentedly, as she showed an exquisite "creation" of tulle and yellow roses, with touches of black velvet, to a dark, hatchet-faced girl, to whom it was particularly unbecoming.

What would she herself have given to be going to drive that afternoon in that dream of a hat which was so becoming to her fair face and bronze waves of hair? But she must spend the golden sunshiny hours shut up in the hot store until closing-time, and then go home to the little third floor flat, and—but here Lindsey's complaining thoughts stopped, and her eyes brightened, for would she not find her mother's sympathetic face awaiting her, full of interest in the detail of her day?

So she had come home feeling a little better in spite of heat and weariness, and only inclined to indulge in a mild grumble over the uneveness of things in general, and ready to be cheered by mother's persistent optimism.

Mother was sympathetic and wise—as usual. "Legacies don't run in our family, I am afraid, dear," she

said. "The only money we get is what we work hard for."

"And lucky if we get it then," murmured Lindsey, still pessimistic.

"You are tired, darling. Come to supper, that will rest you. It's all ready."

"Mother! You do spoil me shamefully," remonstrated Lindsey. "If I turn out a good-for-nothing, you will have only yourslf to blame." She rose with restored good humor.

Usually she helped merrily in the preparation of their meals; but tonight she had been too tired to begin, and her mother had stolen a march on her. She was a cheerful, industrious little lady, who did the work of their little flat for the pleasure of making a home for Lindsey, the bread-winner for both. If she ever sighed for the country home that had been theirs long ago when Lindsey was a child, before the sad changes came which left the two alone together, she never allowed a hint of repining to show in face or voice.

"Come," she said tinkling the spoons and letting the ice clink in a glass of tea with a cool sound. "Here is a treat for you this, hot evening."

"Iced tea! How could you get ice?" said Lindsey, brightening.

"A treat, I told you. I like to be a tiny bit extravagant now and then. If I were a good fairy I would wave a magic wand and send you to the mountains for a whole month; but as it is, I can only lead you to the festal board."

"And that means a lot," said Lindsey with a loving glance. "Most of the girls are at this moment cooking their own suppers surreptitiously over the gas jet, for a little change from the deadly monotony of boarding-house fare. I'm not ungrateful for my lot, mother; don't think it; only the heat got rather on my nerves today I think. Little Dolly Ford fainted and had to be carried home —and such a home; About seven times hotter than the store, and small and noisy! Poor child! I wish she could go away for a change and rest."

"Poor child!" echoed her mother. How gladly would she have lightened the lot of these hard-working girls if she could. But she could not even give Lindsey, her own we-lamb, the luxury of a brief holiday in the mountains and a breath of cooler air.

"I wish Aunt Susan would ask us to come and visit her—and pay our way—" mused Lindsey. "Don't you remember that summer we stayed with her in that little cottage facing the mountains, and the sunrise across the valley? I never expect to see anything so lovely again—but alack! I offended her mortally on that visit, and she never forgave me."

"What did you do?" asked her mother, smiling.

"I made a face at her one day when she wanted me to kiss her. It was wicked of me; but I've expiated ever since."

"You were very naughty," agreed her mother, placidly. "Poor Aunt Susan! She has had a sad and lonely life. She must be growing very old." She chinked the ice in her glass reflectively.

There was a little silence. Then Lindsey said. "After all, mother dear, I would not changes places with

Aunt Susan, rich as she is and poor as we are. She is old and lonely, are compensations. I am sorry I and I am young and have you. There made a face at her. I wish I had kissed her; but it is too late now."

She lingered over her supper, prolonging the pleasure of the icy tea, the chilled, fragrant berries, the delicate bread. Mother had the rare gifts of daintiness on the least detail of her housekeeping. Not until the meal was ended did Lindsey remember to ask if there had been any mail that day.

"One letter for you—I forgot it. It looks like a circular, said her mother, producing it. It bore the address of a well-known firm of lawyers on the outside. Lindsey noticed it, but concluding that it was some advertising matter, opened it indifferently.

But it was no advertisement. She read her own name at the top of the first page, and glancing down it, became absorbed. Her mother watching her, saw her expression change from indifference to interest, then to incredulous amazement, finally to delirious joy.

"What is it, little daughter?" she asked in wonder.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she gasped, looking up at last.

"What is it, Lindsey? Tell me quick."

Lindsey began to read the contents of the magic page that had wrought such a change. Disentangled from the formal wording and technical phraseology, the document stated that Miss Susan Porter, recently deceased, had left to her great niece, Lindsey Carrington, a bequest of five thousand dollars, and her cottage in the mountains of North Carolina.

Lindsey fairly gasped as the truth burst on her in its full meaning.

"Oh, mother! Poor old Aunt Susan! She has made up for everything. Five thousand! and that cottage facing the sunrise. The stillness, and the beauty of the hills! Oh I wish I could thank her and kiss her! It does not seem fair that I should have so much and other girls so little."

"But you deserve it darling. No one can be gladder for you than I am," soothed her mother, for Lindsey began to cry with excitement, joy and self-reproach mingled.

"Perhaps," mother went on presently, "this may give you an opportunity of helping someone not so well off as ourselves. That poor little Dolly you spoke of; couldn't you manage to give her some little help or comfort, without hurting her feelings?"

Lindsey sprang up. "Oh, mother, you have given me such a splendid idea. Why couldn't we spend a little money in fitting up our cottage and then—oh, my ideas are coming faster than I can put them into words— but this is what I mean; to make the cottage into a sort of summer home, with you for mother and housekeeper, and me for chief cook and bottle-washer and first aid, and have the girls come up, two or three at a time, to enjoy a vacation that will not cost them anything but their railroad fare—just for a visit, in other words. We will begin with Dolly, and Mabel Winyard—such a pale, weary face, it would go to your heart mother. We will give them

eal country fare; butter, milk, eggs, ruit—and rest—with you to mother hem. They will think they have ot to heaven by mistake. Mother ve must do it!"

"We will," declared her mother. 'I am quite longing to begin."

"If only it is not too good to be rue! I shall wake up presently and ind I have fallen asleep over Miss Thornbury's hat!"

But even in this work-a-day world dreams do sometimes come true. It took some time to arrange the practical detail of Lindsey's dream. Certain legal formalities had to be complied with; but there was nothing to hinder their taking possession of the cottage at once, and soon everything was in train for their occupancy, and supplies of milk, eggs and vegetables engaged from a large farmhouse that was quite near them.

And when Lindsey and her mother stood on their porch which faced the sunrise, to welcome their first guest little palefaced, hollow-eyed Dolly, they felt that their fairest visions had been no brighter than the reality.

The experiment was a great success. Relays of pale, tired girls came during the months of that beautiful summer, to sit on the porch and drink in the beauty of the hills across the green valley, and rest their eyes and their souls by gazing on the opal and blue of the distant mountains, while their physical needs were cared for by Lindsey and her mother, until the dim eyes brightened and the pale cheeks bloomed, and the lips learned to laugh again as girls should; and when the holiday was over they went back rested and refreshed, to take up the work that no longer seemed an almost intollerable burden, now that there was the prospects of other visits, and the knowledge that there were friends who thought of and planned for their happiness.

As for Lindsey, she found her own happiness doubled and trebled by being shared with her friends; and when, in the following, summer she married the young farmer who had supplied them with milk and eggs, and made her home in the mountains altogether, she declared that Rest Cottage was still to go on being a haven of rest, freely open to her friends.

And in the years that followed, many a weary girl had cause to bless Lindsey and her legacy, which had brought about so much happiness.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST.

By Sir Walter Scott.

To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle horn, mounted in silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and underkeepers in the royal forests. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat.

The diminished list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery.

The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts that hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yeild up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John" "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, a victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow with the arrow placed on the string.

At length he made a step forward and, raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center, or grasping place, was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear.

The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven," said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou sufffer that rungate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions.

An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow—"

"Never mind thy grandsire, and all his generation," interupted John; 'shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place; and, not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! A Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than a stranger. "In the clout!—In the clout!—A Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however, replied Locksley; and letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so asonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their suprise in their usual clamor.

"This must be the devil and no man of flesh and blood." whispered the yeomen to each other. "Such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it, to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please,—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! Shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a mans thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his kill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knight around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft;" but added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards,—I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, and it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life,—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot

where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their oponion of his skill, his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamation followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which with the bugle, thou hast fairly won are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, nor so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if I ever take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I." Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley; anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

Institutional Notes

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

"To break the monotony," as Capt. Grier said, the boys gathered around the oak tree Sunday and with Guthrie, Hart and Reece leading with mouth organs, many favorite hymns and other songs were chanted off.

Rev. T. N. Lawrence, pastor of Concord, held religious services in the School Auditorium, Sunday, September 3. He took for histext the words of the dying Only Man, "It is finished." He then, in his sermon, told the boys to persevere in all their tasks. "Never leave a task that you begin until you have finished it."

Visitor at the school who wants to see the place at night when the campus is lighted up, should be on or near the porch of the Mecklenburg Cottage. The Latham Pavilion lights play forth in dazzling glory. Lights on the walk leading to the School Auditorium spread a gentle brightness. enabling the visitor to go into the Auditorium.

The boys' old friend, Mr. R. S. Huntington, accompanied by Mr. James Huntington, Mr. John W. Holmes, Gen. Secty. of the Greenville, S. C. Y. M. C. A., and Mr. John H. Ganaux, Boys Work Secty. of the Rotary Club of Greenville, speut last Saturday afternoon with us. These gentlemen were on an inspection tour of the Jackson Training School. They expressed great delight with what they saw and learned. Mr. Roger Huntington is the Chairman of the Boys Work Committee of the same Rotary Club.

Now that nights are growing longer and darkness settles on this side of Mother Earth sooner, boys play with all their might and main, for they know that soon they will have to quit going on the lawn. Then they take their seats in the rest room and as a recreation have literature, games etc. Each cottage of boys sets apart a certain night of the week to be used as Society night. All interesting debates and other unique performances on the part of the boys who take part in programmes will be noted under this department in THE UPLIFT.

Mingled sorrow and gladness are now in the hearts of the boys. Sorrow because a beautiful cheering summer is fast fading, and joy because in a month or two they will extend thanks to Him for his past kindnesses on Thanksgiving Day, and then a month later they will celebrate the holy birth of their Sovereign King. And this joy is not caused by pleasant anticipations of wondrous feasts or numerous gifts. No; the joy comes from the knowledge that on the coming December 25, nineteen hundred and twenty-two years ago, Jesus Christ, their Savior, was born.

The very best singers, of course, have to be coached every once in a while, or they will lose their vitality and spirit. It is because of this that Miss Vernie Goodman took the students and gave them a lesson on keeping time, tune and etc. Miss Goodman taught the boys an opening song to be sung along with the opening exercises of Sunday School. She also taught them the doxology—but we are proud to state that most of the boys knew that. Miss Goodman plays a marching air while the boys are coming in and going out because these entrances and exits should be more reverend. Not that the boys are boisterous and laughing, but—well, it just seems better.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Richard Hoyle, John Henry Vann, Lee McBryde, Claude Evans, Geo. Howard, Everette Goodrich, Willie Morris, Richard Johnson, Dohme Manning, Jake Willard, John Edwards, O. Johnson, Aster Adams, Howard Gilbert, Homer Covington, Luther Chenault, Thos. Hart, Challie Lee, Edward Clever, Harry Sims, Lambert Cavenaugh, Ellis Nance, Malcolm Holman, Jas. Honeycutt, Albert Keever, Henry Faucett, Jno. Hughs, Jas. Shipp, Lewis Pressley, Jack McLeland, Swift Davis, Frank Thomason, Harry Lamb, Fitzhue Miller, Will Cook, Doyle Jackson, Murray Evans, Harry Hayes, Walter Shepard, Elbert Perdue, Allie Williams, Robt. Watson, Marion Butler, Ralph Cutcheon, Dudley Pangle,

Ralph Freeland, Wm. Gregory, Harry Ward, Joseph Moore, Jno. Wright, James Allen, Plaz Johnson, Hugh Tyson, T. Ogalsby, Grover Lylerly, Leon Allen, Avery Rothrock, Ralph Poterfield, Joseph Pope, Geo. Everheart, Oak Enslev, O'Dell Wren, R. Holland, Claude Friske, Spencer Combs, John Hill, Harry Shirley, Dallas Hensley, Vernie Tarlton, Jim Fisher, Julius Camp, Ed. Moses, James Ford, Paul Hager, Paul Kimery, Herbert Tollie, Worth Stout, Clifton Rogers, Lee Bradley, Walter Mills, Johnie Branch, Autery Wilkerson, Charlie Jackson, C. Hale, Walter McNeil, Paul Green, Walter Taylor, Charlie Parton.

"B"

Jack O'Niel, Roy Caudill, Dewey Griffin, George Lafferty, Arthur Duke, Walter Cummings, Washington Pickett, Alvin Cook, Crawford Poplin, Earle Crow, Julian Piver, Ervin Cumbo, Glern Reddick, Marshal Williams, Henry Reece, Floyd Linville, James Bean, Kelma Smith, Rufus Wren, Jas. Gentry, Simon Garris, William Wilson, Raymond Keenan, Loxley Saunders, Robt. Leathers, Floyd Huggins, Chas. Rothrock, Jno. Moose, Roy Baker, Max Thompson. Vass Fields, Emmit Laster, Roy Johnson, Nomie Lee, Herman Cook, Robert L. Ward, Forest Byers, Murphy Jones, John Morrison, John Kemp, Sanford Hedrick, Alfonzo Wiles, Hazen Ward, Willie Waller, Carlton Heger, Victor Fry, Graham York, H. Nunnery, Lee Rogers, Eunice Byers, D. H. Johnson, Herbert Apple, R. Scott, C. Morrow, Geo. White.

Southern Railway System

Announces

Greatly Reduced Round Trip Fares

—For—

SUMMER SEASON, 1922

Take Your Choice

Week-end fares. Sunday excursion fares. Summer excursion fares. Special excursion fares to Atlantic City and Nigra Falls

Atlantic City and Other Jersey Seashore Resorts

Dates sale via Sou. & B&O June 29th. July 13th and 27th, August 10th and 24th.

Dates sale via Sou. PRR July 5th and 19th, August 2nd and 16th and 30th.

Niagara Falls via Washington or Philadelphia

Dates sale via Sou. & PRR June 28th, July 18, August 1st and 15th.

Date sale via Sou. & B&O July 6th. 12th and 26th, August 9th and 23rd.

TICKETS GOOD FOR 18 DAYS

Tickets good for stop-overs on return trip at Washington-Baltimore-Buffalo and Philadelphia.

Week-End Excursion Fares

On sale Friday nights, Saturday and Sunday mornings to Seashore Resorts and Western North Carolina Resorts.

Tickets good until following Monday and Tuesday (Exception tickets to Western North Carolina sold Saturday and Sunday morning, good return until following Monday.)

Sunday Excursion Fares

— TO —

Norfolk, Wilmington, and Morehead City

These tickets are on sale Saturday nights and Sunday mornings from Salisbury, Hight Point, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Princeton and all intermediate stations. Good returning Sunday night. Not good in sleeping or Parlor cars.

SPEND SUNDAY AT THE SEASHORE

Summer Excursion Fares

— TO —

All Resorts

Mountains, Springs and Seashore.
Tickets on sale daily, final limit October 31st, 1922.
Stop-overs permitted in both directions.
Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to All Important Points
Excellent Service—Courtesy—Convenient Schedules.
Write for Beautiful Southern Railway Summer Resort Booklet and Other Literature.
For Further Information Call on Southern Railway Ticket Agents or Address:
R. H. GRAHAM, Division Passenger Agent.
207 West Trade Street Charlotte, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

State Library

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 16, 1922 NO.45

REAL TREASURE.

A story runs of a young man who picked up a golden coin lying in the road. Ever after, as he walked along, he kept his eyes fastened on the ground in hope of finding another.

In the course of a long life he picked up a good deal of gold and silver, but all these years he never saw the lovely flowers by the wayside or grassy dell, or mountain peak and silver stream.

He caught no glimpse of the blue heaven above, or snowy clouds, like angel pillows, telling of the purity beyond.

God's stars came out and shone like gems of everlasting hope, but he kept his eyes on the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he knew this lovely earth as a dirty road in which to pick up money as he walked along.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE UPLIFT

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.—WRITE FOR FULL IMFORMATION.

THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, **J. C. FISHER**, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

TRIBULATION.

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried and smelted and polished and glorified through the furnace of tribulation. —Chapin.

OUR SORROW.

The worm turned at 2:30 A. M. on the 8th; and there now lies in ashes the finest and best building of the entire plant of the Stonewall Jackson Training School—the Administration Building, the picture of which is printed in this number. Fire destroyed this handsome building, completely gutting it. The walls are standing in "tack," and our architect has declared them perfectly sound and advises a re-building, using these walls.

For fourteen years the institution has been running favored by the finest "luck," for fortune seemed to smile upon us while we were striving to keep going, developing the plant, serving the cause and at the same time making heroic efforts to secure a sufficient water supply, a water system adequate for domestic use and for fire prevention. The income of the institution, under the stress, was not adequate to carry all the while sufficient insurance to hold us inviolate from a possible loss by fire.

This building cost when erected, $35,000.00, twenty-five thousand of which was appropriated by the state, the balance secured through generous donations. This accomplishment in securing such a large and handsome building at such a marvelously small price was entirely due to the fact that the highest price paid a carpenter at the time was $1.25 per day, brick layers

less than two dollars per day, and heavy building material was delivered on the ground for less than thirteen dollars per thousand. In addition, our boys contributed much labor to the undertaking. The very same building to-day, built from the ground and from the starting point, would cost seventy-five thousand dollars.

The state has lost nothing by the fire. Against this loss we have a credit of $12,000.00 insurance, and the standing walls represent a value of practically fourteen thousand dollars. These make the state inviolate of any loss; but where, oh, where, is the institution to turn for succor to restore the building so vitally needed in the conduct of the affairs of the school?

When the fire was first discovered, two hundred gallons of water would have stopped the blaze. We now have the water, the water tank, the water mains, the hydrants and the hose, but the pump which was to serve the purpose in keeping our tank filled with water, for domestic purposes and for emergencies, arrived, in part, the day following the fire, too late to save us this sorrow, but there is comfort in the fact that in the future we will be equipped to meet an emergency.

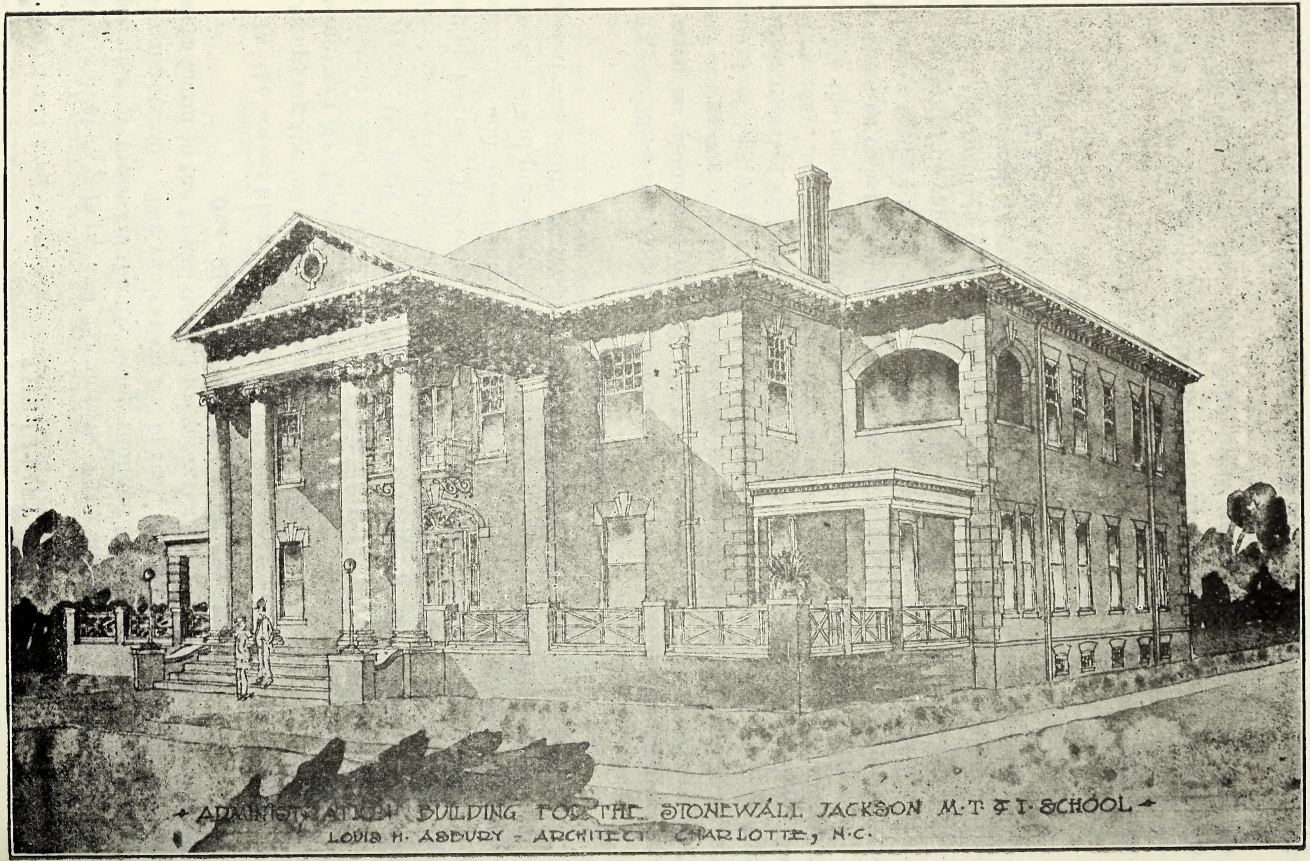
No fire was in the building during the day, except in the kitchen range, far removed from the point where the blaze was discovered. The blaze was discovered in the timbers of the slate roof, near a point where the supply electric wires enter the building. Recently we have had an expert electrician goingover the lighting system, making such adjustments as he thought wise. The large attic, which was used for storage purposes, boys' clothes, winter furnishings &c, is where the fire was first discovered but none of the stored property was on fire for some time after the discovery of the blaze.

The Distress Call.

When the officers found that they could not handle the situation, effort was made to connect with the fire company of Concord. It was utterly impossible to get connection. A telephone system serving the institution has always been bum, a kind of a step-son affair or an orphan. This terrible night not a sign of a response could be had from the central operator, so a Ford was dispatched three miles and a half, seeking the aid of the fire company of Concord. It responded promptly, but under the circumstances too late to save the building, but stood ready to aid should other property become involved.

Considerable Property.

Was saved in the form of beds and other furnishings, personal effects,



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING FOR THE STONEWALL JACKSON M.T. & I. SCHOOL
LOUIS H. ASBURY - ARCHITECT CHARLOTTE, N.C.

and valuable papers and documents of the institution. This was made possible by the fact of the fire being confined for a long time in the attic, two flights up. The vault stood the ordeal, and after the fire its contents were found in the finest state of preservation.

One Glory in the Trial of The Night.

Is the sweet knowledge that no life was lost and none was maimed. Occupying the building were a number of the matrons (it is their night home) and Mr. Fisher, the assistant superintendent. They all escaped unharmed, and had time to rescue much of their personal belongings.

Again, the body of detailed boys from several of the cottages, worked like beavers in rescuing property and doing most nobly the work of the trying hours. The morale of the boys, the officers and all in watching faithfully and unselfishly the demands of the event, is a thing most commendable and pleasing, All that crowd of alert and trustworthy folks needed was a little water pressure to have stopped the conflagration.

Present Plans.

The building is absolutely necessary in the conduct of the institution. It must be restored. When? That is a question, the authorities are just now struggling with. The cost of a complete restoration, aside from the amount of insurance available, is conservatively estimated to be in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars. I could name fifty men and women just as easy, among my acquaintances who could singly and individually provide the necessary funds without working a particle of hardship, or deprivation, or embarrassment by so doing. But the shock has been too severe and other matters have been too pressing, up to this time, to make a survey and to carry this opportunity of service to any, who might be so deeply interested in the fortunes of unfortunate boys and a distressed institution to listen to a practical appeal. There is no legal or social law that forbids VOLUNTEERING IN MATTERS LIKE THIS.

This Much Is Certain

Before the fire had completely spent itself in devouring this useful and handsome building, the Executive Committee held a meeting. It was resolved to rebuild when funds became available; to use the same walls, if an expert declared them safe; and to put this purpose into execution at the earliest possible date.

In the midst of all this loss and the attendant sorrow, for an object brought forth by sacrifice and generosities has gone up in smoke, it is com-

forting to have the assurances of sympathy and help from hundreds of sources, in person, by wire and by letters, locally and throughout the state. It is doubly comforting and a matter for rejoicing that none of these little fellows committed to our care was in any way injured. They, too, feel the loss and share with us this sorrow.

J. P. COOK,

Chairman of Trustees.

* * * * * *

COMING EVENT.

On Tuesday of next week—the 19th of September—the officials, accompanied by friends, of Rockingham county will be on the campus. These people are coming to the Jackson Training School to officially turn over to the authorities the Cottage Home for thirty boys, which Rockingham county financed from the ground up to a complete furnishing. This is a bunch of farvisioned representatives of one of the finest and most progressive counties in the state; and their Welfare Officer, Prof. J. H. Allen, is a power for good. In educational endeavor and social service activities no county surpasses Rockingham.

A cordial invitation, together with a desire that it be freely accepted, is hereby extended to friends locally and elsewhere in the state to be present on the campus at 1:30 next Tuesday to join in the happy occasion and to take in the short programme which will be rendered in the School Auditorium. The officials and particularly the boys will be made happy by your presence. Try it.

* * * * * *

BRAVE AND CONSIDERATE.

THE UPLIFT cannot let the opportunity go by without embracing the privilege of saying a word of praise for the women connected with this institution. During the raging of the fire, which destroyed the home in which they were domiciled, they manifested a high order of bravery, and put their hands willingly and cooly to the work of rescue. Their fine spirit towards and consideration for the management in that they have cheerfully accepted improvised housing since the fire, marks them as genuine philosophers and in love with their work. They are simply jewels.

Some of these women lost their winter clothing—and old Jack Frost is approaching from around the corner; some lost their trunks and valuables of different kinds—but not one whimper has been heard from them, and the beauty is that this force of brave women will go on faithfully and earnestly

as if nothing had occurred out of the ordinary. This is superb service.

Now huddled together in one of the new cottages, intended for thirty boys, these women are making the best of an awkward situation. The restoring of the burnt administration building, therefore, is an imperative necessity and at once.

* * * * * *

GOOD SAMARITANS.

Many tenders of service and substantial aid came our way soon after the fire. Just as soon as he heard of our misfortune, Col. Boyden, of Salisbury, called THE UPLIFT on the long distance and tendered his services, even to taking the field in the matter of solicitation of funds to rebuild. Others elsewhere in the state did the same thing. Fine friends of the boys, these fellows are.

Locally, we must acknowledge a generous act by Mr. Will Linker, of the Bell & Harris Furniture Company, of Concord, who sent over fifteen bureaus and a man to install them, with this message; "use them as long as you need them—they cost you nothing." That's the genuine article.

* * * * * *

SADLY BEREAVED.

Mr. Clarence A. Johnson, a prominent coal and wood dealer and a popular citizen, of Raleigh, died rather suddenly, on Saturday after a brief illness. Mr. Johnson was a highly esteemed business man of that community. To the bereaved wife who is the State Commissioner of Welfare, will go from every quarter of the state sincerest sympathy.

At the funeral Monday afternoon, which was largely attended the Raleigh News & Observer says:

> "At the close of the service at the grave in Oakwood Cemetary, an automobile bearing five white-robed figures in the regalia of the Ku Klux Klan appeared, four Klansmen left the car, placed a large cross of crimson dahlias on the grave, knelt a moment in silent prayer, got in their automobile and drove off again as mysteriously as they had arrived."

* * * * * * * *

COMMANDANT JAMES A. LOCKART.

As was forecasted by the complimentary actions throughout the state prior to the assembly of the State Legion, Hon. Jas. A. Lockart, a prominent lawyer recently removed from Wadesboro to Charlotte, was elected Comman-

dant. Mr. Lockart is a son of the late Congressman Lockart, a distinguished citizen and a beloved North Carolinian in his day, and is himself an able lawyer and fearless in maintaining any and every position which he believes right and just.

Charlotte, and nobody objects, is being slopped over with honors, direct and by inheritance.

* * * * * *

"JUMPS ON 'EM WITH THEIR FEET."

About eight years ago a young bullet-headed negro, that had been abandoned by his brutal mother, worked his way to the North in the tramp's way. He has returned. Applying for a job, by which he could sustain himself, he said: "Ise had enough. Dey beats 'em up the fellers that wont quit work or who act strike-breakers. They jess take 'em out in automobiles, beat 'em up and then jump on 'em wid their feet, and go off and leave 'em fur dead."

That's the excuse this young negro gave for returning South at this period of unrest. He saw industries about him stopping, and the jobs growing fewer and the uncertainties becoming more alarming, so he hiked it back to the South, when hiking was good.

That negro is industriously pushing a lawn-mower, getting three square meals a day, a place to sleep and all the pay he earns and deserves, and he is among a people that understand him most thoroughly and he understands them well enough to walk up to the door and in a manner like unto the practice of his grand-daddy in former years, in spite of his eight years spent among a good people that constitutionally are unable to understand the colored man. There sure is one happy, negro prodigal in North Carolina today.

* * * * * *

THE CASE OF THE LIBRARIES.

The Chapel Hill News Letter asks the question, "Does North Carolina read?" No, she prefers to loaf around soda fountains and soft drink stands, lounge around the card tables, spend time in the dance halls and to make the tin lizzies burn the gas. Now, that is the record of many, about whom the inquiry of The News Letter is concerned.

The News Letter makes an exhaustive investigation into the records of the state and local libraries, and deplores the fact that they are so leanly patronized. We take it that the simple number of borrowers, the number of books sent out, per week or per month, is not an infallible guide as to the amount of reading done, This is not an accurate test. A child, in

order to get out from mother's apron string and to get upon the street, must have a plausible reason to present for so doing. He gains consent.

To get away with his little scheme he must carry a book home with him. Does he read it? That is a mooted question.

On the contrary, there is the possibility that some child may carry home a book, read it with such interest and relish that the balance of the family may also read said book, yet the library record only shows that there was one borrower and one book involved, whereas as many as five may have received the benefit of the book,

"A State which does not buy books does not read books," declares the News Letter. That statement is not correct. There is in this immediate section a privately owned copy of "Main Street" which has been read by ten families, averaging four to the family. But in the investigation made of the public libraries in North Carolina it is stated that "only 85,882 North Carolinians were registered as borrowers of these 67 libraries, an average of one person in every 30 in the state, and the total circulation of the 213,408 volumes in the libraries amounted to only 727,905."

Think on this: "North Carolina bought more books per capita in 1855 than in 1920." And yet we point with pride to our educational efforts, and the progress(?) made in the cause of public education,

* * * * * *

WHO BUILT THE ROANOKE BRIDGE?

The greatest bridge in the state has just been completed across the Roanoke River in Martin county. It is proudly claimed that it brings home lost provinces to the tune of nine northeastern counties, which on account of impassable streams and roads traded so much in Norfolk that that big-getted city thought she owned this valuable North Carolina territory.

The construction of this wonderful bridge is an achievement that furnishes not only pleasure and convenience to the good people in eastern North Carolina but is of great glory to all the state. But, fully realizing the unanswered question of "Who struck Billy Patterson," and which has been in such a plight for ages, Brock Barkley, the Charlotte Observer correspondent, springs another in this form, "Who built the Roanoke bridge?" There were, from first to last, many agencies involved in the construction of this bridge. It may never be known who actually suggested the building —might have been some unheralded farmer, a tenant, who when getting stuck in some of those miserable swamps, first expressed a wish for a bridge; it may have been Judge Francis D. Winston, or the Hon. Harry Stubbs, or

the late lamented Col. Lamb; or it may have been Col. Cameron, who has been for ages a live wire in this road business, but one thing is certain—Several thousand people assemb'ed in Williamston last week found Governor Morrison, Frank Page and his Highway Commission in perfect possession of the whole thing; and if Brock Barkley thinks he can establish a better daddyship, let him, in the language of the Salisbury Post's Venus, "trot him out." We stand pat when we catch the fellows with the goods on them.

* * * * * * *

JUST HAPPENED SO.

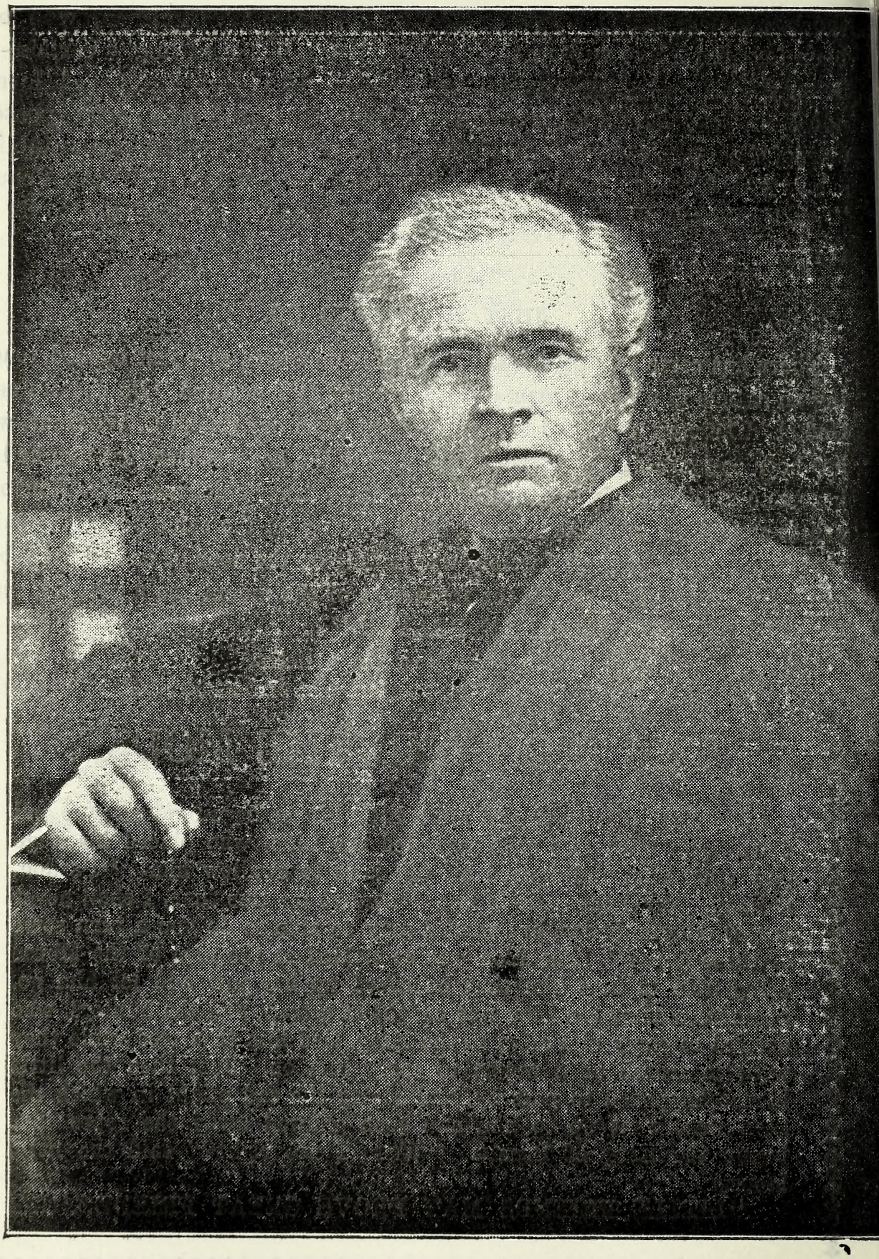
There has come to THE UPLIFT a communication, and just opened, touching an article in a recent number of THE UPLIFT entitled "Do doctors need God." The very next mail brought a story from our friend C. W. Hunt, who has been so-journing in the mountains during the hot weather just like he had become a millionaire in the business of raising fancy chickens. Mr. Hunt ran across something of great interest. And bearing on the same point, the thing that had struck him most forcibly was finding on the door of one of the rooms of an improvised hospital in the fastnesses of the mountains a placard, reading: "THERE IS MUCH IN PRAYER."

There is food for thought in both of the articles.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

Once when a Lion was asleep a little Mouse began running up and down upon him; this soon wakened the Lion, who placed his huge paw upon him, and opened his big jaws to swallow him. "Pardon, O King," cried the little Mouse: "forgive me this time, I shall never forget it: who knows but what I may be able to do you a turn some of these days?" The Lion was so tickled at the idea of the Mouse being able to help him that he lifted up his paw and let him go. Some time after the Lion was caught in a trap, and the hunters, who desired to carry him alive to the King, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a wagon to carry him on. Just then the little Mouse happened to pass by, and seeing the sad plight in which the Lion was, went up to him and soon gnawed away the ropes that bound the King of Beasts. "Was I not right?" said the little Mouse.

"LITTLE FRIENDS MAY PROVE GREAT FRIENDS."



JUDGE HENRY GROVES CONNOR, LL. D.,

HENRY GROVES CONNOR, LL. D.

A commonwealth that can produce such nobility has no need to fear decadence; happy the people who can breed such men; happy the men who enjoy the admiration of their fellow citizens.—Dr. James Sprunt.

I am undertaking a piece of delightful business when I approach the writing of a sketch of Henry Groves Connor, LL. D., of Wilson, N. C., who, on July 3rd just passed, celebrated his seventieth birthday. This is no small pleasure; for though a layman, unversed in the details of law, I know enough of practical justice, the influences of great legal learning and the beauty and power of a judical temperament, to make me certain that my subject is one of the outstanding legal lights in North Carolina history, and with it all one of her most deservedly popular and respected citizens.

Judge Connor is a native of Wilmington, having been born in that city July 3, 1852. His parents were David and Mary C. (Groves) Connor. He was reared and educated in Wilson, which is to-day his home. At the age of twenty-one he entered the practice of law, being a practitioner from 1873 to 1885 and from 1893 to 1903. He represented his district in the State Senate in 1885; and in 1899 and 1901 he was a member of the House of Representatives, of which he was Speaker in 1899.

In 1885, our subject was appointed judge of the Superior Court, serving until 1893 when he resigned to return to the active practice of law. In 1902 he was elected an associate justice of the State Supreme Court. From that office he was elevated, by the appointment of President Taft, to the United States District Bench for the eastern district of North Carolina; this occurred June 1, 1909. This position Judge Connor has ever since ably filled to his honor and credit, and the satisfaction of the public, regardless of the fact that he is a Democrat and his appointment came from a high Republican authority. In 1908 the University of North Carolina conferred upon him the degree of L L. D. He married Miss Kate Whitfield, of Wilson, which union has been blessed by twelve children, nine sons and three daughters, of whom nine children are living. Among them is Judge George W. Connor, of the Superior Court bench of the state, and who is conspicuous by virtue of his great ability and sterling manhood. He has occupied other positions of honor and great importance, serving three terms as a member of the House of Representatives and during his last term, 1913, he was speaker of that body. Another son, Prof. R. D. W. Connor, now a member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina, has done great service in the educational and historical life of the State, having been the executive officer of the Historical Commission, secretary of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly and the author of some notable books and pamphlets. Prof. Connor is one of the outstanding and progressive school men of the state, standing high in the profession. He was favorably spoken of at one time for the presidency of the University, and,

but for an obstacle, for which he was in no wise responsible, it is probable that he would now be the head of this great institution of learning in our midst. And again, this writer happens to have knowledge of another son of Judge and Mrs. Connor, who is a brilliant success in his chosen profession, the law, and has made an enviable record as a safe and constructive legislator. As long as North Carolina can boast of the greatest good-roads devolepment of all Southern states, and as long as the people of the state enjoy the blessings of one of the most progressive steps ever taken by a North Carolina General Assembly in that it made possible this great road development scheme, it will remember for this alone, if for no other reason, the active and able support of Hon. H. G. Connor, Jr., who, as a member of the House of Representives, was one of the leaders that whipped into shape and order the greatest piece of legislation in the history of the state, this road construction programme. Young Henry Groves Connor, in his physical and mental make-up, combines the graces and the powers that foretell a life of great usefulness and service to his state

While the career of Judge Connor in his public life has been charterized by a high sense of duty and a marked loyalty to what he conceived to be justice and righteousness, it is a fact that his home-life, involving wife and children, is of the most beautiful. No family in the state has ever enjoyed greater blessings of a home, where every factor, element and aspiration combined in the creation of an ideal American Home. This explains, aside from native ability and personal achievements, the high manhood and woman that characterize the offspring of this happy parentage. From ideal homes such as Judge Connor's come most of the greatness and power and honor of a commonwealth.

This writer recalls when the distinguished judge made his visits to hold the terms of Cabarrus courts. His bearing and his attitude on the streets marked the man that he is; on the bench his high conception of justice, tempered with a commendable spirit of mercy, where mercy could be justified, profoundly impressed attendants upon court. His clear and wise charges to juries were impressive and always commanded close attention by all.

Perhaps no man in the modern life of the state has figured, not by self thrusting or ambition, in more delicate and disturbing political situations than fell to the lot of Judge Conner. His great integrity, his delighful personality and his ability drew to him the eyes of the state. Though recognized a regulation Democrat, at all times, the populist leaders, in 1894, declaring for a non-partisan judiciary, tendered our subject the nomination as associate justice of the Supreme court. It was no mean compliment but Judge Conner, in his great wisdom, declined the proffered nomination, declaring the Supreme bench, as then composed, non-partisan. And it became necessary for the Fusionists to look elsewhere for a candidate.

In 1899, when the General Assembly was composed of representatives of the very cream of North Carolina wisdom, Judge Connor was made speaker. In that legislature a far-reaching measure was proposed

and considered and passed. The regulation of the suffrage question called for great wisdom. It was in that General Assembly that provision was made for a constitutional amendment that would safe-guard the best interest of the state and her people.

Again, in 1909, when President Taft called him from the State Supreme court to a district judgeship, there arose a considerable shaking up among the president's party, which was occasioned not by disappointment with Judge Connor or his qualification. but due entirely to the matter of partisan politics and because of Taft's famous Greensboro speech. An historian has truthfully declared, however, that Judge Connor's "appointment, by the way, that has begun to destroy the distrust and even hatred of the Federal courts generally, and with just cause, prevalent in the state since Reconstruction."

Recently the governing body of the University of North Carolina has tendered to Judge Connor the position of Lecturer in her legal department. It is a very high compliment from a very high source, going unsought to a man, capable, worthy, dignified and truly democratic, who stands in the confidence and esteem of all North Carolinians second to no man.

This nobleman, in his service to the state and humanity, in his ideal conception of justice, in his modest and dignified manhood, his distinguished headship of an interesting family in an ideal home, is an honor to the state, and an example worthy of the emulation of young men everywhere.

THIS DOCTOR "NEEDS GOD."

Editor The Uplift:

As we pass along life's way there are certain faces and acts that leave their imprint upon our memories, and time refuses to erase them.

This observation is suggested by an article ina recent number of THE UPLIFT, "Do doctors need God?" This reminds me of a conversation, years ago, when I called at a near-by hospital to see a friend, who wasconvalescing after a serious operation.

Gently tip-toing into the room, to my suprise and gratification I saw hope gleaming in the patient's eyes after days of doubt about her recovery. The patient must have read the siginificance of my thoughts expressed in my troubled countenance for instantly she remarked, "I'm bet ter," and smiled. "Do you hear that bell," she continued. I nodded, unwilling to have her engage in a conversation for I was warned that she needed all her strength to make the fight successfully.

The patient persisted and said, "It is Lent, and I did not realize it until yesterday—the nurse told me. You know when that church bell over yonder rings I close my eyes and pray. By the way the surgeon here is the son of an Episcopal rector and every day, unless detained by an emergency call, his footsteps resound through the hall wending his way to church." Then she continued. "I feel so good and safe, for as I pray I know that he is sending up his petitions for the recovery of his patients."

I placed my hand upon hers and told her I could not remain longer if she talked for the doctor had so ordered. I am certain I could see how the attitude of this surgeon, personally showing the "need of God," had given hope and comfort to his patient.—"C. M. N."

HE DESERVES A MEDAL.

(Contributed)

"Help! Help! my baby is lost," came the wild cry of a mother's voice from a tenement house, a quarter of a mile across the field, as the landlord, a man past sixty years and weighing over three hundred pounds, was seated in the shade of the elm that, perhaps, had been the resting place of father and grandfather of the landlord of to-day for generations, for it was an old homestead in Eastern Virginia, near Norfolk.

Like an Indian trailor, this big man, a native of the soil by birth and and choice, knew that mournful cry was that of distress. Calling his wife, they both instantly started post haste for the home that by this time was sending out shrieks that filled the air and had attracted other neighbors as well as passers-by. It was rather risky for a man past the meridian of life, weighing over three hundred pounds and for his wife, who was under instructions of her physicians to avoid exertion and excitement, to engage in such a hurried chase; but in this instance these people had forgotten self—for a child was lost.

When Mr. and Mrs.————, somewnat short of breatb, reached the scene of distress the men and women. who had gathered, were swiftly moving about the barn, hen houses, potato house, and searching in the home. under beds, in closets and in every nook and corner, while mother, father, sisters and brothers were excited beyond expresion over the sudden disappearence of the little one iust old enough to have an inquiring mind and a curiosity to peer into evry uncovered box or vessel.

Not a trace of the little one could be found, therefore the suggestion of kidnapping was advanced—this idea threw the mother into greater anguish as she imagined the terrible things that would come to her child.

This three hundred pound neighbor (I Wish I could for convenience and for other reasons call his name, but I am forbidden) calmly looked about, and as he took in the whole situation he walked to the uncovered well (as most of the shallow wells in Eastern Virginia are), leaned against the board curbing and look-down into the water with eyes that seemed to know. He turned to the crowd and said: "have you thought of the well." No one had thought this a possibility of locating the child because the little one seemed too small to think of climbing as high as the curbing. "Well," said the big fellow, "the baby is in the well."

The father of the child was possibly 45 years old and weighed not over 145 pounds; the brother did not exceed 18 years, weighing probably

125 pounds; and there were others. Not a one volunteered to go down in the well to rescue the child. They stood as dumb beasts in their selfishness and fear of personal harm; but, ignoring this, our subject called for a ladder. One was found, and it proved frail, so frail that all declared it unsafe for the large man to attempt a descent into the well. When all, including the father and the brother and others of younger years and lighter weights, stood stone-still and dumb in their selfishness, our hero of three hundred pounds, for he was every inch a hero, declared, "well, I'm the oldest and the largest but I'll go and rescue the child." He proceeded, and each rung of the frail ladder snapped under his weight, until finally he was suddenly submerged into the water up to his waist-line.

The well was lined with terra cotta up to the water-line, and scrouging down and twisting about this big man located the little child and raising his own massive body upright held the form of the lost child above the water. To get out of the well, was a problem. The ladder was out af commission; and, unwilling to risk drawing the child from the well, by a rope believing that life might not be extinct, he, himself, fastening the rope around his own body and bearing the child tenderly in his own arms, was drawn from the well.

The doctor' hastily summoned, examined the little child, pronounced it dead, death having followed its striking the terra cotta in the well.

But there was need for the physician. The big man collapsed under the trying ordeal—this daring, sympathetic old fellow, who when in his prime had led many exciting races, now lay prostrated and it took some time to resuscitate him. To this day this three hundred pounder, every inch a hero, counts his deed as a simple event, though he deserves a medal, for he risked his own life for the life of a baby—the baby of his tenant.

Prejudice builds fences, digs ditches, sets up barriers, and even piles up mountains. Political prejudice makes a Republican despicable in teh eye of a Democrat, and converts a Democrat into a political thief in the eyes of a Republican. Sectarian prejudice in other years has converted thechurch of God into a battlefield of the sects. But we are now doing better in this respect both in politics and religion. Charity is exaulting every valley and the mountans and hills are being brought low.—Grensboro Christian Advocate.

"THE SCHOOL TEACHER."

There comes by way of the sane and serious Charity and Children, edited by Mr. Archibald Johnson, a pretty caustic observation of what goes on at the average Summer School for teachers. These jollities might be in a measure overlooked were it not for the more serious fallacy that attendance at these Summer Schools actually make teachers or even materially aid and stengthen them for practical work. It works a serious hardship on the teacher, to say nothing of a personal expense, to be forced to be crammed with theories that in less than ten years will be declared obsolete or wanting in worthwhile results.

The cost of making this "Certification business" to stand up, by resorting to all sorts of schemes, is handing something like a "gold brick" not only to the teachers but to the state, which has to endure an enormous expense thereby, The educational world has long since recognized the fact that teachers are born and not manufactured in the ways now in vogue. But hear Charity & Children: "This paper has always been the friend of the school marm. We take off our hats to the good woman who is in the business for the good she can do. She stands right next the preacher as a character builder. We rejoice that she is being better paid for her great service to humanity. But we must protest against the flapper who, because of her nature, feels little or no interest in the work she is doing and who is out for a good time rather than for the development of the boys and girls who are committed to her charge. A gentleman of wide observation who attended the summer meeting at Chapel Hill remarked to us that the average young woman attending the school was a flippant and giddy girl, deeply interested in dancing and card playing but showing no particular concern for the educational uplift of the state. The personnel of the teachers that we have known has changed remarkably within the past few years. Heretofore they have ordered their lives with becoming dignity and with a decent regard for the parents as well as the children under their care. Now, they are the gayest girls in town, and dissipate more than any other members of the social circle of the place. These things ought not so to be. Anybody with any sense knows that a teacher cannot do her best work who is out two or three times a week until one o'clock in the morning. Besides, it is a rather poor example to set before the children and youth of the community for the teacher to take the lead in social revelling. It may be said that the teacher has as much right to a "good time" as other girls. No she has not. Other girls are not paid from $100 to $150 a month for their time and the teacher has no moral right to exhaust her energy in midnight frolics and be too dull the following day to put the very best of which she is capable into her work. we believe that our school boards ought to take these matters into serious consideration and require the teachers they employ to avoid social dissipation and the depletion of energy which should be given to their work"

CRAVING NOTICE.

I was out, writes Editor Ashcraft in his Enquirer, at the County Home Saturday afternoon and asked one of the inmates if there was anything uptown she wanted. She was an afflicted old woman, and, shaking her head, said there was nothing. On thinking the matter over, however, her face brightened and she remarked: "I would like to have some ginger soda water—it's so good."

A crate was promised her. I ascertained of Mr. Wolfe, the manager of the home, that a number of the old folks, who are childish, do love to drink "pop" out of a bottle. Eighty cents left with any of the bottlers of the city will secure two dozen bottles, delivered, for the folks at the County Home. Mr. T. J. Price, of the Monroe Bottling Works, has promised to also donate a case of ale next time his truck goes past the home.

Another thing about the unfortunates at the County Home. They are particularly pleased to have people visit them. Some of the inmates wave their hands and nearly all greet visitors with a smile and appear so glad at the break of a monotonous day. Some of these poor folks have relatives who rarely if ever go to see then. They are ashamed to do so.

A little candy or fruit distributed is worth many times its cost to the donor in seeing the pleasure it affords the childish minds of the old folks.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

SUMMER'S DONE

Along the wayside and up the hills
The goldenrod flames in the sun;
The blue-eyed gentian nods goodbye
To the sad little brooks that run.
And so summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!
The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire-bird's nest
Swings empty overhead.
And so summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!
A wonderful glory filled the air,
And big and bright in the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has spun.
And so summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

"WE BUY OURS"

(Selected)

The teacher was explaining that God gave us everything we had. She cited the phrase of the Lord's Prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread," and emphasized the literal truth of it. But before she could get to the explanation of the wheat and the rain and warmth and soil, all the factors which made the wheat grow, the little fellow cut in with "God don't give us our bread; we buy ours."

Now, of course, he is only a little fellow who is away down in the primary department. We are not surprised at what he says; we laugh at the childish "cuteness" or what the French might call the naivete and pass it by. He is in a church home and he will learn these lessons before he gets through.

But isn't it strange how many people live as though they bought their own and God had nothing to do with the giving of it? The sociologists tell us that if Nature were to stop producing at any given time the people of the earth would all be dead, starved to death, within six months. Evidently those who love to figure out such statistics have figured cut that there is not food enough on the earth, dry, canned, fresh or stored, to last the people of the earth for more than six months. Whether they have figured it out just so precisley or not is little to the point; the real point is that if nature did stop producing we would all starve, whether it required six months or a whole year. We would starve. In civilized countries our distribution saves us. The railroads and steamboats carry from one country to another. But in China and India where the transportation system is not very complete the people die in one section in a short time if their crops fail.

If nature did not produce! But behind nature stands God. Nature is not a living, pulsating, breathing, thinking personality. Nature is good and beneficent, yes, when she is in a good mood. But when she takes a notion to go contrary she is anything but kind. Cyclones are natural but they are not very kind hearted. Rain is an absolute necessity. But floods are not very considerate. Poisons and fungi and rattlesnakes are natural things, but they are not particularly blessings, even if cooked rattlesnake is said to taste like chicken.

There is a lot of intelligence in nature, yes, but what is nature? It simply means that there is a lot of intelligence behind natural things. But where did they get their intelligence? Did nitrogen and oxygen and hydrogen ever have a conference and say to each other: "Let's mix ourselves together in such and such proportions so that people might drink us and live"? Or did they ever get together and agree that they would mix themselves differently so that people might breathe them and live? Or when did they or the water they made decide that when the water was heavily boiled it would resolve itself into some kind of little portions and have tremendous expansive power so that it might drive engines? Or

when did the water make up its mind that it would evaporate and sail back over the land again with the wind to condense once more and fall as rain?

Sounds foolish, you say? Or sounds like some little boy trying to say something and not know what or how? Huh! The scripture says that God takes the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. These chaps, who talk so much about nature and her wonderful powers and her intelligence and all that, talk a heap more foolishness than we have been talking above in those questions. This thing of making everything natural and nothing supernatural is worse than our questions that sound like some little boy! The man who leaves out God talks the biggest foolishness every time. If the elements of water, like nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen with a little gas and so forth, never had a council meeting to decide what they would do or not do, or what they would make out of themselves, tell us in the name of sense where nature got her boasted intelligence anyway. Nay, son, God put the intelligence into it and He made the laws and the compounds for air and water and steam and evaporation and condensation and a lot of other points about water.

Then these men who prate so loudly about miracles not being possible or being against nature and all that, the men who do not believe in the Bible and who make fun of it and so forth. They want to explain everthing by nature. It's nature this and nature that; everything is nature, nature, nature.

Well, we just found out that nature couldn't very well make herself. Somebody or something had to put the sense into her to do what she does. And you cannot find real intelligence outside of anything but a personality. The something that put intelligence into nature has to be a Somebody and that Somebody is God. Well, then, if God had to put intelligence into nature so that she could work, that is equal to saying that He made nature. Verily, the Scripture is correct. And then it follows that He had to make the things that nature works with. For things cannot make themselves; and if something else in nature makes them that thing in nature has to make them out of something. A man can't make a bench without a board and he can't make a board without a tree. And the tree he can't make at all; nature has to make it—which means that if you go back far enough God has to make it. And things that cannot make themselves were not here always, either; for the thing that is not infinite in all other ways is not infinite in duration, either. There you have it. Where do you land when you keep going back far enough or down deep enough? Why, you land with God!

Does that sound like some little boy? Whosoever thinks so has another think coming and he had better use it! It's what two books called "Final Causes" and "Whence Came the Universe" tell us and the men who wrote these books can think pretty straight. They were not little boys when they wrote those books.

Are you still with us? Let's go a little futher, then. If God could make all things, Nature and all her works included, then God in Christ

or men could perform miracles. It certainly requires no stretch of any man's faith to believe in miracles. All that you have to believe in first, is an all-powerful God who created everything and then it is easy to believe in miracles.

How about the man, then, who does not believe in God the way we do? Well, he has to find some explanation of his own for nature and all her works. He has to make a real God out of nature, that's sure. Then he has a Cod who is not very good at all times. His god is a god of lightning and cyclones and famines and all such things. He is a genuine heathen so far as his god is concerned. Nature has been defined as a fine servant but a hard master; his nature-god is a hard master, all well enough. And he has to say that all things were here always. Then let him get down his logic and figure out how a thing that is not infinite in all other ways can be infinite in duration. He may work a while before he can wrap his mind around that. He will have to get out a new definition for infinity.

Now, let's see! Where were we? Yes, about buying the bread ourselves, God not having anything to do with giving it to us.

Well, little boy, where did the baker get it? And where did the miller get it? And where did the farmer get it?

We hope that after all this tangle it's answered now. Little boy, God gave it or we wouldn't have it

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The friendship that endures through our trials and adversities is one of the things that make them worth while.—Exchange.

"THERE IS MUCH IN PRAYER."

DOCTORS HARDIN, TATE AND PERRY.

By C. W. Hunt.

Some man, many years ago, saw the wonderful possibilities for a lumbering plant in the rugged mountains of Watauga county, and the result was a narrow gauge railroad from Tennessee into that section and the organization of The Boone Fork Lumber Co, which ran logging roads into all the coves and along the creeks until all the spruce, hemlock, oak and chestnut had been cut out and manufactured into merchantable lumber. The working out of these plans made it neccessary to have large number of men, many of ability to superintend the work, and as a result a large clubhouse-hotel was built, as well as a small town of tenant houses for housing the workmen, and the place was named Shulls Mills.

It was the writer's privilege lately to go over a large part of this cut-over territory, and to drive a car over the vast lumber yard, stacked high with the most beautiful piles of cut and dried lumber the writer ever beheld. When the lumber was all and what is left there now is a force sufficient to run the planing

ills and load the lumber on cars nd trucks.

Whether Drs. Hardin, Tate and 'erry were attracted to Shulls Mills y the great lumber company's force, r if one or more of them were hired o go into that section for the bene- it of the many there who would eed attention I do not know. From vhatever cause these men are there nd not idle. Dr. Hardin lives here, and in one of the plain ten- ant houses, with a number of rooms, here has been fitted up a hospital, with all the fixtures for sterilization and the treating of patients, that you will find in many places of more pretentious size. With this equip- ment these men become next to min- istering angels, in a community far removed from modern surgery. There is some one or more continuously in this unpretentious hospital, and the work of these men is highly success- ful.

Appendicitis is not a respecter of persons, and the supposedly healthy mountaineer has it as well as those in lower altitudes, and many cases would have to diie, were it not for such men as these. Thenthere is the ever occuring accident on the farm and in the woods, not to men- tion the automobile accidents in the summer season in this section. Some- thing higher must have sent these men to the valley of Boone Fork.

The foregoing is just an ordinary story that, perhaps, has its duplicate in many places, but what impressed the writer more than anything else he saw when visiting a friend there, not long ago, and was shown the con- veniences about the place for using the knife was this posted in not very large type over the door in plain view of a patient resting on a clean bed: "THERE IS MUCH IN PRAYER."

The surgical operation, coming and going, in an hour, is not as trying as pin-pricks continued through a year.—J. H. Jowett.

"AS OTHERS SEE US"

Presbyterian Standard.

Burns expressed the wish that all of us could see ourselves as "ithers see us." Our experience is that few enjoy that privilege when it is accorded. We always resent the criticism, even when we enjoy the praise.

Not long ago the Y. W. C. A. in- vited Miss Maud Royden, of Eng- land, to attend their great conven- tion at Hot Springs, Ark. After the manner of an Englishman in America as well as an American in England, she has given her im- pressions of us, which are both flattering and otherwise.

The difficulty in all such impress- ions is that the writers dash through a country and at once argue the whole from the part, thus violating the simplest law of logic.

This traveler, after throwing a few bouquets as a counter-irritant to what was coming, informs the

English public that Woodrow Wilson was hated by men of both parties with an intensity without a parallel in history. That Mr. Wilson is hated, we know, but those who hate him of his own party are a small minority compared with those who regard him as the greatest statesman of the age. Each year his admirers increase, and the coming years will find him enthroned in the hearts of all who love their country, whether they be Democrats or Republicans. That he made mistakes no one will deny, but time will obliterate the memory of these, whilt what he did and what he sufferee will establish him among the gread men of his country.

It is, however, when she touches upon the Negro question, that she shows her inability to look at a question from every side. The Negro problem can never be understood by any one who glances at it and at once draws conclusions. The harshest judgment we ever heard pronounced upon the negro was by those who first regarded him as a martyr to Southern pride of race and then having experience with one or two of the worthless, immediately jumped to the conclusion that the whole race was worthless.

Miss Royden describes the indignant looks of the Southern delegates when the negroes were invited to sit upon the floor as their equals, and then she pictures the pathetic gratitude of the negroes when she addressed them in their church. They were moved by the fact that a white woman would condescend to come among them, The English may swallow this; but the Southerner will smile, when he recalls the many times both lawyers and ministers have gladly gone among them in their churches and lodges.

Hasty generalization is the fault of so many writers as well as speakers. There are bad negroes, it is true, yet they are not as numerous as the good ones. The same is true of the Southern whites. Some of us are bad, and often bring our section into disrepute, but most of us are fond of the negro and proud of his progress, and whenever he appeals for aid, we rarely say him nay.

ESTABLISHED AN ALIBI

The News & Observer tells of how one of Miss Nell Battle Lewis' twelve "famous North Carolina women" was given a disturbing experience. This is how, according to the Raleigh paper, the thing occurred:

Hearken now unto the tale of one of North Carolina's twelve most distinguished women and how a combination of well intentioned friends and a heedless Jehu wrought her much discomposure of mind and but for the fact that the gods snickered outright from behind their hands, things might have been a lot worse than what they are.

It came to pass not many days ago that this distinguished Tar Heel lady fared forth into the mountains of Western North Carolina on a mission of light. In these hills she was received with high favor, and she greatly endeared herself to the entire population. When the time drew nigh when she would turn her

steps toward home again, some citizens were moved to giving of gifts.

With some little diffidence a rough mountaineer approached her as she was about to board the train for home and proffered a bundle, saying awkwardly that he hoped she would come back again into the hills.

They would always be glad to see her friends. The distinguished lady thanked her friends, opened her bag and dropped the bundle into it, and serenely embarked.

Let the scene now be shifted to Raleigh at the hour of 7:35 in the evening and the arrival of the train from the west. No one was at the station to meet the lady, and she was minded to eat before she went to her apartment. Jehu. him that drives that ancient sea-going hack down at the station, and looks as honest and faithful as Diogenes, was called over to take the bag home.

"The first house opposite the church," directed the lady and Jehu assured her that he would straightway convey the bag thither, thankee ma'am. He knew exactly where the place was. Serenely the lady went off to supper, and an hour and a half later she went along home. No bag. Papers there were in it of no little importance that had to be attended right then. Nobody had seen the negro and no bag had come to the house.

With some haste the lady went back to the station to look for the bag or Jehu. He wasn't there. She hired two jitney drivers to scour the town for him, and at 10 o'clock they reported that they could find neither negro, hack nor bag. She began to be concerned. She hadn't actually looked at the package, had not given it a thought since she dropped it in the bag, but what if it was—And Oh, Lord, what if that negro had found it and—

The lady settled down on the porch to meditate. It was disturbing. The more she thought, the more she wondered what could have happened. "First house on the street opposite the church," she remembered. And then the hideous thought that she hadn't said which side of the street, and just across the street was the preacher's house. What if the bag had gone there and what if the preacher—her preacher—should get curious and open it and what if those mountaineers had been foolish enough—

It would not be quite proper to say that one of North Carolina's most distinguished women dashed across the street. Let's say she hurried, to the clergyman's house to see if by any chance the bag had been left there. It had. He had been surprised when it came, but he had waited to see what would happen. Then he thought maybe there'd be some mistake, and maybe he had better look in it and see if he could identify it. He was just about to start across the street with it.

The lady grabbed the bag. She didn't like his looks much. He looked reproachful and hurt. Again she burried across the street to the privacy of her own house and began an inventory of the bag. Right on top was the mountaineer's package. Moonshine of the purest distillation, of course. What else could it have been if it had to be sitting up in the preacher's house. The lady sat up until the house was quiet, and retired to the kitchen sink. Maybe the catfish in Walnut creek were friskier the next day.

THE SOAP AND WATER.

The first time Andy was admitted into the mysteries of the dining-room great was his wonder. The butler took him in to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the assembled glass and plate that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him. After the head man had been dining his instructions into him for some time, he said he might go until his attendance was required. But Andy moved not; he stood with his eyes fixed by a sort of fascination on some object that seemed to rivet them with the same unaccountable influence which the rattlesnake exercises over its victims.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.

"Those things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.

"Oh, no, sir! I know what forks are very well; but I never saw those things before."

"What things do you mean?"

"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well," said Andy, after a long pause, "I never saw a silver spoon split that way before!"

The butler gave a hoarse laugh, and made a standing joke of Andy's split spoon: but time and experience made Andy less impressed with wonder at the show of plate and glass, and the split spoons became familiar as household words to him; yet still there were things in the duties of table attendance beyond Andy's comprehension—he used to hand cold plates for fish, and hot plates for jelly, etc. But one day he was thrown off his centre in a remarkable degree by a bottle of soda-water.

It was when that combustible was first introduced into Ireland as a dinner beverage that the occurrence took place, and Andy had the luck to be the person to whom a gentleman applied for some soda-water.

"Sir?" said Andy.

"Soda -water," said the guest, in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner table.

Andy went to the butler. "Mr. Morgan, there's a gentleman—"

"Let me alone, will you?" said Mr. Morgan.

Andy manoeuvered round him a little longer, and again essayed to be heard.

"Mr. Morgan?"

"Don't you see I'm as busy as I can be! Can't you do it yourself?"

"I don't know what he wants."

"Well, go and ask him," said Mr. Morgan.

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with, "I beg your pardon sir,"

"Well?" said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but what's this you ask me for?"

"Soda-water."

"What, sir?"

"Soda-water; but perhaps you ave not any."

"Oh, there is plenty in the house, ir! Would you like it hot sir?"

The gentleman laughed, and, supposing the new fashion was not understood in the present company, said, "Never mind."

But Andy was too anxious to please to be satisfied, and again applied to Mr. Morgan.

"Sir," said he.

"Bad luck to you!—can't you let me alone?"

"There's a gentleman wants some soap and water."

"Some what?"

"Soap and water, sir."

"Soda-water you mean. You'll get it under the side-board."

"Is it in the can, sir?"

"No, in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of ale.

"No,—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"

"I wish you were in the bottom of the sea!" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with a napkin, as he was hurrying to all quarters of the room. Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was like bad luck—everywhere.

"There they are," said Mr. Morgan at last.

"Oh, the bottles that wont stand," said Andy; "that is what I said, with no bottoms to them. How'll I open it?"—it's tied down."

"Cut the cord."

Andy did as he was desired. He happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch; and the momnt he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the projecting cork, which performing its parabola the lenght of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye, at the foot of the table, while the hostess at the head had a bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length;every fizz it made, exclaiming "Ow!—ow!" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh,—it's all gone!"

Great was the commotion; few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were re-lighted, the squire got his eye open again, and the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" but within the same instant resumed his former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.

Andy was expelled the salle a manger in disgrace, and for days kept out of the master's and mistress' way. In the meantime, the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and, when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for "soap and water," Andy was given the name of "Suds," and was called by no othe for months to come.

Institutional Notes

(Swift Davis, Reporter.)

The business offices have been located in an unused room in the School Building for the present.

Mr. L. H. Asbury, one of the leading architects of Charlotte, spent Monday afternoon on the campus, looking over the results of the fire and confering with the Executive Committee.

The boys detailed to carry things out of the burning building, as long as it was safe so to do, covered themselves with glory in the faithful performance of their duty. They tried to keep property where it belonged. One little fellow ran across a discarded set of false teeth in a closet; and he made an honest effort to find the owner, even while the fire was raging.

It was mentioned in one week's issue of THE UPLIFT that Mr. W. W. Johnson had returned from his vacation. During this vacation he met Hoyle Faulkner, paroled last July, who was one of the best declaimers at the Institution during his stay here. When Mr. Johnson saw Hoyle he was then bearing out a subject spoken of in another paragraph in this section, namely that of giving the public an example of oratory taught at the Jackson Training School.

One form of endeavor at the school which the reporter misses, and which used to be quite common here is that of teaching boys to speak before an audience. Many of the former excellent and magnificen oratorical speakers have left th Institution to make their debut wit other audiences and to show then what a wonderful work th Jackson Training School is accom plshing and incidently giving then an example of the oratory taugh here by their own influencing talk But now more boys are coming int the school who are highly advanced in their studies. These lads, i the reporter's opinion, would make such public speakers that would reflect credit upon the school. Le us have a speaking practice day— Saturday, for instance.

Col. G. F. McAllister, Principal of the Collegiate Institute of Mount Pleasant, N. C., lectured to the students in the School Auditorium Sunday, August 27. Services were opened by his assistant reading the first chapter of Psalms. Prof. McAllister spoke on a topic relating to success. He told the students that as many of them as possible should get a college education. "The teaching you are receiving at the Jackson Training School is an excellent preparation for High School," he said. "Many of you must have determination enough to go through college." Prof. McAllister's address was greatly enjoyed by the students and it encouraged many a boy who had thought of acquiring a college education and made others who, heretofore were undecided, quickly determine to go to a college or university.

Mr. Campbell Leaves.

During the first several years of the existence of the Jackson Train-

ing School there was connected with it, as teacher and in a clerical way, Rev. W. G. Campbell, former pastor of St. James Lutheran church, of Concord. His services with this institution were most valuable. A fine scholar, an interesting personality, and a man of wonderful versatility and marked ability. When the late Walter Thompson left the Jackson Training School to become superintendent of the Children's Home at Winston Salem, the orphanage of the Western North Carolina Conference, he prevailed on Mr. Campbell to accompany him to that institution with which he has been connected ever since, until last week.

The Orphanage letter to the last week's issue of the Methodist Christian Advocate carries this reference to Mr. Campbell.

"Mr. Campbell who has had charge of The Home print shop for the last nine years, has decided to take a rest and has gone to live with relatives in Woodstock, Va., at the old family homestead. Woodstock is a historic town. Mr. Campbell says there is a paper in connection with the deed to their homeplace signed by G. Washington.

Mr. Campbell has worked longer years than most men and has well earned a vacation and rest. But we regret to see him leave for good. He seems a part of the print shop.

Mr. J. P. Whitlow, who has been with the Twin-City Sentinel for several years, succeeds Mr. Campbell in the print shop.

THE BLESSING OF CHEERFULNESS

By J. R. Miller, D. D.

What a difference it makes when one is habitually cheerful! Whereever such a person goes, he carries gladness. He makes it easier for others to live. He puts encouragement into the heart of every one he meets. When you ask after his health, he answers you in a happy, cheerful way that quickens your own pulses. He does not burden you with a list of complaints. He does not consider it necessary to tell you at how many hours he heard the clock how many hours he herd the clock strike during the night, or any of the details of his miserable condition this morning. He prefers only to speak of cheerful things, not staining the brightness of the morning for you with the recital of his own discomforts.

The cheerful man carries with him a fragrance in his presence and personality—an influence that acts upon others as summer warmth on the fields and forests. It wakes up and calls out the best that is in them. It makes them stronger, braver, and happier. Such a man makes a little spot of this world a lighter, brighter, warmer place for other people to live in. To meet him in the morning is to get an inspiration which makes all the day struggles and tasks easier. His hearty handshake puts a thrill of new vigor in one's veins. After talking with him for a few minutes, you feel an exilaration of spirits, a quickening of energy, a renewal of zest and interest in liv-

ing, and are ready for any duty or service.

The blessing of one such cheerful life in a home is immeasurable. It touches all the household with its calming, quieting influence. It allays the storm of perturbed feeling that are sure to sweep down from the mountains of worldly care and conflict even upon the sheltered waters of home.

One of the first lessons that should be taught a child is, "you eat to live," and not "live to eat" when you see evidences of greed. By the same token, wouldn't it be wise to teach, we make money to live —not live to make money. Probably there would be no specters in after life and regrets expressed as follows: "Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned downward and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which the light would have conducted me?"

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 23, 1922 NO. 46

TIME DEFINITELY FIXED.

"TODAY IS THE TOMORROW YOU WORRIED ABOUT YESTERDAY."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* **J. C. FISHER**, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at **Concord,** N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

LOCATING HIM.

"Who shares his life's pure pleasures,
And walks the honest road,
Who trades with heaping measures,
And lifts his brother's load,
Who turns the wrong down bluntly,
And lends the right a hand;
He dwells in God's own country,
He tills the Holy land."

THE ROCKINGHAM COUNTY DAY.

Tuesday of this week was an unusually pleasant day on the campus of the Jackson Training School. We had with us a delegation from Rockingham county, who came down to officially present the recently completed Rockingham Cottage.

In the party were the County Commissioners, Messrs. R. B. Chance, Reidsville, chairman, M. L. Heiner, of Spray, J. R. Martin, of Stoneville, P. R. Webster, of Stokesdale, and R. J. Martin, of Ruffin. Others in the delegation were Mrs. Dora B. Mills, member of the school board and great worker in welfare activities, Mrs. Ethel W. Moore, the Co. Home Demonstrator; Lawyers Leland Stanford, of Stoneville, J. M. Sharp, of Reidsville, and State Senator A. D. Ivie, of Leaksville; Judge Hunter K. Penn, Clerk of Court; Rev. P. H. Gwynn, of Leaksville, teacher and banker; Rev. W. J. Gordon, of Spray, and Rev. J. P. Burke, who represented the Rotarians of Reidsville, and Messrs. W. B. Weaver and W. H. Owen, of Spray. Mr.

Mantford Oliver, editor of the Reidsville Review, accompained the Rockinghamites. Of course, Mr. J. H. Allen, the tireless and efficient County Welfare Superintendent, heading the delegation, was master of the ceremonies.

Chairman Chance, after luncheon at the school, speaking for his board and his county, officially turned over to the institution for its use and service forever the Rockingham Cottage. It was accepted by the chairman of the Board of Trustees. The meeting in the Auditorium after this became a regular love feast. Mr. Allen called out every member of his delegation and each responded and gave assurance to the boys of their pleasure in meeting them and expressing their great delight with the institution; in fact, this man Allen, recognized Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, in the audience and called on him for some remarks, claiming that it "had been a long time since the popular and enthusiastic Salisburian had lived in Rockingham County."

Superintendent Boger called out two boys, who responded with declamations, which they handled like "a house on fire" and to the pleasure of the visitors. The singing, under the direction of Miss Vernie Goodman, presiding at the piano, was a revelation to the audience. It was real singing that the boys, under their most capable leader and director, did for the entertainment of the delightful guests of the occasion.

The editor of THE UPLIFT has had social and business relations, since this co-operative work began, with the representive citizens of Rockingham county, and he desires to record a perfect and delightful experience. They are a great people, these Rockingham folks, having joy in service and always progressive. The ties that bind them and us, in a work that only eternity may end, are sure; and we both are glad of it.

* * * * * * *

AGAIN THE RURAL POLICEMEN.

Recognizing the great need of rural protection, now that places of vice and corruption have become subjects of town and city investigation with the result that many of them have been transferred to the rural districts, many counties have put on rural policemen. The necessity for this course is apparent to all well-informed people.

Having put pep into the execution of the law against vices in the towns and cities, the wicked and the vicious have sought lodging places in the country, in half-occupied houses, road-sides and elsewhere which offer seeming seclusion from the eyes of the law. This condition is aided and

ɛtted by automobiles and Fords, and by a certain class of jitney drivers, ıo prosper on a business of this kind.

Some of these joints go on their good behavior about court seasons, but ıen the judge leaves town the flood-gates are opened. This, from a ictly business point of view, is necessary to replenish their treasuries account of the fines imposed, which the wicked, laughing in their eves, regard merely as a license. It is argued that the sheriffs should k after this business in the rural sections. This is a physical impossi- ity, even if the sheriff were not compelled to go up against the constitu- ·y that made his officialdom a possibility.

Mecklenburg county is one of the counties that put on rural policemen, l for reasons not given the commissioners resolved to dispense with these cers. This action has met with loud and vigorous protest. Listen to Observer:

'The country people have been considerably disturbed in recent days ·r report that the county commissioners were proposing to abolish that ·ellent system of protection. There are but two rural policemen for the nty and the prevailing sentiment is that instead of doing away with se two, they should be retained and at least four others added to the ·e. Conditions throughout Mecklenburg have been notably improved n the standpoint of law observance since the rural policemen got into ivity, and abolishment of that system would, for one thing, throw the rs wide open to the bootlegger, whose favorite field of operation is the ·al district. As to the character of the two policemen now employed a)d line of information is given in an interview in the local columns from . Francis Clarkson. They are, in fact, two of the finest.

The Observer believes the commissioners will be inclined to consult pub- sentiment on the rural police question before they take any decided p, and they will find that sentiment as indicated in this article. To nove police protection from the people in the county would prove a ·kward step, and one for which Mecklenburg would not stand."

****

"HARVEST MOON NOW VISIBLE."

"The September moon is now visible, rising about dark or a little thereafter. The harvest moon occurs but once a year and may be seen only in September. The peculiarity of the September moon is that it rises at almost the same time night after night, whereas in other months there is an interval of one hour between the daily risings.

The reason for the harvest moon is the fact that near the autumnal

equinox, the ecliptic, or the apparent path of the sun through the heavens, is most inclined to the horizon, with the result that the moon passes but a slightly greater distance below the horizon each 24 hours.

In England the harvests are gathered at this time of the year, and because the moon coming up at nearly the same time each night, helped in this work, it was termed the "harvest" moon."

The foregoing is an editorial in Monday's Charlotte Observer. They evidently are seeing things in Charlotte in a way not vouchsafed to other sections of the state. In Cabarrus county, where editor Harris was born and reared, the "Harvest Moon" always comes in the month of October. That was the time Mr. Harris took in the corn-shuckings, visited persimmon trees, and made the start in his fall campaigns for the "possum."

Blume's Almanac, which many folks consult to ascertain what the weather will be on a certain date, when the little moon is turned down (that's the time to put on shingle roofs, so they will lie down and not buck up) or when to do various other things too numerous to mention in this connection, indicates that the new moon was scheduled to appear on the 20th just 22 minutes before midnight. If this be true, how in the world can this be "the September moon, (the harvest moon, is now visible."

THE UPLIFT does not assume ability to argue with the astronomical editor of The Charlotte Observer, but it finds some mighty good authority that says: the harvest-moon is "the full moon nearest the autumnal equinox. At that season the moon, when nearly full, rises for several consecutive nights at almost the same hour, so that there is an unusual proportion of moonlight nights." The full moon on the 5th of October is nearer the equinox than was the full noon in September; and if the quoted authority is correct the harvest-moon comes in October this year, as usual. The full moon in September behaved in a normal fashion—so look out for the moon's special stunts in October.

This is too important a matter to get so badly mixed up!

* * * * * * *

SHOW US THE WAY.

Leary Warren Adams wrote a story for Sunday's News & Observer about the "Annual Celebration at The Willard Test Farm." It's the most readable and entertaining story that has appeared in print, to our way of thinking in weeks and weeks. From an easy, graceful way of telling how everybody walked by and stroked the "cool dark muzzle" of Eminent XIX (a North Carolina bull) and got away uninjured; to a march through a vineyard where every grape known to civilization, almost, may be found, and some

that cannot be found anywhere else; and the author made it clear that the grapes were so fine and tempting that he accused Governor Morrison of leaving his tobacco on the outside. Adams has made a great story out of his visit, but

Why, in the nation, didn't he tell his readers how to get to The Willard Test Farm? His pleasing, breezy story tempts us all to want to go there, not particularly to make the acquaintance of Eminent XIX but to take in that wonderful vineyard that can make one seperate from his tobacco. We are certain, though the location is no where indicated by Mr. Adams, that the Willard Test Farm must be somewhere in North Carolina.

* * * * * * *

GRATEFUL.

The officials of the Jackson Training School are very grateful for the expressions of sympathy and the tender of services in our hour of misfortune, growing out of the fire which destroyed the main and most handsome building of the plant. Just exactly what course will be adopted in restoring the building, which is an imperative necessity in the orderly conduct of the school, has not yet been definitely determined. This must necessarily depend upon the financial side of the proposition, and up to this time daylight has not appeared.

THE UPLIFT, however, feels certain that some one or some ones, appreciating the great work going on here, and enjoying the privilege and the opportunity of lending a helping hand, will come to our relief and assistance. We have that much faith in the goodness of the average, able North Carolinian.

It is practically certain, after consultations with the architect and long experienced builders, that a restoration of the handsome building, even using the walls (they have been declared entirely sound), is a fifty-thousand dollar proposition.

* * * * * * *

A REAL MAN.

Years ago, the late Dr. B. F. Dixon, whom the state warmly loved, and who who had the capacity to discover the live wires scattered over the commonwealth, asked this writer, "Do you know this fellow Dougherty—B. B. Dougherty, of the Appalachian Training School?" We did, for we had been associated in the business of the public schools of the state. But Dr. Dixon's estimate of the man was so big and so analytical, that this power doing

battle in the fastenesses of the mountains stood out before us in a larger measure.

Our friend, C. W. Hunt, while playing millionaire this summer along with the others up about Blowing Rock, slipped up on the blind-side, as it were, of this intensely modest man, who has wrought a work that will forever stand out in the lives of men and women as his everlasting monument. As a result THE UPLIFT has the very great pleasure of printing this week an appreciation of this mau Dougherty from the pen of Hunt. It's fine reading, and it will do every boy and girl a world of good to seriously read it, and for us old codgers it will prove yet an inspiration.

* * * * * * *

EMBERDAYS.

Last Wednesday was Emberday. These special days, in former times, stood out more prominently because people were more proned to a practice of observing certain days than obtains in these time. There are four Emberdays in a year, accommodating themselves to the four outstanding seasons of the year.

These days are made conspicuous by Blume's Almanac printing them in italics. They are supposed to havs been days "set apart by the Roman Catholic and other western liturgical churches for prayer and fasting. They are the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent, after Whit-Sunday, after September 14th, and after December 13th. The Sundays immediately following these seasons are still appointed by the canons of the Anglican Church for the ordination of priests and deacons."

* * * * * * *

AN INSPIRING SIGHT.

A Stanly County School Truck, under the conductorship of Mr. David S. Lippard, formerly county superintendent of the public schools of Cabarrus county, having in charge fifty-eight boys and girls from the Millingport Consolidated School, eight miles west of Albemarle, drove into our campus on Wednesday. It was a pleasing sight, for it was an expression of a progressive spirit operating in the county just East of us.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Lippard had time to stop to pay a call on the public school executive of Cabarrus at the courthouse, and incidentally leave a suggestion as to what industry and constructive ability have accomplished in a neighboring county.

This Millingport School is the educational center of a country territory

formerly five isolated, one-teacher schools. They used two trucks. Their school is a handsome $14,000 brick building, with six school rooms and a large auditorium. Seven teachers constitute the faculty, and the work covers nine grades.

The morale of that whole section has been lifted from what may be regarded as below an average to that point where it now stands among the finest, progressive rural communities in the state—this is nothing but the result of intelligent and faithful leadership, whipping into shape the unpolished diamonds that are scattered in abundance everywhere among the state's rural citizenship.

Mr. Lippard had these fine specimen of young manhoood and womanhood on an inspection tour, winding up at the Harrisburg Community Fair.

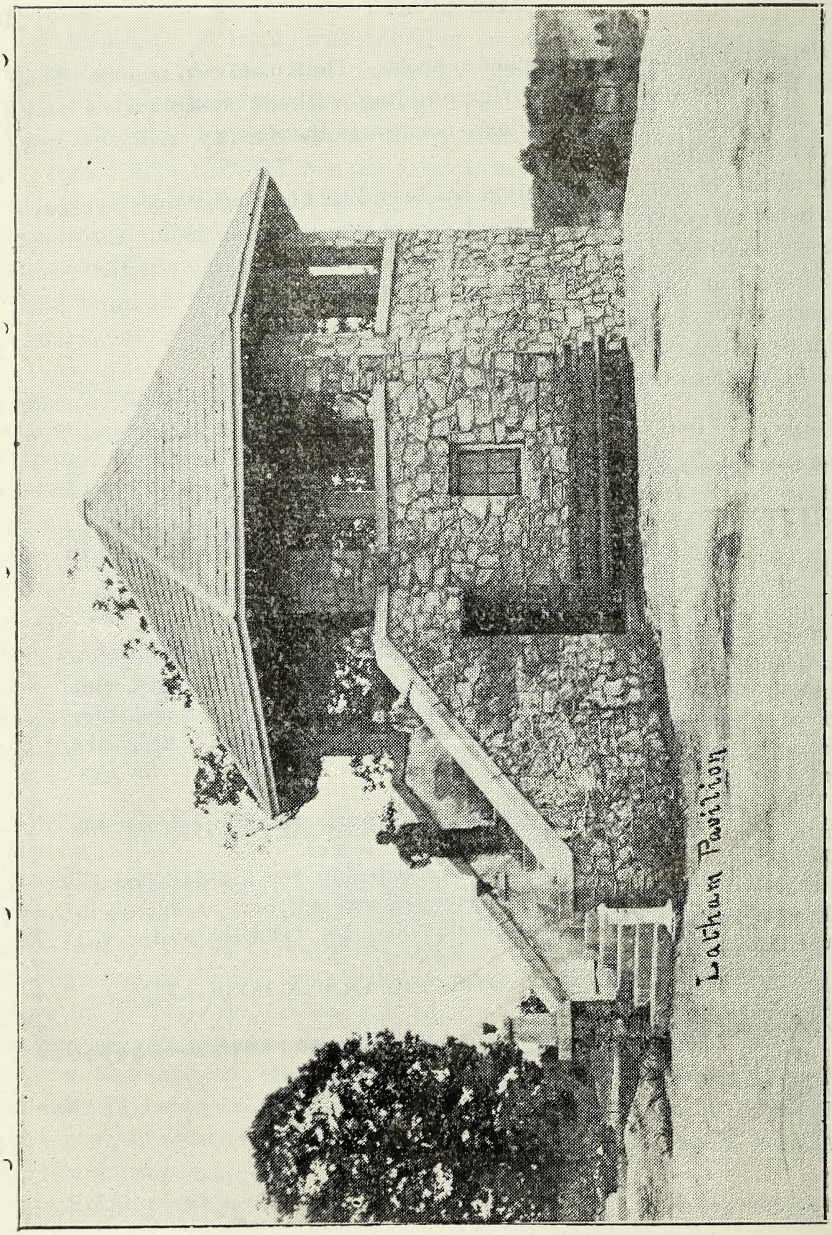
THE TWO TRAVELERS AND THE OYSTER.

Two men were walking by the seaside at low water, when they saw an oyster, and they both stooped at the same time to pick it up. One pushed the other away, and a dispute ensued. As they argued, they saw a third travelr cominge along, and they determined to refer the matter to him as to which of the two had the better right to the oyster

While each was telling his story, the arbiter gravely took out his knife, opened the shell, and loosened the oyster.

When they had finished, and were listening for his decision, he swallowed the oyster just as gravely and offered them each a shell. "The Court awards you each a shell," said he, "and the oyster will cover the cost."

THOSE WHO DISPUTE FOR ALL, OFTEN LOSE ALL.


Latham Pavilion

THE LATHAM PAVILION

On the opposite page will be seen for the first time in print the picture of The Latham Pavilion. The story of how it came about has been related in these columns. It is the gift of Mr. J. E. Latham, a prominent citizen and a captain of development, of Greensboro.

The door under the stairway leads to the men's rest-room; on the opposite side is the entrance to the women's rest-room. On the opposite side from the stairway is a door leadinto a room, set apart for the band instruments. On the second story is an unobstructed space capable of accommodating over seventy-five people.

The drinking fountain at the front of the stairway serves all with good, pure water, flowing through coils enclosed in an ice-box. This pavilion serves fine purposes, answers a great necessity and in itself is truly a work of artistic taste. It's a charming sight at night when lighted up. It cost Mr. Latham thirty seven hundred dollars.

That is a fine exhibit made by the public school officials of Davidson county, which has tried out, according to the Lexington Dispatch (article elssewhere printed in this number) the use of trucks in her consolidated districts. It is an object lesson to the grannies that afflict several of the counties in the state—fossils that refuse or can't see the shameful injustice their inactivity is inflicting upon the rural child of today and tomorrow.

SCHOOL TRUCKS MADE PROUD RECORD

(Lexington Dispatch.)

(Good reading for dormant, tired officials of rural schools. An object lesson in Consolidation matters.)

Davidson County educational authorities made a proud record last school term in the economical transportation of children to consolidated schools in the thirteen trucks put into commission. Exact figures for each of the schools are not available as yet, in view of the fact that some of the schools reporting failed to give all the data necessary to compute the exact cost per pupil per day of the truck operation. Several schools, however, have alrealy furnished Supt. Hasty with this data and the record is most pleasing.

A bulletin issued by the State Department of education on consolidation and truck transportation gives as an example a model, consolidated school in Pitt county, where it costs 7.3 cents per pupil per day for transportation. The county superintendent of Pitt is quoted as saying he

believes it is possible to transport pupils in Eastern Carolina for five cents per day.

Tyro school last year operated two trucks for six months at a cost per pupil per day 3.87 cents. Tyro had some rather poor roads and some good roads over which to carry these pupils. The total cost of the two trucks was $571.50. Of this amount gasoline and cylinder oil cost $251.70, the cost of driving the trucks was $126 and the repairs totalled $193.86. The two trucks transported 123 of the pupils attending school and the two trucks traveled 48.5 miles each day.

Reeds had a slightly better record for economical transportation. Two trucks were also operated there for six months and the cost per day for each pupil was only 3.84 cents. The total cost was $567.73, divided as follows: gas and oil, $275.35, cost of drving trucks 0117. 50, repairs $174.-88. The number of pupils transported was the same as at Tyro, 123, but the two trucks daily made almost ten miles more than Tyro, the distance given at Reeds being 58 miles each day. In view of the longer distance covered the record made in transportation at Reeds is a most excellent one.

Linwood did not make as good a record as either of the others. Only one truck was operated there for five and a half months. This truck was secured and put into operation at a time when the roads were bad in most of the district. The winter freezes hardened the red mud roads in places and caused much destruction to tire fabric, running up the expense, as the cost of repairs for this truck was $142.70, mainly represented by tires. The cost of driving the truck was $56 and the cost of gas and oil $127.06. This one truck traveled 40 miles each day and transporetd 42 pupils, so it will be seen that it had no small task. Even at that though the cost of 6.92 per pupil was less than that given in the state bulletin for the model district in Pitt.

Arcadia operated two trucks for six months at a total cost of only $553.48. The district is a rather large one but there are good roads in almost every section of it. The number of pupils and number of miles covered are not given but since the total cost is less than at either Reeds or Tyro it is evident that the cost per pupil was probably below four cents per day.

The same is probably true at Churchland, where three trucks were operated for eight months, or two months longer than at the other places named. The total cost for all truck expenses there was $921.30. The number of pupils transported is not given in the report so that the cost per day is not available.

Welcome is another large consolidated district and three trucks were operated there for six months at a total cost of $712.85, which is apparently a good record.

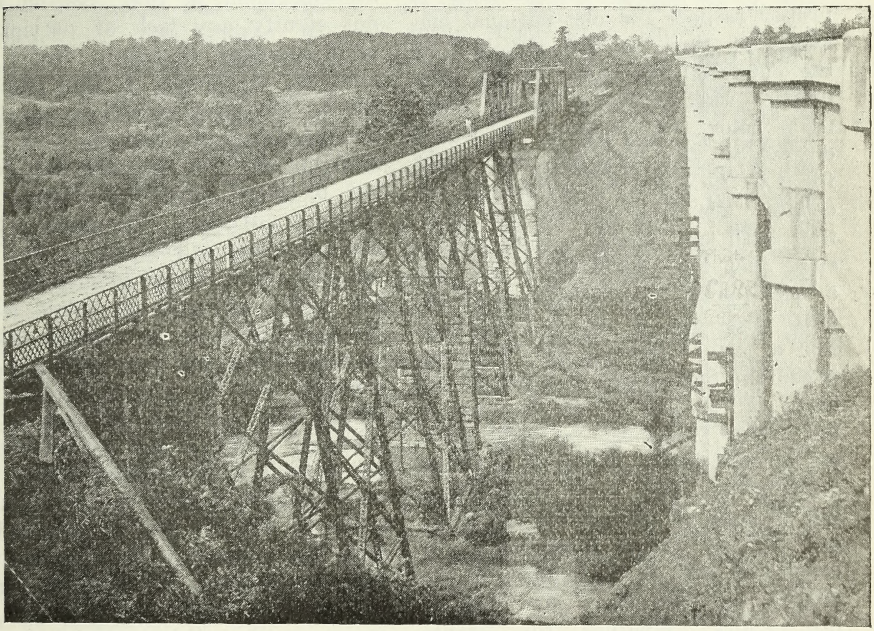
This year Supt. Hasty is supplying each school where truck transportation is used with blank forms for keeping all sorts of data about their operation. These reports will be made to the superintendent each month and a close check can be kept on all expense.

The trucks used are all of light but substantial construction, special bod-

ies being placed on Ford truck chassis.

Truck transportation also proved very valuable in increasing the daily attendance. In the public schools of the county outside the consolidated districts the daily attendance was 60 per cent of the total enrollment. In the consolidated districts it averaged 74 per cent.

TRESTLE NOW HIGHWAY BRIDGE.



When the Southern Railway double-tracked its road and abandoned the old single track trestle over Thickety Creek in Cherokee County, South Carolina, the county highway department conceived the idea of buying the old trestle and making a public highway bridge of it. This was done with the result as seen above. It is one of the highest and longest bridges on the National Highway, being 68 feet above water level and 628 feet in length. The bridge eliminates one and one-half miles of bad road and grade. At the right can be seen a portion of the Southern's new double track concrete viaduct over this stream.

Strikes are about over. Why not get ready for Thanksgiving.

CONCERNING RESPECT FOR THE COLORS.

By R. R. Clark.

"Hats off! The Flag is passing by."

I have had occasion to remark afortime that a part of our education that is neglected in this section of the country is the teaching of proper respect for our national emblem; at least we are deficient in the outward observance of the proprieties with reference to the country's colors on occasion. That we do respect the Flag and will fight for it to the death is not a matter for debate. We have proved our devotion with our blood at least twice since that time when the South, for a brief period, gave allegiance to another flag—one of its own devising. For a time following the War Between the States, not so much on account of the loss of the decision as the events following, our folks were not so enthusiastic about the national government. But even then there was no lack of respect for the Stars and Stripes, for it represented our country as well as the country of the victors, nor was there any lack of real loyalty. Whether the events of that period had anything to do with our falling into the habit of failing to uncover or to show other marks of respect when the colors are unfurled, or whether we never had the habit, I don't know. But it is a fact that not until the World War got under way did the music of the national anthem become familiar to the masses; and not until then did we take up the custom of standing at attention when we hear the strain of the Star Spangled Banner. And we are not so quick about it even now. But I emphatically assert that our lack of outward acknowledgment in this respect does not signify any lack of patriotism. It is a matter of habit. Hence the need of education in this respect; the accustoming ourselves to stand not only when we hear the now familiar air of "Oh, say can you see," but to stand uncovered when Old Glory is unfurled. The mere act of making acknowledgment to our national colors means little unless we are really patriotic at heart. But the observance of the custom teaches respect for and reverence for our country, and for our country's authority that should be planted in the mind of every youth. Respect for our country as represented by the national ensign, respect for constituted authority and the law of the land is none too common if we consider the habitual defiance of authority and the seeming disrespect for law as shown in the all too frequent and glaring violations of the law.

When the ex-service men paraded at the close of the recent American Legion meet in Greensboro, it was remarked that hardly one spectator in ten along the crowded streets uncovered when the colors passed. I am sure this was due to thoughtlessness rather than to any lack of respect, but it should not be that way. An editorial writer on the Greens-

boro News, evidently an ex-service man, was quite bitter about the failure to observe the proprieties. He characterizes it as "scandalous," "ignorance," etc., and makes the further indictment that of the few who did uncover "not one in ten came to attention and brought his headgear opposite the left shoulder." And further:

> "That exibition was a disgrace to Greensboro. We boast of southern patriotism, but in all yankeedom there isn't a city where the flag of the United States would have been treated with such flagrant disrespect. We talk about southern courtesy and display toward the colors a discourtesy that would not be tolerated in any other town north of Mason and Dixon. Let a Greensboro man try in New York the trick of standing with his hat on his head as the colors pass, and see how quickly he will have his hat knocked into the gutter. He will be lucky not to have his head almost knocked off with it."

While criticism was deserved, in this case I think indignation got the better of judgment. Our folks don't have to prove their patriotism; they have proved it. Furthermore, it is not to be expected that the average citizens undrilled in the etiquette of such matters will know about the proper position of his hat. It would be enough for the time to get him to understand that it is not only good form but a proper show of respect to remove his hat when the flag passes in the parade. And I am sure it wouldn't be a good idea to begin the instruction by knocking off the hat. If that is attempted it is likely that a head might be almost knocked off, but it would more probables be the head of the over-enthusiast who undertook to teach patriotism by force. The average Southerner isn't noted for hero worship; or rather he isn't given to showing respect by bending the knee or uncovering to anybody but the Almighty. He is willing to do the proper thing when shown in the proper way that it is the thing to do; but he isn't to be forced to unbend to anybody or anything. He may be wrong about it; but while he may not consider it necessary to remove his headpiece or stand in any particular position when the colors pass, he would promptly risk his life and give it without flinching if impious hands were laid on those same colors.

It is possible over-shooting the mark to say that failure to uncover when the Flag passes "would not be tolerated in any town north Mason and Dixon"; or that proper respect would be inforced in New York. They may have the habit more than we, but that the folks on the other side are all so observant of the proprieties is open to doubt. Certainly with all the outward observance of the proprieties on such occasions it will not be contended that they are more patriotic than we. Sometimes these folks are held up to us as paragons for our imitation in a way that gives some of us a tired feeling. They do some things that we could imitate with profit, and they do some others that we don't do and I hope to heaven we never will. In some things we have imitated them to our hurt. And this isn't speaking disrespectfully of our

citizens across the line, either, for I despise sectionalism. But it is a little wearisome at times to have them held up to us as patterns when we know they are no more perfect than we are. We know that among the crowds in the cities who uncover to the Flag because it is custom and good policy, are many who at heart hate the government and the Flag and at the moment they are showing outward respect they may be planning to throw bombs at the representative of the government simply because they represent official authority. While our folks may lack in outward respect, a deficiency which I am contending should be corrected, few there be among them, I am constrained to believe, who would not shed their blood for the Stars and Stripes.

But let us show and teach more respect for the Flag.

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

SCRAPPING OVER JACKSON AGAIN.

Where was Andrew Jackson born? is again agitating the brethren and sisters. It was pretty well understood that he was a North Carolinian, and his birth-place in Union county bears a marker. Now comes the patriots of Lancaster, S. C., shutting their eyes to historical integrity, and making an effort to mark his birth-place over in South Carolina. But here's how the Monroe Enquirer treats the matter:

"TheLancaster News last Tuesday stated that "the U. D. C. and the Homan's Club of Lancaster are working in co-operation for the Jackson Association." Committees of ladies have been appointed, presumably to collect funds for a monument to the illustrious A. J. The News further states: "Lancaster has too long neglected to suitably mark the birthplace of Andrew Jackson, a native son of Lancaster."

Maybe our good friends to the south of us would never have thought of it had not Union county, North Carolina, long ago suitably marked the correct place of Jackson's birth. I'll admit Lancaster has a much nicer place where Little Andy might have been born—"a natural park, with a fine spring, near a highway"—but you see the little log cabin where he actually was born was over in Union county, but honoring Lancaster by being near the line. If our good South Carolina friends don't believe he was born in Union county, come over and we'll show you the marker on the very spot where the cabin stood. What more proof do you want? Then, too, for some unexplainable reason. Little Andy "shook both the Palmetto and the Tar Heel dust from his feet," took his mother by the hand and led her over into Tennessee. An ungrateful child!"

BLANFORD BERNARD DOUGHERTY

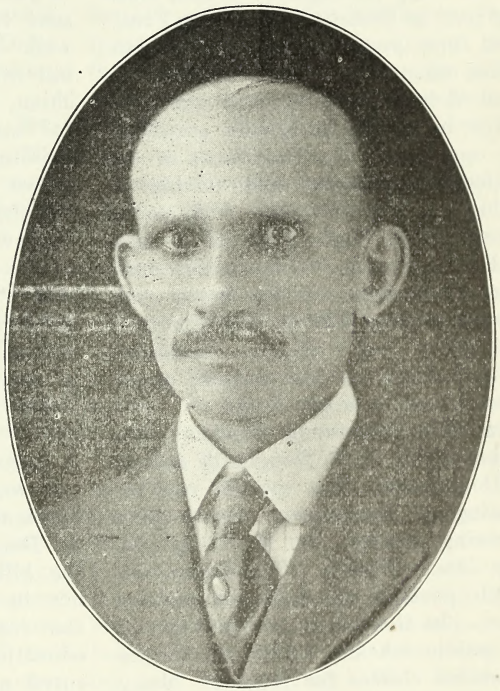
By C. W. Hunt.

If there is any one man that stands out more prominently than another, as an educator, in this transmontane sectiion of North Carolina, it is Blanford Bernard Dougherty, President of the Appalachian Training School at Boone; yet one seldom sees his name in print, always so modest and unassuming.

This young man, fifty years old, has already crowded a life's work into those short years.

His father was D. B. Dougherty, of Johnson County, Tennessee, and his mother was Ellen C. Bartlette, of Jefferson, North Carolina. While most of his education was secured in Tennessee, he chose his mother's State for his life work.

Dougherty was never in school much until he was sixteen years old; was reared to do all kinds of work,—from clearing land to hauling cabbage across the mountains (camping out at night) to the Lenoir markets.



Blanford Bernard Dougherty

Starting out for an education he spent a year at Cove Creek Academy, with Julius S. Martin; two years at New River Academy, W. R. and J. F. Spainhour, teaching; a year at Globe Academy, A. F. Booth, Principal; a year at the Lenoir High School under W. F. Marshall, now editor of the North Carolina Journal of Education. He went to Wake Forest College to continue his studies, but his health failing, he changed to Carson-Newman College, Tennessee, where he was graduated in 1896. In 1896-7, he was Principal of Globe Academy, preparing a number of boys for the Sophomore class in College. In 1897-8, he was Professor of Latin and Psychology, Holly Spring College, Tennessee. In the fall of 1898, he appeared at the University of North Carolina, receiving, enough credits for the bachelor's degree before entering, —the

first student to register under Professor M. C. S. Noble, taking all his work. In 1899, he received the degree of Ph. B. from the University.

At College, Dougherty took a leading part in Society work, being President one year of the Columbian. Often chosen for public debates, he studied both sides of every question; quick in retort, he always surprised his opponents. The Presidents of the Colleges he attended spoke of him as follows: Wake Forest: "He stood exceptionally high both as a man and as a student;" Carson-Newman: "In scholarship, on the honor roll, always making 100 on deportment." University of North Carolina: "Stood high in his classes; never absent from a single duty.'

In 1899, Wautauga Academy was organized by D. D. Dougherty and B. B. Dougherty. This was the real beginning of the present Appalachian Training School. B. B. Dougherty was also County Superintendent, which position he held for sixteen years. In the fall he worked among the public schools; in the winter, he organized classes for teachers. Many attended from Watauga and adjoining counties.

Dougherty studied, while at Chapel Hill, the history of Education in the different states. He was now more convinced than ver that to have a great system of education in this or any other State, we must have trained teachers. To have trained teachers, we must have institutions in which to train them. In 1899 and in 1901, he prepared bills for the establishment of ten Normal schools in North Carolina. So conpletely was the thought of the State centered upon the three big institutions, Dougherty was unable to have his bills even introduced. In 1903, however, W. C. Newland, later the distinguished Lieutenant Governor, was sent to the Legislature from Caldwell. Dougherty now prepares a bill for one institution—the Appalachian, calling for $2,000 per annum for maintainance, and $1500 for buildings when a like amount was raised by private subscriptions. Dougherty called upon Newland at his law office in Lenoir, and explained his bill. Newland listened and said: "well, Blan, you have a fine bill, I will introduce it, give them the best in my shop, but will not promise to succeed." Capt. E. F. Lovill, of Boone and Mr. Dougherty appered before the Committee on Education. A favorable report was given; the bill was sent to the house, where Newland, strongly supported by R. A. Doughton, of Alleghany, passed the bill, making the speech of his life in its support. In the Senate, the contest was more acute. The educational leaders of the State secured an unfavorable report, claiming the bill, if passed, would open the many doors to the State treasury, and "would dissipate the educational funds of the State." Dougherty, still determined, declared he would carry the issue to the hustings, but Senators Hoey, of Cleveland; White, of Franklin, and Justice of McDowell, brought in a minority report. After long and heavy debate, the bill passed, the last day of the sessoin, by one majority. R. M. Furman, then editor of the Morning Post, Raleigh, printed the full text of Dougherty's speech, and called upon his critics to answer his arguments.

No answer came. Thus began a new educational era in North Carolina. Dougherty now takes the field to raise money, securing subscriptions for almost every State east of the Mississippi. The full amount raised was over $10.000. The late Moses H. Cone, was the largest contributor, giving $500.00.

Among the business men, Mr. Dougherty has also made a fine reputation. He has helped in the organization of a number of mills, banks and other corporations. He had the banks to pay his school intrest on daily balance. This was a popular idea, and changed, to a large extent, the financial policy of all the State institutions.

Dougherty campaingned Watauga for bonds to aid in the construction of the Linville River Railway into Boone. Also he campaigned in Watauga and adjoining counties for road bonds. He makes many commencement speeches and always stands for any progressive measure. He has been a student of taxation, incomes and expenditures of the State; wrote an article twelve years ago on the State's raising its revenues from incomes, inheritances, and franchises, doing away with property tax for the State. He wanted 40 per cent of the State's income set aside for an educational fund; wanted this fund divided on a percentage basis among the State Institutions, High Schools and Public Schools thereby stopping the scramble around the Capitol for appropriation.

He has a keen appetite to be about Raleigh when the Legislature is in session. He was active in support of the bill to establish County High Schools and the East Carolina Teachers' Training School. He worked very hard for the bill providing for a State system of certification of teachers, and also for better salaries for teachers. He spent time and money in support of the $50.000.000 bond issue for the construction of public highways in this State. His interest is always State-wide.

Dougherty now has a new vision. He sees how splendidly the Appalachian is located—a great highway leading from Winston-Salem into his town, and a fine road from Boone to Lenoir and Charlotte; the railroad bringing all the mountain counties, between Boone and Asheville, in close touch. He points out that the school is only ten miles from the far famed Blowing Rock, where statesmen, ministers, writers and educators of renown spend the summer months. Many of these are secured from lectures and public speeches, adding largely to the popularity of the School. He is laying out, in his dreams, a four year program,—enlarging,equiping and beautifying. We believe that the State will be liberal with this institution, because the plant, worth $500.000, has cost the State only $72.500. No where has better business judgment been applied.

In desposition, Mr. Dougherty is modest in the extreme, but a deep and clear thinker, and keeps tab on the trend of thought in the whole State. He has always manifested a deep interest in the common people. They are his loyal friends. In all his struggles in the many activities in which he has been engaged, he has made but few enemies. He is a

diplomat, but his diplomacy is never allowed to weaken his strong determination to accomplish the ends desired.

What does life mean to you? What has it given to you? Just before she died Lillian Russell said to her it meant "Doing as much good as possible, being as just and generous in thought and deed as possible" and life had brought her "a keen sense of humor and much faith in God."

This was another way of saying that if one gives ones self to others generously the blessings of God comes into the heart and the life. Doing good secures good.—News and Observer.

A UNIQUE COUNTY EXPRESSION.

People gather for "lots" of occasions, for many purposes, but it remained for Johnston county of our state to pull off a unique stunt on the 4th. It is an oasis in the desert of crime, infidelity and unrest which have been sweeping over the land, as an aftermath of the great war.

Not waiting for the call of the President nor of the Governor, the people of Johnston county rose up and held "a thanksgiving day" of its own and attuned to its own designs. They gathered at Smithfield in the hundreds and thousands to give thanks for the most bountiful crops in all history and for innumerable blessings, which they very readily attributed to the goodness of God. To give it full expression they sent for Hon. O. Max Gardner to make a speech—he did, in his usual great style and effectiveness. And the Hon. J. William Bailey, of Raleigh, who is hankering to be Governor of North Carolina, at the eleventh hour turned up and made a short address which was regarded impersonal and appropriate to the spirit of the occasion.

But in that great gathering, the thing that made the finest expression of the feelings of the people assembled, was a prayer by the Rev. C. A. Jenkins. Taking the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, the divine wove into his talk with God, in behalf of the people, one of the most beautiful prayers of the century—it is an effective interpretation of the real meaning of the petitions of this greatest of prayers of all ages; and is, too, a classic. Rev. Jenkins, standing before the thousands of Johnstonians assembled to give thanks to the Almighty for the innumerable blessings showered upon them, said·

Our Father who art in heaven, we would not address thee as our Creator, Judge, or King, because thou art more than these to us. Thou hast all the love and pity and forgivenes of the tenderest father, and in thy great heart there is room enough for us all. We are not orphans, but the children of God. Heaven is thy dwellingplace to

whose sinless joys thou dost call thine own, where the weary lay down their burdens, and the pure in heart shall see God.

Hallowed be thy name. There is no name like thine, which is above every name, and is to be reverenced by all men. May we never take it in vain nor bring reproach upon it. Let all our people praise thee with high sounding cymbals, and let everything that hath breath praise Jehovah.

Thy kingdom come. Satan long has reigned as the god of this world. He has corrupted and blinded the nations. He has destroyed virture and exalted vice, for the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. We pray that the reign of the Prince of Peace may fill the earth that the Cross may be the basis of all theology; that the churches may be revived, society cleansed, and the whole world saved.

Thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth. The woes of the race are due to resistance to thy righteous will. We have left Thee out of our reckoning; we have given ourselves to worldliness, luxury, and pleasure; we have sown the wind, and have reaped the whirlwind. Thy will be done, not ours. As the angels do thy will in heaven, so may we. Our standards are too low; we have lost our ideals; we beg, therefore, that thou wilt pour out thy Holy Spirit upon us, that we, like the Angels, may render unceasing and unerring obedience to thy supreme will.

Give us this day our daily bread. And while we thank Thee for thy unspeakable gift of salvation and for our hopes of heaven and immortal glory, we would not fail to bless The for our daily bread. At this time, in particular, we are constrained to magnify thy goodness so richly shown to us in bountiful crops. The plowman overtakes the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that sows seed. The corn hangs heavy in the ear, and the cotton fields are white unto the harvest. Our county has escaped the ravages of the boll weevil, and no storm has laid waste the growing crops, and no plague nor blight has crushed the hopes of the husbandman to make his toil vain. Surely our God has given into our bosoms good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over. But above all this we thank thee most for the Bread of Life.

And forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors. We confess our sins, and hold no grudge against our fellow men. Judge between us and our enemies and caus the right to stand. Help us to forsake the things that have soiled our hearts, and lift upon us the light of thy countenance reconciled. Speak thy pardon to our souls, and we will look into thy face and laugh, that the bones

which thou hast broken may rejoice.

And bring us not into temptation, for we are weak and easily led astray; but order thou our providences so that we may not be overpowered by adverse circumstances and low environments. Enable us to resist temptation and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

But deliver us from the evil one. Enable us to escape the wiles of the Devil, looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith. The world is full of evil. History is a mournful tale of hate, oppression, strife and war. Hasten, we beseech thee, the happy day when the sword of the Spirit shall displace the sword of the warrior; when capital and labor shall harmonize their differences, and in the spirit of Christ, like righteousness and peace, kiss each other, instead of smiting. We pray that our country may take its stand in behalf of universal peace, and teach the nations to learn war no more. Be pleased to stay the crimson wave of crime that is sweeping over the land, and hush the muttering storm of vice that threatens society.

In Jesus' name grant our requests, and thine shall be the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

In the third chapter of II Timothy, if you look you will find precisely all that you can see in the metropolitan press this morning. Written 1,900 years ago, it tells accurately what is happening today. I challenge any one to read that chapter and then the columns of the daily press and then deny that the chapter is a perfect statement of conditions today. Not a crime committed in the last forty-eight hours or a deflation from law is not contained there.

The people who relegate the Bible to a shelf and regard it as an old-fashioned book are unscientific and fools. It is the most up-to-date book of the day. There is a need of a revival of religious faith in this country more than at any time in history.—Rev. M. A. Matthews.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

By Joseph Addison

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that, if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast tnto a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could exchange conditions with him.

As I was musing upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap.

There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady, of thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She let up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow creatures groaning under their respetive burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a parcel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if teir hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it, but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth.

The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the moun-

tain made up of bodily deformaties. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real.

One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice, in particular, of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phanthom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened, very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and, all the cortributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows: though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this choas of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundles as should be alloted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet.

The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some

observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A poor galley slave who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and ease against pain.

The female world were busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils that befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that any evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I bent to touch my forehead, I missed the place and clapped my finger upon my upper lip! Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my had about my face and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans, and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear.

There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left

to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

Let us have peace. We must learn to be as good-natured about foreign criticism of us as we are about other things. And in the matter of whose souls are to be damned and whose to be saved, surely we have heard it said somewhere that the Supreme Being reserves those decisions to Himself. "If He has appointed any one to act for Him the appointment has not yet been officially announced."—Booth Tarkington taking note Kipling's brain-storm.

THE PEACE PALACE.

By Jane A. Stewart

The reopening of the Peace Palace at the Hague, Holland, is an event of great importance in the history of civilization. The Permanent Court of International Justice (interrupted by the terrible World War), has happily resumed its sessions in the noble building erected for the promotion of goodwill the world around.

Many readers will remember the happy day in July, 1907, when the cornerstone of this great international structure was laid before a large company, representative of many lands.

It will be recalled that the late "ironmaster" of America, Andrew Carnegie, provided the funds and endowment for the building, and that many governments made contributions to its equipment and adornment. The impressive dedication exercises on August 29, 1913, attracted visitors from all parts of the world eager to see the historic structure whose beauty had been widely heralded.

It is well worth an ocean voyage to see this remarkable building. It is more truly international in its construction and planning than any other great building on the earth. It is at once suggestive of a cathedral, a palace and a temple.

The Peace Palace rises majestically above a broad terrace, reached by a flight of wide stone steps. Upon this terrace one sees a handsome monument to Peace presented by the United States Government.

The observant eye takes in the charming features. The rose and white marble of the walls contrast beautifully with the green woodland of the park in which it is set. The gift of this park by the Dutch government was a great aid in making the plan a success.

Italy sent the lovely marble. Norway and Sweeden provided the sold granite. Belgium presented the handsome bronze and iron door of the main entrance; Germany, the monumental gateway.

It was planned to have as many nations as possible represented in the material of the building as well as in its designing, that internationalism might be promoted.

Entering it today, one is reminded of this pleasant fact. The four stained glass windows in the great assembly room are the gift of Great Britain. Four of the handsome paintings on the wall are the contribution of the Dutch Government, which also gave seven painted tablets for the main staircase. France sent the rare Gobelin tapestry; Turkey the fine carpets; and Japan the wonderfully wrought wall hangings. China presented the four costly vases of rich design; and the marvalous clock came from the dauntless little republic of Switzerland. Russia, Argentine, Chile, Austria-Hungry also gladly sent fine furnishings. And it seemed as if almost every nation was glad to promote the cause of international goodwill as represented in the beautiful Peace Palace at the Hague.

The Court of International Arbitration (which had been meeting in various more or less convienient placeses for about twelve years) was provided with an adequate and much needed home. For within the Peace Palace are not only court rooms (big and little), but also a complete library with map and chart rooms for prompt reference in the cases which come before this international court for decision.

The reopening of the Peace Palace and of the International Court comes as a direct result of the great "Peace Parley" or conference held in Washington, D. C., December 1921, to February, 1922, by invitation of the Federal Government of the Unitd States. This parley has been well called by a great American economist, "the first precise contribution in history to the problem of disarmament;" and its value is not only measured by economic gain but by the return of confidence and hope among many nations.

The reopening of the Hague Court is an omen of great promise for the future peaceful settlement of international disputes, instead of resorts to arms. Twelve nations are already represented in it, the representative of the United States being John Basselmore. The function of the judge is "to clear up doubtful points of international law and to create needful laws as did the proctors of ancient Rome."

Looking through the aisles of the Peace Palace Park, the visitors sees the classic tower of the building, 260 feet high, pointing hopefully is the embodiment of a great world inspiring ideal which must eventually attract and dominate every nation around the globe.

If a man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault for God made all men to be happy.—Epictetus.

COPPER SEAL OF RICHARD CASWELL.

Fred Olds in Oxford Friend.

The seal, of copper, used by General Richard Caswell, the first governor of North Carolina under State government has been presented by Chief Justice Walter Clark to the State Hall of History. It is of brass, an inch in diameter, with the initials "R. C." in script, surrounded by a wreath. Great honor has been paid Gov. Caswell; a county and a port having been given his name, and the Caswell Training School for the Feeble-Minded, is on his land, a couple of miles from the town of Kinston (which he wrote "Kingston," though the General Assembly changed the spelling during the Revolution by eliminating the "g.")

Four years ago the writer wrote a series of stories about the early "railroading in North Carolina and told of the "Tornado," the first locomotive to enter Raleigh with a passenger train; in June, 1840, with Albert Johnson in charge as engineer. There was no "cab" for the engineer in those days; he stood "out in the open," and his engine had only two driving wheels. Many locomotives in Europe even now have only two driving wheels, and the writer has been drawn by some of this type in several counties on this continent as well as in England. The first railway "strapiron" 3 inches wide and three quarters of an inch thick with holes drilled about a foot apart for the bolt which held it to the wooden stringers. Purdue University, in Indiana, has the Tornado in its museum and has presented a photograph of it to the North Carolina Hall of History. In the latter there is also a photograph of a later type of locomotive, of the 1850 period; with a cab and four driving wheels. The engine was still small and this photograph shows Maj. W. W. Vass, then the president of the road under State ownership (which lasted three yeare), standing on top of the tiny affair, on his head being the high hat worn by gentlemen at that date, commonly called a "beaver." Purdue University has bought a number of early locomotives.

Institutional Notes

Swift Davis, Reporter

The two new cottages being built by the state are progressing rapidly and are nearing the stage of completion. And the climax of the growth of the Jackson Training School is not yet in sight.

Capt. Thos. L. Grier has been improving the roads going down to the laundry, bakery, store room and ice plant by spreading soil on and in the depressions of the road caused by wagon wheels and horses' hoofs and having the boys drill in half step time over the road, thus packing down the dirt.

On Saturday afternoons, when the session of school is only an hour and a half or two hours long, the room of boys under charge of Mr. Johnson is equally divided by two choosers and a spelling match is carried on. And these matches

ually take a long time, for the idents are all good spellers.

Mrs. M. H. Freeland, of North ilkesboro, must have desired to ex- ess her sympathy to the boys of e Jackson Training School for eir loss in the burning of the Ad- nistration Building when she nt a barrel and two boxes of apples the superintendent. The apples re distributed to the boys and ny warm words were spoken of s. Freeland.

Johnny Wright, Edgar Warren, hn Edwards, Watson O'Quinn d Lorenzo Mixon were very happy, ednesday, September 13, when y saw familiar faces from home ich they had not seen in a month more. All sorts of dainties were ought along by the visitors and said dainties were quickly di- ed with pals and friends by the nerous owners. The owners re too happy in seeing their loved es to think about eating, and in s they cannot be blamed.

We were glad to have with us on esday Col. A. H. Boyden and Mr. d Mrs. H. E. Rufty, of Salisbury, ring the Rockingham programme. heard THE UPLIFT man twit . Rufty, who is chairman of the ard of Commissioners, "that he t wanted to see how Chairman ance, of Rockingham, performed a pointer when he officially turns er the Bowan Cottage." "No, sir," . Rufty quickly replied, "I've t Col. Boyden in training for that ." Mrs. Rufty's presence was ich appreciated.

Now that Winter is fast approaching, the boys are thinking up new indoor games to be used this Winter when they cannot go out of doors. The two main card games are that popular and easily variable Rook, and Somer Set. Then the game of Jack Rocks calls for its usual attention. Checkers is also a favorite indoor game. And continual playing of these games makes the players quite proficient in the art and they can give any expert player a close match for his title, if he has one, or his reputation as a player. Frequently in the rest room you will find more than one thoughtful lad earnestly engrossed in some particular study. It is because he sees these lads studying, that the reporter has faith in his statement: "The success which the graduates of the Jackson Training School will attain, will have no bounds." A perusal of the records of paroled and honorably discharged students will bear up this statement. Here is the assertion of Col. G. F. McAllister: "Out of the paroled students from the Jackson Training School 95 per cent are the recipients of that wonderful thing called success." But here 'recipients' does not mean that success is given to them. No! Far from it. Their sucesses are the results of long and and hard work which makes the owners of success all the more proud of it.

PASSENGERS ARE SAFE

Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway System, said today:

Since the management of the Southern resumed the operation of its property on March 1, 1920, at the end

of federal control, it has had the comfort of being able to record, month by month, that no passenger has lost his life by accident while on one of its trains.

What this means by the way of forethought throughout the organization responsible for the passengers safe conduct will appear in the fact that during those thirty months, ended August 31, 1922, the Southern's trains carried passengers equivalent in number to nearly half the population of the United States, and carried them under varying conditions, providential and human, including stress of weather and stress of strike.

On the other hand, during the same period; there has been a steadily growing toll of fatal accidents at road crossings, resulting in loss of life to passengers in automobiles. It is, therefore, apparent that the drivers of automobiles have not been as successful in protecting their passengers as the railroad has been. It cannot be questioned that the social duty of precaution rests as much upon one as upon the other.

The following comparative statement of three periods of two years each is drawn from the Southern's records to illustrate what has been said.

Railroad Passengers Killed on Trains.	
1912-1913	7
1913-1914	8
1921-1922	0
Automobile Passengers Killed on Road Crossings	
1912-1913	7
1913-1914	19
1921-1922	58

Southern Railway System

Announces

Greatly Reduced Round Trip Fares

—For—

SUMMER SEASON, 1922

Take Your Choice

Week-end fares. Sunday excursion fares. Summer excursion fares. Special excursion fares to Atlantic City and Nigra Falls

Atlantic City and Other Jersey Seashore Resorts

Dates sale via Sou. & B&O June 29th. July 13th and 27th, August 10th and 24th.

Dates sale via Sou. PRR July 5th and 19th, August 2nd and 16th and 30th.

Niagara Falls via Washington or Philadelphia

Dates sale via Sou. & PRR June 28th, July 18, August 1st and 15th.

Date sale via Sou. & B&O July 6th. 12th and 26th, August 9th and 23rd.

TICKETS GOOD FOR 18 DAYS

Tickets good for stop-overs on return trip at Washington-Baltimore-Buffalo and Philadelphia.

Week-End Excursion Fares

On sale Friday nights, Saturday and Sunday mornings to Seashore Resorts and Western North Carolina Resorts.

Tickets good until following Monday and Tuesday (Exception tickets to Western North Carolina sold Saturday and Sunday morning, good return until following Monday.)

Sunday Excursion Fares

— TO —

Norfolk, Wilmington, and Morehead City

These tickets are on sale Saturday nights and Sunday mornings from Salisbury, Hight Point, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Princeton and all intermediate stations. Good returning Sunday night. Not good in sleeping or Parlor cars.

SPEND SUNDAY AT THE SEASHORE

Summer Excursion Fares

— TO —

All Resorts

Mountains, Springs and Seashore.

Tickets on sale daily, final limit October 31st, 1922.

Stop-overs permitted in both directions.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to All Important Points

Excellent Service—Courtesy—Convenient Schedules.

Write for Beautiful Southern Railway Summer Resort Booklet and Other Literature.

For Further Information Call on Southern Railway Ticket Agents or Address:

R. H. GRAHAM, Division Passenger Agent.

207 West Trade Street Charlotte, N. C.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 30, 1922 NO. 47

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PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NOTICE

WE DESIRE A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY LOCALITY TO TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE UPLIFT

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THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* **J. C. FISHER,** *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

GOOD FORTUNE FOLLOWS A GREAT SORROW.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." That's as much verity as the gospel. A few days ago—to be exact the morning of the 8th—the Administration Building, the chief and outstanding structure of the entire plant of the Jackson Training School went up in smoke. It was a terrible blow to the institution, and, because of necessity of running the finances on low gear, the future looked frightful. But this was momentary. The spirit of men and women throughout North Carolina that brought into a breathing life the agencies which are operating to snatch from doom "the dropped stitches of a vanished hand" rallied again and began to plan, and to come again larger and better.

The entire population of the campus—men, women and most certainly the youngesters committed to our care—gave forth a shout of joy that "a friend in need is a friend indeed" had come to the relief of the serious condition that confronted their home. Coming just as we are about to go to press, it is permitted us in this issue just to make the following announcement of the donation of fifty thousand ($50,000 dollars) to the institution, by Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Sr. of Concord, for the purpose of restoring the central figure in the entire plant—the Administration Building. This munificent gift, by one of the state's most prominent and superior women, not only relieves a distress and serves a great purpose, but establishes the fact that men and women of large affairs are vitally interested and crave opportunities to render service to humanity.

This new building, going up bigger and better adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, will stand as a memorial to the late Mr. J. W. Cannon,

who departed this life on Dec. 19, 1921, and who was the greatest genius, the master builder and the superb leader in making North Carolina the most conspicious and prosperous state in the South.

THE UPLIFT, like all connected with the Jackson Training School, is overwhelmed with joy in the institution becoming the beneficiary of such a noble and exalted service from the heart and purse of Mrs. Cannon. The full story of this good fortune attending the school will appear in the next issue of THE UPLIFT.

* * * * * * * *

AN AGENCY FOR GREAT GOOD.

Anything that keeps up the spirits of the rural population is a God-send. In most instances these people are handicapped for the lack of equal privileges, adequate facilties for progress and conveniences that add to the comfort of living. Sometimes this occurs from faults of their own, but very largely it is caused by the lack of functioning on the part of governmental agencies.

A system of "Community Fairs" has been inaugurated, by which zest is added to country life, encouragement to a striviug for better things is generated, and a friendly contest keeps up the spirits. Last week three of such fairs were held in Cabarrus county. They were in every way very creditable, and gave a practical demonstration of the responsiveness of the soil and kind and sensible treatment.

Elsewhere in this paper is an account of the Harrisburg Fair, by Superintendent Boger. It is interesting reading. The fair at St. John's was in one of the best neighborhoods of the county, and as good as any in the whole state, and has been so for more than a century. Everything conceivable for this climate and for the ingenuity of woman was on exhibit. It was a good show. Even our old favorites, the pumpkin and the fruit of our childhood, the persimmon, were conspicuouly displayed. Even dried snap beans, put through an evaporation process, promised some good eating during the winter months. This exhibit seemed to be an answer to the agricultural contest that the Salisbury Evening Post recently pulled off, in showing how many different things could be raised in old Rowan. They say that the fair at Rimer was the equal of the ones at Harrisburg and St. John's.

Energetically moving among the people and successfully directing these fairs were Mr. R. D. Goodman, County Farm Demonstrator, and Miss Cathleen ("Happy," the admiring country women speak of her—she is so

all-fired in love with her work) Wilson, Home demonstrator for the county, who enjoy the confidence and the co-operation of the rural people to a delighful degree.

The social feature, the getting-together stunt, is worth a sum not easily estimated. The old men, the old women and all became young again in their excitement and joy over the stunts pulled off for the entertainment of the little boys and girls.

To finish the practical benefits of the programme, speeches were made. Linn, of Mt. Pleasant, spoke on "Possumists," and Rev. Lawrence, of Concord, took for his text "Co-Operation." These were timely and sensible remarks, which elicited the closest attention from the audience.

* * * * * * *

INCREASE IN LAWLESSNESS AND CRIME.

The committee of the American Bar Association, appointed to investigate and report its findings on the status of affairs as it relates to lawlessness and crime, made its report some days ago. It is, if not alarming, very discreditable to the conduct and behaviour of the American people. It gives to the United States a leadership—but that leadership puts it at the very front of all nations in the matter of crime and lawlessness.

To quote that report it is revealed that "no less than 85,000 of our citizens have perished, in the last decade, by posion, by the pistol or the knife, or by some other unlawful or deadly instrument." In the county where Chicago is located, with its 3,000,000 inhabitants, there have been 4,785 bnrglaries the past year, 2,594 robberies, and 212 murders, whereas in Canada for the same year, with its 9,000,000 inhabitants there were 2,270 burglaries, 605 robberies, and 57 murders.

The Philadelphia American, making editorial reference to this disguieting report, says: "Who wants to track this beast to its lair needs only to look for three footprints—political corruption, civic lethargy and above all in our estimation, an alarming lack of discipline in the average American home."

What takes place in the country gennerally is, in a measure, found right in our own section. Men of high public standing wink at infractions of the law if the perpetrator is "a clever sort of fellow." They even go into court and swear him a good character, when it is a notorious fact that he is in every fibre all lawlessness. The supposed good among us are very largely to blame for much of this condition, for we avoid jury duty, we shut our

eyes to known evil without making a protest, we play shut-mouth and some of them, under the cover of night, aid and abet in a way this lawlessness which is leading to a most alarming state of affairs.

****

ONE CHIEF CAUSE.

Having in mind the frightful exhibit made by the committee of the American Bar Association in its survey of the status of the United States with particular reference to lawlessness and crime, no special recommendation was made as to the remedy. In a consideration of where the cause or causes lie for this condition, it is suggested that much of this crime is bred in the movies.

Will Hayes receives an annual salary of $150,000 to head the propaganda force in convincing the American people that the movies are all right, edifying and conducive to the moral health of the people. It is believed that a great majority of the first evil steps taken by the young is suggested by something gathered from rotten movies. A highly moral picture run for two months by any one particular show-house, would put that place out of business. Instead acts of infidelity, short cuts, deception, intrigue, hair-breadth escapes, murder, fire and every evil thought, are woven into the pictures to hold and entice the lovers of excitement and the curious.

To draw the people they advertise in flaming bill boards "The Price She Paid," or "The Woman In His Room," and other suggestive titles that appeal to the baser nature of the public. A statistician has gathered these figures: There are 22,353 newspapers published in the United States and Canada. The aggregate circulation is 31,000,000. But in 1921 there were 17,824 theaters in the United States alone devoted exclusively to the showing of motion pictures. Ten million people a day pay and push to get in to watch Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin. We spend as many hours each day at the movies as are spent over all the daily papers. For every hour spent in church, more than three hours are spent at the movies."

No wonder the report of the Bar Association's committee proves to be disquieting and alarming.

****

BRAVE AND CONSIDERATE.

The UPLIFT cannot let the opportunity go by without embracing the privilege of saying a word of praise for the women connected with this institution. During the raging of the fire, which destroyed the home in

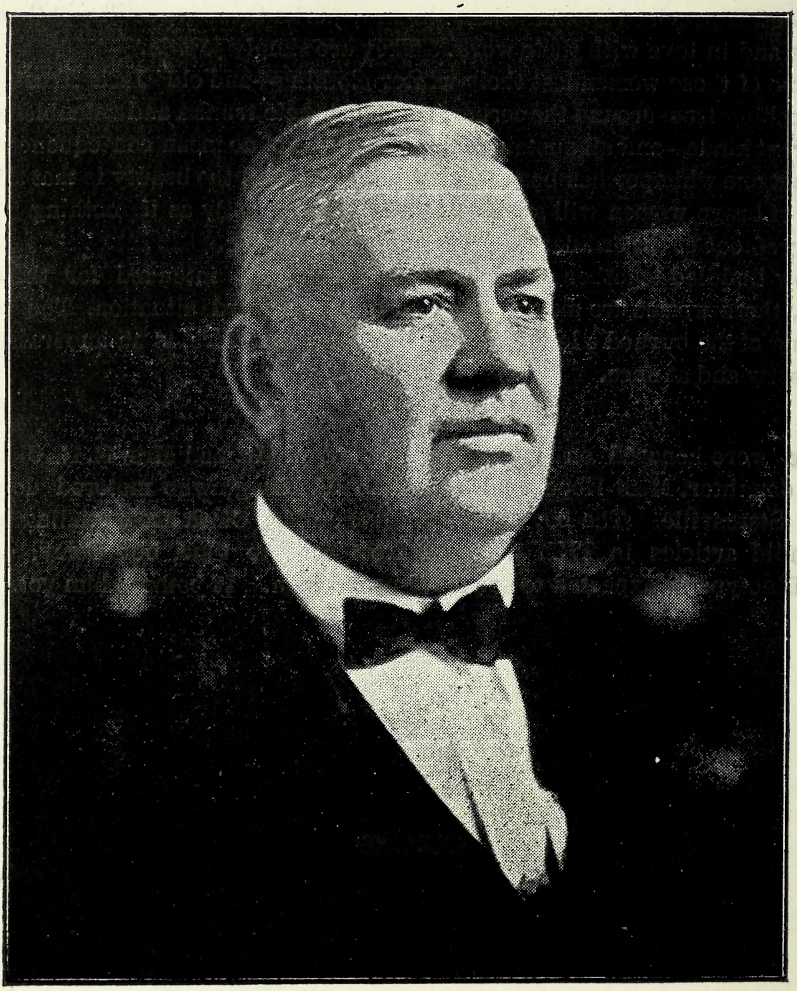
which they were demiciled, they manifested a high order of bravery and put their hands willingly and cooly to the work of rescue. Their fine spirit towards and consideration for the mangement in that they have cheerfully accepted improvised housing since the fire, marks them as genuine philosophers and in love with their work. They are simply jewels.

Some of these women lost their winter clothing—and old Jack Frost is approching from around the corner; some lost their trunks and valuables of different kinds—and all sustained a material loss of no mean consequence—but not one whimper has been heard from them, and the beauty is that this force of brave women will go on faithfully and earnestly as if nothing has occurred out of the ordinary. This is superb service.

Now huddled together in one of the new cottages, intended for thirty boys, these women are making the best of an awkward situation. The restoring of the burned administration building, therefore, is an imperative necessity and at once.

****

We were honored on Monday by the visit of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Clark and daughter, Miss Hope, and Hon. Zeb V. Long, who motored down from Statesville. The boys all had a line on Mr. Clark from reading his splendid articles in THE UPLIFT from time to time, but Coley, one our Linotypers, expected to see a 300-pound man. It bothers him yet.



JOHN SOLOMON EFIRD
Albemarle, N. C.

JOHN SOLOMON EFIRD.

One of the outstanding successes among the men of North Carolina, in the present half century, is John Solomon Efird, of Albemarle. Our subject is truly a native of the soil, having been born in Stanly county Jan. 27, 1857, about eight miles southwest of the county-seat, Albemarle. He is the oldest of twelve children, eight sons and four daughters; all living except one daughter. The parentage of this large and happy family were among the sturdiest representatives of Piedmont citizenship, of industrions and saving habits, law-abiding and the very soul of honor. Irenius Polacarp Efird, the father, died in 1904, and Mary Treece Efird died in 1921 at the age of 84 years.

The boyhood life of Mr. Efird is very much like the life of all successful and useful citizens, whose education was gained very largely in the "University of Hard Licks." The only educational advantages he enjoyed were such as were to be had in the old time "Field School." But he prizes most highly the experience and profit he gained in attendance upon the best schools North Carolina then afforded for the rural child. Born on a plantation of 1,500 acres, it is natural that he learned, having an active and systematic father, early in life those things on a farm that, instead of debasing and humilating, led to a personal discovery, an estimate of his own ability and brought out the manhood that he naturally possesses.

Every farm boy, that reaps the fullest measure of rural life and its few excitements, understands animal life and gets on speaking terms with nature. Like other boys, he engaged in manly contests and it was never definitely decided until our subject in his youthful days made a miserable failure to accomplish the deed, that it was impossible to "put a goat's nose to the ground." The boys in that section of Stanly county, recognizing young Efird's great strength aud determination to do what he undertook to do, cut out that method of sport and stopped arguing its posibility when young Efird failed most miserably at that job. Though a serious minded man, full of big problems and responsible for the adminstration of large industries, he enjoys telling of the character of sports that obtained when he was a boy.

In 1879, Mr. Efird was united in marriage with Miss Fronie Foreman, and by this union there were eight children, five sons and three daughters. Of these, three sons alone are living, and wife and mother, too, having departed this life. Two sons are associated with their father in the management of the large manufacturing plant at Albemarle, and the other is in business in Norwood.

Later Mr. Efird married Miss Bertha Snuggs, the daughter of the late I. W. (Buck) Snuggs, perhaps the most popular man that ever lived in Stanly county. It will be ages before, if ever, the brave, courageous and honest-hearted Sheriff Buck Snuggs will be forgotten. Mrs. Efird is a woman of interesting personality, strong intellect and is highly esteemed for the charming quali-

ties of mind and heart, always lending her influence and help to all worthy causes.

There is no wonder that a man, posseessed of business ability of a high order, with an ambition to tackle propositions that require more or less genius and nerve, would soon tire of the hum-drum life such as managing a small country flour mill afforded. The only compensation in that exacting position was the knowledge that his household would never want for flour and meal, so long as water ran over the modest little damn on Long Creek; but the call for larger and bigger things could not be further resisted, so Mr. Efird and father, pooling their savings, and associating others with them, organized the first cotton mill at Albemarle. In 1896 Mr. J. S. Efird went to Albemarle and purchased 900 acres of land on the edge of the then village. He reserved 200 acres, which he has since developed, realizing a large profit but above all else he has made a large addition to the town in splendid homes and valuable citizens.

The Ffird Manufacturing Company started business in May 1896 with a capital of just $54,000. The late J. W. Cannon was president, W. G. Efird Vice-President and our subject filled the position of secretary and treasurer. The officers today are J. S. Efird, President; his son, W. G. Efird, is vice-president; and another son, J. J. Efird is treasure; and H. L. Horton is secretary. I am violating no secret, for it is generally known, when I record the fact that this splendid and extensive cotton mill plant is largely an Efird asset. Its capitalization is now $3,000,000 and the plant represents every dollar of value in these figures. It has been a success from the very beginning, and occupies a proud place among the manufacturing industries of the state. The mill makes yarns from 8's to 80's, uses a high-grade cotton, consuming annually 14,000 bales of cotton and gives employment to a thousand operatives.

Our subject is connected with all the leading manufacturing and commercial enterprises of Albemarle, being a lage stockholder and director in the Wiscassett Mills, of the Cabarrus Savings Bank, a director in the Telephone Company, of the Albemarle Real Estate & Insurance Company, of The Bank of Badin aud other successful businesses. Our subject is a large land-owner, having in the county a number of valuable farms, and large holdings in Albemarle.

Though he takes a lively interest in all public questions and is never an uneertain quantity in any cause that affects the interest of his community and section, he shuns activity in politics. But in spite of this modesty, his numerous friends forced upon him the office of State Senator three times. where he was recognized as a safe and always-to-be-trusted legislator.

There is a magnetism about this man that is delightful. Sometimes fortune, smiling upon a subject, may spoil him and remove him from the realm of friendships of youth and young manhood and make him arrogant and selfish. Not so with John S. Efird, who maintains his old-time approachability, his genial smile, his cordial greeting of people, rich

and poor alike. Mr. Efird is a faithful and a liberal contributing member of the First Lutheran church of Albemarle and contributes to every call of his church, having made it a practice for years to voluntarily send to every new church proposed and erected a generous check; and he is not unmindful of the needs and necessities of missions abroad. Every public cause receives from him encouragement and aid.

One of the handsomest homes, situated in a most beautiful grove of native oaks, to be found in all of the state, is that of our subject. Here he and Mrs. Efird maintain a real home, such as has made the state noted for its hospitality and good cheer.

This short, running narrative of the career of just a country boy, who, denied the privilege of a collegiate education, set to work in dead earnest in that great school where only the fittest succeed and survive. By his marvelous native ability, by energetic application to every duty, nursing an abiding vision for better and greater things for himself and his fellows, just in his estimate of his fellow-man, and considerate of the weak and the unfortunate, always lending an helping hand, this man Efird has brought himself securely on a long and brilliant journey—from the keeper of a modest country flour mill to the chief owner and manager of a three million dollar manufacturing plant. This tells a story; but not all. With all his prosperity, wealth and achievements, he's yet just the plain, likeable John S. Efird, whom his play-fellows of other days can approach today just as comfortably as they did when blustering bare-foot young Americans together out in the sticks of old Stanly. That is a distinctive greatness that is not vouchsafed to all the wealthy.

Our subject is today a giant in the commercial and industrial world, using his power for a common good, and never to oppress; esteemed of all men for his fine quailties of heart and his upright life; unselfish and a great builder, having contributed unstintingly to enrich life and living in Stanly and the state, of whose citizenship he is a splendid example.

SING!

"Sing as you will, O singers all
who sings because you want to sing!
Sing! robin on the garden wall
Or redbird by the woodlawn spring;
Sing! every bird on every bough—
Sing! every living, loving thing—
Sing any song, and anyhow,
But sing! Sing! Sing!"

THE HARVEST MOON.

By R. R. Clark.

It requires some assurance to even suggest that two old timers who have planted and harvested and governed their down-sitting and their uprising by the moon's phases since the time memory runneth not to the contrary; who have seen so many moons wax and wane that all things pertaining thereto are as familiar as everyday objects—it requires nerve, not to say brass, to even intimate to the editor of THE UPLIFT and the editor of the Charlotte Observer that memory has slightly failed them with reference to some aspects of the Harvest Moon, but if I may be permitted I will modestly suggest that both are somewhat in error. Or more strictly speaking the Observer editor is considerably in error; THE UPLIFT but slightly—one point off, so to speak.

When I read in the Observer of the 18th that the Harvest Moon was then on exhibition it brought me up standing. Two thoughts came to mind. One was that Charlotte folks, who are always in advance of the procession (or think they are, which is all the same) had installed a different planetary system, as a result of which the Harvest Moon was in full bloom in Charlotte two days before it even appeared on the horizon in other localities. The other thought, unworthy I am admitting, but as we are all prone to think evil I could but wonder if the quality of the home-brew in Charlotte had anything to do with that vision; if it was a brand that put the shine in moonshine.

But the editor of THE UPLIFT is wrong in saying the Harvest Moon always appears in October. One authority says the Harvest Moon is the first moon after the autumnal equinox (September 22;) another says it is the moon that fulls nearest the equinox. An examination of the authority quoted by THE UPLIFT—the old reliable almanac—will show that the Harvest Moon frequently falls in September. This year it fulls October the 5th. The new moon, which first appeared at midnight on the 20th is the first moon to full after the equinoctial period and fulls nearest that period, so by either authority quoted it is the Harvest Moon that is now shining, but which will not reach perfection for a week yet. It is my private oppinion publicly expressed that the Harvest Moon should come in September all the time; that it belongs there, but sometimes it does not full until October. The moon following the harvest moon is the Hunter's Moon. By rights it should be staged in October but this year it falls on the 4th of November.

After all Col. Harris was simply a trifle ahead of schedule. He knew it was time for the Harvest Moon and if it was later than he expected it was not his fault.

But regardless of when it comes, isn't the Harvest Moon glorious?

"There are no pockets in the shroud. We carry no worldly goods into the Land Beyond. Nothing but our Souls!

A COMMUNITY FAIR.

By Charles E. Boger.

Having had a special invitation to attend the fair at Harrisburg last Wednesday, the writer stole away from his duties at the school for a few hours in response to this invitation. On the way down numbers of people were seen at their usual work, even within a quarter of a mile of the place for holding the fair, the mower was running and cotton picking was going on. One could not help feeling that interest in this progressive enterprise was lacking, not much exhibit and not much interest was expected. We have always heard that "things are not always what they seem," so it was in this instance. The school grounds and church grounds just opposite the school, were litterly covered with machines, and vehicles of those attending the fair. Interest in the showing made by the community was great. The exhibits were fine and in great number and variety. The school building—a 3-room affair —was utilized as follows:

The east wing of the building was for the art department. Here was a fine exhibition of needle work, table covers, sofa pillows, handkerchiefs, bed spreads etc. None of these was for use. They were meant to look at hre and in the home too. Such things you remove from the bed or table, nicely fold and lay away when such articles are needed. They add much to the home though, a home when its occupants can make such works of art, has a dignity, a refining influence that can be seen and felt. In this room were also paintings, pictures and potted plants that gave evidence of a love of the beautiful and growth of the taste for aesthetics in the community.

The center room was the assembly room for the opening, the addresses etc. This room had only seats and the piano.

The west wing of the building had the display of products of the farm. canned goods, culinary concoctions and a historical department. Some of the largest sweet potatoes the writer has ever seen were on exhibit. Pumpkins, pears, apples etc, made one think of custards.

Canned goods were much in evidence too. Some homes there will surely not lack for vegetables during the winter. Canned butter was a new one on me. 'Tis said that when it's hot and the price of butter is low, these people heat the butter, place it in jars and seal same just as they do fruit. When the weather gets cooler and the price of butter gets better, the canned butter is used in the home for cooking, and the fresh butter sold on the market, a fine idea if it works and they do it.

The culinary display was especially tempting, all manner of cakes, three story custards, pies, beaten biscuits, soda or raised biscuits, rolls, loaf bread, and corn bread etc. Being especially interested in the making of corn bread, inquiry was made as to the recipe for making corn bread. It developed that the bread was made by a man. A man who could make corn bread that was good enough to take to the fair,

would be expected to answer like a woman when asked for his recipe. So he did. He said take a pinch of soda, a little salt and a little buttermilk and water. Mix well and bake in hot oven. I'm just as far from knowing how to bake good corn bread as I was before going to the fair.

The historical exhibit surely aught to be taken in toto, to the "Made-in-Carolina-Fair."

There was an old quilt on which was appliqued a tree resembling a palm and the border was decorated with birds and leaves. The name of Sarrah A. Harris, July 14th 1826, was woven in the quilt.

A dress of purple silk, cut much after the styles of to-day, belonging to the sister of Richard Barry who is said to be a signer of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, attracted much attention. The dress is said to be 125 years old.

A counterpane 100 years old, woven on a loom by Lucinda Morrison, was interesting.

A paptismal dr ess of Aaron Quay, 67 years old, caught one's eye. The embroidery and pleating on this dress, which was extensive, was all hand work. The dress was clean and white, you would not have suspected its age by the color. It was not the least dingy or yellow.

An old relic said to be an instrument of punishment for scolding or tattling women was the source of more comment than anything shown at the fair. It was an oval shaped iron, open at one end, at the other end, a flat piece of iron somewhat in the shape of a tongue depresser was welded on the iron on the inside. The party to be punished put the neck through the opening in the one end of the oval and the piece just described came in the mouth over the tongue. It was then locked behind the neck. In this position no movement of the tongue could possibly be had. It was surely a preventative, at least, at the time being, of any scolding or tattling. Its name is said to be a Brank or Gag and was used over 200 years ago, for purposes described above. This interesting relic is the property of Dr. S. A. Grier of Harrisburg N. C. Dr. Grier says that it was purchased by him for five cents, at the sale of one Hiram Bost of No 10 township, this county. No one, except the Doctor knew for what purpose such a crude looking thing could be used.

The fair was pronounced by many, the best community fair they had ever attended.

Patrons of former days must have been heart-sick to witness the condition and the miserable appearance of the public school house, when they visited the St. John's Community Fair. Once the best rural school house in the county, and certainly in one of the best neighborhoods, it has to-day the appearance of awkardness, uninviting, unkept. That fine section deserves better. Rev. Linn's "Mr. Possumist" would make an ideal executive educational officer. Can Cabarrus manage to get his services?

MAKE THESE DAYS COUNT.

You are a red-blooded, ambitious, square-playing American boy. You have made up your mind to make a success of yourself. You intend to let folks know that you are alive, you expect to do things, but what have you done?

Are you doing anything right now in the every day present to make your future a reality or are you waiting hopefully for "your chance" to show the stuff that's in you? Many times we are blind to opportunities because they are too close to us.

How about that lesson to-morrow? Have you merely glanced through it, trusting to luck that you will "get by?" Are you one of those short sighted fellows who think he's getting his lessons merely for the purpose of "getting by" the teacher or the fellow who realizes that his everyday studies are a preparation for future efficiency?

Maybe you don't see the exact relation of a particular study to your future but it's there just the same. Every subject, every lesson, had something of value for you. There are plenty of fellows all around you who are plugging steadily along, day after day, and they are going to build success out of these very school lessons which you perhaps, are shirking.

Don't let them beat you to the goal of success. They'll surely do it if you get the habit of "loafing on the job" in school. If you neglect your school training, the odds are against you. Don't let your opportunities slip by. You're not studying to please your teacher, you are studying to make good, to realize your ambitions. Make these days count.

OUR ROADS SHOULD BRING WEALTH.

Salisbury Evening Post.

The road building program in North Carolina is nothing less than phenominal. The state highway commission met the other day and made a retrospect of what it has accomplished and planned for the future. The announcement was made that nineteen hundred miles of road have been contracted for at a cost of approximately $34,000,000, to which is to be added 4,000 miles of other road costing near $3,000,000—such is the record for the state in the past 16 months. State Highway Engineer, Charles M. Upham declares that "nineteen hundred miles of road, 931 miles of which are of hard surfaced type, let to contract and over 700 miles of this already completed and put to use is a record without parallel in the annals of road buildingin America."

So it is North Carolina that is leading the states in highway construction and will lead for some years to come, we have no doubt. Ought we not be proud of this ambitious and most creditable pro-

gram? And ought we not to make good on it? Ought we not to make other developments in the state measure up to these highway developments? Ought not our schools grow to this road program, Ought we not to undertake to bring tourists into our beautiful state and profit by their presence? The tourists of the country are spending time and money in visiting sections that do not compare with the wonderful scenic mountains in the western part of the state. Automobilists are driving their cars thru the sandhills to Florida, a section less enchanting and less beneficial climaticly. Our own people are spending money elsewhere before they have seen and appreciated the beauty of North Carolina.

These wonderful roads we are building will be unmatched for some years. If we finish this campaign and at once enter upon another, none of our neighboring states can overtake or surpass us. We will have a decided advantage over all others and we ought to make these roads serve us and financially prosper us. How can we do this? By advertising what we have. Telling the world that our roads, the best of highways, lead to enchanting grounds, to scenic beauty spots, to wonderful mountains and lovely valleys, and to a coast unsurpassed in its appeal.

Suppose the state were to make a liberal appropriation for advertising our roads and our state, and ask for co-operative subscriptions from individual cities and communities, and spend this wisely in advertising? What would be the result? Tourists would come into the state, spend money and return as the years go by. It would pay and it would pay big. But the whole thing ought to be well planned, well thought out, masterly set up and skillfully directed. Every dollar should carry its message right to the mark. Our message ought to be so presented that a tourist would lay aside California propaganda and pick up ours. Our story ought to appeal to those who travel and it ought to reach as far as any and carry as much conviction.

We can do these things; we have natural advantages to back us up. We have the goods to back up any reasonable appeal that may be made for what we have. And the state need not spend much money. Its leadership would count large. It would make an effective appeal to local communities and through commercial organizations the local communities could and would throw the full force of their resourceful interest behind the state's activities and carry the larger part of the burden. What we want to do is to start and start right and the campaign should not be permitted to lag or drag. It would grow in volume and in interest and in results.

"Why is betting an almost exclusive masculine habit?" an exchange inquires, and a cynical correspondent answers: "Men choose betting as a means of stopping an argument; women never want an argument stopped."—Boston Transcript.

TEACH THE YOUNG PEOPLE TO ACT.

By Dr. McKeever

All over this country and within practically every Protestant church I find a young people's society which meets every Sunday evening for its service. But I find the typical group of this kind pursuing a kind of feeble, straggling course, and chiefly because their usual program is overcast with a sort of pale, morbid sentimentalism. These societies lack punch.

They need pep and more red blood in order to become really attractive to young people of strength and promise.

The fundamental fault, I repeat of these young groups is in their stale type of program, and I want to see them put some snap and some purpose into it. It is very commendable occasionally to have a consecration program—to sing hymns, to read fitting verses and pray all round for heavenly grace and spiritual advantage.

But to make this sort of program the regular rule is asking for everything and giving nothing. It creates works.

Now, let us see what can be done to put some new life into this atmosphere: and, in making a few suggestions let us consider what is actually being done by a certain number of these young societies which are really awake.

Discuss something. For example, what did Paul actually mean in Acts 17, 26, where he said, "God hath made of one blood all nations," etc? Go into the Scriptural statement like this with vim. Appoint at least four in advance to dig up something on the topic, from history, from biology, from eugenics, from the war crisis, from other portions of the Bible. Give them each five minutes, and then invite others present to jump into the game. You may not agree or settle any question, but you will at least stir your physical and spiritual blood, and all do some real thinking of your own.

Study some local situtation and report the conclusions at the meetings, with a view to arriving at a Christian decision as to what might be done, as to what your society can do as a Christian service to the community. If there is a cheap dance-hall or a questionable show, tending to undermine the morals and Christianity of the young people of the place, for goodness sake plan at your meeting a way whereby you may, by Christian fortitude and method, clean the thing up.

Get new members Don't scheme to draw from others. Go out after some stragglers who should be in your society. The streets and by-ways are full—these are the objects of mission. Do not invite them in to get something. Ask them to come to do something—to sing, or play, or read, or debate, or report, or explain. Give the visitor something positive and conspicious to do, and he will come back.

Now, young folks—pep, ginger, snap and punch. Churn up the thin, pale blood in the exercises, and go over the top with a lunge.

DO WE NEED THE TRAVELING EVANGELIST?

Monroe Journal

The Journal has never had any particular admiration for the professional traveling evangelist. It believes in the religious revival. These revivals or protracted meetings seem to be necessary to stimulate the lagging enthusiasm of church members as well as to furnish the community an outlet for a certain amount of fervor that is more or less held in check through the orderly course of the year. From times far back the faithful pastors of the various churches in this county have been holding their protracted meetings either doing the preaching themselves or securing some minister of like faith to conduct the services. Such meetings usually supply all the needs of the particular churches and the churches are responsible for them and can conduct them as they think best. The sum total of these, we believe, is far better than the hip, hip, hurrah of the professional evangelists, who, as a rule stimulate more strife thas love in the community,

The professional, hot dog type of evangelist has grown in the south as an imitation of the inimitable Sam Jones who was an original genius and imitated nobody. They are as a rule men who mistake their ability to use picturesque and often risque language and do opera-bouffe for the original genius of Sam Jones. They are all essentially men who substitute stage effect often of the horse-play type, for an impressive and appealing exposition of the real spirit of christianity. The smiliarity of their methods and the character of their preaching has a deeper meaning and explanation than is commonly supposed. Reduced to their primary elements their sermons are nothing above cheap John knocking. They openly or covertly knock the churches, they knock education, they knock culture, they knock delicate and fine sensibility wherever they find it, they knock the laws of the country. Now the most asinine knocker in existence can get some kind of an audience at any time and any where. He has to be neither brave nor smart to be a knocker. But when the super-skillful knocker covers his knocking with the mantle of religion, cloaks it as a defence of the faith once delivered to the fathers, cunningly plays upon the preconceptions of his hearers, and stimulates the normal antagonisms which we all have by making us think that they are brave stands for righteousness, he has called out, not our better impluses which Jesus always appealed to, but our worst.

Bear in mind that we do not say that these men are either hypocrites or scoundrels. Many of them in fact do not understand at all their own underlying impulses. They are as often deceived in themselves as their followers are deceived in them. Many of then think they are doing God's service as surely as Paul thought he was doing it when he started down to Damascus to put a few more screws of persecution up-

on the helpless victims of his own false righteousness. Any criticism, or even a decent lack of enthusiasm for one of them, will arouse the greatest wrath both in them and their devoted followers. This itself is the surest sign that their hole scheme is a traversity upon the methods of the Christ himself.

When a man of this type is called to the community by local ministers it is a confession on their part that they are unable to fill their own jobs, or it results from the prodding that outside persons and friends of the evangelist exert upon the preachers to overcome their reluctance.

If the relegior of Jesus Christ can't save men when preached in its purity and simplicity, it certainly cannot be made to save them by any ammount of beating tom toms, coarse joking and vindicative preaching by the professional evangelist. We readily admit the hippodrome methods of the evangelist often secure the interest of many who otherwise do not show interest, and they make a great cash collection, given oft times by the partisans of the evangelist to prove to the other part of the community that the show was very valuable. But the question is whether the appeal has been made to the higher or the lower impluses of the community.

The traveling rip snorter has his business down to a fine point. He can tell in advance how many "conversions" will take places in a certain size place, how large the cash collection will be, how many of each type of sermon he will have to preach to discipline the local minister, the church members, the choir, the "society" people, the dancers, the card players, the public officials, etc. Like all skin games the professional game of evangelism plays safe. It's tails I win and heads you lose. No matter what happens the evangelist folds his tents at the end of the peroid and leaves the community to regain its normal life if possible and still under the necessity of doing its work and maintaining decency.

These remarks are not aimed at any particular evangelist. They are simple a summing up of our opinion of a whole type, and a statement of what appears to be an explanation of their work and effect upon a community.

"THE STATE DOES NOT READ AND CANNOT WRITE."

The Chapel Hill News Letter started a big thing, and followed by Ben Dixon MacNeil with his sixteen-inch broadside, the state is now asking the question, "Why don't North Carolinians buy more books, read more books and write more books?"

Miss. Mary B. Palmer, secretary of the North Carolina Library Association, in the News & Observer, answers the first question as follows:

The question as to the amount of reading from public libraries would bring from most librarians the instant assurance that North Car-

olinans are reading more than ever before. With an ever-increasing reading public pressing in at library doors, librarians rush through the days, trying to find more money for books, ordering books, cataloging books, mending books, and sending them out to waiting borrowers.

Nevertheless, it is evident that a large majority of Tar Heels are not being reached by the libraries. To what extent this is due to inadequate supplies of library books, and small library incomes, is a question difficult to answer. Certainly there are people who could buy books if they really wanted to read.

In spite of Arnold Bennett's assertion that we have all the time there is, it is not easy to convince the average man that he has as much time at his disposal as his grandfather had. Lack of time is the most usual explanation of failure to read. Mastery of fate seems to be simple in comparison with mastery of time. There are so many more things to be done in twenty-four hours of our 1922 time.

New Dreams For Old.

Firm resolutions to devote an evening to friends in books is very often changed by suggestions of bridge or the movies. And at the movies, there are audible protests against the presentation of current events when the audience anticipates the to reader picture of "the screen's greatest lover." Yet it is not so much the desire for sensation as the passion for motion that fascinates. The tremendous changes in modes of communication and transportation have come with amazing rapidity, bringing with them restlessness and dissatisfaction. Stirred with the new marvels of mechanics, the world is crying, with the poet, "New dreams for old," forgetting that fundamental truths cannot change.

Jazz Readers

Carl Engel in his defense of good jazz in the Atlantic Monthly for August, said, "Jazz, as a state of mind, is symptom, not malady." This is probably true of jazz readers also. Continued enjoyment of the colored supplements of sensational newspapers, and questionable serial publications, indicates clearly impoverished mental qualities. Mental dissipation deadens the imagiation. Instead of creative readers, we have utterly passive readers who bring nothing to the reading of a book, and find everything dull save the "thrillers."

Divorce of Wealth and Culture

North Carolinians have found a thrilling story in the record of economic and industrial growth of the state in the past twenty-five years. The resources of the state have been found to be rich beyond the hopes of leaders. The development of these resources has brought into leadership splendid executives who have builded fortunes for themselves, and independence, and release from drudgery for others. These have made possible rapid changes in the educational and welfare activities of the state. The foundation for cultural expression is being laid for all citizens but we need cultural business as well as leadership. In the period just before the Civil War, North Carolinians bought more books in proportion to population than they do now,

according to the statement of a New York publisher in the University News Letter. In that day, the people of wealth were the guardians of culture. They bought books and read them, and found time to discuss books and write letters about them. If this cultural leadership can be regained, and if we want writers, artists, creative thinkers and shall learn to enjoy their works, we shall make a vital contribution to the life of the nation.

A Mule For the Library

An important factor in the recent rapid increase in the number of public libraries, has been the woman's clubs. The devotion and persistence of the women arouses community enthusiasm and generosity, and the foundation of the library is laid. In Wilson during the library campaign, the women were particularly active in their efforts to secure funds for the library. One convert to the library cause found that he could not make a cash contributation but offered to donate a mule. The mule was accepted and sold at public auction. When the library was opened, it was found to meet a community need, and recognition of its work brought an annual appropriation from the municipality.

The growth of the public libraries of the state, and the circulation of books, are very encouraging. Two thirds of the public libraries of the state have incomes of less than $1000, and only 8 have more than 5000 volumes. However, the amount spent for libraries is steadily increasing. The action of the Raleigh City Commissioners in doubling the appropriation of the Olivia Raney Library has stimulated other towns. The Mayor and Board of Alderman of Murphy have exibited an unparelled interest in their public library by voting to give up the salaries they received as municipal officers, and appropriating the money to the library.

Rural Residents Eager Readers

When all the towns of North Carolina have public libraries there will still remain 2,000,000 people without reading facilities. The people of the towns and cities of the State may seem indifferent to reading but this is not true of the country folks. The number of appreciative letters received in the office of the Library Commission leaves no doubt of their attitude towards the privilege of borrowing books from the State. This is evidenced also by gifts sent to the Commission by those who have enjoyed the lending service.

From Chatham county, a borrower writes: "You cannot know what a privilege it is to be able to ask for this material. Every request for new libraries and for books seems to bring home with renewed force the wonderful opportunity that is ours, and the great work the Commission is doing."

With the return of a traveling library from Wilson county, came this acknowledgement: "It has meant much to the community. We have a whole township that uses the books. People have read the books that never read one before. You cannot estimate the good this library has done in the community."

From Sampson county: "I really cannot express in words the satisfaction I have enjoyed in the priv-

ileges of using the book I am returning today, "Girls Who Became Famous."

From Henderson county: "I feel I just must take enough of your time to thank you, and tell you how much pleasure and happiness have been given through the library and that we may have the great good fortune of having another one sent as soon as you see fit."

From Iredell county: "The children have certainly read this library. It has 37 books in it, and one girl has read every one of them, several have read as many as twenty, and some twenty-five."

From Pamlico county: "The library sent this school has been a source of great profit. The children have kept me busy, and some books have almost been worn out. Peter Rabbit headed the list with forty times."

The man with a bank account is happier than a pauper with an automobile.—Monroe Enquirer.

"IT IS ALL IN YOUR MIND!"

By Benjamin Keech

It makes me mad when people call me crazy
I know that I am quite as sane as they;
It makes me weary when they call me lazy,
I'm busier than they are, any day.
We see in others, faults in our own make-ups,
No wonder that we hate another so!
No wonder that we give such awful rake-ups,
And thoroughly lambast a brother so.
It makes me hot when liars get to lying,
Whatever they are, that for me they claim;
One wonders what's the use of further trying
When close pursued by sinful gent and dame.
We judge another by our own mind readings,
Which isn't very bright, you will allow;
Still, I shall not be crushed by such proceedings,
I'm not in love with meanness, anyhow.
It makes me glad when folks forget, and mention
The small fact that I have some virtue, too,
It makes me joyous when they call attention
To certain worthy work I've tried to do.
And thus it goes: we reap, in kind, by giving
The good or evil that we keep in mind;
O let us all improve our plan of living,
And make the world more true and just and kind.

EVERLASTING IMPRESSION ON CHILDHOOD.

Contributed

Do not forget to fulfill your every promise to a child, for the child never forgets. I seldom make a promise to a child for fear I may forget, and thereby set up a false standard for childhood. Children are keen, alert —they soon take on things, for every little one has an ideal, and everybody has influence, more or less, so it is well to be cautious under all circumstances so that our example in life will be worthy of emulation.

The child mind is as impressionable as putty freshly worked, and, if the environments about that child's life are bad, bad impressions stick; and if not hastily worked over, sin will take a hold and remain till, when?—possibly 'till death.

Just for this reason there should be made a survey of every community, more inner-mission work done, with the purpose of getting the children enrolled in the Sunday Schools; and for similar reasons every man and woman in their respective communities should arise to the occasion and demand that their public school should have a teacher who has not alone tact and the ability to teach but at the same time, by example, teach respect for the church and attendance upon its services. I am entirely within reason when I declare a teacher can do more with a child in many instances than a parent of the same child.

I know, today, pupils of thirty years ago, who speak tenderly and appreciatively of the council received from their teachers, and a delight is manifested whenever the names of former teachers are mentioned. That is the experience of all of us.

No community or section can reach that ideal, for which all should strive, without a church and a preacher, a school and a teacher, for they are co-workers, hand-maidens in the directing and shaping of child life in such a way as to make men and women, who are to prove a joy and a blessing. Franklin said, "a Bible and a newspaper in every home and a good school in every district are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty."

In a word, I mean to say that the child is likened unto a piece of marble in a sculptor's hand. The artist chisels most intently to have every line of contour just right—and often months and years are required for the artist to develop his ideal. Bear in mind this artist is developing his subject in stone all for the gratification and glory of the artist; but in working with the child we are developing that which is made in His Image, that which breathes and endures through eternity—and the child of to-day, may we not forget, is the man of to-morrow.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engave on these tablets

something which will brighten to all eternity."

When New England found slavery unprifitable the slaves were sold to the south. Later slavery which northerners abandoned for economic reasons became a great moral wrong to the former slave-holders and a war was waged to exterminate it. From sections of the state developed by state aid to railroads comes the most violent opposition to further state aid. Having received all possible benefit from state aid, these very virtuous people regard it a crime for the state to aid railroad building in other sections of the state. Selfishness is the same in all ages and all climes, and the more inconsistent the selfishness the more brazen it is.—Statesville Daily.

OUR TRAGI-COMEDY.

You have doubtless remarked the number of present-day parents who are in the habit of saying; "My children must have a good time; they must play all they wish. So long as they are enjoying themselves, they are safe." There is nothing more laughable than that in all the comedies, farces and burlesques ever written. It is the acme of parental clownishness. It is the awkward and stupid blundering of people who try to get away with that for which they are not educated.

But it is funny to the point of tears. In a very pronounced sense, it is more poignantly sorrowful than the highest note in all America tragedy. It partakes of child-murder. It forecast ruined careers. It predicts young men and women who step, blind and unseeing, into the whirlpool of real life. It is the evidence of how sorely childhood is wounded and hurt by parental egotism ignonorance and inertness. It is the present's supreme tragi-comedy. It is the thing which should speed our guffaws to the stars but for the fact that it sinks our hearts to the depths of depression.

"My children must have a good time!" But those who do nothing but have a good time, whether they be young or old, rot the fibre of their resolution soften the sinews of their self-control. "A good time" is incidental. In nature's wise economy it is a breathing spell in which the industrious mind and the laboring body refresh and renew themselves. This is so true that he who gives himself to nothing but "a good time" inevitably comes to the point where "a good time" bores him to extinction.

"So long as they are enjoying themselves, they are safe!" Another fallacy. So long as they are preparing themselves through enjoyment to go back to their work, they are safe. That is the truth of the matter. The child who is taught to put play above work becomes the adult who hates work. The child who is kept a stranger to duty is in later years an alien to achievement. Parents who want their children to

play all the time are shirkers who will not take the trouble to rear them safely. And for that shirking their children will pay in wasted years and bitter tears;—Selected.

Brother Archibald Johnson does not understand how "a self-respecting man can afford to accept a title he does not earn." Some of them think themselves deserving of whatever comes to them, and others decline nothing that comes their way. Many honored by degrees are virtually honored by popular vote, that is to say institutions give degrees to successful candidates for office.—News & Observer.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF PALESTINE.

By Minna M. Meyer

A small state, situated between larger power by which it is made a buffer, always has a turbulent history; but in no other part of the world has this statement been so well ilustrated as in Palestine, the land over which the kingdoms of the North and the South have traversed on their roads to conquest, the land invaded, conquered and made tributary in turn to Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Greece, Rome and Turkey.

A narrow strip of land, possessing fertile valleys and sufficient water for intensive agricultrial development, there have been but short periods in its history when it has been able to adquately support its population while for the past 2,000 years, war and misgovernment have have combined to discourage enterprise which would otherwise have developed the natural resources.

The close of the World War left Palestine under the control of the British Government which is now endeavering to organize a progressive administration, to encourage agricultrial, trade and education, to protect and develop the people long ago become apathetic and unprogressive.

Instead of taking ship to Jaffa and making a rather dangerous land ing in small boats at that port of Palestine, the greater number of visitors to the Holy Land today sail to Alexandria or Port Said and travel thence by rail to Kantara, a station on the Suez Canal. Here a great bridge spans the waterway seperating Africa from Aisa, opening to allow the ships of many nations to creep slowly past and then moving back into place to allow board the train which then makes its way northward across the desert.

The distance from Kantara to Jerusalem is less than three hundred miles, but the train moves slowly over the hastily consructed roadbed —some of it built under fire from Turkish guns. With the breaking of the dawn the traveler discerns a stretch of road parellel to the one over which the train is carrying him, but made of wire, a coarse and fine net used alternately. This first road, the happy suggestion of a British

soldier of the ranks, made it possible for motor trucks to carry necessary supplies over the loose and otherwise impassable stretches of sand when the army was advancing into Palestine. One such place safely crossed, the wire was rolled up, loaded on camels and transported to another sandy waste. Thus with the aid of motor trucks and of the pipe line which brought water into the desert the difficult feat of bringing relief to Palestine was accomplished.

The train stops at Gaza, once a stronghold on the Philistines, the home of Sampson, and the meeting place of Philip and the Ethiopian, and again at Lydda (now called Ludd) "nigh unto Joppa," where passengers change cars and journey eastward to the hill country with its vineyards, and at last from the top of the hills they behold the walls of Jerusalem.

All along the way are evidences of the struggle preceding the last capture of Jerusalem—the twenty-third in its history—clumps of cacti behind which artillery has been concealed, Turkish trenches protected by sand bags or wire entanglement, shell holes and hundreds of white crosses and Turkish graves.

On December 11, 1917, the British forces under command of General Allenby took possession of Jerusalem. On that memorable day the General with his Guard composed of men of all races and faiths that make up the British army passed through the Jaffa gate and up to Mount Zion. They stood on the steps of the citadel and the proclamation was read in Arabic, English, Hebrew, Greek, Russian, French, and Italian, promising protection to all in the pursuit of their lawful business, and reverent regard for places held sacred by any faith. General Allenby then met the representatives of each of the various religious communities, left guards at the Holy places and walked back to join his troops. Probably at no other of the twenty-three conquests of Jerusalem had there been so little pomp and ceremony, and certainly at no other such joy on the part of the people—the Holy City was free!

Immediately relief workers joined the medical units, the health commission began the task of clearing the streets, soup kitchens, employment bureau, industrial workshops and orphanages were established. The famous Syrian Orphanage established sixty years ago by Pastor Schneller, a missionary from Germany, was placed under the care of the American organization, the Near East Relief, and six hundred children have been cared for and given industrial training in the shops established at this orphanage. Thus the work of reconstruction began. It is being carried on along many lines, and through different organizations.

Palestine is primarily an agricultural country. When the official statistics for 1919 were complied it was discovered that 61 per cent of the population of Western Palestine were engaged in farming, while in Trans-Jordania no other occupation importance existed. The principal cereal crops of Palestine are wheat, barley and millet. Although not enough wheat is raised for home consumption and it has been necessary to import this article of food, the

country produced more barley than was consumed at home, and exports of the high grade barley grown in the Gaza district have sometimes amounted to 9,000 metric tons

Palestine also produces large amounts of vegetables and fruits, and it has exported as many as a million watermelons annually to Egypt, Syria and other Mediterranean markets. The principal fruit crops are oranges, olives, grapes and almonds, the olives being exported in the form of oil and soap. The chief fruit grown is oranges which are famous for their sweetness and excellent quality. These form the leading item in the export trade of Palestine, although the lumber used for making the boxes must all be imported. Before the war, lumber for orange boxss came chiefly from Austrailia and Roumania. Since the war, the supply has come from Sweden and America, but Roumania lumber is once more becoming available and is preferred, because of the shorter distance and consequently the less expense for transportation. The season's orange crop of 1921 and 1922 is expected to exceed one million boxes of which England will receive the largest shipments.

Under the present government, Palestine's resources will doubtless be developed with more than normal rapidity, not only because of the encouragement given by the British Government, but because of the important concentration of Jewish idealism, energy and capital. From many different countries of Europe, Jewish families are migrating to the land of their ancestors, and this is true of a few from America. It has recently been reported that Abraham Krotoshinsky, the American soldier who is credited with having saved the famous "Lost Battalion" when it was surrounded in the Argonne, has decided to take up farming in Palestine. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Strauss, because of their intrest in Mr. Krotoshinsky, offered to give him a farm in New York State, but since he preferred to give the benefit of his experience and his knowledge of farming to the cause of Zionism, his benefactors will see that he is provided with a suitable tract in the Holy Land. Whether the Jewish people, who are essentially traders, will be content to remain and develop the country agriculturaly or whether their farms will in time pass into the hands of others who will carry on the work, cannot be foretold, but with the great scarcity of food that has existed in this part of the world during the past years, their present efforts can but be commended.

Already the reforestation of the hills has been begun. The Jordan River with its decent from seven feet below sea level to thirteen hundred feet below is a latent source of water power, and plans are already under way for the development of electricity so that within a few years the city of Jerusalem will probably be electrically lighted, as it is already supplied with pure water, Jewish and Arabian maidens now carry their water jars to the street corners where they are filled from very modern American faucets.

Another promising undertaking is that of the Department of Education which proposes to establish schools not only in all towns and villages,

but to send teachers to the Bedouin tribes who have no settled homes, in order that the children may be taught. Two normal schools, one for men and one for women, have already been opened for the training of teachers. The task is not an easy one, but the possibilities of such an undetaking have already been demonstrated by what the American Government has accomplished within a period of twenty years in the Phillipine Islands.

Palestine, like all the Near East, is intimately related to the world's life commercially, politically and religiously, and its development under a just and liberal government will be watched with intnse interest. It has the handicap of a population consisting of Moslems, Jews and Christians that will be difficult to weld into a homogeneous group. The need is, therefore, great for an education for the younger generation that will teach the people to forget their ancient hatreds and prejudices and that will train up native leaders who shall be men and women of strong moral character and of high ideals. This is the greatest task of reconstruction.

DID IT OCCUR TO YOU—

That the average density of population in North Carolina is fifty people to the square mile.

That deaths from typhoid fever reduced in 1921 while in sister states the rate of typhoid climbed.

That the state is spending 50 millions in two years on public highways besides what the counties are expending for the same purpose.

That we ship out of North Carolina carloads of fruits and vegetables, apples, peaches, dewberries, grapes, watermelons, cantalopes, potatoes, and peanuts.

That our waters are filled with fish and our mountains with valuable ore.

That we have enough water power, if developed, to run all trains, factories, and to light every town in the State.

That there is fall of 7,000 feet from our mountains to the sea.

That while deaths from tuberculosos are being reduced yearly, yet we had 2,641 deaths from tuberculosis (all forms) in 1921.

That our average yearly rainfall is 50.12.

That we are second in the manufacteure of cotton goods.

That we lead the world in the manfasture of tobacco.

That we have the largest pulp mill in the world.

That we are second in the manufacture of furniture.

That we have the second largest alumnium plant in the world.

That we have the largest towel plant in the world.

That the saitary privey law was the best law ever passed by any State, from a sanitary and aesthetic aspect.

That we have the largest hoisery industry in the world.

That we have the largest denim mill in the world.

That North Carolina has the highest mountain east of the Rockies.

That more people were vaccinated against typhoid fever in 1921 than any other state.

That more children were vaccinated against diptheria (toxin antitoxin) than any other Southern state.

That over 50 per cent of the population of the State are served by Wholetime Health Departments.

That one city in North Carolina is the largest distributing center of hydro-electric power in the world.

That North Carolina is ninety-nine and one-half (99.5) per cent native stock.

That North Carolina has the highest birth rate, 33.4, and one among the lowest death rates, 11.0, of any state in the Union.—North Carolina Health Bulletin.

Institutional Notes

Swift Davis, Reporter

Hatching of a brood of chickens by Mr. Cloer in the shop building was mentioned in a previous issue of THE UPLIFT. These chickens have now grown to that stage called "the fryin' size." But these chickens have been brought into the world by Mother Hen and reared by Mr. Cloer, and have so far given nothing in return. So Mr. Cloer has determined to let the aforesaid fowls show their gratitude and retaliate by laying eggs. Their massacre for table use is yet to come.

The printing office of the Jackson Training School—where THE UPLIFT is published—is being modernized. Officials have ordered two more Linotype machines, models 5 and 8 and these will be placed alongside of our model 14. The smart and promising young to-be printers will then be receiving a training which will carry them down a far section of the road to success. A new job press has also been ordered. Thus two more boys will be taught to feed the press. Yearly the Jackson Training School will turn out useful, efficent and capable printers. The fastest Linotype operator at the School is Claude Coley.

Claude Coley, Keith Hunt and Harry Lamb saw their loved ones last week and each family reunion was too happy to be described by mere words. When their relatives left, a little ache was in the heart of each of the above mentioned boys, no doubt, but they did not let their chums know of it, for fear of making them unhappy. This small attack of homesickness soon left its victim and the boys entered into their regular duties, Mr. Boger decided to let Harry take a vacation and he went home with his parents. Harry was missed by his many friends and he was accorded a welcome when he returned that did his heart good. Ah, yes, it is a fine feeling to know that you have so many friends and so many people like you.

As a result of the outcome of a spelling match in Mr. Johnson's room, the reporter put the following boys down as the best spellers: Moose, Shipp, Hayes, Wright, Sims H., Williams A., Jackson D., Ward H., Watson and Nance. At the close of the match, Messrs. Crooks and Johnson were heard dis-

cussing the possibilities of having a contest with selected students from the White Hall School. This is a commendable idea and the pedagogues should tell the superintendent of this school about it. Perhaps he, with the principal of the White Hall school, could arrange a spelling bee in the near future. This would certainly meet with the approval of the students here and much interest would be taken in the selections of the students to meet the formidable to-be opponents.

Rev. Mr. Dryman, preacher of Brown Mill Methodist Church, and one whose coming is always looked forward to by 250 students, spoke to the students of the Jackson Training School, Sunday, September 17, with such a ferver and spirit that many of the boys told the reporter that they could listen to Mr. Dryman for almost endless time. Rev. Dryman illustrated his sermon with interesting examples. And when our ever present and loved friend, Rev. Smith asked in his prayer, "May this, thy humble servant, bring thy message to these boys," the prayer was answered quickly, for at the close of his wonderful sermon Mr. Dryman asked how many of the boys would like for him and the officers and matrons to pray for them, and every hand literally "flew" up. Mr. Dryman caused sorrow to reign in the boys' hearts when he announced that he might be called from this service to some other place, but he said that that when possible as long as he remained, he would come out to the school and preach to the boys.

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SUMMER SEASON, 1922

Take Your Choice

Week-end fares. Sunday excursion fares. Summer excursion fares. Special excursion fares to Atlantic City and Nigra Falls

Atlantic City and Other Jersey Seashore Resorts

Dates sale via Sou. & B&O June 29th. July 13th and 27th, August 10th and 24th.

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Niagara Falls via Washington or Philadelphia

Dates sale via Sou. & PRR June 28th, July 18, August 1st and 15th.

Date sale via Sou. & B&O July 6th. 12th and 26th, August 9th and 23rd.

TICKETS GOOD FOR 18 DAYS

Tickets good for stop-overs on return trip at Washington-Baltimore-Buffalo and Philadelphia.

Week-End Excursion Fares

On sale Friday nights, Saturday and Sunday mornings to Seashore Resorts and Western North Carolina Resorts.

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These tickets are on sale Saturday nights and Sunday mornings from Salisbury, Hight Point, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Princeton and all intermediate stations. Good returning Sunday night. Not good in sleeping or Parlor cars.

SPEND SUNDAY AT THE SEASHORE

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— TO —

All Resorts

Mountains, Springs and Seashore.

Tickets on sale daily, final limit October 31st, 1922.

Stop-overs permitted in both directions.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to All Important Points

Excellent Service—Courtesy—Convenient Schedules.

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State Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. X CONCORD, N. C. OCTOBER 7, 1922 NO. 48

CHEERFUL SERVICE.

And as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making merit of his coward dread,
But cheerful in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led,
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but His strength alone.

—J. G. Whittier.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* **J. C. FISHER,** *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up and laugh and love and lift.

—H. Arnold Walter.

ASKS A POINTED QUESTION.

The Greensboro Christian Advocate, one of our favorite religious exchanges, feeling safe and immune, tries to crowd editor Harris and this brother with a pointed question. Playing so innocent and Missouri-like, it comments on our astronomical research as follows:

"Col. Wade Harris, editor of the Charlotte Observer, and Mr. J. P Cook, editor of THE UPLIFT, cannot agree about the "harvest moon." Col. Cook says that the harvest moon will not reach Cabarrus till October even if Col. Harris has been seeing it in Charotte in September. Col. Cook further states that when Col. Harris lived in Cabarrus, where he was born and raised, he saw the "harvest moon" in October, and it was the time that he "visited the persimmon trees and made his start in the fall campaign for "possums." Now what we are anxious to know is why two men over forty years of age should be interested in the moon. Young men and maidens should be allowed a monopoly on that satellite."

"Monopoly!" While the moon refuses to shine but half the time, its glory and inspiration, when it does shine, belongs to all who, like Jiggs, never get too old to admire pretty girls and charming women. And when

this misstress of the night puts on her harvest habiliaments, none but the dead and feeble fail to enjoy the whole programme that belongs thereto. See?

****

OBEYING A DEMAND.

THE UPLIFT has often been commended for its front page selection. Obeying a request to publish a table of contents in each number, we tried it out in the issue of September 30.

Several score of protests have reached us from partial friends from every section of the state, insisting on the restoration of the front page. We cannot ignore this request, so the table of contents will appear on the second page.

We have reached this conclusion by the force of the protests; but one coming from a layman preacher, who confessed that he often gets "good texts" from THE UPLIFT'S front page, and so registers his loss, constrains us to heed.

But when Judge Jas. L. Webb, of Shelby, served notice on us that it must be restored, determination was instant and conclusive—that high representive of the state's judiciary may come around on this circuit, and be it far from us to trifle with any contempt business.

****

OUR HONOR ROLL.

A matter of more than passing interest is the publication of the "honor roll" each month. It is a kind of a clearing house. It is chiefly of interest to the boys, but the officials of the institution regard it as an index to the responsivness of the youngsters to modest and sane rules and requirements.

The class A—the perfect ones in conduct, application etc.—is unusually large for the past month. Class "B" includes those who made just one "slip." But it is gratifying to know that, barring a half dozen, all the other boys would fall in Class "C" if we had such a grade, and that is a record of two "slips," which beats most of us "grown-ups" roaming about at will.

****

MRS. SENATOR FELTON.

Mrs. W. H. Felton, of Cartersville, Ga. has been tendered and accepted the appointment of U. S. Senator, by Gov. Hardwick, to fill out the unexpired term of the late Tom Watson.

Senator Felton is 87 years of age, and very active. She manifests con-

siderable pride, and justly so, in the honor coming to womanhood, in that she is the first woman in all the land to reach the exalted position of U. S. Senator. She enjoys the compliment of being the "grand old woman of Georgia."

****

"PROVIDENCE"

Mr. C. W. Hunt in this issue makes out a strong case in the matter of "Providential dispensation." He gathers from actual life examples, which he sets down as "providential"—if not providential, he all but challenges the reader to say what they were.

TALKING ABOUT READING.

By R. R. CLARK.

"And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."—Ecclesiastes, 12-12.

I don't know what the author had in mind when he set down the foregoing observation; but the inference is that of the many books in that ancient time some were not worth while, even as it is in this good day; and that one might read more than he could digest.

There has been much discussion in the papers recently of the compartively small number of readers in our State, especially readers of books, and why. I was glad to read in THE UPLIFT the contribution of Miss Mary B. Palmer, secretary of the North Carolina Library Association, on the subject. From my viewpoint, hers was the most sensible contribution to the discussion.

It will be admitted at the outset that we do not read enough, either of books, newspapers or periodicals. Certainly we are very deficient in the reading of the best class of literature. Much of our reading might be omitted with profit. But it is well to remember that comparatively few people have a natural taste for reading. It is a matter of cultivation, especially the taste for the best literature. One reason we have few readers of books is that we have had few libraries of any kind up to recent years and not so many now. The newspaper circulation in the State shows that numerous homes are without even a newspaper. It may be that my life having been spent in a newspaper office I am not without bias in this matter, but I am clearly of the opinion that the thirst for general reading is best cultivated by newspaper reading. Certainly newspapers must be read—I mean read, not skimmed over—if one is to be well informed. And it can be put down as a fact that in a home where newspapers are not read the readers of books will be few. Instead of getting information from newspapers and periodicals and books, the non-reading folks seek it second-hand—by gossiping, exchanging such information as has been picked up. And when one thinks of the possibilities of false information and erroneous ideas obtained by that sort of circulation, and of the half-baked ideas gathered from careless reading or reading worthless literature, it gives pause. The lack of readers is probably largely due to the fact that following the disaster of the 60's there was a great struggle for existance; few schools, very limited opportunities for education and little time for self-culture by means of reading. Naturally a generation came on lacked both the opportunity and the desire for reading. While the opportunities have been multiplied in the past quarter of a century, we still feel the effects of that former period. Many men have grown to manhood and succeeded well in life from the material point of view who never read a book or felt the need of reading one. These well-to-do people buy books for their

children but the lack of training in this respect, the lack of the inspiration in a home where reading is a part of the family life, will make itself felt.

But I am satisfied that the amount of reading in the State as Ben Dixon MacNeil and Miss Palmer have shown, is underestimated. The New York publisher who said that North Carolina does not buy as many books per capita today as in 1850 is wrong. He is expressing an opinion without knowledge of all the facts, in my opinion. What we need to keep in mind is that reading, with most folks, is a matter of cultivation; a habit. And that as wealth and leisure and public libraries increase readers will multiply. The patronage of our public libraries and of our circulating school libraries show that a great crop of eager readers are coming on and these will multiply as the years come. There are many more forms of enterainment than formly. Automobile rides, moving pictures, card games and other forms of social diversion take time, a part of which at least could be devoted to reading, self-education—for that is what the right sort of reading is. But these matters will adjust themselves. What can be done is to increase the opportunities for self-culture and encourage it through the schools and otherwise.

Personally I can't understand why everybody doesn't like to read. But I know that many good people have no taste for reading, that their lines have not been cast as to make reading a part of their business, as mine have been. There are many intelligent and successful men who would consider it punishment to read a book; and other whose business is such that they do not have time to read books, even if they feel inclined. I think people who do not read a great deal miss much, but by no means all these folks are either ignorant or stupid, as some of the critics intimate. In fact, some of the people who are most ignorant of the practical things of life, who are failures in life, are known as "book worms." They read many books but they lack the capacity to profit by the things they read. They are either dreamers or impracticable theorists; and in many instances persons who never read books are worth scores of these "book worms."

All of which means that reading, as in other things is a matter of common sense. We need to cultivate the reading habit, but more than that we need to cultivate the habit of reading worth while literature. Especially is this so in the matter of books and peroidicals. Better not read at all than waste time on many of the books now issued. Who is to select the literature? Don't ask me. Tastes differ so widely in that. A book that was much discussed a little while back I bought and read simply because there was so much written about it. I have felt ever since that I was cheated; that my money and time were wasted. But in the opinion of many others failure to appreciate that book would be evidence of ignorance. Maybe it was that. I am urging on all and sundry to read and read, but be careful what you read. Don't feel that you are ignorant if you have not read the latest books you hear dis-

cussed. Many of them are not worth the time and effort. In a few years they will be forgotten. Who remembers "Trilby," a book that was the rage several years ago? Or rather, who that read the book recalls any profit from the reading? But who that has read the writings of the matchless Dickens does not recall with pleasure and profit many things learned from that great writer, whose books are read and re-read.

Of course there is reading for diversion. Light reading occasionally does not hurt, if there goes with it plenty of the other kind,

---

ONE PAIR OF WEEVILS

By Arthur D. Gore.

I heard a couple of big cotton farmers discussing the boll weevil situation as they saw it. Said farmer No. 1, "I'm going to fight fire with fire; I'm going to plant more, plant it earlier, fertilize it better, rush it through and keep my niggers snatching the stuff out as fast as it opens, and beat the weevil out at his own game." Then farmer No. 2 remarked, I've got 150 acres of as pretty cotton as I ever had in my life. The weevil isn't in my field much. I can find one acre and there occasionaly. I think I can plant at least one more crop and get by before the weevil gets me. I am game one more year anyhow. The weevil's got to get me before I give up. I was never the sort of fellow to lie down and let the other fellow walk over me."

What if those two farmers had known that one pair of boll weevils in a cotton field could and would likely produce exactly 12,755,100 other boll weevils in one season? and what if they had taken the time and trouble to figure a little, something about like the following? Take a 100-acre field. With 4-foot rows, and cotton stalks an acrage of eight inches apart, there would be 1,653,750 stalks of cotton in the 100-acre field, and if each stalk could furnish an average of 40 mature bolls, or squares capable of maturity if left alone, that would be 66, 150,000 open bolls of healthy cotton. With only one pair of weevils in his 100-acre field in June, by August there would be one weevil to every five bolls of that field of cotton. One-fifth of the bolls would mean one-fifth of 100 bales of cotton. But say there were 500 or 1,000 pairs of weevils in that 100-acre field in May or June. How many bales could the spunky, hard-headed farmer get out of it to pay his fertilizer bills, and other accounts? And I suggest that you do your figuring N-O-W so that this time next year the time-merchant and fertilizer people wont be doing the figuring for you while you stand there with your arms akimbo and your thoughts revolving around the timely injunction of Solomon in these words: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding."

JAMES WILLIAM CANNON.

"If he had been born in Pittsburgh he would have been a steel baron; if he had been born a Frenchman and entered the army he would have been field marshal; if he had gone into American politics he would have been the dominant, master force of a party. He was a born executive and leader."

Thus wrote a distinguished editor, in measuring the native ability of our subject, the late Mr. J. W. Cannon, to wisely plan big things and to carry them to a successful issue. And this estimate was formed of Mr. Cannon long before he had reached the crest of his achievements—that point was not reached, for the Great Reaper came and claimed him ere that time.

Students of men's lives and of historical events insist that we must get away from the period and atmosphere in which they wrought and figured, for one to fully realize the power of one and the influences of the other in the affairs of a community, a state, a nation. All the while conscious of his constructive leadership, for it was just as open as a book—in full view—but, growing so steadily and surely, a jar was lacking to attract the attention of the public, the monumental achievement traceable to his genius and his power did not stand out in the light which followed his passing.

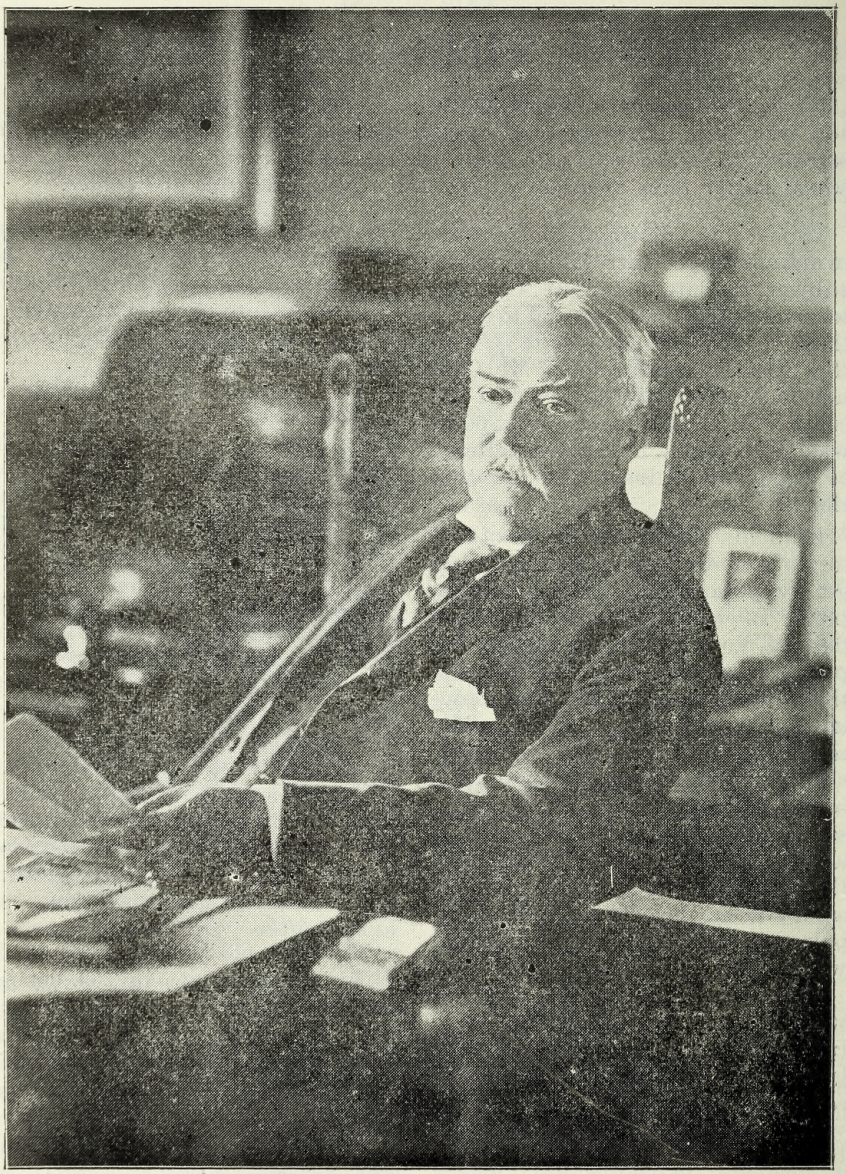
The great industrial machine, which he created through the faithful chosen ones he had the power to gather around him, behaved responsively whenever and wherever he willed. That pictures the master he was. It was not an absorbed power and brilliant imitation from without—it was from within. He brought it from the farm, from his birth. His plans were not stumbled on—no accidents figured remotely in his successes, which cheered him on—chance was not in his nature. The colossal success he made in bringing his visions into a reality are attributable to nothing but wisdom, intellect and indomitable energy.

Any complete story of a cause involves men, not things; every great event is traced to the temperament, intellect, initiative—personality—of a human agency. Things and events do not just happen—they are answers to a power in flesh, blood and mind.

The industrial empire which Mr. Cannon logically conceived and successfully set up in his native state—even reaching every section of the Union—was merely the outcome of a master mind and a master will. This achievement was made, too, when other great minds, twisting it into an impossibility, pronounced a combination of climate and other conditions in the South an insurmountable obstacle to his vision. He knew better.

The life of Mr. Cannon, in his rapid advancement in the business world, is an inspiration to all, who have any desire to make their lives a benediction to the times in which they live. It is an object lesson that gives an answer to energy, ambition, high purpose, frugal habits and untiring energy.

Born in Mecklenburg county, near Sugar Creek Church, in 1852, the son of Joseph F. and Eliza (Long) Cannon, substantial, industrial and hon-



JAMES WILLIAM CANNON.

The Master Cotton Manufacturer of the South, To Whom Is To Be Erected a Memorial Building on the Campus of The Jackson Training School.

ored people. Young Cannon at the age of fourteen, followed his brother, the late D. F. Cannon, to Concord, taking a clerkship in the store of Cannon, Fetzer & Wadsworth, then perhaps the biggest mercantile business in the Piedmont section. The industrial habits of our subject, that something that always plays a large part in every case of success, caught the attention of and brought prophecies from observant people. He soon became a partner in the business, and, logically the directing force of this firm, which became the best known in all Western North Carolina.

This man of vision, taking a conspicious part in all movements that tended toward commercial growth and industrial development, soon became the recognized business leader in his community. Not content with the profits gained in dealing with the finished product, he aspired to the creative—the high purpose of putting values into raw material. His vision and determination to create profits out of products at the home base, rather than permitting all the benefits going elsewhere, besides being patriotic, is one of the very first steps in the great manufacturing programme, which proved a startling revelation to those who thought the South could not succeed in this field of industry. Though small cotton mills operated here and there in the South, none took on an ambitious growth.

It was in 1888, on the Allison property in Concord along by the Southern Railway, where Mr. Cannon made his maiden effort in the cotton milling industry, and started what was to ultimately become the South's most brilliant record in successful cotton manufacturing activity. Understanding the power of little things, this master became an expert buyer and salesman. In this he had no superior. Scruplously honest in meeting to the letter his contracts, he required the same of others. This is honesty—integrity. An incident at the very start of the original Cannon Mills is now recalled, which illustrates his studious observance of details—small things grow into larger ones—which characterized his entire business career. A horse-back estimate of the cubic yards of earth to be removed for the foundation of his first mill brought from him this remark, "I cannot accept that, I'm the custodian of the funds of my stockholders, and I must have accurate and trustworthy statements." The determination to know facts, accurate statements and details governed his actions in all matters.

From a farm boy—inheriting no wealth but the blessings of an honored parentage and a sound mind in a sound body—from 1866 to 1921 Mr. Cannon became the very leader in this entire country in the cotton business, all the way from the raw material in the field until it reached the retail merchant.

Success in samll undertakings leads to success in big ones. Making success in his maiden efforts, the confidences of the business world were freely given him. From one modest mill, in 1888, he became the directing force and large owner in:

Cannon Manufacturing Co., with plants at Concord and Kannapolis, N. C., and York, S. C.

Cabarrus Cotton Mills with plants at Concord and Kanapolis.

Gibson Manufacturing Co., Concord.

Franklin Cotton Mills, Concord.

Patterson Manufacturing Co., China Grove, N. C.

Kesler Mfg. Co., Salisbury.

Amazon Cotton Mills, Thomasville.

Barringer Mfg. Co., Rockwell, N. C.

Efird Mfg. Co., Albemarle, N. C.

Wiscassett Mills Co., Albemarle, N. C.

Tuscarora Cotton Mills, Mt. Pleasant, N. C.

Bloomfield Mfg. Co., Statesville, N. C.

Paola Cotton Mills, Statesville, N. C.

Social Circle Cotton Mills, Social Circle Ga.

Imperial Cotton Mills, Eatonton, Ga.

Buck Green Cotton Mills, Siluria, Ala.

Cannon Mills, Inc., New York Selling Agency, with offices at Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Big interests in a number of other mills through his selling agency and otherwise.

Begining at a time when the textile industry in the South was thought hazardous by most people, Mr. Cannon, through sheer ability and energy, amassed a great fortune, planned and built the largest towel factory in the world, mapped out and built an entire city of 6,000 population, secured control of 600,000 spindles and 10,000 looms and took the active management in other business enterprises. Though centering his activities mainly in the textile field, he proved a great banker, a master of marketing goods. He was Vice-President of the Cabarrus Savings Bank of this city, with branches in Kannapolis Mt. Pleasant and Albemarle, a director in the American Trust Company of Charlotte and as officer and stockholder in many other banking institutions.

Details! Yes, this master mind directed the purchase of the raw product from the Southern farms—he followed it in its course through his mills—he saw the finished product properly marketed.

In 1876, he took in marriage Miss Mary Ella Bost, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Bost, of Bost's Mills, Cabarrus County, one of the most attractive maidens of the whole county, fine spirited, esteemed by all who knew her, carried sunshine into her large circle of friends, and a woman of remarkable intellectuality and personal charms. This union was blessed by ten children, all living and conspicuously prominent in the social and business world. They are:

Mrs. David H. Blair, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Julian S. Carr, Jr., of Durham; Mrs. Charlie Hill, of Winston-Salem; Mrs. Charlie Lambeth, of Charlotte; Messrs. J. F., M. L., J. W., E. T. and C. A. Cannon, of this city, and Mr. J. Ross Cannon, of York, S. C.

The deceased was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and for many years had been an active Elder in the First Church of this city. Several years ago he installed a handsome pipe organ in the First Church here in memory of his parents, and last

year a chair of Biblical Literaturee was founded by his children at Davidson College in his honor.

Though very wealthy, Mr. Cannon lived a modest life. He despised the spectacular; he disliked publicity; he was sociable, pleasant in manners, extremely democratic. The lowliest amongst us could and did get a respectful, patient hearing. Even his most intimate friends would never know from him his aid to worthy individuals in distress and causes that appealed to great hearts. I know that he responded to thousands of causes which greatly profited by his friendship and made secure thereby, but they were not subjects of publicity— heregarded them merely private, personal matters. Just a few weeks before he left us, this writer sat with him on a Southern train and when passing the Jackson Training School, this man of large business and many problems remarked, "That's a monument; it has made good beyond my greatest expectation and I am deeply interested in its future." Then he voluntarily gave this writer to understand that when a big problem confronted us he would like to talk over and consider the matter with us.

There is a feature in Mr. Cannon's career that profoundly impresses me more than all his matrial achievements and his great weath, which, meeting the world on its own terms, he accumulated. Whether it was born in him, or whether he studied and mastered the science of it—it certainly is a fixed science—I do not know. No man in all the history of the state equalled him in judging and picking men. That is interesting; and thereby is explained the secret of his great leadership in his activities. By his vision and ambitious programme, he snatched from almost serfdom thousands of people and transplanted them into an environment where they could participate in some of the privileges and joys of modern living and full dinner pails, in church association and in educational advantages. This is itself a stupendous benefaction that does not respond to a money measurement.

In his fine and almost unerring ability in measuring men, he carried to hundreds of them the opportunity and possibility of making of themselves great and influential factors in the social and commercial world. This is one of the finest features in the marvelously brilliant career of our subject. This is high service—leaving the world richer in outstanding and useful men. And by his strict integrity and masterful management of entrusted funds and investments, he caused scores and scores of men to grow strong in the riches of this world's goods and fix secure their positions in commercial affairs. That's a record that distinguishes his career and makes him the real benefactor of men and women, the like of which has not been surpassed by another business man of the state. In building his own fortune, he built for others.

In all the state there has never been lived a human picture more beautiful than charcterizes the life of this man of genius and that of the companion of his heart and soul. They were happiest when together, and throughout the whole time it was rare that even business and per-

plexing problems seperated them. They lived most beautifully their marriage vows, and in their companionship set an example of what a perfect American home is.

Though ill but a few days, this master builder, in shaping material to his liking and in discovering fine subjects and developing them into fine business men and useful citizens, just at 6 P. M., December 19, 1921, passed out into the great beyond. His death shocked and grieved the state, but what he wrought in his near unto seventy years is secure. The state will profit forever by his accomplishments. The Jackson Training School, in its work of rescue and making men of another class, counts it both a privilege and an honor to bear testimony in a memorial building to James William Cannon, who, in successfully developing a large and ambitious programme, carried opportunities to hundreds of another type—imperishable deeds of service and goodness. Our new Administration Building, rising larger and better by the munificent gift of his bereaved widow, will be an instrument of great service and known in the conduct of the School as The Cannon Building.

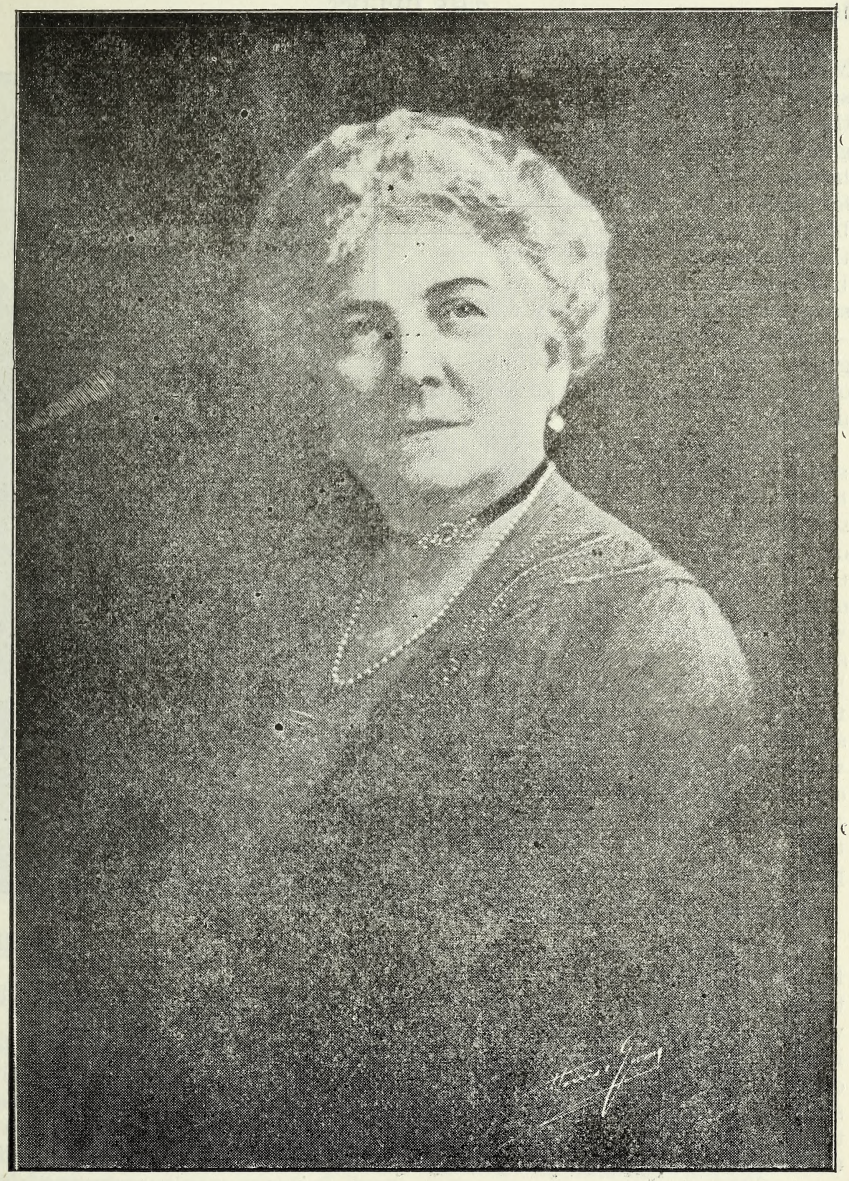
When a man sits down to wait for his ship to come in, it usually turns out to be a receivership.—Tacoma Ledger.

THE STORY OF A BENEVOLENCE.

By the noble deed of his widow, Mrs. James W. Cannon, if we may disregard other fine reasons for it, the memory of her distingushed husband, Mr. J. W. Cannon, is forever written into the history and achievements of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. It is fitting and a pleasant duty, for the benefit of those who compose our population and those to follow, as well as for the thousands who sympathetically and anxiously are watching the course and the accomplishments of this institution, to make known the story of this benevolence from the heart and purse of Mrs. Cannon, who promptly and cheerfully responded to a call of distress in her midst. And for a greater reason—an incentive to heroic courage, to a life of patient and wise devotion to a responsibility, to upright and honorable living, and to a full exercise of integrity in all dealing with men—that we may know, for our inspiration and our profit, the brilliant life and masterful achievements of him, to whom a loving heart has erected a memorial, in the spirit of service to humanity, for to-day and on through the years.

A Serious Fire

In the early morning of September 8th, the occupants of the Administration Building were hurried out into the night to escape the raging fire then consuming the chief structure of the plant of the Jackson Training School. It was pretty soon after day-light appeared, when



MRS. JAMES W. CANNON

Who Rescued The Jackson Training School From Serious Embarrassment by the Donation of Fifty Thousand Dollars. Will Be A Memorial of Her Distinguished Husband.

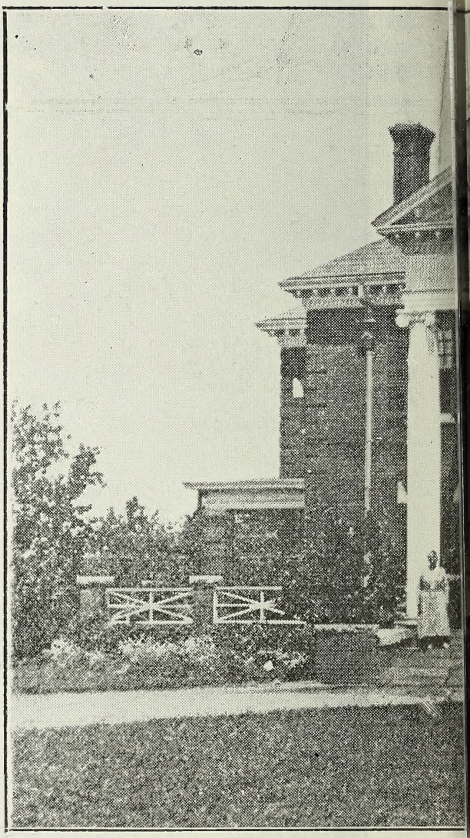
Mrs. Canron, accompanied by her son, Mr. Chas. A. Cannon, drove into the campus, giving evidence of great concern for the safety of human lives, a comforting sympathy for those who felt most keenly the blow, and anxiety for the future of the institution. None of that morbid curiosity that prompt us folks sometimes to go out and view a wreck —it was a genuine sympathy for a great cause, for the welfare of others, and an assurance of help, if need be.

Before these good people left the scene of wreck, campus strewn with hastily removed furniture and personal belongings, sorrow written upon every face, and none the less on the faces of the excited youngsters in our care, they found by inquiry what would be needed to restore the handsome building, which plays such a large part in the conduct of the institution. This writer was not at all surprised, but excusably overcome, when on the 26th Mrs. Cannon called over the phone, saying it was her pleasure to donate to the institution fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of restoring the building.

Progress Towards Restoration

The Executive Committee promptly met and decided that the institution could not function satisfactorily without this chief building. Anticipating the arrival of a benefactor or benefactors, no time was lost in such preparations as were necessary to rebuild. Architect Asbury, of Charlotte, who safely and very wisely guided us in our construction work since the very beginning was authorized to make plans along lines to better suit the needs of the institution now that it has discovered itself and faces the future with great confidence and hope.

These plans are fully developed, showing a larger building, with handsomer exterior and the interior radically changed so as to give more room, a greater convenience and, in every way, presenting a superiorty over the lost building. Orders for the material have been placed, and upon its arrival work will begin in earnest.



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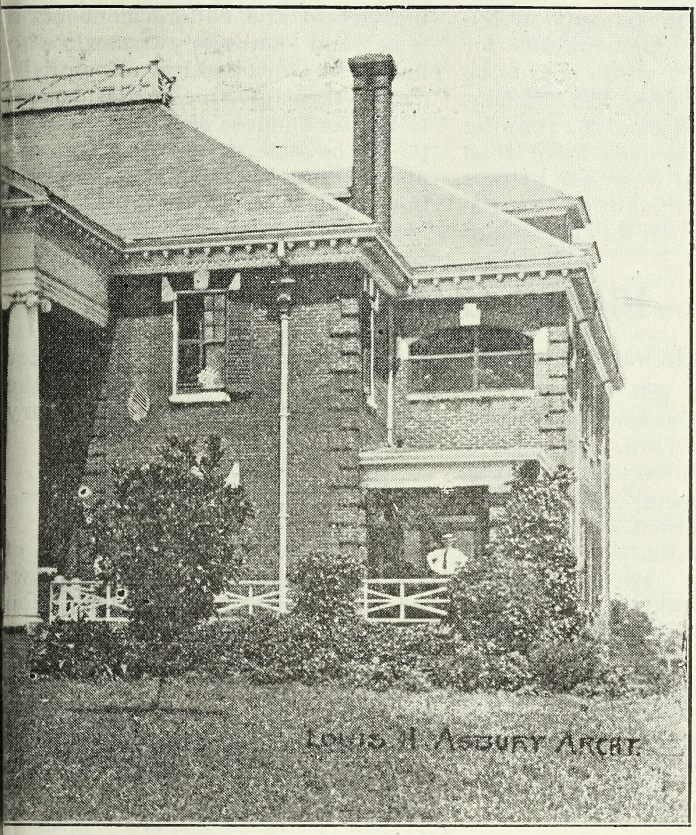

TON MEMORIAL BUILDING.

It Is To Be A Memorial

The officials are only too happy that it will be their privilege to restore this building—the chief, always the outstanding, structure of the whole plant—and proud that it will stand throughout the ages as a memorial to Mr. J. W. Cannon, who built up an industrial empire that challenged the wonder and admiration of the commercial world; who was the honored and chief citizen, in his day, of Cabarrus county; and who wrought so largely and successfully that his achievements became a distinctive pride of the whole state. His power and leadership, touching large businesses abroad, made of him a national character.

A Great Service.

Mrs. Cannon's munificent gift, relieving the institution of an immediate and pressing need in a time

of distress, has rendered a bigger service—it is an investment in human life, making opportunities for the unfortunate who might be stranded and forever lost without the kindly influences of the training here. It has done even more than this, in a material way; her prompt and loving contribution to the great work in which we are engaged, places upon the Jackson Training School the endorsement of a wise and superior woman, who knows its work and its accomplishments, thus introducing the school to the confidences of other fine people in the state, who welcome an opportunity for humanitarian service—the sweetest service of all.

PRESS COMMENTS.

"Dividends In Character."

The generous gift of $50,000 by Mrs. James W. Cannon, of Concord, to the Jackson Training School to construct a building as a memorial to her late husband, Mr. James W. Cannon, will return dividends in character of youths who are able to find themselves. Mr. Cannon rose to national leadership in a big industry, and it is gratifying that his spirit of work and vision of great things are to be an inspiration to the youth at the Jackson Training School.—Raleigh News & Observer.

"Generous Gift."

We are truly glad that Mrs. Cannon is to remember the Jackson Training school and that her late husband is to be memorilized in a useful building at the institution. It was announced the other day that Mrs. Cannon would rebuild the administration building burned a few weeks ago. It will prove a wonderful investment and the money will serve the state and humanity for all time. It will be a blessing to many a lad who is looking up and needs help and encouragement and inspiration. The new building will stand as a memorial to a great builder who labored for years in sight of the institution thus helped.—Salisbury Post.

"A Fine Gift."

Mrs. James W. Cannon, widow of the late textile manufacturer, showed a fine spirit in making a donation of $50,000 to the Jackson Training School, home of correction for boys. The building which will be erected with Mrs. Cannon's donation is badly needed at the school, and when completed will greatly facilitate the work of the institution.

Mrs. Cannon has chosen to spend $50,000 for two worthy causes—a memorial to her husband and a building which will be used in reclaiming unfortunate youths who have strayed from the beaten paths. It is fitting that she should pay tribute to her husband, one of the most successful business men in the United States, and it is peculiarly fortunate that she should take enough interest in the boys of the State to give $50,000 to them.

An investment in the future men of the State is a wise one. The boys at the school are not criminals. They

rather lacked the home training that really makes men, and at the school they will be trained in a way that gets results. Mrs. Cannon could have spent $50,000 in no nobler or worthier cause we think, and her generosity should set an example for other persons in the State who want to devote their money to something worthwhile. When we deal in human beings we are dealing in the greatest things on earth, and when we do something that aids even one of the 266 boys at the school we have done a noble deed. —Concord Tribune.

"Mrs. Cannon's Noble Gift."

The administration building at the Jackson Training School was burned on the morning of September 8, and it had been incidentally noted that the first from Concord to reach the scene was Mrs. Mary Ella Cannon and her son, Mr. Charles Cannon. It was remembered, also, that Mrs. Cannon made pertinent inquiry as to the extent of the damage and as to the probable cost of restoration. Perhaps it was at that very moment an idea, later to materialize into fact, was formulated, for the officials and friends of the institution were yesterday made happy through a communication from Mrs. Cannon in which she expressed an arrived-at determination to give the Jackson Training School a cash donation of $50,000 with which to reconstruct the building. It is to take shape as the James W. Cannon Memorial Building, and Mr. J. P. Cook, chairman of the executive committee, to whom Mrs. Cannon's purpose was communicated, says that within the coming week Louis Ashbury, the architect, will have plans made for reconstruction. The building will not only be restored to its former beauty, but in the new plans will be incorporated some features which will give it advantages over the house that was burned.

The example of Mrs. Cannon is one which will inspire the state. Having been long familiar with the excellent character of the work accomplished at this institution, Mrs. Cannon had come into a full appreciation of its value to the community and its service to the State. She was quick to sieze the opportunity opened to her to give endorsement to the school and its work in a practical manner. The Observer had always felt that the emergency precipitated upon the management of the institution would develope the friend in need. The Cannon Memorial will long endure to the glory of the generous heart that established it.—Charlotte Observer.

"Handsome Gift."

Mrs. Mary Ella Cannon, widow of the late James W. Cannon, of Concord, has donated $50,000 for the rebuilding of the administration building at the Jackson Training school. This handsome contribution to such a cause is commendable and the work of reconstruction will begin next week, this making it possible.—Mooresville Enterprise.

Get the habit—of realizing that your mental attitude today determines your success tomorrow.

WHAT IS "PROVIDENCE?"

By C. W. Hunt

Worchester's dictionary says Providence is "The Divine superintendence and care; the Divine Being; an act directly caused by Divine power; timely care; foresight; prudence." All of this is the generally accepted view of what "Providence" means.

It was near ten years ago that Frank R. McNinch, Jr., fell headlong over Glenn Bernia Falls near Blowing Rock, and it was said that he lodged at the very feet of a physician, unconscious and with a badly broken leg, and was there and then given first aid, and came out with but little to show for what had happened to him. Here was a physican out for amusement, but was intuitively sent to the very place he was needed to rescue an impetuous youth, taking chances over a water-fall. Did an alwise Being send this doctor there, or was it just a happen so?

The first days of September of this year another boy, ten or twelve years old, Claude Grier, a native of Blowing Rock, with half dozen other boys, was playing on this same water-fall, slipped and fell, striking his eye on a projecting stone, dazing him, from the effects of which or by a misstep, he, too, went tumbling over the precipice, into a pool, apparently dead. These small boys went there and were alone, but it happened that Rev. and Mrs. Thos. F. Opie, Rector of the Episcopal church at Red Springs, came upon the scene just as this boy went over, and by whose hands he was rescued and carried for nearly half a mile, over steeps and ground that a man unloaded does well to get over, while the other boys were sent for help. I had it from Mrs. Opie's own lips that it was her desire to go on the tramp they were taking right after the noon meal, but Mr. Opie preferred to rest, and their going was so timed as to appear on the scene, when most needed and when no other adult person was even in hearing These good people had no warning to appear there as they did, and perhaps save the life of a boy who lay unconscious for more than ten hours, and they never told me they thought Providence sent them there; but did not an alwise Being time their going so as to render the aid they so willingly gave?

The late Rev. Junius T. Harris, a brother-in-law of General Julian S. Carr, told the writer that once, when traveling a circuit that took him along a certain road very often, he had habitually watered his horse at a certain stream very near where another stream came into this one. On a certian day when he approached the usual watering place, he said to himself: "why do I always water the horse here? I will drive over to the other stream for a change." This he did, and while the horse was eagerly quenching his thirst from the cool stream, an old dead tree, that had been standing as long as time would allow, broke and fell directly across the spot where Mr. Harris's body would have been had he not changed his watering place. This good man had no doubt about it's being a Providential act, and

counted it as an act of God, sparing him for service.

In the early 80's the late Rev. Frank L. Reid, for years an able religious editor in North Carolina, left Raleigh one afternoon going to a district conference in western North Carolina, and got as far as Greensboro, when for some case, he knew not why , he decided to return to Raleigh. That night train 35, out of Salisbury, for Asheville, fell its full length into Rock creek near Statesville, killing 28 people. Mr. Reid would have been a passenger on that train had he not turned back to Raleigh. Was he warned, or was it an accident? Mr. Reid never considered it an accident.

I attended a Box-Supper the other night. Whoever invented this means of entertainment was a benefactor of the first water. The social feature, to say nothing of the good eatings if you have spirit enough to make a winning bid, goes a long way to making country-life of much benefit. But I saw a quilt, containing nearly 5,000 different pieces. I got a beautiful little willow basket made by a country woman one rainy day in the Spring. It had around it a band of silk ribbon, just like young maidens use about their golden locks or some other kind of colors.....I guessed nearest the number of pieces that composed the quilt.....It was made by a country girl when she was but fifteen years of age, some thirty-five years back. I wonder how many fifteen-year old girls today can even sew a button on a garment without annoying their mothers to find the needle, thread it, find a button and then do a neat job?

THE CRIMINAL CODE OF FORMER DAYS.

By Morrison Caldwell.

Before me lie "Revised Law of North Carolina 1836" and also "Revised Code of North Carolina 1854." What I shall write concerning the cruel criminal code that formerly prevailed in the State of North Carolina is based not upon tradition, but upon the authority of these ancient codes. It will be profitable and interesting to note the changes that have taken place within the lifetime of some of our older citizens.

As late as 1854 there were 16 different crimes punishable with death; today there are only 4 crimes punished with death viz: murder, arson, burglary and rape.

By the criminal law of North Carolina in 1854 the following crimes were punishable by death viz: (1) robbery on highway, (2) fighting a duel where one party is killed,(3) castration with malice, (4) crime against nature, (5) burning public building, (6) malicious maiming (7) stealing slaves, (8) carrying stolen slaves out of State, (9) aiding slaves to escape from the State, (10)

carrying free negroes out of the state to sell them, (11) circulating sedition literature among negroes inciting insurrection among negroes.

The code of 1836 was still more severe. In addition to the above capital offences we find that if a person broke into any dwelling, store, shop or house in day time or stole any property of value of two dollars or upwards it was pronounced that such person whether man or woman should "suffer death without benefit of clergy." To steal a slave was punish- by death. It was also provided that if any person shall felaniously steal any horse, mare, gelding, jackass or mule, he shall suffer death as in other cases of felony; provided that he shall be entitled to the benefit of his clergy in the same manner and to the same extent as in cases of felony at common law."

Just here let me explain what is meant by "benefit of clergy." It means that formerly so few people were able to read and write, as did the clergy, that when a person was found guilty of a capital crime, in certain cases the criminal might escape the death penalty by proving his ability to read. When we consider that then the State spent nothing to help educate her citizens, it is small wonder that ability to read was regarded as a distinction. Please notice that the State even regarded the educated man's life as of more value to the State than the life of the ignorant man, yet how long it has taken the State to realize the value or importance in having every boy and girl in North Carolina educated.

System of Branding.

Branding with an old hot iron was still authorized in North Carolina even in the life time of the writer. The bigamist was branded on the cheek with the letter "B," and the man convicted of manslaughter was branded on his left thumb with the letter "M." As a boy the writer recalls hearing people relate how the smell of the burning flesh nauseated them.

The most usual punishment was to put the convicted criminal in the pillory and administer 39 lashes (a separate hickory withe for each stroke) on his bare back. Each stroke was supposed to produce blood and needless to add the sheriffs were unusually conscientious and painstaking to do their duty! No white woman could be branded or whipped. The following crimes were punishable by whipping in the pillory viz: embezzlement, forgery, false pretense, passing counterfeit money, burning bridges, perjury or subornation of perjury. If perjury or subornation of perjury was committed on trial of a case the punishment of which was death, then in that event "the offender shall instead of public whipping, have his right ear cut off and severed entirely from his head and nailed to the pillory by the sheriff, there to remain till sundown." False swearing today is as common as profane swearing and is commonly regarded as neither criminal nor disgraceful. Some professional witnesses seem to regard it as an accomplishment of which they are proud. We have no pillory today for those scoundrels, but it is high time Public Opinion branded these low fellows of the baser sort as "LIARS and put them in the pil

lory of public condemnation.

How Done in Cabarrus

The old Cabarrus county jail once stood on the corner of Union and Depot streets, where now stands the Pearl Drug Store. Back of this jail was thee **stocks.** (1st floor the **pillory** (2nd floor) and the **gallows** (3rd floor.) People were compelled to sit for hours with their **feet** stuck thrrough holes in the stocks (or planks) which were so fastened that the prisoner was compelled to sit with his legs straight out until released by the jailer. This was the usual punishment for petty misdemeanors.

In the pillory the culprit's **head** was put through a hole as the boards were closed about his neck. His arms were also sticking through as he stood in a cramped stooping position. When he was to be whipped, he was stripped to the waist and his bare back exposed to the customary 39 lashes.

Wife beating has become a habit with some alleged men. If a few of these brutes could be given a sound thrashing, "judicially administered," it would certainly prove a salutary lesson to other evil doers like minded.

Value of Life

Gone forever from North Carolina is the cruel code that made human life so cheap in the mode of punishment. But let us seriously inquire whether human life is not really held just as cheap as it was 75 years ago. The murders and lynchings that go unpunished nowdays give the answer.

Gone forever is the ancient form of "benefit of clergy," but we have an infinitely greater blessing today in our Public School System which gives to all the birthright of equal rights before the law.

What a wonderful thing it is, just to be living in this Goldeen Age when the "Old North State" opens the door of Opportunity and makes life worth living.

The only part of the nation's food supply raised by the middleman is the price.—Indianapolis Star.

MAN THE BUILDER.

The glory of man is his hands. For man is not made to fly, but to build. Man is the supreme builder. He builds his dugouts, canoes, ships, his palaces of justice. his arches and columns, his "sky scrapers," his engines, railroads, steamships that make with their keels the furrows to his palace fronts. He builds cities, states, nations. He gets the habit; he is the road-builder to the future, from civilizations past to civilizations as yet scarcely dreamed of. He builds his universities, his art galleries, his parliaments; he builds his world. The cathedrals which blossom to God he wrested from the quarry, and set up to be the fit shrine of God.

What would have happened to the world if man had not had hands? If he had not learned to build? If he

had not tried to build better each time? If he had not tried to build so as to have it remembered of men, and be a source of pride to his age, his children's children—to man and God.

At the same time, man does have wings: wings to soar and see, wings of vision, wings of faith, wings that reach the mountain peaks from which the man—the real man, the 100 per cent man—comes down and cannot rise, but begins right away to build according as he has seen.

The perfect character, as seen by the prophet, has both, wings and hands; for the being he saw had "the wings of an angel," but underneath the wings were "the hands of a man."

Friend, it is the character that uses both that attains the higher goal. For some men to dream is to go to sleep. Sleeping dreams are not worth a red cent But. day-dreams, dreams that stir, dreams that challenge, dreams that will not let the dreamer rest day or night, in season or out of seasons, in difficulty, toil, hardship, defeat, but thrust him out to try and try again, those are the dreams that count because it all shows that under the wings of the angel are the hands of a real MAN.—Central Christian Advocate.

DRIFTING.

Many are the souls tonight,
Drifting o'er life's boundless sea;
Without aim or goal in sight,
Drifting through eternity.
Each man a pilot at the wheel,
Guides a life about the world;
Depths of woe oft wash the keel,
Midst the waves the ship is hurled.
Sailor, why drift on ahead,
Goal forgot, no port in view?
Time has passed; the years have fled
Why not form a purpose true?
Form a truly lofty aim,
Then strive forward day by day;
Labor, toil, sail not in vain,
Cease the drifting from the way.

KINDNESS PAYS

(Saunders' Independent.)

Elizabeth City Rotarians are making a study of the boy life of the town and doing a lot of thoughtful things to encourage boys to study, improve their lot and become useful and independent citizens. That's good business for the Rotarians. No business man under sixty-five years of age can make a better investment than an investment in the good will of the young people of his community. It pays to be kind to growing boys and girls.

Nothing grows so fast as a boy or girl. The boy in short pants and the little girl in rompers to-day may be beneath your notice; you may think it not worth while to cultivate them; indeed their exuberant youth and roguishness may be an infernal nuisance to you. But to-morrow they will be young men and young women and you will want to cultivate them and you may find it too late. In just a few short years they will grow up and important factors in the life of the community and you may find that you can not approach them, make no contact, with them, because you taught them early to regard you as a selfish old bear.

Go back over your own life. Take your own case. I take my own case; the men and women I most highly esteem to-day were those men and women who were kind to me when I was a child; I have not forgotten nor shall I forget a single one of them. On the other hand I will never forget those who were unkind. There was an ill tempered young man in my old home town who never lost an opportunity to make life miserable for me when I was a boy; or at least that's what I thought about him. The other day that man was honored with an office or positon of some prominence and it was suggested that I ought to put his picture in the paper. Instantly, in a very flash, my subconscious mind pushed into the conscious every memory of my boyhood days associated with that man. Put his picture in the paper! I would like to put his picture in the paper ; but something in me seared to boyhood will not permit me. I can alway forgive and forget; the boy in me does not forgive and will never forget. I think I might put that man's picture in the paper if he robbed a bank or were hanged.

Be kind to the children; they are growing up and you are not growing. They will catch up with you before you are aware of it; they will catch up with you and pass you, ignoring you and trampling upon you if you slight them. They will grow up to be your best friends and business assets if your are kind and helpful to them. Children have long memories.

One of the good things about political campaigns is that the candidates crowd the European lecturers off all the platforms in the country.—Washington Post.

THEY HAVE A POOR CHANCE.

(Greensboro News)

"Raising Too Many Butterflies" is the caption Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, chooses for a lecture to parents in his Weekly. The senator views, if not with alarm, certainly with much misgiving, the boys and girls of today—the town reared youth. The indulgence of unwise parents in rearing a generation helpless to cope with any difficulty. The Kansas statesman grows reminiscent:

"The boys and girls of 40 or 50 years ago, in every family, had certain daily duties they were expected to perform and did perform. Not only were they expected to go to school, but they were expected to get their lessons every day. They didn't run around much, nor loaf around soda fountains. They didn't spend as much money in a year as the average boy or girl of the well-to-do family now spend in a day or a week, and then ask for more. They didn't go dressed like fashion plates, more concerned over having to wear an out-of-style coat or a too long or a too loose skirt, than anything else in the world unless it was the date of the next dance. Nor did they feel they were inferior human beings and go about in shame and humility because the family did not own a motor car."

They did not, because no other family owned one; they did feel that they were inferior human beings, and they did go about in shame and humility, if the family did not own whatever, in their particular locality, then corresponded to the present estate of owning an automobile.

The inferiority complex is a lively manifestation in boys and girls, was 50 years ago, 50 years before that, and will be 50 years hence; at the age when children are just emerging from a phase which corresponds to the savagery of the race.

But if the illustration is inept, the preachment is strong with the strength of truth. The children of well-to-do town people are heavily handicapped by indulgence. This is a rule that has few exceptions.

To most men and women self is everything. Their whole life is a room lined with looking-glasses, presenting to them in all directions, and at every glance, innumerable reflections and multiplications of their own petty and worthless selves. With boundless self-importance, as though the world was made for them, and everybody was looking at them and thinking of them, they make themselves, their own low selves, the whole. —Canon Farrar.

"IN THE VALLEY OF MEADOW BRANCH."

By Esten Cooke.

It was just at sunset of a fine September day that a traveler coming from the east, that is to say from the direction of Martinsburg, stopped upon the "Third Hill Mountain," some miles to the west of that town, to rest his horse for a moment before descending into the little valley beneath. "Sleepy Creek Mountain" stretched just in front of him across the narrow glen, and the round red orb, about to disappear, had kindled the tall pines upon its summit into a blaze, and like a bonfire threw the long shadows of tree and rock and knoll, down the declivity into "Meadow Branch Valley."

The traveler was much struck by the fair picture, so quiet and so lovely; but after gazing upon it for a few moments, he touched his magficent sorrel with the spur and went on again, down the mountain, breasting the full red rays, which lit up radiantly his rich dress, and brown closely trimmed hair and beard, and his fine smiling face. His object was apparently to reach some friendly shelter before the cool September breeze made the open air uncomfortable. Besides he seemed to have ridden far and naturally looked about him now for a night's-resting place.

He had nearly reached the base of the mountain, and seeing no habitation near, had begun to look with forlorn interest on a large Dutch barn and dwelling-house far to the south, when coming out from a clump of pines which, just in his front, obscured the view, he found himself close to a mountain-dwelling.

"Ah," murmered the stranger, "where were my thoughts wandering? Might I not have expected to find precisely at this spot what I now see!"

And with a well-satisfied smile he approached the house, at the door of which was seated a tall powerful mountaineer.

The mountaineer was apparently above sixty, with hair nearly white with age; not wholly, for many dark threads still remained, relieving the silver sheen of the rest. He was very plainly the owner and lord of the mansion, and at the moment when the stranger drew near, was caressing with his vigorous hand a tall deer-hound, who submitted with evident pleasure to this agreeable ceremony.

The traveler courtesly saluted him, dismounting as he spoke; then in a voice, open and frank, but slightly French in accent, he said—

"May I crave a night's lodging, sir? I see no house of enterainment any where, and find myself somewhat at a loss for a night's rest."

"You are very welcome, sir," said the mountaineer, rising "make my house your own; such as it is."

"I thank you, sir," replied the stranger, "but will not my horse embarrass you?

"We'll see to him—we'll see to

him. A fine animal he is, too. He shall stand by my own, and feed as well."

"Thanks, sir—many thanks for your hospitality," the traveler said with a smile.

"There is no thanks owing to me, sir. I'm a poor man, but would think myself not doing my duty to turn away a guest. Wife," added the mountaineer, turning toward the house from which came the busy hum of a spinning wheel, "here is a friend who will stop with us. My wife, sir—Mrs. Myers. My own name is John Myers—at your service."

The old dame came to the door and courtesied, smiling cheerfully: then betook herself to prepairing the supper.

"My name," the traveler said, "is Doctor Thomas; and while supper is getting ready, my good sir, I will, with your leave, see to my horse. We are old friends; I must not slight him."

"I like you better for that, guest," the mountaineer replied in his hearty voice, "and I'll go with you, and let you see that all is right."

Thereupon the mountaineer led the way to a rude, but well-constructed shed, some few paces behind the house; and opened the door. It was already occupied by a large black horse, who might have borne Goliath upon his broad back; but at his side was a vacant stall, and here the traveler saw his steed, comfortably housed, with a plentiful feed. They then returned toward the house. This was a building of some size, of logs hewn smooth with the ax, the spaces between carefully plastered to exclude rain and wind. The roof was of clapboards, held down by long poles fixed across them, and the chimneys—one at each end—were of large brown stones. In front was an antique "hominy sweep" with its heavy pestle, and at a little distance, a scaffolding, where, to judge by the pile of wood-dust, the "whip-saw" of former days, was still made to do duty.

There was about this house little that did not remind you of that picturesque past, of our Virginia border, which has scarcely left any trace of its habitudes and peculiarities in our own day. Everything spoke of former days—the hominy sweep, the whip-saw, the clapboards of the roof;—and all this the traveler seemed to gaze on, with a loving eye, for its very antique rudeness.

They entered.

"THE HUNTER'S DWELLING."

Inside, all was quite as old-fashioned as without. The fireplace was broad and large; and in addition to the long rifle, there hung obove it, fishing-rods, almanacs and bundles of pepper pods; and in the middle an old Dutch clock ticked cheerfully. The chairs were of wicker-work, and the table af heavy oak. In one corner a flight of stairs wound up to the small rooms above; beyond this flight of stairs, a half-opened door permitted a glimpse of an apartment, which, from its great neatness and simplicity, was inhabited by a child apparently, most probobly by a young girl, since taste was everywhere very evident in its decorations —a taste of that refined and elegant description which it is never the good

fortune of the ruder sex to possess. The very arrangement of the simple furniture, the light in which the few cheaply-framed pictures were hung, the small hanging shelves of books, all neatly in their places, the chair, with its pretty calco covering, the little table, the lingering flowers so trained around the window—all gave the traveler good reason to believe that the occupant of the small chamber was a female. The large apartment in which he found himself had a wholly different character; and just as plainly—with its large chair, and guns, and hunting-horns—was the mountaineer's; though, certainly, not his sleeping-room, which adjoined it.

The traveler seemed to be satisfied, with the single glance he had cast upon these objets. His eyes, trained to observe quickly and thoroughly, after completing its survey of the apartment, no longer fixed itself upon these material surroundings.

"Sit down, Doctor," said the mountaineer, "we are all very plain people in this neighborhood, but you are welcome to all we have. From foreign parts, I judge?"

"Why do you judge so, host?"

"From your way of talkng," said the hunter, laughing silently, "and ——"

"Why do you stop?" the traveler, said smiling too; "from what else?"

"From your dress, guest."

"Ah!" said thoughtly the stranger, "there it is. Why dress—what is dress, that people should judge so much from it of the individual's 5character. 'Tis the fault of the age—externals, externals."

Then seeing that his host had not followed him in his musings, "You are right, so far, sir," he said, "I am from foreign countries; but I trust that my heart is what it always was—silk stockings and velvet have not changed me, God be thanked!"

There was so much frankness in the stranger's voice, and his face, ornamented by its light-colored beard and moustache, assumed—spite of those martial appendages—an expression so mild and gentle, that the mountaineer, yielding to the fascination of his manner, stretched out his arm, and cordially shook his guest by the hand.

"We'll be good friends, I see, guest,' he replied, "and now, I know you will be satisfied with our rough fare. Come supper is on the table."

The supper was spread upon the broad table, and the cheerful and smiling old dame did the honors at its head, pouring out for the traveler goblets of foaming milk, and huge cups of coffee—a great luxury at the time—and forcing him to test in turn the flavor of half a dozen different sorts of bread. The traveler thought he had never tasted richer butter, or finer vension.

They allowd him to finish his supper befoore again speaking; and his host led the way to the grass-plot, which ornamented the knoll in front of the house.

There they sat in pleasant converse; the hunter, with a calm, quiet smile on his old rugged face, stroking from time to time his favorite stag-hound lying at his feet—the stranger with a thoughtful, musing manner, which terminated many

times in revery; but not a mournful revery it was plain—rather well pleased and hopeful.

His eyes were fixed admiringly on the broad belts of pins, now in deep shadow, and the rosy flush slowly dying away on the top of the mountain, when his host said quietly, but much more gently than he had yet spoken:

"There is my daughter."

At the same moment, a young girl came singing up the knoll from the banks of the brook.

Institutional Notes

Swift Davis Reporter.

Missives of love, care, joy, peace, hopefulness, and of varieties of feeling far too numerous to mention, were put in black and white Friday, Sept. 29, when the students composed their monthly letters to their loved ones at home.

The Administration Building at the Jackson Training School is soon to be reconstructed, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. J. W. Cannon, of Concord. Preliminary work has already begun—this is the work of clearing away the debris from the walls, which are yet staunch enough to be used in the new building.

One question which is being heard institutionally on all lips is this: "When will the band, which has not been called together since its master, Mr. G. H. Lawrence left, be revived?" The boys miss the music and the band was needed when the Rockingham delegates were here. It should ever be ready for such an emergency. It should be started as soon as a capable leader can be secured.

Cotton picking is once again the order of the day. The boys in the school section are taken in wagons and trucks to various farmers' crops who desire their cotton picked quickly, thoroughly and cleanly. Boys who pick fifty pounds of this commercial commodity are given a tenth of a dollar. Boys are always glad to pick cotton for two reasons, the wages; and scenery they see when going and coming from their work. Exceptionally fast cotton pickers are Dudley Spangle, Midget Bean, Finch, Glenn Riddick, Ellis Nance and Charles Mayo.

THE YOUNG BAKER.

Allie Williams one of our bakery boys is rather short in statue, but when it comes to dependibility he's just naturally one of the tallest boys at the school. Williams does not exactly oppose the statement that "man does not live by bread alone," but he is a strong advocate of good bread for the Jackson Training School, and if you want to see him at his best you'll have to wait till he wipes the flour off his face.

Mr. Hilton, the baker, was away over Sunday. Saturday morning Supt. Boger suddenly remembered this fact, and hied himself to the bakery to see "if those boys have anything done toward the baking." He found that they had done "considerable." Allie Williams had marshalled his forces, and had nobly saved the day and the reputation of

the bakery. Already cooling on the racks were rows and rows of fresh, fragrant bread—enough and to spare for the week-end. And this was not the finish—for the gingerbread was ready to pop into the oven, just as nice and spicy as anything. "You know" remarked the Superintendent when he returned, "those fellows down at the bakery are alright!"

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Richard Johnson, Luther Chernault, Eugene Apple, Washington Pickett, Raymond Keenan, Parks Newton, Albert Hill, Albert Keever, Robt. Leathers, Jno. Hughes, Lewis Pressley, Swift Davis, Frank Thomason, Harry Lamb, Doyle Jackson, Harry Hayes, Jno. Moose, Elbert Perdue, Allie Williams, Robert Watson, Marion Butler, George Stogner, Dudley Pangle, Ralph Freeland, Harry Ward, Paul Groves, William Gregory, Joe. Moore, John Wright, Jack O'Neil, Chas. Lisk, Carl Henry, Walter Cummings, Grover Cook, Brevard Bradshaw, Lewis Morris, Joseph Jordan, Manfred Mooney, Ralph Hutchins, Mark King, Elwood Johnson, Julian Piver, Jake Willard, Roy Caudill, Jno. Edwards, Howard Bullard, Ralph Goins, Henry Reece, Oscar Johnson, Geo. Pitman, James Autry, Silvon Gregg, Blane Ensley, Graham York, Jerome Willams, Jethro Mills, Clayton Stevens, Geo. Moore, Ned Morris, Roscoe Grogan, Herbert Tollie, Worth Stout, Watson O'Quinn, Autrey Wilkerson, Charlie Jackson, John Kemp, Harry Shirley, Dallas Hensley, Vernie Tarlton, Cleburn Hale, Walter P. McNeil, Charlie Parton, James Allen, Plaz Johnson, Hugh Tyson, Thomas Oglesby, Grover Lyerly, Emmet Lasiter, Louie Pate, Leon Allen, Joseph Pope, Geo. Everheart, Herman Cook, Amaziah Corbett, Oak Ensley, Spencer Combs, Geo. F. Stone, Preston Windows, James Ford, Carlton Heger, Chas. Padgett, Lee York, Erma Leach.

"B"

Manley Mills, Chester Sheppard, Jay Carver, Arthur Duke, Uldric Bracken, Albert Johnson, Paul Leitner, Chas. Bishop, Harvey Wrenn, Dewey Griffin, Glenn Reddick, Robt. Carswell, Floyed Linville, Aster Adams, Milton Hunt, Wesley Cook, Harry Dalton, James Bean, Charles Blackman, Geo. Lafferty, Geo. Howard, Odell Ritchie, Everette Goodrich, Earle Crow, "I" Ribbling, Jno. Dalton, Garland Banks, Sylvester Sims, Rufus Wrenn, Earnest Jordan, Claude Coley, Lorenzo Mixon, Lloyd Winner, Carroll Guice, Chas. Mayo, Jas. Shipp, Willie Cook, Max Thompson, Ralph Cutcheon, Vass Fields, Sanford Hedrick, Lester Borren, Geo. White, Wesley Forrester, Jim Fisher, Herbert Orr, Henry Nunnery, Earl Houser, Turner Anderson, Lee Rogers, Walter Mills, John Morrison, Robert Holliday, Willie Smith, Fred Wiles, Walter Taylor, Avery Rothrock, R. B. Porterfield, Nomie Lee, Robert Ward, Earnest Cobb.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL X CONCORD N. C. OCTOBER 14, 1922 NO. 49

RUN AND WALK: NEITHER TIRE NOR FAINT.

We recently read a sermon in which a preacher took his text, "They shall run and not tire; they shall walk and not faint." We were thus led to think of four men each in the neighborhood of seventy, who preside at educational institutions. Our contacts were by letter and visiting. By one, we were warned against getting into a rut. The second and third each remarked: "I must make haste or I shall not live to finish what I want to see done." Wo observed the fourth addressing a group of students. He had the same keen, eager and convincing manner we observed when we first encountered him more than a quarter of a century ago. It makes one meditate, and meditation demonstrates that God does renew the strength of his servants, so that they run and are not wearied; they walk and do not faint.

By way of contrast, we "listened in" on a conversation of two people who discussed "what they would do if they were rich." They agreed they would hire servants, muffle the alarm clock and " take their ease." One occasionally meets members of leisure class whom accidents of birth enable thus to live: others wait on them. Perhaps some are contented. Those we know are always in want; are always desiring some new things, and they are generally tired. They do not run, yet they are weary; they do not walk, but they continually faint.—Dr. N. R. Melhorn

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PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* **J. C. FISHER,** *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at **Concord,** N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

NOTING MARKED PROGRESS.

Hon. Josephus Daniels, making his trips about over the country, has contributed some very entertaining and enlightening stories to his paper, the Raleigh News & Observer. Recently he paid a visit to Albemarle, and made a hasty survey of the progress that county has been making.

Here is what Mr. Daniels finds about the accomplishments of the educational executives of Stanly county:

> "I am told that possibly the biggest thing that has been done in this county during the past three years has been the educational development. Under the leadership of Mr. C. A. Reap, the present superintendent of schools, a large number of beautiful brick buildings have been erected to accommodate consolidated districts and truck lines are used in conveying the children to and from school. There is hardly a section in the county that has not been entirely revolutionized from an educational standpoint during the past three years. The standard of the public school teachers has been raised and at present approximately 75 per cent of the public school teachers of the county are college trained."

What a joy it would be and a blessing to the rural children of Cabarrus county were he to visit us and could record a similar progress. The distinguish gentleman, rather than hurt the feelings, would along this line be silent as he wisely dfd with reference to the matter of a new court-house in Stanly.

* * * * * * *

WE FACE A CONDITION.

THE UPLIFT has, from time to time in the recent past, made frequent references to the backwardness in the development of the rural schools of

Cabarrus county. These were prompted entirely from an abiding interest in the welfare of the rural child, and entirely impersonal. The occasion for these comments was due to an actual first-hand knowledge of the unsatisfactory school facilities in the county, and the apparent do-nothing policy to remedy the conditions that prevail; and the pride in and love for the county, which ought to be right at the forefront, urged us to appeal for a progressive and constructive policy.

It is somewhat humiliating to see substantial progress making in the counties around us, and to feel that our executives, so far as the public sees and knows, have no progressive programme in view or show any disposition to vizualize enough to arouse any enthusiasm among the people, whose cause they direct.

The men, who direct the rural school interests of Cabarrus county, are elegant, christian gentlemen of recognized business ability. They have, as it appears to the public, permitted the cause to be largely directed by the executive officer immediately in charge. He, too, is a high-toned, christain gentleman, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, and worthily wears the medal for the best orator in his day at that great institution. It is, therefore, safe to presume that he is entirely competent for the leadership—but an efficiency in administration, measured by the achievement in other counties, has yet to be manifested or demonstrated. Yet in the face of all these hopeful qualities of mind and heart in the direct-orate of the rural schools, we are compelled to face the fact that our school progress does not compare favorably with that of a single county in the state in a class with Cabarrus.

There is a reason for this. What is it? Is it a lack of funds? Are our officials tied helplessly by any tyranny of the present school law in a way that no other county is? Certainly they see the necessity of mapping out a progressive and aggresive programme, in keeping with the accomplishments of other counties, and go before the people of the several districts, and seek their co-operation. Or do they regard the course in other counties, which are declared progressive and so admitted, ill-advised and a monumental blunder? The public wants to know. Does our Board not indicate to the tax-levying authorities what amounts is needed to conduct the schools in the spirit of the law and in keeping with the demands of the times and the efficiency of the schools? There is a reason or reasons, and they should be made known.

The late Chas. B. Aycock, the great educational governor in his wonderful speeches for the education of all the people, used to declare: "I thank

God for South Carolina" in footing the educational scale in the South, thus saving North Carolina that humiliation. Is that the condition of today?

Recently a South Carolina preacher was called to serve a rural pastorate of three churches in Cabarrus, each having a public school right at its door. After viewing the field and the conditions, this South Carolina preacher indicated his purpose to accept the call if the authorities agreed to one condition: that he be allowed to live in a town six miles from one church, seven miles from another and thirteen miles from the other. He wanted to live where "my young children can enjoy some educational advantages." And this from a rural South Carolina preacher! It is humiliating!

The rural sections of all counties need the presence and the influences of the ministry and all other strong agencies for the betterment of rural conditions. That is a part of the great work that belongs to these professions. But, in all seriousness, is it not cruel to the rural child, trusting to the fatherly kindness and consideration of the educational leaders.—

When the educational advantages and facilities of his section in which the preacher is called to labor, for the up-building of the best interests of the people, balk him and make him demand the privilege of living away from the people whom he is to serve in a religious manner? There is no other logical conclusion than that there is something radically deficient.

* * * * * * *

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

A recent news item in one of our favorite dailies, noting the intellectual ability of a certain North Carolina woman, her social position and leadership in club life, and more recently the outstanding figure in the entertainment of a visiting celebrity, is a verification of the presence of a glorious democracy in North Carolina. This unusally handsome and talented woman, who meets most acceptably and even charmingly the responsibilities and duties of her new world, is the daughter of a "cotton-mill-hand," and she, herself, saw service once upon a time in a mill. That's no "slam." It's a badge of credit—it tells a story of brain and purpose. It is, after all, a declaration of the honor of labor and a refutation of a once deeply-grounded belief that that position could only be the finale in personal achievements.

In the light of a democray, in which we are now living, it is just as dignified to put character into your work if you are a mill operative as it is to stand behind a soda-fountain, a counter, wrap bundels, act as cash-girls

or shine in a millinery shop. The dignity of the labor of any position is measured by the character of spirit and faithfulness and service one puts into her position. We spoke of the glory of a democracy acting in full swing in North Carolina today—that's just what we have. There is no one so powerful or clothed with sufficient authority to call a halt in the case of an aspiring and rising individual, if her heart is right, her intellect functions and her purposes are just.

It is a sad exhibition of a weakness for one to rest on the laurels of a family name. That once turned the trick—it is impotent today. Family prestige, whether conspicuous for brilliancy and success or the reverse, will prove a handicap, if not a curse, unless the representatives realize in the very beginning that there is an individuality in this game of life and how it is spent. No great deed or personal success can be the outcome of a reflected glory or inheritance—that which distinguishes a life, or makes of it a benediction to the times in which it actively wrought, must in the final analysis be the result of individual effort and a reflection of a spirit and a power from within.

It was not always thus. Certainly not in the South. The distinguished position held by our subject would have been an impossibility forty, even twenty, years ago. There may have been a dream in the bosom of this most attractive woman, but it would have perished there. In that great and leading community, not many years ago, all kinds of questions would have appeared in a questionaire, which to her aspirations would have been fatal. In that great community today democarcy of opportunity, recognition of ability and personal worth, irrespective of the tyranny of past lineage, prevails.

In this notable case, we doff our editorial hat to fine character, noble impulses, liberal education and womanly charms—they did the work and are unmistakeable marks of an active democracy; and that community is lots better than it used to be.

* * * * * * *

A MUCH NEEDED TRAINING.

It would be an unfortunate thing to add to the curriculum now obtaining in the public schools of the state; it would, in fact, probably make it more beneficial to have a slight pruning. But a visit to some of the Cabarrus county public school houses reveals a frightful lack of care for the property, exterior and more especially the interior. A little essay on the subject and mailed out about the opening of the schools will not accomplish the pur-

pose.

You will find, by a visit, lights broken out; grounds unkept; walls defaced; desks scratched, marked, cut and even broken. These things cost money, and are assembled for the benefit and comfort of the children, and it would be wisdom to emphasize before them the great duty of preservation, not only in their own interest but as a great training when they go out in the world to take their places in the affairs of life. Vandalism is a crime.

Even in some of the higher institutions of learning—colleges and the University—this lack of care for property is very noticeable.

The American people have a reputation for wastefulness, and in our people is a consuming craze to snatch here and there souvenirs of trips, until many objects of note and historical significance suffer by sightseers. There is no better place to start a reform in the proper treatment of public property than by the direct influence of teachers over their pupils. But, that this method of bringing a reform may prove effective, the teachers themselves should have some impressive lessons in the matter even if they must be required to make certain "units" along this line before they are entitled to "certification." "Units" and "certification" seem the very heart and soul of the educational endeavor; and why not make them work in teaching that vandalism is an ugly business and that school property as well as private property must be cared for.

* * * * * * *

WOMAN COMING INTO HER OWN.

While sister Felton, receiving the appointment to an unexpired term in the United States Senate, has just an empty honor—she was recognized and along with her the great womanhood of the country. And now comes Mrs. William T. Harris (of course a native of North Carolina), of Danville, Virginia, being sworn in as Virginia's first woman judge. She will make good, for her business will be largely in dealing with the frailties of childhood and domestic troubles. Here, again, the power and usefulness of woman in public affairs are recognized.

It is no uncommon thing to find banks with a full quoto of women. Take, for instance, the banks in Concord, there will be found the pleasing presence of business-like women. Who wouldn't rather have a woman cash a $5,000-check than for a man to do so, or to make the entry of a $10,000-deposit than for this business being done by a man, however gracious and obliging he may be. And here, again, women shine most beautifully. But it was left to our capitol city to recognize the capability of a

woman to such an extent as to make her an assistant-cashier of a regulation bank and in good standing. But this is the honor enjoyed by Miss Bertha Hellen, who, filling every position in a Beaufort bank, was called to a decided promotion in Raleigh.

Since Governor Craig made a Colonel out of Miss Maye Jones by the appointment of this delightful and capable women to the position of his private secretary, women have made great strides in the affairs of the state, formerly regarded as fundamentally the work of man. And we are just at the beginning, mind you.

* * * * * * *

THE WHOLE CONVERSATION.

One hour spent in a barber-shop, securing a shearing and other tonsorial treatment, afforded an opportunity to come into an understanding of the great number of people who follow the Sport Page of the daily newspapers. Everybody that came in talked baseball. Each fellow had his favorite, and each told how it would all end and gave very learned reasons for same.

They call names of the outstanding players as if they were oldtime schoolmates and chums. The affection for some was striking. The whole thing is a hero worship and an exhibition of the sporting blood that runs red and thick in the veins of the average man. Just one man in the whole crowd that came and went during that hour proudly confessed that he "never looks at the sporting page" and just one more confessed, too, that he never did look at the sport page except for an accident in search for Jiggs—but Jiggs is himself a whole sport. Here in a score or more of representatives of the quiet, conservative old town, only two men could measure up as having no or but little interest in the outcome of the great base-ball contest then being pulled off in the little old town of New York.

* * * * * * *

QUICK COME BACK.

The Southern Railway rallied mighty quick after the shop-strike was settled. Vice-President Miller, in charge of the operation, gives out a hopeful note. Within twelve days after the settlement, the 14,126 loaded cars on the yards and sidings have been moved and most of the passenger trains have been restored to their former schedules.

Except for some troubles yet uncleared on connecting roads, one would not know from the standpont of the Southern that something unusual had occurred to demoralize business. While the railroad had rallied early and completely, there are hundreds of businesses, affected seriously by the

strike, that have not recoverd from the effects of the strike, and many may never.

* * * * * * *

EFFICIENCY.

The glory of the Welfare Work in North Carolina is reflected by the capability and efficiency of the county Superintendents of Welfare. If they have a heart for the work, if their lives are attuned to the spirit of the call, then you find conspicious service, and the public applaud the accomplishment of these faithful officers.

Noting the efficient work of Mrs. Lyrton, the capable and tireless officer in Rowan county, who goes about her work in an engaging manner, without frills or ruffles, and, seeing the practical side of her duties, gives a highly commendable service and enjoys the esteem of the public. The Salisbury Post has this to say:

"The report of Mrs. Lynton, Rowan county welfare officer will show to one who studies the significance of the details that the office is busy and is doing a good service. If these facts set down in the report for the month represented all the welfare officer would earn the cost to the county, but there are services that cannot be set down in cold type and an influence that reaches where the arm of statistics cannot follow. The welfare officer of Rowan is one of the most deserving servants of the public in Rowan and one that is doing a work that will extend a good ways into the future and touch the life of generations to come."

* * * * * * *

CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING.

Resisting one of the fiercest antagonism that ever went up against a new theory or project, the Co-operative Marketing campaign is gaining in confidence of the people. It seems to be functioning quite satisfactorily, and the layman sees already the direct benefits from it.

Down in Alabama recently the agency of the Co-operative organization sold a big lot of cotton for twenty-five cents, just five cents above the prevailing price. This is due to the fact that the cotton was well-graded and proved strictly according to sample. The mill folks, making the purchase, expressed themselves delighted with the purchase, because, quoting them, they "got what they wanted and what they bargained for."

* * * * * * *

A NEW LODGEMENT.

Many people have been wondering if the boll weevil would confine his

damage to cotton alone. Recently it has been discovered that it has been puncturing acorns and depositing its eggs.

Recently this writer was convinced of the accuracy of this statement by a personal investigation. Under a large oak tree the ground was practically covered by acorns, and many of them revealed the same kind of a stained spot such as the weevil leaves in a punctured cotton boll; and upon further investigation, it was found the grub was just changing into his weevilship, the wings having appeared and though yet tiny they tried to function enough to enable the cussed thing to escape.

The weevil is here, and the sooner we accept the truth of it, the better we may be prepared to meet the future, agriculturally and financially.

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A GREAT STATE FAIR.

North Carolina will be indebted to Mrs. Edith Vanderbilt, who has thrown into the preparation for the State Fair her whole soul and time. The system of advertising has been superb. She has left no stone unturned to insure a clean, creditable exhibit of the state's production and to see that nothing of the vulgar gets into the Fair.

The space will doubtless be filled on Tuesday of next week, which is military day, with General Pershing as guest of the Fair. And on the day that John A. Park gathers all the freckled boys of North Carolina, competing for a prize, the grounds will be overflowing

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DEAD IN LOVE WITH NORTH CAROLINA

In another part of this paper is a contribution by the Asheville Citizen, under the title of "IF" that makes a strong case of an exalted opinion of the state's superiority. It is, while somewhat extravagant, a very fine picture of the greatness of the state, and sets a pattern for all who may desire to get onto the patriotic wagon and leave off a spirit of pessimism. It is so boosty, this "IF" article, that it is hoped that some of our boys may memorize it and orate it on some of the frequent public occasions at the school for the delight and pleasure of visitors.

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SUBSTANTIAL IMPROVEMENT.

The Southern Railway, the Pennslyvania of the South, keeps at improvement and the betterment of its road-bed. Already the best equipped road in the South, in the matter of road-bed and rolling stock, it is preparing to

make further improvement. It has just ordered 80,000,000 pounds of large size steel rails.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

Once upon a time a Wolf was lapping at a spring on a hillside, when, looking up, what should he see but a Lamb just beginning to drink a little lower down. "There's my supper," thought he, "if only I can find some excuse to seize it." Then he called out to the Lamb, "how dare you muddle the water from which I am drinking?"

"Nay, master, nay, "said Lambkin; "if the water be muddy up there, I cannot be the cause of it, for it runs down from you to me."

"Well, then," said the Wolf, "why did you call me bad names this time last year?"

"That cannot be," said the Lamb; I am only six months old."

"I don't care," snarled the Wolf; "if it was not you it was your father;" and with that he rushed upon the poor little Lamb—

WARRA WARRA WARRA WARRA WARRA—

ate her all up. But before she died she gasped out—

"ANY EXCUSE WILL SERVE A TYRANT."

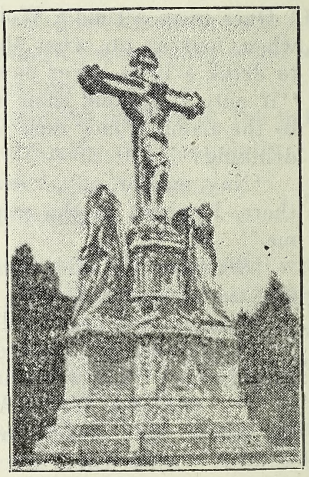
OBERAMMERGAU.

(By Mrs. Dr. Morehead in The Lutheran)

The little village of Oberammergau, surrounded on three sides by hills, lies in a beautiful valley in the upland of Bavaria. Here, every tenth year since early in the sixteenth century, has been given on the stage the story of the Passion and death of Christ.

It is told that in 1633 the villagers were stricken with the plague and many died. In their deep distress a solemn assembly was held and a vow made that if the hand of god would stay the disease and the deaths that all the people in thankful acknowledgment of His mercy would give themselves to the great task of presenting every ten years, "to the praise and glory of God," the Passion tragedy. From that time the plague was stayed, there were no more deaths, and the people prepared themselves for the performance of their vow.

To reach the little mountain village by rail from Munich is a simple matter of a few hours. In the older days this climb was always made on foot and was called "a way of penance," for the path up the hills was very rough and many lost their lives on the steep mountain slopes. Now the road has a gradual ascent up the mountain through valleys with villages here and there, pine-covered hills and a few distant snow-capped peaks of the Bavarian Alps. There are little farms with barley fields of olive green, darker green meadows, and patches of fast-yellowing wheat; newly plowed strips of brown earth, and squares of gray stubble from which the first crop of hay has been cut, all elaborately embroidered 'round the edges, like grandmother's



THE CRUCIFIXION

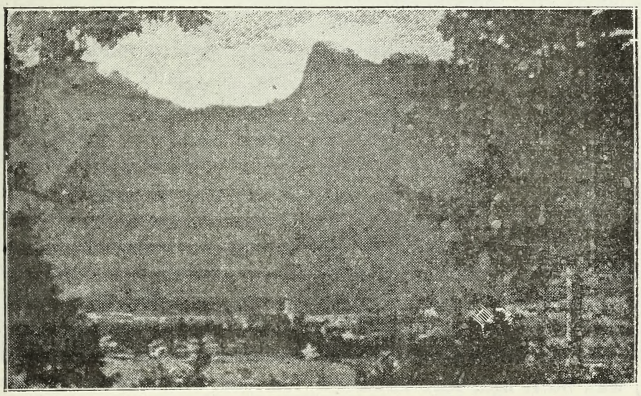
crazy quilt, with scarlet poppies, blue bells, daisies, and yellow buttercups.

At Oberau we change from the train to a big motor car which rapidly covers the distance of seven miles to Oberammergau. The grade is now quite steep, but it is a delightful climb. The last valley passed, there lies before us the historic village. So quiet and peaceful. Someone says: "It is like going across Judean hills to Bethlehem, the city of David. The heavens seem so near and all the turmoil and trouble and sins of earth so far away."

Just before entering the village we see on a distant hill a great monument representing the Crucifixion. It is the gift to the people of King

Ludwig of Bavaria in recognition of their faithfulness in keeping the vow made by their ancestors. The principal hill overlooking the village, the Kofel, stands like a giant sentinel keeping watch over the people who have placed on its summit a huge cross upon which they look at the dawn of the morning, again when the noon-day sun shines full upon it and the metal cover gleams and glistens like burnished silver, and again when the angelus rings out at eventide they look through the gloaming to

welcome their visitors with "Gruss Gott," and the same friendly words bless the parting guest. Many of them dress in the picturesque styles of the Bavarian and Tyrolese peasants. The men wear bright-colored shirts, short leather trousers, laced at the knee, gray or green stockings and heavy hob-nailed shoes. Feathers or flowers, or both, stuck jauntily in the back of the hat. Often a tall spray of green and a bunch of Edelweiss gathered from the topmost peak of some high mountain.



OBERAMMERGAU AND THE HOTEL

catch a last glimpse and prayers are offered that they may undertake their work "with pure motives, not with self-seeking and vain-glory."

Quaint Customs of Quaint Folk

The village is very quaint, with narrow, irregular streets, small wooden houses, many of which are decorated with painted frescoes, and have well-kept yards with shrubbery and prim flower beds. All homes are open to guests and the people are very kindly and hospitable. They

They wear their hair very long and their knees very bare, and their gaily-embroidered suspenders are masterpieces of the needle-workers art. The costume is particularly fetching as worn by taxi-drivers and dienstmen at the railroad station! The women wear bright colors and much decoration, especially on blouses and girdles, and they also wear the inevitable, upstanding feather or ornament in the back of the hat. Wood-carving and pottery making

are the chief industries of the village, and the carved crucifixes made at Oberammergau are known all over the world.

The Play's Origin.

The Passion Play was first given in 1634 and from that time with but few exceptions, each tenth year until 1910. In 1920 there was no performance, as the cast had lost many members during the four years of the war. Beginning in May, 1922, and continuing until late September, four or more times each week, vast crowds of people of all nations and tongues are making the pilgrimage to Oberammergau, and at recent performances, so great is the demand, that tickets for standing room alone have been sold by thousands.

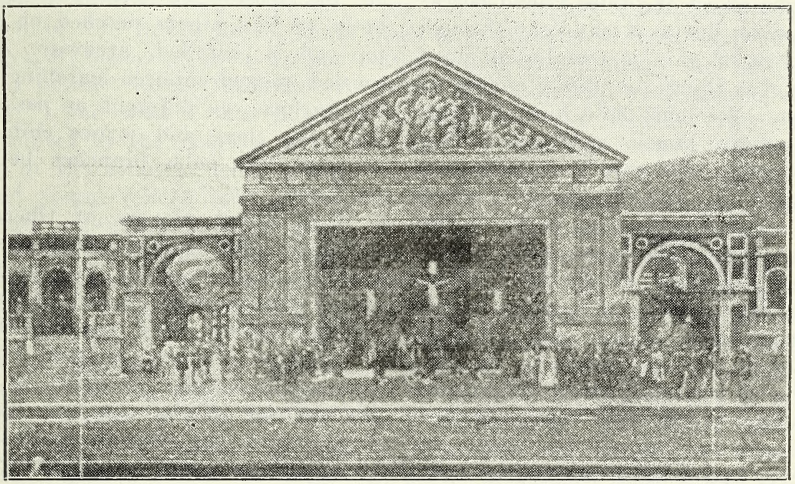
At first the play was given on Good Friday, Easter Monday, and at Whitsuntide, in the churchyard, with only the villagers and a few visitors from the neighborhood present. Then the huge theatre, seating about five thousand, was built and left uncovered. In 1900 a roof was added and now only the stage is open to the sky. The central part of the stage is enclosed and used for the tableaux and special scenes of the play, in some of which as many as five hundred persons are grouped with wonderfully beautiful effect.

The drama of today is very different from the cruder, simpler play of earlier days. The exact words of the text are those of Father Weiss, but the present official revised version is the work of Father Daisenberger. It is not simply a weaving together of the words of the Gospel narrative, but it is rather an interpretation, and is free from anything not common to all Christian confessions and churches. The music is composed by Dedler, a student of Mozart, and from the best old German composers is adapted many of the splendid chorals sung by the great company of trained voices. The technical management, the setting of the scenes, the colors of the beautiful robes when blended in the artistic grouping of the players, all show wonderful ability and skill. Many of the robes belonging to the cast were stolen during the last year of the war, probably redyed and re-made into unrecognizable garments and worn by those who were driven to this extreme to secure clothing in the last dreadful period before the end of the war. So new materials have been bought at great cost and dyed in the specific shades of olive, sage, and emerald green; chrome, orange; and amber; rose, carmine, and ruby; soft blues and dull browns that one sees in the rich folds of cloaks and mantles worn over the white robes of the saints that form the chorus, and in the striking costumes of the principal actors. Such rare, beautiful tints are seldom seen except in cathedral windows and in old paintings.

In the church of the village, year after year, there are tableaux, processions, and the singing of chorals, many of which are parts of the Play itself. So at the end of each ten years there is a large company from which the players are selected. There are more than one thousand people in each performance. All must be natives of the village, be of good name and blameless reputation. From early childhood they are taught that

to be chosen for any part in the Play is an honor, and to be chosen to portray the Christ, or John, or Mary is an honor surpassing all others. It is interesting to know that a vote is taken by ballot for each separate actor and merit only counts in the selection. When the parts are assigned no one is permitted to offer comment or to refuse to act. The

This year, Anton Lang appears the third time in the role of Christus. As a child he waved his palm branch, and as a boy of fifteen he was in several tableaux. Twenty-two years ago he realized the fulfilment of his highest aspiration, in being chosen to succeed Josef Mayer, who had become world-famous in his portrayal of the Christ. In Anton Lang's



CLIMAX OF THE ACTION

single roles are studied through many months, then each scene is portrayed time after time. General rehearsal follows, and the whole Play is studied and practised with the most careful attention to each small detail, until finally there is the harmonious, complete presentation of the Old Story. Not a theatrical exhibition, though many of the cast are well-trained actors, but a deeply solemn fulfilment of a sacred vow which has been kept for nearly three hundred years.

Preparation for a Part

bearing on the stage there is majesty and simplicity and an air of deep earnestness and reverence which leaves nathing to critize. He says: "I avoid as much as possible the visitors who come out of curiosity. I seek to be alone. I walk daily in the woods and commune with my own heart and be still. I sit alone in my room in the theater during the intervals, that I may not be thrown out of tune and touch with my great theme." His face is extremely like that which tradition has given us as

the face of Christ. In a wonderful way in the chief scenes does he remind one of the famous paintings of Da Vinci, Van Dyck and Bernini.

The part of Judas is played by Guido Mayer, and is practically the only really dramatic part in the Play. Dressed in a striking robe of yellow and black, and clutching his money-bag, he shows the false friend not as a monster but as a man, who through his love of gain is tempted to do a shameful thing for thirty pieces of silver. We must hate him as Judas and admire him as a dramatic actor who makes this part a great feature of the Play. And the lesson he brings out appeals with great force in this money-loving and money-seeking age, when the finer things of life are forgotten in the mad race for wealth.

Individual actors may deserve criticism, but the people in the vast audience can but approve the manner in which the Story is told, with such deep-moving simplicity and sincerity, and wonder at the unknown minds and hands that for eight hours, with only one intermission, cause scene to pass into scene, with no pause, no break, no noise and confusion of shifting scenery and arranging large groups in quick changes from one part to another. They see only the long open stage, with fir-clad Bavarian hills as a back-ground, towering above the colonnades and wide arches giving the vista of an Oriental street, stretching on either side from the central stage with drawn curtains which are raised many times during the Play to show tableaux from Biblical history, and other impressive scenes familiar to all of us from childhood. Vivid picture fades into picture more vivid still; masses of people, in brilliantly colored garb, gracefully moving, marvelously directed, bringing reality into what might seem almost a dream. Not a small detail is forgotten. Even the release of doves fluttering away to join others perched on the top of a scrolled archway. The tousled, ragged children marching after Barbbas, as different as possible from the clean and joyous children waving their palm branches before the Lord.

The peasant players of Oberammergau, in their strange theater, succeed in carrying out the performance with unbelievable artistic taste and perfection. We almost forget to question whether the same spirit that inspired their ancestors in the performance of the vow they made, is present in the same degree in this generation so given to thinking of the material side of things; and whether the Passion Play holds the same great place in the hearts and lives of the young players of 1922, as it did in the earlier years when the one thought in the minds of the actors was not to depart from the traditional ideals of those who tried to represent faithfully the spirit of the characters and scenes in the in the great Tragedy, "with pure motives, not with self-seeking and vainglory."

Baden-Baden.

Scolding helps neither the one who gives or receives it; and of all attempts at government, it is the weakest.—Selected.

TOO MANY GOING TO COLLEGE?

By R. R. Clark.

Dr. Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College, addressing the student body at the recent opening of that institution, advanced the idea that the "opportunities of higher education ought to be increasingly restricted to an aristocracy of brains, composed of the intellectually alert and eager, if domocracy is to become a quality product rather than one of quantity." The remark was doubtless prompted by the overflow in the colleges of the country; more young men and young women offering for the higher educational courses than can find accommodations. Dr. Hopkins went on to say that "the opportunities for securing an education by way of the college course are definitely a privilege and not a right;" and further that the funds for such purposes, whether secured by taxation or private benefaction, are not limitless. In other words the Dartmouth president thinks the time is near when it will be impossible to provide for all who would take the college course and that a process of elimination should be devised.

Judging by the tremendous increase in recent years the idea that it will soon be impossible to provide for all who would enter college is by no means improbable. That is a matter that must be worked out. The suggestion that higher education is "a privilege and not a right" is open for debate. Certainly it will be generally held that one who desires the advantages of a college course should not be denied the privilege if he does his part to secure it. It will be admitted that many people go to college who waste time and money in going. They are either indolent, intellectually incapable of taking the higher courses, or lack the industry or the capacity to make use of the higher education after they have attained it. And some who have brains and industry are better fitted for industrial or vocational training than the regular classical college course. If these misfits could be weeded out it would not only be better for them (for sometimes a college education actually unfits for life's work,) but it would give better opportunity to others who could and would make use of the advantages. But the whole proposition falls because there is no possible way of determining in advance who is fit and who is unfit. The fitness can't be determined by the desire of the subject. Sometimes those whose unfitness is most apparent are most determined. They do not know what is good for them; and sometimes those who have to be driven, who have the least desire for higher education, or for any education at all; who are the least promising, are the best material and in the end make good, where more promising subjects fail.

Furthermore, there can be no "aristocracy of brains" as the word aristocracy is generally understood. Brains can't be transmitted to offspring; at least ordinary observation proves conclusively that the children of brainy parents are not always brainy. And the converse is

also true— the sons and daughters of parents intellectually inferrior sometimes develop remarkable intellectual ability.

As I see it, this is where the whole aristocracy business falls down. "Blood will tell," they say. Possibly it does. But that the children of the so-called "first families," "well born," as the saying goes, do not always make good is a stubborn fact. On the contrary the chances seem to be against their making good. Look about you. Where are the children of the prominent families of your community, of your county, of your State, of the past generation? Where are the sons of our Governors, our United States senators, our eminent judges and other distinguished men of the past generation? For everyone that has gained distinction, or is even doing passably well, there are scores that have passed into oblivion. You can recall many men who were intellectually great and who bore a large part in public affairs—governmental, material and otherwise. Their children who have attained the same distinction are the exception, not the rule. At the same time it is true that the leaders in public affairs, the men of distinction in public and private station, are as a rule children of parents who were not prominent. The same thing will be true of the next generation. Few of the children of wealthy parents today will be able to pass on to their children what their parents have given them. It is the glory of America, the glory of a democracy, that this is true. "The world goes 'round and 'round, and some go up and some go down." And in the humblest homes of poverty today are children who will outstrip in the race of life the children in the homes of the wealthy and well-to-do, who have all advantages that money can give. It is the glory of this republic, with all its faults and all its shortcomings, that every child, no matter how humble the station in which he was born, has an opportunity to rise above his surroundings; an opportunity to gain all that public favor can give There is no aristocracy save the aristocracy of worth; and one isn't born to that.

And so we must go on giving the best opportunity possible to all our young people to make good. If they fail it may or may not be their fault. Usually it is their fault; or it may be a fault that they may not be able to overcome or for which they are not responsible. But the idea that only those believed to be intellectually fit should have the privilege of a higher education is impracticable because there is as yet, and probably will never be, an intelligence test that can determine the intellectual capacity with any certainty. Discussing the suggestion of Dartmouth's president, the Boston Globe has this most conclusive comment:

"Higher education trains, and must train, mainly the conscious intelligence. But there is something that goes higher and deeper than conscious intelligence—and that is personality. Beyond the conscious intelligence which education can discipline lies something greater, which we call character. It is no respecter of birth, money, environment, intellectual agility or cultural training. It is the only winner in

the race which ends with life, and the age of high school and college is usually too early to decide who has or who has not.

FRANKLIN'S FAITH IN PRAYER.

Benjamin Franklin, at the beginning of the congress, foreseeing the difficulties that would inevitably arise in solving the hard problems of the early time, rose in his seat and said: "Mr. Chairman, if it be true as the Bible assures us, that the Almighty takes notice of the smallest of His creatures, and that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without His knowledge, then we may be sure that He will give to man the wisdom and guidance we need if we ask Him... Therefore I move you, Mr. Chairman, that we appoint a chaplain, whose duty it will be to open our deliberations with prayer that the Lord God Almighty may grant us wisdom.

WE ARE FOLKS, NOT SPECIMENS.

Monroe Journal

In an interview for the News and Observer, given to Mr. Adams, Miss Mary F. DeVane, Goldsboro librarian, contributes some sensible remarks that go far toward offsetting the latest statistical fad about the lack of reading matter used by the people of the State. Someboby having found that North Carolina people are uot large buyers of books, that they do not have many libraries, and that they do not subscribe for as mauy daily newspapers as some other people, computed on a per capita bas's, the alarmists and the figurers are telling us some bad things about ourselves.

Miss DeVane makes the sensible observation that since education and culture, as these are commonly conceived, are not synonymous with intelligence, they are not neccessarly a complete index to a peoples progress. The Journal feels like thanking any one connected with a library, as Miss DeVane is, for such wholesome and needed discrimination. Any other than a very thoughtful person would be inclined to chime in with the more or less tacit condemnation of the figures above referred to. She points out that what we know as cultue is a product of leisure and wealth. It does not come upon the whole or to any consideradle extent till a large class of the population has been freed from the bread problem sufficiently long to give them time to acquire learning and culture. Culture cannot be bought, even witn a good deal of money. It requires time and labor.

The Journal does not subscribe to the assumption that the people of this State do not possess a good deal of culture and education but we are thankful that intelligence must precede these in the social groweth. We are not even prepared to admit that intelligence in the raw is very much inferior or less to be desired

upon the whole than education and culture, assuming that the one is exclusive of the other, which should not be the case. But in the battle and adventure of life we would rather be a keen eyed, freckled face, unlettered boy than a finniky old man whose culture and education have squeezed most of the capacity for enjoyment out of him.

Sometimes we get somewhat weary of this matter of being externally put upon the dissecting table as specimans and informed that we are behind in this and that and the other. There seems to be two schools of thought in the State. One is constantly declaring that we are all perfect, grand, glorious, ahead of all, a regular hoola boom of a state. The other school comes along and proves by facts and figures that we are nothing but a bunch of ignoramas. One says we are at the head of the table. The other deciares that we are at the foot, if indeed not at the second table in the kitchen. We are the bravest, the wisest, the best. We are the laziest, the most ignorant, the most unprogressive. Both schools produce their figures and prove their case. Danged if we ain't tired of both to a considerable extent. tired of being dissected, tired of being clapped upon the table and exrayed and joyrided and talked about. We are folks, good, bad and indifferent. That is about what the other states are composed of.

GO IN ONCE MORE AND FIGHT

By Edmund Vance Cooke.

What is failure? It's only a spur
To a man who receives it right;
And it makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more and fight.
If you never have failed, it's an even guess
You never have won a high success.
What is a miss? It's a practice shot
Which we must often take to enter
The list of those who can hit the spot
Of the bull's-eye in the center.
If you never have sent your bullet wide,
You never have put a mark inside.
What is a knock-down? A count of ten
Which a man can take for rest;
It will give him a chance to come up again
And do his particular best.
If you've never been bumped in a rattling go,
You never have come to the scratch, I know!

IF—-

By James Hay in Asheville Citizen.

"Sir," he said, "North Carolina is the gratest State in the union."

He had a swift and fevered utterance. Enthusiasm flamed in his hot and rolling eye. With long and trembling fingers, he put upon my shoulder a crushing clasp, holding me prisoner to his discourse.

"Sir," he declared, "cold facts and figures do not tell the story of North Carolina's greatness. To appreciate its staggering magnitude, your imagination must be stimulated by eloquent, apt and artful illustration."

Oblivious of the passing throng, he drew me to the edge of the curb and for a moment paused, as if debating how best to introduce his enthralling tale.

"Sir," he began, "consider the stupendous products, resources and achievements of Tarheelia.

"If, for instance, one great ballroom floor were built of all the hardwood cut in North Carolina in one year and a young couple started dancing at one end of it the night they became engaged and kept dancing in a straight line swiftly and uninterrupted until they got all the way across it, by the time they reached the other end of it they would find there awaiting them old age and their half-grown grandchildren.

Zeal caught him up and hurried his words.

"Sir," he continued, if all the chewing tobacco manufactured in one year in North Carolina were made into one big and succulent plug, and a man standing on the top of Mt. Mitchill bit of a chew from its thick corner, his voracious chin would drop so far that it would break the supple back of a somnolent shark at the profoundest bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, while his anticipative mustache, standing out like the quills of the fretful porcupine, would make the silk-clad ankles of the flappers on New Jersey's northernmost verandas shrinkingly suspect the sting and bite of a new and unconquerable mosquito.

"If all the towels made in one year in North Carolina were fastened together fringe to fringe into one great towel, the man who dried his feet with one end of it on the rocky coast of the Straits of Megellan would, with an agitated elbow, overturn a pearl-fisher's sampan in the calm, warm waters of the Indian Ocean, and find himself wiping his suprised and distant face with the other end of it on top of the highest peak of Greenland's frosty, famous and farflung mountains.

"If all the stockings woven in North Carolina in one year were made into one stocking, its imperishable foot would hold all the toys Santa Claus has brought down the chimneys of America since the ride of Paul Revere; its leg would contain all the dear, dim dreams of romance that sweetly thronged the corridors of men's brains in the time of the long, provocative skirt; and its soft and silken top would reach up into the heavenly vault where Venus, tiring of her flirtations with militant Mars, would with discriminatory finger and appreciative thumb from

flattering judgment of its filmy and caressing texture and its deathless, undarned durability.

If the North Carolina apple could be grown all over the world with its original and irresistible flavor. it would be substituted by the Latin-Americans for their garlic and by the Mongolians for their rice and by the Ethiopians for their watermelons; its brown and bubbling cider would be the world's champagne, dirt cheap at a thousand dollars a quart; and doctors would prescribe its pungent, powerful and puissant brandy as the elixir of life, the fountain of youth, a substitute for a futile and antiquated pharmacopoeia, and a sudden, sure and sweeping destroying of the dumps, death and disease.

"Sir," I said, "you speak too modestly."

"Sir," he swept on, "if all the cigarettes manufactured in North Carolina in one year were rolled into one great, long cigarette, a young sport leaning nonchalantly against the South Pole would light it with everlasting fire in the tail of Haley's swift and restless comet; use the stary Dipper for his ash tray; blow smoke rings which, unbroken by all the hurricanes that lash the seven seas would hide the circles around Saturn for a thousand years; and with the immeasurable inferne of its stub blot out and usurp the glowing flame and place of the hitherto quenchless morning star.

"If a young lady would wear in one skirt all the silk woven in one year in North Carolina, its whispering edges, as she turned around on top of the Washington monument, would, with their musical and alluring frou-frou, charm the ears of yelling cowboys on the wind swept pampas of the Argentine; brush the fragile liqueur glasses from the tables in the side-walk cafes of sparkling Paris; and, with a coquetish swirl, create a perfumed draught that would shake down to the shadow-embroidered grass the blushing bloom of the sacred cherry tree in the Imperial Gardens of Tokio Japan "Sir," I ventured again, "you are far from doing justice to this great State."

He swallowed hard.

"Sir," he resumed, "if all the tables manufactured in one year in North Carolina were made into one great table, and if that great table were covered with one vast tablecloth consisting of all the tablecloths woven in one year in North Carolina, and on that table were one giant bowl made of all the kaolin produced in one year in North Carolina, there would be a banquet board under which could be hidden, piled one on top of the other, all the festal tables under which men have thrust their feet from the days of the round table of King Arthur to the time of the fiasco of the Genoa Conference and—

He broke off, sobbing like a child.

"You are right,' he grasped bitterly, "I don't seem to be able to get started today."

A "high and mighty manner" has been the downfall of men since the beginning of history—political history.—Monroe Inquirer

SUPPOSE THESE BOYS WERE YOURS.

H. V. R. in Smithfield Herald

When the legislature was in session in 1921 there was a strongly concerted effort on the part of some of the churches, Woman's Clubs, departments of public welfare, etc., to get a bill passed to censure the picture shows. Some headway must have been made, for the picture syndicates felt enough concern over the matter to send Thomas Dixon, author and play-wright, to Raleigh to lobby against the enactment of the bill.

Mr. Dixon told the legislature that it was folly to think of passing such a law. He advanced the theory that the home is the only practical place were the picture show can be censored and the parents of children are the only proper censors. The bill did not pass and the State has had to carry along with uncensored pictures.

What the aggregate results has been nobody knows. It is only every now and then that we see any of the tangible evils of uncensored picture shows and for the rest we are left at the mercy of mere conjecture. The scenes and chapters that they have written into the lives of our boys and girls—the ones we have been permitted to see—have been alarming enough to cause us to renew our effort to get the next legislature to give us protection against their sinister influence. Nothing can speak more certainly of their influence over the child's mind than the confession that some of our juvenile delinquents make in court.

One day last week two boys, 13 and 9, left the county seat of a neighboring county and started into a far country. They traveled by bicycle and after a few days reached the home of a farmer near Smithfield. Their ragged and dirty appearance together with the stories they told put the little fellows in rather a singular light and the kind farmer that had given them food and supper for the night reported them. While we were attempting to locate their homes, they gave us the slip and it was night before we found them a second time. They had taking quarters in logging camp several miles from Smithfield. They were arraigned before court and there they told the miserable, pitiful truth.

They both had jobs with picture shows in their home towns to distribute hand bills and advertise. The shows furnished them bicycles to ride. Both had a free pass into the shows they worked for. Asked where they were going, they stated that they had started to Texas. Asked what they were going to do there, they stated that they were going to be cow boys and work for moving picture makers. The smaller one was even going to get him a pistol and kill a man and bury him with pine boughs. We quote here some questions we asked and their answers:

"Are your parents church members?"

"No."

"Does your father drink?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you attend Sunday School?"

"No"

"Do you attend the picture shows?"

"Yes."

"Do you like Charlie Chaplin?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see Fatty Arbuckle?"

"Yes, but he is now in jail. He choked a woman to death, and they have burned up all his films."

"Do you know Pearl White?"

"Yes, saw her in 'The Black Secret'."

"Who is the funny man with the heavy-rimmed glasses?"

"Harold Loyd—he always has a great time with the girls."

"Have you ever seen Billie West?"

"Used to see him. They have quit showing him now."

"Tell me some more movie actors you like." (Here I had exhausted my list of acquaintances.)

"I like William S. Hart. He is the man who kills folks."

The return of the boys and their stolen bicycles to the county superintendant of public welfare of the county from where they came ended their adventure. They confessed that the whole idea had come straight from the screen. It had seemed real enough to them to cause them to turn their backs upon home and to so violate the criminal code as to send grown-ups to the penitentiary, and the older ones will be sent to the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

The lives of other children are being shaped and fashioned in the same reckless way. If parent and home have failed, then in this hour of desperation let us again ask the legislature for a law that will keep bad picture from the children or a law that will keep the children from bad picture.

One of the biggest surprises in recent South Carolina primary election was the signal defeat of Superintendant of Public Instruction Swearingen. One of that state's newspapers said the reason the people voted for his opponent was because of "his dictatorial manner in handling the affairs of the office and his unwillingness to see and agree with folks who had opinions contrary to his own."

"WHAT A COUNTRY!"

Roanoke (Va) Times

"I came to America 17 years old, with 85 cents in my Dublin breeches," recounts an Irishman of middle age, telling of his adventures in this, the land of his adoption. "I went to an uncle in Baltimore who was without chick or child and he gave me $5 a week and wanted to make me his heir. He died worth $7,000,000 years after. Had I stayed—but I wanted to see the country. I did. I saw Oklahoma when it was raw, new and young, but my feet itched. I soldiered for Uncle Sam and grew sun-dried at desert posts. There was an opportunity everywhere, but I wandered and weaved about, dodging the shower of gold

that always is falling everywhere in America. I am an expert dodger, a vagabond and a born wastrel, but I have not been able to dodge it all. Almost in spite of myself, I'll die in a clean bed of my own and under a roof of my own. I'ts the only land in the world for an upstanding man with two feet under him, two hands at the ends of his arms and two eyes in his head. What a country, and there's never been anything like it.''

The romance of this Irishman's life—for it is nothing else to those who recognizes romance when they see it is but one of many, many similar romances that have been lived under the sunny skies of this great land of opportunity. There's John D. Rockefeller, who went to work for $4 a week 77 years ago. He sat on a high stool and made entries in a ledger, just as thousands of clerks have done before and since. But he found opportunity, seized it and today his name is synoymous for all that wealth implies. ''What a country!'' exclaimed the Irishman. How true! ''There's never been anything like it!''

SONG OF THE CORN

''I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

''I come as a blessing
When put through a mill;
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

''Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But, if into drink,
I will starve them instead.

''In bread, I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink, I'm a master,
The drinker a fool.

''Then remember the warning,
My strength I'll employ—
If eaten, to strengthen;
If drunk, to destroy.''

TAMING THE TONGUE

By Dr. G. B. F. Hollock

"The tongue can tie a knot in a moment which the teeth cannot untie in a life time," is an old adage worth a new telling. The sermon of James on "The Tongue" should be read frequently by every one who wishes to be saved from future heart-breaking regrets.

The tongue is hard to tame, but we should try to tame it. I have read of a young girl who wished to conquer the habit of sharp speech which she had noticed in herself. She tried the experiment of confessing in prayer each night every unkind remark she had made during the day. "I felt so ashamed as I repeated such words to God, she said years afterwards, "that all day long I tried to guard against having any to confess the next night. I grew to hate the sin, and then, of course, I stopped it. The trouble before had been that I didn't really hate it, although I thought I did."

She certainly choose a good method. The thing we are inclined to say let us try telling it to God. The Psalmist had a good method. It was, "I said I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue."

There is a very good old story illustrating this verse that may be old enough to be new to some and is good enough to be told whether it seems new or not. The story is said to be by the ancient philosopher Socrates. He tells of a man named Pambo who asked a learned man to teach him some Psalm. He began to read him the thirty-ninth, "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue." Having heard this first sentence, Pambo left saying, he would make this his first lesson. He did not return, and his teacher, meeting him and asking when he would proceed, he replied that he had not yet mastered his first lesson; and he gave the like answer to one who asked the same question forty-nine years after.

There is an old fable of a man who for some crime or injustice was the cursed with the power of seeing other human beings not in their beauty of flesh and blood but as skeltons gaunt and grisly. Much of the sorrow of the world comes from the fact that to many of us have this miserable faculty, and go about stripping off every worthy charm and beauty with which men and women are clothed, trying to find and expose some ugly trait or passion underneath.

It is an awful gift some people have that of seeing skeletons:

If words were birds
And swiftly flew
From tip of lips
Owned, dear, by you,
Would they, today,
Be hawk and crows,
Or blue, and true, and sweet
Who knows?
Let's play today,
We choose the best;
Birds blue and true,
With dovelike breast
'Tis queer, my dear,
We never knew

That words alike birds
Had wings and flew.

There is another little poem I cannot forebear to quote. As in the case of the one just given above I do not know the author, neither do I think the poem will ever be a classic; but if we all knew it by heart or kept it in mind it might save many a pain or heartburn. The title of the little composition is "How falsehood Grows." It shows how someone may start a story that will roll along its way without any one person appreciating the wickedness on his or her part in its progress.

First someone told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongus rolled it
Till they got it outside.
Then the crowd came across it,
And never once lost it:
But tossed it and tossed it;
Till it grew long and wide.
This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers:
And fathers and Mothers;
A terrible crew.
And headlong they hurried,
The people they flurried:
And troubled and worried;
As lies always do.

I came across a little story lately that I will quote as the personal application of this brief article. It tells of another direction in which the tongue may err. But the point of the story applies to all of the innumerable ways in which the tongue may err. The story states that the latest number of the Oxford Dictionary contains all these words in the English language which begins with Ti. The word Titivil is thus defined:

Name for a devil said to collect fragments of words dropped, skipped or mumled in the recitation of divine service, and carry them to hell, to be registered against the offender.

Titivil will get you if you don't watch out!

The county commissioners in abandoning the county work house are no doubt doing the right thing. When the work house was built some years ago it seemed quite the proper thing, and it no doubt was, but our problems make rapid change in character and a few years often bring quite different situations to the fore. The fact that the county is soon to have space at the training school for more Rowan boys will enable the commissioners to pass on to a better prepared institution many cases that heretofore the county has had to handle. The work house as it now functions is not serving the purpose sufficiently to justify its upkeep, so the commissioners believe, and they are doubtless entirely right.—Salisbury Post.

A MAN'S CHIEF AIM

If one is shooting a gun he is not apt to hit any higher than he aims. The same thing is true in living a life. A man's chief aim or object in life should be to do good. The actions reveal the governing principal of an individual no less truly than thoughts determine words; words deeds; deeds character, and character destiny. A man's actions speak louder than his words at all times in life. One has said, "Let us do good unto all men." How much happier and better people would be if governed by this motto.

The chief trouble in such a case lies not with the injunction to be carried out, but with people who do not care to be governed by such a principle. People like to set their own standards and expect the Almighty to adjust himself to them. They seem to think they are confering a favor on the cause if by some concession, they can become identified with it. How foolish! We ought to do good without hesitancy, anywhere and everywhere and all the time, solicited or unsolicited.

It is as much a man's duty to do good as it is to accept good at the hands of others;and there are very few who will not accept good from others quite frequently.

He who has a proper sense of his obligations will not take a selfish view of life; but so relate himself to others as to keep alive his sympathies and finer sensibilities. He who lives for himself alone becomes hard-hearted at an ever increasing ratio in proportion as he continues such a course. One cannot ignore the rightful claims of humanity without injury to himself and a general disregard of moral obligations. "No man liveth unto himself" is the injunction long since gone out and admitted by thinking people to be true. Every living individual exercises, either for good or evil, that which is called influence. Whether conscious or unconscious there emenates from each life this wonderful power so potent as a factor for good.

Did you ever stop to think that each person carries about with him the posibilities, which, if released at the right time and in the right manner would not only contribute to his own happiness and well-being, but toward the happiness and destinies of others? This being true, we are morally under obligations to be considerate of others. It is not my purpose to call attention to the various ways in which one may do good; but "the stream never rise above its source." One cannot bestow something foreign to his own makeup and character, and an influence once set in motion never ceases until it has reached the fartherest shores of eternity. What a wonderful thing it is to be possessed of inspiring qualities!

What a fine thing it would be if goodness were catching like measles. I have seen whole communities that were innoculated by one person. What a blessing it would be if the powers for making better citizenship and character could be in some such way distributed to good and bad alike.

The only safe guide book by which we can go makes no distinction in

the matter of doing good, it says; "do good unto all men." Therefore, it is not optional with us as to whether or not we shall do good or evil. He who thinks he is at liberty to do as he pleases, and takes the matter in his own hands assumes a tremendous responsibility of far reaching consequences.

He who does good has nothing to regret, while he who does opposite is sure to bring down on his head the fearful consequences of retributive justice. Sin brings its own punishment. It is the way of transgressors that is hard; while he who goes even beyond what plain duty dictates, and takes time to examine the blessings of privilege, will find the true joy of life in giving out and helping others rather than living so much for one's own selfish interests. Not what we have but what we share with others is the key to a happy and useful life.—J. E. P.

OF A LOCAL NATURE

Stringfellow-Cannon Marriage.

Thursday afternoon, at 6 o'clock, at the residencee of Mr. and Mrs. J. Archibald Cannon, in Concord, their sister, Miss Nannie Cannon was united in marriage to Col. W. W. Stringfellow, a prominent banker of Anniston, Alabama. Miss Cannon is one of the state's most prominent young women, enjoying a wide circle of admiring friends, and is esteemed most beautiful and possessing a charming personality. Mrs. Stringfellow is the daughter of the late David F. Cannon, a merchant prince in his day.

Col. Stringfellow, making his home at Blowing Rock during the summers, enjoys the acquaintance of many North Carolinians who have learned to admire him for his splendid qualities of mind and heart. He has contributed to the growth and development of Blowing Rock, has made most valuable contributions to the church facilities of that community and, having endeared himself in such a way that he has come to be regarded practically a North Carolinian.

Sorrow in Supt. Boger's Home.

It is seldom that we find affliction coming doubly to the members of a family. A few days ago, Mr. D. P. Boger, father of Supt. Boger, and now in his 85th year, fainting, fell to the floor. In the fall his shoulder blade was broken and he was otherwise bruised. His age, together with his unusual energy, makes the injury quite serious and the confinement all but intollerable.

Senator John A. Barnhardt, the father of Mrs. Boger, is in a Charlotte hospital in a precarious condition from a serious heart trouble with which he has been troubled for quite a while.

These two men are among the leading and most substantial citizens of Cabarrus, and their many friends are extremely anxious about the outcome of their illness.

THE UPLIFT hears with great delight that Mr. D. B. Coltrane, our treasurer, is rapidly and successfully recovering from a painful operation, undergone at a Richmond hospital.

Institutional Notes

Swift Davis Reporter.

Capt. T. L. Grier, with a few boys, has been working on a ditch leading from our 50,000 gallon steel tank to the location of the new well.

On Sundays and during their leisure hours on other days, usually after a fit of desponding blues, knots of boys can be found singing favorite hymns—"Nearer, My God to Thee," "Higher Ground," "Tell Mother I'll be There," "Bring them in," and others. The melancholy blues are chased away, because, "Music is the voice of angels."

On Saturday afternoons, in the school room of Mr. Johnson, all books not relating to the subject at hand are "thrown into the discard," so to speak. The school books are left in the racks and the "Saturday Afternoon Society" holds sway. Mr. Johnson assumed responsibility for all offices—president, vice president, recording secretary and etc. Program for Saturday Oct. 7 was Stogner and Cutchins on essays and Filds, Keever, Butler Jackson on the debate. The "Saturday Afternoon Society" is succeeding and is giving a great aid to the boys mentally and morally.

If the visitor wanders down into the printing office, he will hear, while in this place of publication, strange noises from above. If he has not already been told, inquiry will reveal that the shoe shop is just above. Upon receiving this information, the visitor follows it up with the entirely reasonable demand to "see the shop." Of course the request is granted. He sees the various wheels, pulleys, etc., the usual implements of a shoe repairing shop. Then the visitor is shown some products of this shop and thus he describes the work: "Why, they're just like new!" Mr. Groover has charge of the shoe shop.

Two important pieces of job work have just been completed by workers in the printing office. The first of these were 500 scholastic reports which, when filled out by his teacher, will enable the pupil to determine his grading in school work and he can carry a certificate of this standing, so that when he enters another school, he can be placed in his proper classes. The other job was producing a good many blank health certificates—a paper when signed by the physician bears an accurate statement of the condition of the boy's health before he can be committed to the Institution. A third job, blanks for store room orders, will soon be perfected.

The reader of this article may sometimes visit the Institution and may desire to see a certain literary society. Therefore the following summary has been tabulated with the idea of enabling the aforesaid visitor to find his particularly desired society, know its name and what kind of programmes it has. 1. The Cone Literary Society of the King's Daughter's Cottage, so named after Mr. Ceasar Cone, Greensboro notable. The Cone Literary Society members claim the distinction of having the best society here, but

since many of their best debators have been paroled or discharged, and the other societies have acquired some fine speakers by way of new boys, doubt is beginning to prevail. 2. The Stonewall Literary Society of the 2nd Cottage. Thought of the name of the Institution—the Stonewall Jackson Manuel Training School makes the origin of this name clear. 3. The Cook Literary Society, of the 3d Cottage, appropriately named for the founder of the Institution—Mr. J. P. Cook. 4. The Thompson Literary Society. The members of this society unamimously agreed to adopt as the name for their society the first superintendent of this school, the late Walter Thompson who ably directed the school during its critical period—the stages of its infancy. 5. The Shaw Literary Society, named in honor of Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, a trustee of the School. 6. The Wharton Literary Society of the Guilford Cottage. Named after Mr. E. P. Wharton, of Greensboro, also a trustee. 7. The Boger Literary Society, for the present superintendent. 8. The Cannon Literary Society—a very well named society, as the public will realize when they understand that this society was named for Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Concord.

"God wills us free,
Man wills us slaves;
I will as God wills,
God's will be done."

THE UPLIFT

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VOL X CONCORD N. C. OCTOBER 21, 1922 NO. 50

WHAT THOUGHT DOES.

A man's thought determines the moral climate of his life, and will settle the question whether his conduct is to be poisonous marsh or fertile meadow, fragrant garden or barren sand. The pose of the mind determines the disposition, and will settle whether a man shall soar with angels in the heavens or wallow with swine in the mire. What we think about the things that are greatest will determine how we do the things that are least. What are your primary thoughts about God? The prints of those thoughts will be found in your courtesies, in your life, in the government of commerce, in the control of the body, and in all the affairs of home and market and field.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* **J. C. FISHER,** *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

TEACH PROPERTY PROTECTION.

A score or more leading citizens have expressed endorsement, in strong terms, of the position THE UPLIFT took in a recent issue relative to urging upon students the care and preservation of school property. Several communications (unsigned; and when will an inviolable rule in all newspaper offices that all unsigned communications find their way into the waste basket be recognized) have reached us calling attention to the miserable abuse of school property in Cabarrus county.

A going concern does not suffer so much from a natural deterioration. The only-existing and tottering and the lifeless are subject to the contempt and indifference to the thoughtless. When the higher-ups show no pride in the beautification and the preservation of public property, be it school or otherwise, it is a far-fetched hope to expect children and the thoughtless to exercise that care which all public property is entitled to.

There is a rule, almost as certain as the law of nature, that the way the twig is bent, so the tree will be. The finest returns in a splendid citizenship are to be had in teaching the young the duty of using public property as if it were their own.

It is a part of a perfect education to teach children the rights of others. The high authorities should impress upon the teachers that the property is turned over to them for service and not for the acts of vadalism; and that when they finish their service, it is expected that the property be returned in good condition. A young seventh-grade, grocery clerk, employed to teach an important school in 1921, was informed by the committee that the new desks installed must be kept free from scratches and abuse. They were not so kept, but the grocery clerk at her own expense revarnish-

ed and otherwise tried to cover up the abuse she permitted to be done to the property. This was commendable, and perhaps was practically the only item of good she accomplished in the community.

Teach the children to avoid vandalism—a better and more thrifty citizenship will surely follow.

* * * * * * *

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?"

In the past few days this pertinent question is being asked all down the line. It arose with the acknowledged pleasure over the advancement of material things in North Carolina during the past two years.

The great development of the educational plants for higher education, the institutions for the unfortunate and the wayward, and the construction of one of the finest road systems in any Southern state, appearing as the fruits of that vision, then it was, after drawing a deep breath, the question is asked "Where do we go from here?"

Can't turn back. North Carolinians do not perform that way—they look forward. The officials responsible for this stride will certainly take pleasure and courage over the great accomplishment, and press forward.

The pleasing and catchy side of the question brings to mind a little dialouge taking place in Concord some months ago between father and son. The little fellow was interested in the last words of famous men and women, just before they left. He asked his father, "what were the last words of George Washington?" The father, a prominent and very successful manufacturer, thought it not wise to disappoint his son in his knowledge of the saying of great men, who were about to quit this sphere, and, not knowing exactly just what George did say, concluded that it was quite likely the great Father of his Country just simply remarked, "Going away from here."

The high lights and the progressive spirit that prevail today in the affairs of the state indicate a purpose of "Going away from here," and to to get the chart properly fixed, the question, "Where are we going from here," seems very pertinent to the time and the action.

* * * * * * *

A SERIOUS INDICTMENT.

We confess to considerable sympathy for the position taken by the Presbyterian Standard in its article (elsewhere printed in this issue) on "A School of Crime." We are brought face to face, in dealing with the

proposition right here at this institution, with the victims of the frightfully bad influence of the ordinary moving-picture show. The bloody stories, the act of infidelity, the sharp practices, the deceits, the dishonesties, thrown upon the canvass have started the ruin of many a boy and—sad to say—many a girl.

There have come under our observation otherwise normal and very useful folks that have the moving-picture habit even worse than the coco cola fiend or the inebriate for his intoxicants. It's a disease, and in an unguarded moment it oftentimes gets the better of the individual, who becomes so weak that a resistance is all out of the question.

Why a high-minded clean, spirited and useful woman can get any pleasure or benfit out of a shady picture, showing infidelity and crookedness, is unfathomable; and, even a high-minded man, in whom, and you dare not, under prevailing social laws, expect finer feelings to be found than in a normal woman, can gain any profit from looking upon the shady, low-life pictures that thrive, is also a puzzle.

The Standard has made out its case; but when the approach to a censorship law is attempted, you will be surprised to see the character of the opposition developed. In it will be men and even women, who otherwise stand high in the social and moral world. The very fact protests are made against a censorship law, is prime proof that the operators of movies very well know that if the shady pictures and the immoral stories are eliminated, the business will go to pieces.

But the public through its government should make it impossible for such traps to be legally maintained in which the child is liable to perish.

* * * * * * *

SURVEY OF THE HONOR ROLL.

The Monroe Journal often tackles live matters in its editorial columns. Among the latest that paper askes some very pertinent questions relative to what is revealed in the honor roll of the Monroe public schools. It is interesting, and probably is a sample of what is being done by all the town and city schools in the state.

The total enrollment in the Monroe schools was 892, and of these only 105 got on the honor roll, leaving 787 who did not attain to that honor. The Journal thinks, and quite properly, that had the figures been reversed —that is, had 787 reached the honor roll and 105 failed to do so—the record would not then have been what it should be. The Journal further asks, seeing the poor exhibit, if the standard itself is not too high and all but

unattainable? It would be interesting to know just what kind of "units" operate in making out the elligibility for the honor roll.

One other thing that the Journal brings out is of more than passing interest. That paper makes the discovery from the published report and finds that of the honor roll of 105 the girls are in the lead—32 boys and 73 girls. The enrollment is about equally divided between the two sexes, yet the girls accomplished the "units" that make for the honor roll and out-number the boys more than two to one. The girls in Monroe must be better and brighter than Monroe's boys.

* * * * * * *

BUSY ABOUT ROT.

It is beginning to smell of the can, this murder case up in New Jersey and the scandalous case in Atlanta where Candler, the coca cola king, jilted in a most ungallant manner a divorced woman.

Had the preacher and his choir leader done some humane act, relieved some terrible suffering, or saved a child from death by risking their own lives, it would have been dismissed with just a small notice. Their conduct was questionable, as it seems admitted, then why make it a daily front-page feature for days and days.

Outside of the fact that he made a fortune out of slop, tore down a Methodist church on Peachtree street to make a marble home for his coca cola headquarters, Candler is nothing more than an ordinary individual and the exposition of his senile performance and then turning tail and running from his own act in a most unchivalrous manner, marks him considerable of a piker. Let him and the woman with a messed up foreign name fight it out, but save the public from a daily review of the dirty business.

* * * * * * *

ESCAPED THUS FAR.

It is a marvel that some modern Harriet Beecher Stowe has not come forward with a novel that would lay "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the shade. It is yet not too late for North Carolina to be featured in a story that will make our blood boil.

With all this public contention that our people do not read and cannot write; that conditions in many of our jails and prisons are beastly; that there are fifty thousand feeble-minded folks in the state—many of these declarations made on horse-back opinions, without reliable and trustworthy data—the state is getting some very unhappy advertising; and need there be any wonder that some person, with more enterprise than respect for the real

facts, will some of these days come forward with a novel, having woven into it these unhappy and, in many instances, untrue exhibits that some of our energetic statisticians, local and imported, are turning loose on an innocent public.

The Stowes are not all dead.

* * * * * * *

JOHN BOIFEUILLET QUITS THE RACE.

And he ought to. No man with such a name should break into the United States Senate from any state, not even from Georgia. Just think what an eternal thorn he would be in the work of the linotyper should he perform any.

And a man loaded down with so much religion would run a great risk of injuring his piety to mingle among the temptations of Washington. But none of these seemed exactly to have driven him from the senatorial race in Georgia. Here is what did it, quoting the gentleman with the horrible name:

> "They have circulated the report that I am a Catholic," he said. "I am a Presbyterian by baptism, a Baptist by education and a Methodist by marriage. I believe in neither political nor religious intolerance. No one should be denied the priceless privilege to bend the knee to any alter and the inestimable right to pray in a manner agreeable to one's conscience."

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A Fox once saw a Crow fly off with a piece of cheese in its beak and settle on a branch of a tree. "That's for me, as I am a Fox," said Master Reynard, and he walked up to the foot of the tree. "Good-day, Misstress Crow," he cried. "How well you are looking to-day: how glossy your feathers; how bright your eye. I feel sure your voice must surpass that of other birds, just as your figure does; let me hear but one song from you that I may greet you as the Queen of Birds." The Crow lifted up her head and began to caw her best, but the moment she opened her mouth the piece of cheese fell to the ground, only to be snapped up by Master Fox. "That will do," said he. "That was all I wanted. In exchange for your cheese I will give you a piece of advice for the future—

"DO NOT TRUST FLATTERERS."

TOM MARTIN—HIS CAPITAL

"If Tom Martin had been born white, he to-day would have been a millionaire, if not a multi-millionaire." Thus spoke one of Tom's friends in the Huffine Hotel, in Greensboro. To this four or five others of Tom's friends gave quick assent.

Tom Martin belongs to the colored race in North Carolina. He is the politest, best behaved and the best diplomat among his people in the whole state. Rev. Logan, for years a citizen of Concord, and who enjoys the respect and confidence of every white person in the community, has nothing on Tom Martin. The truth of the matter is, had this interesting colored man been highly educated he would have surpassed Booker Washington, who enjoyed, deserved or not (I have always been skeptical about it, since he loved to be entertained in white folks' homes beyond Mason's & Dixon's line), the reputation of being the foremost and most useful colored man in the South. You see Tom Martain has great common sense. He knows his place and religiously respects it. All the kindness and consideration extended Tom, who knows the names of more people in North Carolina than any person, white or black, never gets familiar or presumes on it—that was Booker's besetting sin.

Tom feeds more people, for he is a waiter in a hotel, than any waiter in a North Carolina hotel. I have seen his table crowded, some waiting for service, while other tables were entirely vacant and the attendants stood around idle. The other evening I was sitting at Tom's table, eating just what he had brought me without an order, for he knew what I liked. A very pretentious man, the chief owner of a corset factory, came to Tom's table. "Well, Tom," said he, "bring me the same kind of steak you gave me last spring when I was here." "All right, Mr. Israel;" and Tom was off. Mr. Israel was astonished that Tom remembered his name, and knew what he wanted without making some further inquiries.

Soon Tom came back with a steak as large as a pot lid, french fried potatoes and a pot of coffee &c. "That is it," said Mr. Israel. I told him how a splendid Concord woman had paid for my supper several years ago, in having my prophecy verified. It was like this. I went along with several ladies, who were enroute to Henderson, N. C., to attend the annual convention of the King's Daughters. We took dinner at Tom's table. During the short time, Tom caught on to the names of the several ladies and gentlemen in the party. Four or five days afterwards we returned. When reaching Greensboro, it was suggested that we go in and try Tom again. "All right," said I, "he'll know the names of every one of you." "If he knows mine," said Mrs. Brown, "I'll pay for your supper." Mrs. Brown paid for my supper, and Tom got a fine tip, too.

I told this while Tom was out in the kitchen, preparing another order. "Why," said another one of Tom's admiring friends at the table, "that is nothing. The other day I sat

down here, and a lady came in and took a chair at Tom's table. She gave her order. In a short time Tom reported. Tom set her cup of coffee down by her left side. The lady, in astonishment, asked Tom why he did that. Tom replied that he remembered that the last time she was there, she had changed the cup from her right to her left side and that he had discovered that she was left-handed."

It turned out that this lady had never before, excepting once, taken a meal at the Huffine. She was a student at Greensboro College and graduated there twelve years ago. And yet this woman, after twelve years, married and having four fine children, went back to visit her old school, dropped into the Huffine to get a meal, and Tom Martin remembered that she was "left-handed."

This faithful, genteel negro, enjoying the respect of every living soul he ever waited on, has been employed at the Huffine Hotel for twenty-one years; always on duty, and turns up every morning promptly at 5:30 to have his table in order. His word is his bond; of good personal habits; and a most reputable philosopher. Tom has put aside a splendid competency against a rainy day or old age. It is rare that his fine service, thoughtful attention to his guests and his marvelous ability to remember faces and names, fail to bring him a "tip" and yet Tom does not do these things for a tip. If he did, it would soon react and render him in a light of a designer, which heis not. Tom puts into his work an honest service—he dignifies his duties, makes himself useful to his employers by his politeness to guests and by anticipation of their wants and helps them get a joy out of the food he promptly places before him.

Tom Martin is the finest specimen of his race in North Carolina. Many a man envies his ability to remember names and faces, and all wonder how in the world he does it.

WE ARE WONDERFULLY MADE.

Where can we find a pump as perfect as the human heart? If the boss treats it right, it stays on the job for more than 600,000 hours, making 4,320 strokes and pumping 15 gallons an hour. In the course of an average lifetime the heart pumps 9,000,000 and makes 2,500,000,000 strokes. We have no telegraphic mechanism, equal to that comprised in our nervous system; no wireless apparatus so efficient as the voice and the ear; no moving-picture machine or other type of camera so perfect as the human eye; no ventilating plant so wonderful as the nose, lungs and skin, and no electrical switchboard can compare with the spinal cord.—World's Work.

Teacher.—"Willie, why can't you say 'I ain't going to the store?' "
Willie.—"Because ain't ain't good grammar."

ARE WE IN EARNEST ABOUT IT?

By R. R. Clark.

When the constitutional amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic was adopted many good people felt that our troubles from that source had passed. But not yet. John Barleycorn seems to have more lives than a cat. He has been pronounced dead, and buried without honors, many times; but in one form or another he remains to plague. Let me say hurriedly that I do not believe the prohibition amendment will ever be repealed. The country is well rid of the legalized liquor traffic and I am sure that a referendum on the question would result overwhelmingly in the favor of prohibition. Neither do I believe that the enforcement laws, commonly called the Volstead acts, are likely to be materially modified.

The question that confronts the country is the enforcement of the liquor laws. It is comparatively easy to pass a law when public sentiment seems to favor it; and it is very easy to pass stringent anti-liquor laws, with liquor under the ban. But enforcing them is another matter. It seems strange that with public sentiment apparently so strong against liquor that the illicit traffic continues to flourish. But the trouble is that the sentiment is more apparent than real. That is to say, many there be who stand out and talk strong for prohibition who are among the best patrons of the rum runners. They favor prohibition laws because popular sentiment is against the traffic; and many persons who honestly believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic have such poor control of their appetites that they reserve to themselves the privilege of violating the laws. And this violation is by no means confined to the lawless, or that class who do not believe in prohibitory laws. So-called leading citizens, often public officials, aid and abet in the violation of the laws either as purchasers of the illicit product, or in directly or indirectly aiding in the protection of the rum runners for political or personal reasons.

It has been more than two decades since the passage of the first State-wide law in North Carolina restricting the liquor traffic; it has been more than a decade and a half since the people voted overwhelmingly for State-wide prohibition. Great good has resulted in the State from the elimination of the saloon. Public drunkenness is uncommon, compared with saloon days. But thoughtful and observant people must admit that the violations of the law are far too common. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that violations of the liquor laws have increased in recent years; that cases of public drunkenness are more common than a few years ago. However that may be, the traffic in liquor, despite all the laws, is far greater than it should be in a State where State-wide prohibition laws have prevailed for so long.

It all comes back to the proposition that the passage of a law to prohibit any evil, especially an evil so fascinating as the liquor traffic, in which

the changes of the habits and beliefs of all ages were concerned, is but the first step. Eternal vigilance is necessary if there is to be no slipping backward. The people who believe in prohibition must translate that belief into action. If they are really in earnest about prohibition they will put under the ban all who patronize the booze dispensers. If the folks who profess to believe in prohibition do not patronize the rum runners, but use their influence against them, the illicit traffic will be materially reduced. In the saloon days, when drinking was common, public officials and leading citizens drank to excess at times and suffered little in public esteem because drinking was a custom. But in these days drinking itself, while bad enough, is really the minor offense. Every case of drinking means that the drinker has aided and abetted in the violation of the law. This is inexcusable in the case of the private citizen; it is damnable in the case of the public official, who is sworn to uphold the constitution and the laws. In the old days it was our shame that some of our judges got drunk while holding court. I recall that one narrowly escaped impeachment for repeated offenses of that character. But within the past year or two it was published in the newspapers and not denied that one of our Superior Court judges and a solicitor had been drunk. The name of the solicitor was not made public so far as I know. The name of the judge was published, and so far as I have seen neither the judge nor his friends have entered denial of the charge, which appeared in a number of papers at that time.

The private citizen who engages in violation of the law is without excuse, and the more prominent he is the greater his offense, because of the influence of his example. But the people who elect and re-elect to office men who violate the laws they are appointed to execute, are guilty of the most flagrant hypocrisy.

PROPAGANDA, MORALS, DANGERS.

By C. W. Hunt.

The editorial appearing in THE UPLIFT of October 14th, taken from the Monroe Journal, from which comes so many timely articles, as to what we, as North Carolinians, are, is well worth the time of those who missed it to go back and read it. It is possible that it appeals to me more strongly than to many others, from the fact that I seem to have been the only writer that has ever had the hardihood to tackle the propaganda sent out from Chapel Hill each week. The greater part of which is based on stale and incorrect census figures and guess work. All the first months of the year it was terribly disparaging to the State, and its people, but later there has been a change to saner figures and propositions. Propaganda is the most deceiving thing present day readers and thinkers have to contend with. The wisest editors are often "dul-

led'' into printing a fairy story, that looks well on the face, but the writer's aim was to ''put something over'' under disguise. All this matter about our not being a reading people, void of culture and refinement; the amount the State spends for education in colleges, the number of illiterates and on down the line could all have been written for just one purpose. To expose propaganda, and stand up for the fact that North Carolina is as good, has as good and clean a citizenship as any state in the union is nothing short of the duty of every writer in the state.

Then the clipping from the pen of H. V. R. in the Smithfield Herald, about the runaway boys and the poison of movies is a thing that such people as read THE UPLIFT need to give more attention to. The writer must confess that he has not done his duty along this line. Movies never appealed to my soberness at the beginning, and for many years the writer never looked in on a movie, but has read much of them in spite of all the busy years at work. Last summer I saw one picture at a summer resort, that was said by others to be a fine picture, but I had to disagree. All the way through it was reeking with intrigue, infelicity in the marriage relation, mutiny, riot. A short time ago I saw in another state a picture that had been in this state, together with a vaudeville show, that was rotten to the core: rotten enough to give a man with a heart the ''dry-grins.'' Can we, as fathers and mothers, expect anything better than runaways, spoiled boys and girls when we allow such things to be shown to our children? How can they ever get the right line on right living when all the shows have constantly before them scenes of illigitimate love-making, improper position and associations of the sexes, that can but tend to deprave? No one source is more to blame for the ruin of our girls, especially, and dwarfing of the right senses of our boys than the present day movies. I heard a high official of The Salvation Army say in a distant southern city a few days ago, as he appealed to Rotarians to help, that there were 10,000 ruined girls passing through the rescue homes of that organization. If such people as read THE UPLIFT do not take the initative to stop such it will go on and on. I am of the opinion that the makers of movies will tell you that the films will not take if they are clean of sex suggestions.

We all enjoy the high toned articles that Mr. R. R. Clark writes none too often, and in this same number of THE UPLIFT he discusses a mighty deep subject, and as usual is fair and on the right side. While many a good corn field hand has been spoiled by being sent to college, and the further fact remains that there is necessity for laborers to do work that has to be done, no class nor cult has any right to all the education. Our brightest and greatest men come from the humblest homes. Last night I heard a great sermon from a great and learned man, Bishop Collins Denny, and the one point he stressed was: Our lives are worth only the amount of good we do to others, to those about us.

WITCHCRAFT AND OTHER SUPERSTITIONS.

Peeping about with interest in the private library of Mr. W. J. Swink, of China Grove (He has a delightful collection of books; is quite a book-worm, himself; and he rejoices in the possession of quite a number of rare and interesting old volumes.) I spied what proved to be "A History of the Michael Brown Family," by the Rev. Richard L. Brown.

It is an entertaining book, being a tracing of the descendants of this settler from Pennsylvania, who came to North Carolina in the middle of the eighteenth century. His original name, as I gather, was spelled Braun. He was the beginning of practically all the Browns in Piedmont North Carolina. But I do not have in mind a review of this entire book at this time, my purpose being to reproduce a chapter from said book on the subject indicated by the caption of this article.

In all ages, even in this, some people have had very marked superstitious notions. In many instances to-day there are certain signs, absolutely worthless and without merit, that have the undivided confidence of certain people. Perhaps, it might be too strong to declare that no one is entirely free of the influence of certain superstitious belief. There may be a few but not many—we all would rather such and such a thing should not pass across our paths. But to Rev. Brown's treatment of Witchcraft and Other Superstitions in his book.

"Under this heading," says the divine, "we propose referring to some of the superstitions our early settlers had to contend with, but it is particularly understood that we are not advocating, encouraging or teaching anything of such obnoxious character. However we refer to them as things of the past, which the early settlers of Rowan did actually encounter, and our reference to them is intended as a reproof of those foolish notions. As we relate some of the beliefs that were in common use in those days, you will see in every case that there is nothing complimentary to those who believed in these evil practices.

A witch was generally supposed to be an old woman in league with something bad, or the great evil spirit, and able to do wonderful things through Satanic agency. Hence these believers feared and shunned the witch women as we would fear a rattlesnake or a mad dog.

The usual way to become a witch was to go down to the spring at the dawn of day, and looking down into the water at the image dimly outlined there, pledge the soul to the devil on conditions that he would render the help needed, and after this compact with the infernel spirits such a woman was supposed to do almost anything bad, and nothing good, hence the name of a witch signified something evil.

A witch was supposed to be able to ride through the air on a broomstick, or to transform herself into a black cat, a rabbit, or other animals.

Walking along the road late one

evening a man alleged that he saw three women sitting on a log by the side of the road. As he looked at them the women suddenly melted away, or from view, and three antelopes galloped off in their stead. The witch was supposed to have power to transfer the corn from one neighbor's horse trough to that of another without touching it with the hands. The result was, that while the one farmer's horse would grow poor and lean, the other man's horse would grow sleek and fat.

To see a rabbit hopping about the barn suggested the presence of a witch making arrangments to abstract the corn from the horses or the milk from the cows. An old fashioned shilling with its pillars of Hercules nailed in the horse trough was supposed to break the spell and keep the corn in the trough. It was thought the only way to kill a witch was by using a silver bullet; supposing that the witch could turn a lead ball. A bewitched cat or rabbit shot with a silver ball, would suddenly disappear, and it would soon be heard that some old woman at home had suddenly died of heart trouble or apoplexy.

At the same time witches had a peculiar kind of gun, which was simply a glass phial, open at both ends, and the bullet used was made of twisted and knotted hair; and this bullet possessed the wonderful quality of entering the flesh of animals without making a hole in the skin. It was alleged that such bullets were found, and animals after being skinned would show the hole through which the bullet went.

There are people to this day who believe that the foot of a rabbit caught in a graveyard has wonderful power in it, and the man who has one in his pocket is to be feared. It was believed that witches rode on the neck of horses at night, and the knots in the mane were used as stirrups; and in these instances the witch assumed the form of a rabbit.

Conjuring was a close neighbor to witchcraft, and people feared one as well as the other. A neighbor of ours who carried his grinding to mill on his back was seen to have a cedar brush tied to his clothes, dragging it behind him to cover up his tracks, supposing a neighbor of his could and would put a spell on him if he saw his tracks.

It was also believed that if witch rabbits sucked the cows it would cause them to give bloody milk, and that was the reason that cows at times did give such milk. The remedy for this was to milk the cows through a knot hole in a rich pine plank. It was no uncommon thing to see rich pieces of pine plank with a knot in it hanging up outside of the old log kitchen ready for use when needed. If the cow gave thick milk, or the milk thickened before it soured, it was an evidence that somebody had put a spell on the cow.

We have such things as these to contend with at the present day, but most people have better sense than to believe that a witch is the cause of it. In those days, a worn horse shoe nailed over the door was regarded as a spell against witch power, and would cause the inmates to have good luck; but that belief has so far passed away that at present it is the fashion to make many ornaments in the shape of a horse and wear them as a symbol of good

luck. The luck part has passed away, and the ornament has taken its place.

Some people are still superstitious about a rabbit or a black cat running across the road before them, as a token of good or bad luck, depending, I believe, on the direction the animal is going. To see the new moon clear or through obstructions was another thing to give either trouble or consolation. Then there were the signs in the moon; the little moon up or down was claimed to have much to do with covering buflldings, laying the bottom rail of a fence, or in hauling out manure. To this day some people say, that in order to keep bean leaves from getting full of holes you must plant the beans in the scales because that is the only thing in the zodiac that has no mouth."

In a personal experience of the writer, this he says: "In one of his pastorates he had occasion to visit a parishioner who was sick, and peculiarly sick, too. Here he preformed his ministerial duties in a very satisfactory way, and returned home with the consolation of a duty well performed. Some time after, he was informed that a certain witch doctor had heard of this case of peculiar sickness, and had made it his business to visit this family also, and inform them that it was a case of witchcraft, and that if they wanted to know who the witch was he would place a horseshoe or something else over the door in that room. This would bring up the witch, and the first one that came into the room under that something placed over the door was the one who was causing the trouble. Now, would you believe that this poor preacher, as innocent as a lamb, and as harmless as a dove, was the first one to enter that door under the trickery that was over it. But we are sure this event had its salutary effect, not only on the immediate family, but all who heard of it were convinced that witchcraft was a failure.

The foregoing are some of the troubles and disadvantages under which the early settlers had to labor; but even down to the present day, in this Christian, civilized and educated land of ours, there are, comparatively a large per cent of our people who believe in some signs, or forebodings, of good or evil. Itching hands, nose or eyes are considered signs of somethimg to come. Dreams are also forebodings of good or evil in the near or distant future.

Where all the superstitions came from, or how they ever got into so many people, we are unable to say. We know that in olden times there were persons called witches. For instance, King Saul in his great trouble with the Philistines, went to the Witch of Endor, and had her call up Samuel from the dead so that he might know the outcome with his enemies. We also read of Paul, while at Paphos, finding a certain sorcerer whose name was Barjesus. Then another by the name of Elymas, who withstood Paul and Barnabas to their faces.

The Savior said concerning signs: "When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather for the sky is red; and in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering." "A wicked and an adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given it but the sign of the prophet

Jonah." Also hear what the Apostle Paul says in regard to such evil things: "Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved, and for this cause God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." — II Thess. 2:9-12

It is the business of Satan to always have something to draw human minds from the truth, and he, with the men of the world, are sometimes wiser in their plans than the men of God. He often transforms himself into an angel of light to make men believe a thing is right when it is evil.

While Michael Brown had to contend with the superstitions of his time, we believe, however, he was too much of a Christian, and too well informed, to be led astray by such foolish and ignorant ideas."

Most of us will vehemently deny and bristle up when accused of any entertainment of superstitious fears about signs etc. Last Friday I left Winston-Salem on the 11:40 train—it was not one fourth filled.....Connecting with the Southern's forty-five at Greensboro, there was no trouble in securing the choice of seats. Probably not over fifty people all the way from Greensboro to Charlotte used that train on that trip. Ordinarily this train pulls three crowded day coaches for white people. On that day there were just two cars and all but empty. The reason for this was explained by William Worth Martin, who has traveled up and down this country for thirty-five years. Col. Martin declares it was entirely due to the fact that it was "Friday, the 13th." Recond, he was right in his analysis of the scarcity of travel on that date.

WHY STATE IS CULTURALLY POOR.

By Nell Battle Lewis

Fortunately there has been agitated of late a discussion of the reasons for the cultural barrenness of North Carolina. Various explanations have been given. The rigors of the economic struggle following the War Between the States, and the consequent lack of leisure, says one Illiteracy in North Carolina, suggests another. Lack of library facilities, offers a third. Too much conversation, declares a fourth. Absence of an unprejudiced critical attitude, vociferates a fifth. And so on.

As to the first explanation. Granting that the South endured great duress in re-establishing itself economically after the War Between the States, it is an admitted and happy fact that the material prosperity of this section has now been restored. Especially is this true in North Carolina. Although the bitter struggle of the '60's furnished, at least until the beginning of the present century, a valid excuse for the aes-

thetic poverty of this region, it is now an excuse which has been worn too thin for further use. And it is high time that we drop it. It is high time that we stop indulging ourselves by looking sentimentally backward, and instead, look hopefully ahead. It is high time that we forget, for aesthetic purposes—as we already have for practical—Appomatox and the rigors which followed in its wake. (Later we shall consider the lack of leisure resulting from the economic struggle as another explanation.)

Illiteracy and Culture.

In regard to illiteracy in North Carolina—although it is true that such a condition retards the general development and progress of a shamefully large proportion of our citizenry, it seems to me extremely doubtful that the class which is now illiterate would, even if educated, be able to make any contribution of particular value to culture in this State. Remember that when the civilization of the Old South was in full flower, the lower classes were in ignorance greater even that now. Freely admitting the wisdom of an educational program in North Carolina which shall include every citizen who is mentally capable of benefitting by it, still, I think that we cannot look with any reasonable hope to the educated sons and daughters of the present illiterates for much help in establishing North Carolina culturally.

And it would seem not so much a lack of library facilities as a lack of interest in them which helps make North Carolina an aesthetic desert. Increased library facilities should, certainly, in time, encourage more people to read. But I believe that if you would put a library of 100,000 volumes in every sizeable town in this State tomorrow, and do nothing but that, it would be many, many years before those libraries, in themselves, would bring about appreciable increase in literary productivity or appreciation in North Carolina. I would not be understood to discourage the enlargement of existing libraries and the establishment of new ones, but I think they would be secondary aids rather than primary causes of any sort of cultural revival.

The Wrong Sort of Talk.

Mr. R. B. House suggests that North Carolinians talk too much to take time for reading and writing. But it seems to me that it is not the quantity of our conversation,(which undoubtedly is vast), but the quality which counts against us. Instead of being a hindrance to interest in the artistic, conversation may, and should be, one of its most powerful stimulants. The point is not how much Tar Heels talk, but rather what they talk about. In a way, we talk deplorably little.

To return to the point that leisure is a prerequisite of culture and that, since wealth is increasing in this State, we may expect such culture-producing leisure to increase proportionally. This seems to strike much nearer home than any of the other reasons advanced. But many people of wealth have leisure which is not always productive aesthetically. Unless leisure be joined to taste and intelligence, it is not of much cul-

tural value. But its necessity as a fundamental of culture seems to me unquestionable. For certain people cannot give attention to the aesthetic when they are primarily concerned with the hardships of making a living.

The Old South's Civilization.

Now consider for a moment the Old South. In ante-bellum days the civilization of this section was more picturesque and more complete than any other which has ever been developed in this country. Up until the War Between the States the South was fertile in ideas. Moreover, this was then a land of gentle manners and of high breeding. Many of the planters were scholars as well as gentlemen. But note that this was pre-eminently the civilization of an aristocracy reigning in a social system almost feudal, an aristocracy whose members possessed in full that priceless leisure for the cultivation of the amenities and of "beautiful letters." It is interesting, too, to recall that this civilization was developed in the South when this section was even more rural than it is now, and that the lack of large cities did not appear to handicap it to any great extent.

When the South was defeated in the War Between the States, the social system which had produced this aristocracy crashed into utter ruin. With the abolition of slavery it was totally demolished. Much precious blood was spilled in that war. The ranks of the superior in the South were greatly impoverished. Many of those superiors who survived immigrated to other parts of the country rather than face the strange, harsh, new order. Those who remained to rebuild the South built it again with sweat and tears. In the difficulties and distress of the restoration of the home land there was no time for "beautiful letters" and little even for the amenities. The younger gifted superiors, descendants of the old aristocrats, directed their energies mainly toward business.

Some Unpopular Statements.

Now for some unpopular statements. To the impartial and the well-informed there cannot be the slightest question that in an aesthetic way both Virginia and South Carolina surpass this State. In explanation of this I cite just one reason, which, to me at least, is satisfactory. It is because there remains in both these States a remnant of that aristocracy which built up the civilization of the Old South which cannot wholly relinquish that rich heritage. To be specific, I cite you as a few examples DuBose Heyward and Beatrice Ravenel in South Carolina and James Branch Cabell in Virginia. Heyward, Ravenel, Cabell,—these are names of long distinguished families whose members have for generations been leaders. It is no mere coincidence that the South Carolina Poetry Society centers in Charleston, the most aristocratic of the Southern cities.

North Carolina has always been more democratic than either South Carolina or Virginia. Even before the War Between the States the distinctions between its social classes were not so sharply drawn as within the boundries of either of its near-

est neighbors. There are many who, —perhaps rightly,—take pride in this fact. With such I have no quarrel. But it is worth noting that emphatic democracy has never been productive of remarkable culture.

Pause, my indignant countrymen, ere you stone me!

Various Aristocracies.

I am perfectly aware that kind hearts are of incomparably greater moral worths than are coronets. I am verily persuaded that in the ultimate analysis Norman blood is inconsiderable alongside simple faith. My innate tendency to democracy is moreover strengthened by realization of the fact that there are aristocracies of various kinds. For example, there is the aristocracy of birth, the aristocracies of taste, the aristocracy of intellect, the aristocracy of wealth. Or there may be aristocracies in which two or more of these elements are combined as, say the aristocracy of taste and intellect. But all aristocracies have one characteristic in common which is that their members possess something which is not generally possessed and which hence distinguishes them.

Now in the Old South the aristocracy, in general, was one of taste and intellect, rather than of birth. One minute, old-timers! What I mean to say is that comparatively few of the old "first families" were of strictly noble, though all were of "gentle" birth. There were, of course, a few "younger sons" and the like. But the majority of families in the Old South's "elite" were of European upper middle-class origin, who, because of increasing development of both taste and intellect were freely admitted and subsequently bore a proud part. Gradually the element of birth received more emphasis, for class distinctions were sharply marked in the Old South for the reason that the leaders were widely separated from the rest of a population whose middle class was then in the main singularly inferior and whose lowest was in chains. But pure nobility of birth was not the real foundation of this leading class. Rather the foundation was a certain excellence of taste and a high grade of intelligence possessed by superiors originally of the upper middle class in Europe who, through the fortunate flexibility of the "social ladder" in the new country constituted—very properly,—the aristocracy.

So, basing my argument upon the civilization which an aristocracy fundamentally of taste and intellect once produced in this section, I hold emphatically that such an aristocracy whenever it rises, can be as productive of culture as an aristocracy of birth, if not more so.

A New Aristocracy Needed.

Such an aristocracy North Carolina must have, it seems to me, if this State is to have any note-worthy culture. What is meant by an aristocracy of taste and intellect? Nothing so shockingly undemocratic as it sounds. What I mean is simply an increasing company of people of the leisure class in this State who are intelligently interested in such things as literature, music, painting and kindred subjects, and who take time for their cultivation. Such an aristocracy would not necessarily constitute a distinct social stratum. Its members might, and should, come

from all classes, if so be that they possessed that interest.

The aristocracy of the Old South has fallen these sixty years. Nothing has taken its place. Our ante-bellum culture has vanished from the earth, leaving us infinitely poorer for all our material riches. The rise of another aristocracy of taste an intellect might revive it—not in its picturesque charm, for that now is with "the glory that was Greece"—but in its essentials.

Surely such an interest in an appreciation of the fine arts might be stimulated, even though it can never be acquired. The opportunity is offered by our increasing wealth and its resulting leisure. The people of North Carolina who now possess such interest and appreciation—and there must be a number—should first and foremost thank their good God that they do—not blush about it.

The Value of the Aesthetic.

But how to stimulate this? I do ignorantly presume to offer an infallible plan of campaign with a slogan such as "Art for Art's sake!" as my old friend, Mrs. U. P. Lift might enthusiatically have evolved. But I do believe that the first step in such stimulation must be a much wider recognition of the fact that the aesthetic has high intrinsic value; that it is of more spiritual worth in the life of a people than even so engrossing a subject as the price of cotton.

Interest in the artistic in whatever form is not some constitutional weakness characteristic of a puny type of dilettante. It is a pure spring of joy to enrich and refresh life which, without it, can never rightly merit the term, "civilized." Through it, as well as through human contacts, we may come to realize "that there is really something great and excellent in the world, surviving all the shocks of accident and fluctuations of opinion." By means of it at rare moments, we may glimpse that haunt- and transcendent Beauty of which Truth and Love are equal attributes.

Our Prejudiced Criticism.

I believe that the striking and lamentable absence of an unprejudiced critical attitude in North Carolina is due chiefly to the absence of just such an aristocracy as I have described,—a company of people who sound the note of intelligent criticism. Now we must rely mainly upon the general voice for praise or blame. And although all wisdom may "reside in the bosom of the natural man" I do not believe that all artistic appreciation does.

Listen to this. It illustrates what I mean. I recently heard that the man whom I consider easily the most talented person in a literary way in North Carolina is "ashamed to write poetry." Now why? Here we have a gifted potential member of the aristocracy of taste and intellect. But! We have no such aristocracy which will welcome him, which will encourage him, which will have reasonable pride and faith in him, and which will thank God for North Carolina's possession of him. He is intelligent enough to know that if he tries to write poetry in his own State he will be a prophet without honor, or else he will be the recipient of an undiscriminating approbation which will hurt rather than help him. He must realize that, under

present conditions he will be "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" as far as really serious appreciation goes. And John the Baptist re-incarnates rarely,—especially it seems now, below the Mason-Dixon Line.

Always Stagnant?

Until there is some such aristocracy as I have suggested,—and if you don't like the word "aristocracy," then call it a "gang" if that makes you happier,—until there is a considerable number of people of the leisure class in this State who are not ashamed to admit of interest in the aesthetic, who can be sure of intelligent and sympathetic response among others of like mind here at home; who are not contemptuous of art in its varied forms, but who recognize it as a beautiful and stimulating adjunct "on that rather bloody march," then North Carolina must be content to remain an aesthetic wilderness, a State as stagnant culturally as the Dead Sea. And such stagnation fattens upon content.

This same Col. Martin confessed that he had great faith in signs and the observation of the stunts and power of themoon. He cited as a proof of the power and influence of the moon that even the ocean obeyed the moon. "I am certain that all who lack a proper respect for the moon have never seen the ocean," declared the observant drummer. "Why," said he, "my mother plants everything in the signs of the moon that suits the particular seed or cutting; she never fails in having the best garden or the prettiest flowers in all of Georgia and she keeps the almanac hitched onto her apron string."

A SCHOOL OF CRIME

Presbyterian Standard

Shut your eyes and guess to what the above heading refers. Yes, that is right. You all guessed the movies. Everybody says so. Those who go to the movies say so. And those who do not go, know so. By common consent, the movies are a school of crime. They show how it is committed. They make it interesting by weaving it into a thrilling story. They familiarize the mind with it. The effect of this was long ago expressed in rhyme that has passed into common use because it voices a common conviction.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mein
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen to oft, familiar with her face.
We first endure; then pity, then embrace."

Habitues of the movies are "familiar with its face." They have become blase so that ordinary crimes of violence have ceased to thrill. When the injured girl shoots her betrayer and he falls dead in his tracks, the children applaud to the

echo. They have passed the stage of "endure" and "pity" and have "embraced." They have learned the full meaning of seduction, and that when accompanied with murder, the two together make a heroine of a soiled dove.

The school specializes in two branches of crime, sexual indecency and brutality. The course on sexual indecency includes everythings from the thinly veiled suggestion to the most glaring exhibitions of sensuality. The course in brutality covers everything from the cowboy with his portable arsenal to the masked burglar and the barroom bully.

Of course, the school is co-educational. The boys and girls, the young men and maidens sit side by side. This doubles the effectiveness of the instruction. They can nudge each other at the psychological moment, giggle over the same indecencies, and learn to make appropriate comments. This promotes freedom of intercourse, and frees conversation between the sexes of the embarrassment which old-fashioned modesty used to cause.

We hear much about sex-education. Parents are urged to give their children certain needed information. It is even seriously proposed to introduce the subject into the curriculum of our public schools. But the fact is that the children of this generation are wiser than their parents. They may not know what the carefully prepared text-books would teach them, but they know all that is not in the book, and cannot be put in books.

No one is doing aught to close this school of crime. It is running six days a week in most towns, and seven days a week in larger cities. It furnishes accommodations for all the people and fixes no age limit. It does not lack for pupils. The gray-haired and the toddler sit on the same seat, and learn the same lesson. The Sunday Schools turn out in full force. All are there, except those on the cradle roll. They have a two hour's session in this school, and their attention is alert all the while. So plain is the teaching that the dullest comprehend it. All are star pupils.

Which is the greater influence for evil, the saloon as it once flourishd, or the movie as it now flourishes? This is a debatable question. We recently heard of a man of more than average intelligence express emphatically and unqualifiedly the judgment that the movie is far worse than the saloon in its palmiest days. The evil of the saloon was confined to male adults, and relatively few of these were regular patrons. Women and children were not only barred by public opinion, but the saloon had no attraction for them. Thus the home and church had many years in which to exert a wholesome and moulding power over the children before the saloon could begin its work. But the movies are a magnet for women and children. Many mothers use the movies for a nursery. They take the children, or send them to the movies to get rid of them. The prime advantage of the movie over the saloon is that it is no respecter of persons, it brings under its spell all sexes and all ages. It begins with tender childhood to distill its poison, and spread its slime.

MISS EASY MARK

By Charles Henry Lerrigo

The subtle thrill of Saturday pay day is a joy unknown to those pampered and often overpaid individuals who work for salaries rather than wages, and receive a monthly check instead of signing up for real money in manila envelope.

But Celia Northington was neither pampered nor overpaid. She worked hard for her twenty dollars a week. She paid eight dollars a week for her room and two meals, one fifty for her lunches and ninety cents for car fare, so she had no great sum with wich to satisfy extravagant tastes. Yet she lived a happy, healthful life, enjoyed her work, enjoyed the life of the city, and it was a rare week that she did not have money to send home to her mother.

Saturday was always a great day for Celia, both because she enjoyed the thrill of pay day, and because of the beautiful, long Saturday afternoons that she might do exactly as she pleased. She was going to Palm Beach Park today, and not even going back first to her boarding house, though, like a prudent girl, she elected to send most of her money home by a fellow boarder, Jennie Lee.

"You're holding out on me," objected Jennie. "There's only twelve dollars here. Eight dollars is too much for you to keep for your Saturday spendings."

"No, it isn't. I'm going to spend seven for a new hat before I come home."

"Now be careful!" warned Jennie. "Don't be Miss Easy Mark again. Remember what happened at Christmas. If you meet a poor woman with four children, turn and run rapidly in the opposite direction. Otherwise she'll get your seven—exorbitant price for a hat, anyway!—and you'll be looking for a frame and trying to trim it with your last year's wreath."

"I never did that but once," objected Celia. Anyway, I'm sure the woman did have four children, and hungry children at that. I know how to take care of myself, so don't you worry about Celia, nor about her hat."

Celia's seven-dollar hat was not in a fashionable shop on one of the main streets. It was a little millinery store that she had discovered in a very unfashionable district, a store managed by a lame young woman who possessed much taste and little capital.

Walking down a side street that led to the store, Celia was inteerested to see a man a few paces ahead of her stoop down and pick up a little bundle from the pavement. As she passed he was untying it.

"Look a here, Miss," he called; "see what I have found!"

Celia looked with an interest that overcame her caution. He held in his hand a woman's handkerchief, dainty but inexpensive. He had just untied the knot that revealed two small rings.

Celia grasped their significance at a glance.

"What a shame!" she exclaimed. "Some poor little woman has carefully wrapped up these rings in her

handkerchief and then dropped them out of her pocket—probably took them off while she was washing or scrubbing.

"What'd a poor workin' woman be a-doin' wid two rings?" asked the man.

"Even poor women have rings like those," replied Celia. "Don't you see what they are? This one with the nice stone is her engagement ring. Probably that was given her in better days. The plain gold band is her wedding ring—two rings a woman would prize above everything."

"D'ye reckon they're worth much?" asked the man.

"I'm not a judge," Celia admitted. "My mother has a diamond not quite so large as that one that cost sixty dollars years and years ago. I suppose a plain gold band ring can be bought for a few dollars."

"Good luck!" said the man. "Then I ought to git twenty-five dollars anyway."

"Why you wouldn't sell them?" exclaimed Celia. "They must be returned to the owner."

"That's all right for fine ladies like you, Miss. But for me, findin's keepin'. I'm so poor that I can't raise the price of a meal right now."

"But if you advertise, the owner will gladly give you a reward."

"An' where would I be advertisin,' me, that hasn't the price, an' wouldn't have no address for no letter to be sent to, noway."

"You might turn them over to the police."

"Police! What'd they do? Think they'd gimme a reward? Think they'd gimme anything 'less it'd be ninety days? I reckon I see the cop rewardin' me now. 'Beat it while the beatin's good, Bo,' he'd say. 'We know you pinched these f'm some lady's bag.' An' then, after I'd gone, would the owner ever get 'em? I reckon not."

"But think of that poor woman, probably crying her eyes out this very minute, because she has lost the things she prized more than anything in the world."

"Yes, an' think o' me—fifty dollars wuth o' joolery in me hand an' nuthin' in me stummick for nigh on two days! Tell ye, Miss, if ye feel so bad 'bout the pore woman, buy 'em yourself an' take 'em to her."

Celia hesitated. The man was quick to notice. Smiling an ugly smile, he started away.

"It's another thing now, ain't it, Miss?" he jeered.

"No it is not," replied Celia sharply. "I haven't much money, but I have enought to make it worth your while to turn the rings over to me for advertising. I was just on my way to pay out seven dollars. What is your very lowest figure?"

"Seven dollars!" cried the man. "Talk to me about seven dollars for joolery wuth fifty!"

"You can have it back if nobody claims it after a couple of weeks advertising," said Celia.

"Yer playin' with me," declared the tramp. "You know I got to have money. You, with yer innocent face like a Salvation Army lass, and jewin' down a poor man like me. Gimme ten."

"No. Seven dollars is my limit." Celia felt proud that she could be

so firm.

The man cast a despairing look around as if a prayer that heaven might send another market.

"Gimme the seven," he said.

A minute later the man was scurrying around the corner with Celia's money, she had in her possession the rings and one dollar.

There goes that man with my new hat," Celia said to herself. "But I'm sure to get back what I paid him, unless the owner is an awfully poor woman."

Instead of going to the millinery store she went back down town to the business district and visited the office of the **Herald**, one of the leading newspapers, to arrange for the insertion of the advertisement.

At the **Herald** office she was surprised to have the clerk address her as Miss Northington.

"I don't recall giving you my name", she said.

"You did not, at this time, Miss Northington. But try to think back six years to the church social at White House Farm, and call to mind the boy who bought your basket."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Celia. "You are Fred Browning. I'm ashamed not to have known you, but six years have changed you tremendously. For that matter, I suppose I have changed, too."

"Not greatly. A girl doesn't change much in those years, but a boy of nineteen does, especially if he spends two years in the Army and six months in an army hospital."

"Do you keep in touch with the home town at all?" asked Celia.

"Yes, through the Brampton Star, my uncle's paper. I write a weekly news letter for it."

"I'm certainly glad that I came here with my ad," said Celia. "My good turn is paying intrest already. In what other paper shall I insert it?"

"May I see the rings?" asked Fred.

"Certainly. Here they are," and unfolding the handkerchief she handed them to him.

Fred looked them over carefully.

"Not a mark on them," he said, "nor on the handkerchief. The best thing will be a brief ad in our Lost and Found Column. 'Some rings wrapped in handkerchief. Address, describing property, K 347, **The Herald**.' No good putting it in any other paper. The owner is sure to look in the **Herald** if she looks at all. I'll pay for it."

"I can't let you do that," protested Celia.

"Please, I want to help," Fred insisted.

"Then I shall still have my dollar and can take the ride I had planned to Palm Beach Park."

"Won't you put off your ride until four o'clock, Celia?" I'm off at four, and I'd like to go along and talk about old times."

"It would be nice," Celia admitted.

Celia spent a very pleasant afternoon. When she reached home she hesitated about what to say to Jennie Lee. There were several of the afternoon's doings about which she felt a reserve. She imagined Jennie saying: "A lot of money you'll get from the owner of those rings. Probably won't even pay for the advertisement. It will be another dead

loss. Charge it to Miss Celia Easy Mark. She may wear crowns of glory, so what does she care for new hats?''

So she told her very little.

Monday evening Fred called with some replies to the advertisement. Celia was suprised to find how many persons of both sexes had lost rings wrapped in a handkerchief. The term ''rings'' in the advertisement had evidently proved confusing, for some of the inquirers did not know how many they had lost. Very few attempted any more specific description than to say that the rings were ''very valuable,'' ''handsome rings,'' ''precious rings,'' ''beautiful rings,'' and so forth,none of which description could be considered highly enlightening for purposes of identification. Some of the letters were pleading in tone many of them cajoling, and one or two threatened awful consequences if the rings were not immediately given up.

At the end of two weeks came a letter that Celia thought might really be genuine:

I am a poor woman who seldom has time to look at the papers, but last night's Herald I saw your advertisement, and I am so glad that you have found my rings. I am left a widow and I prize them more highly than anything in the world. I wrapped them in my handkerchief when I was washing and then put them in a pocket that had a hole in it. Please send them to 2324 Blank Street. I am home so little and work so hard that I must ask you to send them.

''We've found the real owner at last, Fred,'' was Celia's comment. ''I've always supposed it was that way. Some poor woman took the rings off while she washed or scrubbed, tied them in her handkerchief, and then lost them. I think we must send her the rings.''

''Not on that proof,'' said Fred. ''Read again. She hasn't given the least bit of description.''

''Not as you see it, perhaps. But a woman can tell better. See what a nice letter this is. It's just the letter such a woman would write. It doesn't enter her head that all kinds of frauds and cheats have been after these rings. She thinks all she has to do is claim them.''

''Perhaps you are right, Celia. But we won't mail them, anyway. We'll go to see her first.''

''But she says that she is scarcely ever home.''

''We'll go in the evening, then,'' said Fred. ''Even women who wash or scrub have to rest at home some time.''

''If she's a scrub woman in a big office building she'll be out in the evening.''

''Then we'll find out where she works and go there,'' decided Fred definitely.

There was but one thing to do with such a masterful man when the argument was all on his side. So Celia yielded. She was glad afterwards that she had.

''Oh, that horrible woman!'' exclaimed Celia, when the fraud had been exposed. ''It seems that the advertisement is just making a lot of cheats tell a lot more lies. Let's drop it.''

''I'm willing,'' agreed Fred. ''Anyway, I'm leaving the advertising section to-night. You know I

was an all-round man on the Brampton Star, so I've managed to get put on a regular news run. I begin Monday."

"Isn't that splendid!" exclaimed Celia. "I'll miss your dropping in with the re-plies to the ad, but I'll watch your progress in the **Herald**, anyway."

"I'd like more than that, please," Fred pleaded. "Let me clip my stuff and bring it over for you to see. I know you will help me a lot if you will give me a little frank criticism."

Thus Fred's habit of stopping for a little while at Mrs. Smith's select boarding house became confirmed, even chronic, for the **Herald** was issued every evening and it would never do to allow the material to go long uncriticised.

At the end of six months the habit had become so settled that a week of absence surprised everyone in the boarding house but Celia, who knew that the young man had been called to Brampton by the sudden death of his uncle.

"Celia," he said, when he came back, "I want you to help me decide. I'm doing well with the **Herald**, you know, but I've got to decide between staying on it, or giving it up and going back to Brampton. Uncle has left me the Star. It is a good property. The question is between being a rising man on a big city paper like the **Herald**, or being sole editor and proprietor of the **Star**."

"No," objected Celia, the real question is whether you win fame on a great metropolitan daily, or go to a town of four thousand and fulfill a mission, for you have often said that country editors have a great mission."

"Do you think I ought to go to Brampton?"

"Please don't ask me to decide. I'm not at all shrewd."

"But do you?"

"Yes, I think you should."

I'll do it, Celia, but you'll have to go with me. Let me tell you why you must."

There was but one thing to do with such a masterful man when the argument was all on his side. So Celia yielded.

"You're making a terrible mistake," she warned him. "I'm not at all clever. Do you member that very first day when I brought those rings to be advertised? Do you know that to this day I've never dared tell Jennie Lee how easily I let go of my money, though of course I didn't lose anything, for I still have the rings."

"That simply illustrated your good heart. You would rather give up all your money than have some poor woman—quite unknown though she was—grieve over losing her rings. That's the very thing I love most in you. It's better to show love to people than to show how clever you are at a bargain."

"I suppose Jennie Lee would say that the fact that I have fifty dollars' worth of rings to show for my money makes it easier to propound your doctrine than if I had simply thrown away my money," Celia said happily. "And that reminds me—please don't get my rings just yet."

The next evening as Celia came from work she stepped into a jeweler's establishment.

"Please look at this ring," she asked. "The set seems nice, and is quite a good size, though the ring is old. Could you put the stone in a new ring to good advantage?"

The jeweler examined the rings and smiled.

"Not to advantage," said he. "The ring and the stone are fair imitations, only fair."

"Is this an imitation, too?" asked Celia, producing the other ring.

"A poor, gold-washed affair," answered the man when he had looked at the plain band.

Celia had a question ready for Fred the minute he appeared that evening. "Answer me truly," she demanded. "Did you know those rings were only sham jewelry?"

Fred's guilty look of innocence betrayed him. Then he grinned. "Let me read you this," he said as he produced a letter, "and see if your brand of philanthropy is such bad stuff, after all. This answer to Adv. K 347 came today:

"Dear miss: I seen your ad in the **Herald**, so I know you are on the the square. I wish I was. I faked that ring business, but your seven dollars helped me to a job. Here is a two-dollar bill. I'll be sending the rest of it later. I'm going to try to be on the square, like you are, Miss."

"Isn't that fine!" exclaimed Celia. "Do, you know," she confessed, "knowing that that man was out of a job worried me almost as much as not being able to locate the owner of the ring did? Now that's off my mind."

GOLDENROD

In the long October days,
When an amethystic haze
Steals across the upland meadows and the hills,
  When a wealth of beauty glints,
  In the rare autumnal tints,
Showing 'mong the tangled hedge-runs on the hills;
  Queen of all the flower-faces,
  Dimpling with their own sweet graces,
Is the feathery, fringy, flaunting goldenrod.
When the crickets shrilly call,
From their lair in grasses tall,
And the leaves are gently falling all day long;
  When the bees go buzzing over
  The late aftermaths of clover,
And the brown thrush sings a mournful little song;
  Dearest of all wild-wood flowers
  To these wearied hearts of ours,
Is the feathery, fringy, flaunting goldenrod.

Fannie Sprague Talbot.

Institutional Notes

Swift Davis Reporter.

Their parents came up to visit them Wednesday, Oct. 11, and they're very happy. They are Aster Adams, Alphonso Wilds, John Paul Leitner and Robert Holliday.

Mr. Webb has been working to prevent the cold from freezing our pipes. As yet no frost has turned up, but you never can tell what weather will do and the cold protectors he put on exposed spigots may yet prove a wise bit of work.

Mrs. L. B. Johnson and son Larry, and Mr. C. W. Butt and his mother, Mrs. B. N. G. Butt, all of Charlotte were visitors at the Institution, Sunday, Oct. 8. Larry especially enjoyed this visit. He was deeply interested in the boy's welfare, their sports and etc.

Who knows of a better gift than a set of Bibles for a bunch of boys —boys who will use them? There is no better gift so the highest praise will not be too good for the members of the Concord Rotary Club who sent ten Bibles to every cottage. This is truly doing God's work.

Master John Edwards is receiving lessons at the linotype. This training he will use on the new linotypes. John is proud of these lessons and is enthusiastic over the value of a linotype. "Just think," says he, with a beam from ear to ear. "the machine has an automatic distributor! All you have to do is to press keys and the machine does the rest. It's uncannily human."

The peanuts are ripe, so the natural process is handed to them— they were pulled from the ground which was reluctant to part with them. They were pulled and were taken to a sorting place where the best looking, strongest and sturdiest ones were selected for seed. Others will be placed on a large rock with broad dimensions and will be dried, afterwards to be distributed to the boys.

Just south of the Jackson Training School bakery, a group of garages, under one cover, is undergoing construction. These garages will be utilized by those officials of the School who are fortunate enough to possess an automobile. The above mentioned, who will be benefited by this structure, are very thankful. Formerly, when on duty, their machine would have to be left out in the open, rain or shine. Thus the value of the to-be garage is evident.

Though the weather was chilly, it was not cold enough to keep the ice cream from melting, so on Tuesday, Oct. 11, the day it was received, the ice cream was served to the students at supper. This ice cream, of the vanilla flavor, was given to the students by the Junior Circle of the King's Daughters, Concord, Chapter. Yes, as stated above, the weather was chilly, but this did not prevent the cream from disappearing down all throats.

Coming from the infirmary where the boys are located whose tonsils have been removed: One boy, coming from under the influence of ether, who was not yet quite mentally ballanced, said, speaking of a boy who

was thrown from an unmanageable horse, "Huh, he ain't no horse rider. I rode that same horse last night without a bridle." Shucks," spoke up James Gentry, who was in the predicament, "that wasn't no horse. That was a night mare!" Worthy of entrance in the Pithy Paragraph columns.

No water! Immediately every one knows what significance that carries —what awkward situations it brings about. Such was the state of affairs at the Institution Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday—Oct. 7, 8, 9 and 10. Water boys were kept busy scurrying from one place to another. House boys piled unwashed dishes high in the air, cheerfully and used the always handy supply of clean ones. Big tubs of pure water were placed near the boys to satiate their thirsts. And then as suddenly as it had come, the lack disappeared. The motor for the pump, the cause of this unusual commotion, was taken to Charlotte, fixed, brought back, and again installed.

Weekly lessons on prophets and priests of Judea and other similar lessons are fine; but who can blame the lad for feeling happier when he learns that the new Quarterly he is to study is about John the Baptist and—Jesus! The lesson in this new Quarterly for Oct. 15 concerned "The Ministry of John the Baptist." In this lesson, John prepared the way for the first coming of the One whose shoe latches he was not worthy to unloose. John also converted some sinners, common people, publicans and soldiers. So the boys found that they, too, could prepare for the second coming of the Master. It would be well lor a visitor to ask a boy some questions on this lesson, for the visitor will be glad to know that the "bad" boys know something of John the Baptist. But they do more than know about the first Baptist. They try to copy him.

The printer's devils at the School are full of joy and that joy is steadily growing larger. A small new job press reached its destination Thursday, Oct. 11, when it arrived at the Institution and was placed in its proper position. Claude Coley, one of the finest printers here, very aptly described it when he said, "It's a little beauty!" Very true. It is rather small and it is indeed a beauty. Now for that steadily increasing joy. From reliable sources (in this case Mr. Fisher) it was learned that the two new linotypes, which were ordered some time ago, are on the road. These linotypes will mean two fundamental things to the printing office. 1. The reading matter for THE UPLIFT can be more easily composed, will be easier to read, and will not have to be distributed. 2. More job work can be done. Thus the printing office will be on a higher paying basis.

Work deserving complimentary remarks is being done in the wood shop. An example of this work was the tearing up of an old worn-out dilapidated buggy and by using the wheels, axles and etc., converting it into two strong and durable, red and green dairy carts. These carts are fine examples of the excellent workmanship of Mr. R. B. Cloer and his assistants. The work relates in a way, their resourcefulness in an emergency and use of

available at-hand material. Mr. Cloer is also working on some wired boxes to hold potatoes which are to be stored away in some convenient place for this Winter. But one recent happening in the shop building which caused much feeling to come from the boys' hearts and produced much comment from the officers' ranks was the bringing into the world of five little puppies by a dog owned by Mr. Cloer. Each puppy was immediately engaged by officers. Even Mr. Boger laid in a claim for a clever little white fellow. Mr. Russell and Mr. Hobby both asked for an especially coveted brown one, and as neither of these would yield in the others favor, Mr. Cloer decided that they will have to "draw straws" for the pup so closely resembling a rabbit. The picture Supt. Boger and Messrs. Hobby and Russell have of the use of their dog they are to possess is that of tracking game this Winter. As the brown pup closely resembles a rabbit, the contention is not to be wondered at. Privately we believe that they are going to try to catch more rabbits than the boys in hunts this Winter.

A SONG.

By Mary O'Kelly, in News & Observer.

If I could weave into a song
  The golden strands of all the years,
The love of friends, the peace of home,
  And all I've known of smiles or tears—

If I could twine into my song
  The words my soul cannot express,
And so design my pattern, that
  The gleaming threads spelled "Thankfulness"—

Perhaps the echo, wand'ring up,
  Might reach to God, and tell him how
There's been no hour I've lived, for which
  I do not thank Him now.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL X CONCORD N. C. OCTOBER 28, 1922 NO. 51

"TODAY-GOD'S AND MINE.

It isn't the experience of today that drives men mad. It is the remorse of what happened yesterday, and the dread of what tomorrow may disclose. These are God's days. Leave them with Him.

Therefore, I think, and I do, and I journey but one day at a time. That is the easy day. That is the man's day. Nay, rather it is our day—God's and mine. And while faithfully and dutifully I run my course, and work my appointed task on that day of our's, God the Almighty and All-loving takes care of yesterday and tomorrow.—Robert J. Burdette.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, **J. C. FISHER**, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

FINDING HIS USE

There is one joy in life—being used in a great purpose realized by yourself to be a divine one. Therein alone can man discover the meaning of his life—finding his use to God.—A. Jamison.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School will hold its annual meeting in the office of Supt. Boger, at the school, on Tuesday November 14th. The meeting will begin promptly at 10:30. This is an important meeting, having in hand business of far-reaching importance to the institution, and it is desired that there be a full attendance by the members of the Board. By the call of the Chairman.

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REV. THOMAS HUME, Ph. D.

In the palmy days of the Teachers' Assembly, when the great social and inspiring annual convention of teachers was held at Morehead City, where folks from every quarter of the state learned to know folks from other sections, there was one man, who, when on the programme, made it a clear-gain-proposition. To have gone from Murphy all the way to Morehead, with all the fatigue of travel and expense, was a mighty cheap price to pay for the joy and benefit in hearing just one address from the late Thomas Hume, of the chair of English at the University of North Carolina.

The beautiful sentences, the well-rounded periods, composed of words

that fitted each other musically and inspiringly, by that master of his mother tongue still ring in our ears. Dr. Hume was a wonder; the women teachers revere his memory, for the purity of his speech; and the men teachers have never lost the inspiration he gave them to become acquainted with their own language. Such a man can never die.

Dr. William Thorton Whitsett, who handles English pretty classically himself, breaking into, at times, worthwhile verse, revives the fact, in Sunday's Charlotte Observer, that Dr. Hume was the father of the movement to teach English in North Carolina colleges. This was in 1885. Though a Virginian, for which the late scholar is in no wise to be blamed, Dr. Hume quit a girls' school in Norfolk, Virginia, to accept the chair of English at the University of North Carolina. His coming to the state was a blessing.

And this reminds us of the eternal verity of the fact that great things, great movements, great accomplishments, events of a great splendor and far-reaching, oftentimes begin small, but under the fostering care of a master survive and become a part of our civilization. If one could read the printed word as the late Dr. Hume spoke it, as if it were the sweetest music, that one could count himself fortunate.

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A CONVINCING EXHIBIT.

The question of taxation and the method of taxation are two things that engage the attention of the citizens at all times, and especially when the occasion arises to make capital out of them or when one's prejudices prompt him to take advantage of a situation for personal gain or personal spite.

There has never been and never will be devised a system that can work entirely just in every instance. North Carolina has gone through a taxation revisement. There are doubtless some inequalities, but ordinarily the one who makes the biggest noise about it, is the one that pays no taxes or next to nothing.

But it appears that North Carolina has more nearly approached a sane and safe system of taxation than any other state in the South. Something recently has occured that brings forcibly to our attention the liberality of the North Carolina system of taxation, when we come to view the great benefits derived therefrom. Of course, the smallest tax, if wasted or brings no returns to the citizens, is hideous and is worthy of condemnation. But in North Carolina the returns are beyond question even by the biggest liar

unhung. This letter written by Hon. W. N. Everett, a distinguished citizen of Richmond county, and a legislator of fine record and achievements, to an inquiring friend in South Carolina, presents an exhibit that carries conviction and sets up a record for North Carolina's accomplishments and justice along the taxation question. It is worth the time of all to read it and consider the unanswerable argument.

Under another head, Tax in N. Carolina and S. Carolina, the interesting letter of Mr. Everett is reproduced.

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A LITTLE SHOP TALK.

THE UPLIFT cannot afford to maintain a canvasser for subscribers. We depend very largely upon the voluntary interest of the public. It is not a misplaced confidence, either. THE UPLIFT goes to every county in the state and all but daily assurances come of an appreciation that boost us. We are taking the liberty of reproducing here a communication from that energetic and efficient officer, Prof. C. C. Wright, Co. Supt. of Public Schools of Wilkes county. He writes: "Please accept the enclosed ($5.00) as a contribution from a true friend and a sincere admirer of THE UPLIFT. I desire to congratulate you and to extend to you my sincere thanks for one of the very best papers published in North Carolina." Harking back to old days, Prof. Wright continues: "Our work here is going nicely. Can't you run up again sometime and look in on our teaching force? It is much larger and much better than when you were here years ago. The registration last week at our county-wide meeting reached two hundred and five." This man runs a perfect machine; he knows his business; he leads; he never procrastinates—he anticipates the needs of the future, and when the future comes he is ready. There is no scramble at the last moment. He works his job—the job does not work him.

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CAN HE CONVERT THE VIRGINIANS?

Governor Cameron Morrison invited Governor Trinkle of Virginia to meet him at the state line, just above that jewel of a place, Mt. Airy, N. C., to have a little conversation.

The road wizard, Frank Page, was in the party. Governor Morrison had the very laudable purpose in hand to convince the Governor of Virgina that the water was just right and invited him to come in. Whether the leader of that old commonwealth caught the vision of the great things being

done in North Carolina, there is no positive assurance; but if Gov. Cam Morrison and the genius Frank Page could not convert him and convince him, then brother Trinkle is hopeless.

Tourists that come by our door say some awful things about Virginia's roads. They say, on the other hand, some mighty fine things about North Carolina's roads—and the beauty is that they spread the compliment everywhere. It's awfully catching, this progress the old state is showing to the world on the outside.

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MIGHT EXERCISE ON A CARPET FOR A TIME.

Lenoir College foot-ball team should stay at home and practice for a period in trying to beat a little carpet. It may be excusable to attempt a game within the boundary of the home state; but it should never go beyond the bounds until it learns the brutal and dangerous fun that is in the game.

This team went against King's College—whatever that is—at Bristol, Va., recently and got the worst spanking any foot-ball team ever received in the history of the game. King's College is alleged to have just ninety students. The way that College did the North Carolina boys it must make foot-ball the chief feature of its curriculum.

Lenoir College might try the team of one of Stanly county's consolidated districts—that's far enough from home, speaking by the record. It is a source of great regret that it is impossible to give the Lenoir College team an invitation to such a try-out in Cabarrus county. Reason: we haven't one, and none in sight.

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A CHEERFUL LIAR.

There are two sides to all questions—a good and a bad one. A false interpretation of a situation or a condition may be made by the ignorant and, therefore, deserve the color of excuse; but when a well-informed man, who has had every opportunity to know the facts beyond the shadow of a doubt, deliberately misrepresents the facts, he is deserving no respect. Senator Jim Reed of Missouri has been making some statements wholly untrue, appealing to certain prejudices for a personal benefit, thus he brings down upon his head words from the New York World in the expressive term of "cheerful lying."

For the informed to deliberately undertake to deceive the ignorant and

the uninformed, for political or personal advantage, is a sorry type of citizen. And all of this kind are not in Missouri, either.

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WHAT A WISE AND ACTIVE MAN MAY DO.

County Superintendent of School, Mr. R. S. Proctor, of Craven county, has just completed a series of important meetings held at five different points in his county. The subjects of these conferences included social welfare, education, and agriculture. Attending these meetings were such people as Mrs. T. W. Bickett, A. E. Howell, Dr. H. W. Odum, Dr. Carl C. Taylor Dr. F. B. Owen, R. H. Ruffner, A. G. Oliver, Dr. Clarence Poe, C. D. Matthews, W. W. Shay, and Dr. J. F. Abel, of the U. S. Bureau of Education.

Mr. Average Rural Citizen of Cabarrus county: If such a thing were thought of, arranged for and announced for the people of Cabarrus county, by some wise and live official that manifested a real, substantial interest and concern for your progress, would you not be grateful?

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THE TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER.

A Trumpeter during a battle ventured too near the enemy and was captured by them. They were about to proceed to put him to death when he begged them to hear his plea for mercy. "I do not fight," said he, "and indeed cary no weapon; I only blow this trumpet, and surely that cannot harm you; then why should you kill me?"

"You may not fight yourself," said the others, "but you encourage and guide your men to the fight."

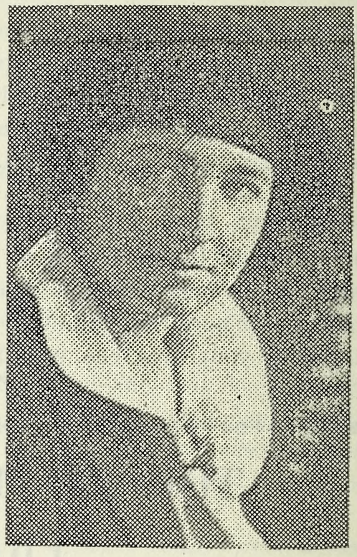
"WORDS MAY BE DEEDS."

MISS NELL BATTLE LEWIS.

Women have broken into all the worthwhile occupations and professions, since they came out from slavery and her government has constitutionally given her complete credentials of a perfect citizenship. That is very fine. Even the church, in her rituals and prescribed forms governing the privileges of women, has smashed a stumbling block in the way of many a woman, who rather than making a promise she knew she could not keep—and not many angels—dismissed her "catch" once and for all.

This has nothing in the world to do with our brilliant subject—that is her least concern. It is simply an acknowledgement that woman has arrived, and all that it means is gracefully accepted. She has broken the speed limit in her varied activities, since her emancipation. She rides gracefully from one conquest to another—may she never lament that no other conquest offers itself for the exercise of her power of endurance, energy and sublime devotion.

Among the matrons and maidens in North Carolina who have accepted the sincerest expression of citizenship on the part of the government at its face value is Miss Nell Battle Lewis, of Raleigh, N. C. This brilliant young woman is a daughter of Dr. R. H. Lewis, a distinguished professionalist of the capitol city, one of the old-time gentleman of the old South, the real author of the movement to establish a Health Department in the state, a courteous and brainy gentleman, who numbers his friends and admirers by those who know and know of him. It was left to this cheerful young woman to sus-



tain the feminine side of her family, the other children being boys. And they are high-minded, able professional men. I imagine that Miss Lewis quietly nursed the ambition to show her big, smart brothers that, though a woman with certain handicaps the public is pleased to attach to womanhood, she too would pursue a course that contributes a service to mankind just as distinctive and just as important. And she is doing it.

THE UPLIFT has been publishing from time to time from the all but perpetual pen of this gifted woman unique articles, showing a fine sense of humor, a flirtation with philosophy, making words living things and through them painting pictures

that equal the artist's brush. Ignoring grammar, I must say that Miss Lewis is a master of irony, her easy approach to satire, while making one sit up and take notice, leaves no sting. All this has been demonstrated by her brilliant service on what she lovingly calls the "old Reliable." Her part in making of the News & Observer has reached the distinction of an institution. She created and developed a department in that great paper which she baptized "INCIDENTALLY."

She slings poetry, reliable and some uncertain, parphrasing where it suits her taste or whims to a degree that makes the reading thereof irresistible. To give it a pesonal touch —to humanize her satires—she has set up choice characters of real flesh and blood, which she fondly calls by the endearing names of "Pollyanna" and Mrs. U. P. Lift. She is on speaking acquaintance with these charming characters right in Raleigh. Sometimes she is "called down," I am constrained to believe, when she makes the picture too natural or the chips hit too hard and numerous, for at stated periods, in her "Incidentally," she makes affidavit that there is nothing personal in it, that she has no one in mind, that her creation is an inanimate composite creature. Of course, Miss Lewis is strictly honest and truthful about these things; but I could take one of her frequent pen pictures, go to Raleigh and walk right up to the right street, the right door-number, send in my card and soon have a pleasing audience with her "inanimate composite" individual, so true to the original is Miss Lewis' pen photograph.

These literary stunts act just as a safety valve to an active brain, to a ceasless observant eye and a satisfaction of the love of humor. At other times this brilliant young woman, after exercising a while in the field of levity, turns to the consideration of weighty subjects. Recently she offered a fine analysis of the "reading and writing" habit in North Carolina. That article appeared in this paper on the 21st, and all it lacked in making it complete was the non-arrival, in time, of the cut which reveals imperfectly the brilliant young authoress. Though a North Carolinian, there is just enough trace of distant Virginia blood in her physical make-up to make her belong to that class, who actually believe "if you are good in this life, you'll go to Virginia when you die," or to some place equally as charming and safe. In that article, she paid a high compliment to the Virginian by indirection, which, in her analysis of a situation, she refused to use enough of poetical license to attach to North Carolina.

Adding to her naturally bright intellect, Miss Lewis has pursued in schools of high standing, in the South and at the North, a serious application to courses which led to a finished education and a superb culture. If it fell to my lot and honor to name the twelve outstanding women, of ability and constructive genius, I would include in that list the name of Miss Lewis. We are having a splendid service along book-reviews in several of the state's leading newspapers. Miss Lewis' work brings her to a contribution in this field. Her reviews are life-like. If

you don't want to spend the price of a book, it may be well for you to pass by her reviews. Unconsciously, she will make you think little of an author's effort, or cause you to make a hasty trip to a book-store and purchase that which she O. K's.

I have no authority for saying this, other than a spirit of prophecy of what should happen, but it will not be surprising that at no distant day there will be issued from the press a novel from the pen of Nell Battle Lewis, the plot of which will embrace North Carolina and North Carolina people and North Carolina situations. A real student of events and one who knows human nature like this brilliant citizen of the Hayes-Barton section of our capitol city will surely answer a call that the present-day discussions make imperative.

Appreciating her scholarship, her brilliant attainments and her patience in research, Miss Battle has been asked to write for a certain publication the story of North Carolina, biographically, by counties. All history is after all nothing but the records of personal deeds, personal struggles, personal achievements—not things, but individuals. Should this young woman, who, if for no other reason, makes the "Old Reliable" worth the price, undertakes to write the story of North Carolina by counties, a revival of patriotism and pride will soon occur. We think we "know North Carolina" but we don't—we take in too much at one time to make appreciation adequate and just.

If I didn't know that she belongs to a class that enjoys the reputation of having the last word and did she not have an agency through her paper of covering the state like our glory does, I might be tempted to make a more minute appreciation of the little woman that creates INCIDENTALLY for the News & Observer, but I "dassant."

It has been long the boast of the Christian religion that it has lifted up woman from the degradation of paganism to the exalted position that she holds among Christian nations. Under paganism she was a slave of man, a burden-bearer, whose coming into the world was never welcomed and whose going out was never mourned.

Under the softening and quickening influences of Christianity, woman has been ascending in the scale of human estimation, till today she is, in the eyes of the law, the equal of man, and, in the eyes of many of us, far his superior, especially in spirituality.—Presbyterian Standard.

THE WALDENSIANS OF BURKE

Johnston Avery, in Greensboro News.

Histories of far less greater deeds of heroism have been made immortal through the recording pages of the past than that of the 52 Waldensian families who set sail from their native valleys of Italy in 1893 to begin anew in the land of freedom across the sea. These poineers left a home of persecution with but one domination —to worship God in their own and simple way. So, with religious freedom in view, they broke away from their Catholic rule and settled deeply in the shadow of the mountains of western North Carolina, and they called their village Valdese.

That was twenty-nine years ago, and today the dream of those primitive settlers has been realized in the existence of a wealthy little town, rich in industry, fertile of soil and godly in the devoutness of their faith. Through centuries of persecution they clung to their belief in Christianity, and through 29 years of a new life they fought the difficulties with an equal fervor; to be rewarded with the glorious triumph of success.

Time and again they were driven from their homes in Italy and at last they sought refuge in the mountains of Switzerland, but even that was unsatisfactory. Their Bible was destroyed in many instances, but never did their faith become dimmed. Each member of the family was required to learn one certain book in the Bible and at all times the Waldensian race was able to reproduce the entire Bible from memory. One ancient Bible, written in their native language, was preserved through the times of stress by keeping it for generations in a rafted beam of a native house. That book is now in the possession of Rev. Mr. Monet, pastor of the little settlement.

Coming here from a foreign land, with scarcely one among them able to speak the English language, they bought a large tract of land in Burke county for about $5.00 an acre. It was filled with rocks and thought to be practically worthless. Out of the rough stone the Waldensians constructed a large and picturesque church and many quaint-looking stone houses. Sermons are still preached from the pulpit of that church in the native language, though English is spoken nearly everywhere in the village.

To them North Carolina is the "Land of Opportunity" and they swell with pride when one speaks of them as American citizens. The land which gave to them their freedom of thought and worship is a blessing outspoken and they gather beneath the American flag with a loyalty emblematic of their success in preserving their faith through centuries of persecution. A touching story is told of their first Christmas in America, when the 52 families met at the partially completed church to hoist the Stars and Stripes above a crude settlement of foreign descent.

With the naturally excitable nature of the Italian-born, they cheered the flag which was to give them protection with an enthusiasm new to the mountaineers of western North Carolina. They sang patriotic songs

and wept grateful tears until an American sun cast shadows over the Americanization of a foreign village. "The Land of Opportuntiy" had claimed them as her children and no demonstration was great enough to show their joy. The American flag waved above them, and little difference did it make to the new Americans that their banner was upside down.

Today Valdese claims a population of nearly 1,000 people and the industries there are rated around a million and a half dollars. There are cotton mills, hosiery mills, bakeries, and the settlement is famed for its makers of beautiful laces. They have developed the land to a high state of cultivation, and up until some time ago their wine was considered one of the prides of western North Carolina. Large vineyards are still scattered throughout the district, and together with the stone architecture it gives the town a decidely foreign appearance.

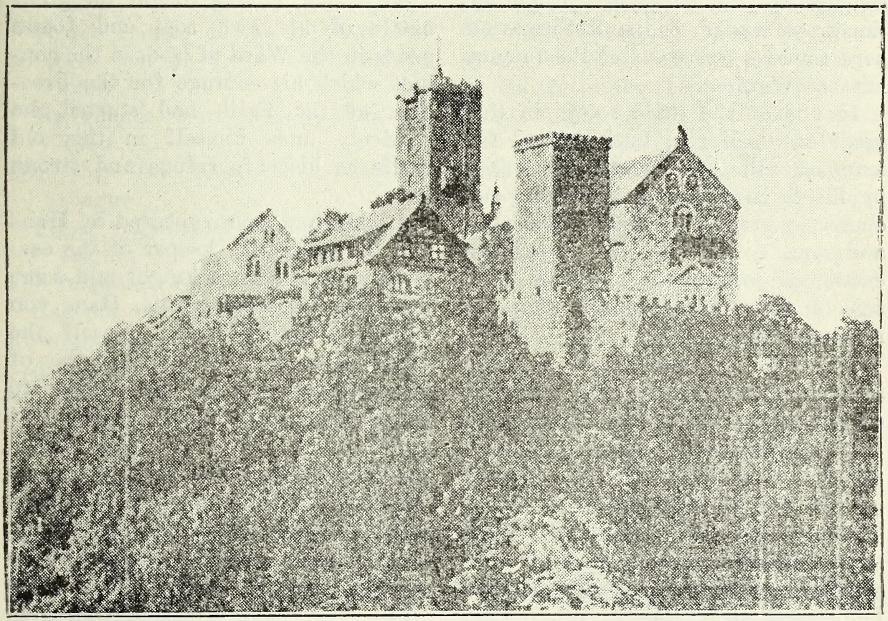
Several of the native Waldensians have become prominently connected with big business industries in that section of the State. The most notable of these, probably, was the late John Garrou, for along time mayor of Valdese, president of the Waldensian hosiery mills and the Garrou knitting mills, and holding a large interest in the business around Morganton.

It may be of interest to state that not a single Waldensian has been held in the courts of this country for the violation of a criminal law. North Carolina may well be proud, but no amount of recognition from the brothers of their State can equal the pride they feel by being North Carolinians.

"Many are the times I have stood on high ground where the Presbyterian church now stands, barefooted, with one gallus and corduroy britches and a straw hat on, made out of wheat straw, listening for the sheep bell. A wet morning the bell sheep would bring the flock home for salt. I never will forget that old salt gourd and the young lambs with their pretty white coats. The sheep is the most harmless of all animals. The meanest animal is the sheep-killing dog. He catches the poor sheep, cuts his throat and sucks the blood and turns it loose to die. A poor dog never kills sheep. The Turk is as mean as the sheep-killing dog, when he wants blood he attacks the poor Armenian after he has taken his arms from him. The first white man hung in North Carolina was in 1808 for murder. He was a Turk. A white woman in North Carolina was hung for witchcraft the same year. She was tried by a jury and sentenced by a judge.—C. C. McIlwaine in Monroe Journal.

AN HISTORIC CASTLE IN THURINGIA

W. L. H. in Young Folks.



Europe has many old castles. All of them tell of olden times an both their history and traditions are interesting and thrilling. But no castle in Europe is more interesting in its history than is the famous Wartburg Castle which is built on a steep hill south of the city of Eisenach. The castle is stately and picturesque as it stands on the lofty hill surrounded by the Thuringian forests.

The Wartburg Castle was built in the eleventh century, and became the splendid court of the Thuringian landgraves. The castle is associated both with legend and story with which the people in the surrounding districts are very familiar, and all of which they hold dear.

It was in these forests and this great castle that the legendary Saengerkrieg, were held in which the noblest of the ancient singers strove for the palm in the "wars of the Wartburg" which are celebrated in German poetry.

In the Wartburg also lived and toiled the noble wife of Louis IV, the holy Elizabeth, who came from the castle on the hill and made numerous tours among the huts of the poor to relieve their wants. According to the story that is told of her acts, to the searching eyes of her husband

her gifts of mercy were changed into roses.

But the Wartburg castle is known to the world more than by anything else by the fact that Martin Luther the great leader of the Reformation here found a refuge after the famous Diet at Worms.

In one of the little rooms in this great castle Martin Luther lived for many months. He had been seized by his friends and made their prisoner as a protection from his enemies and was spirited to this mountain castle and concealed, where he facetiously said he was living "in the region of the birds."

The room in which he lived while in this castle is even now shown to every visitor. And from this room, his "Patmos" as he called it, he presented the world with the greatest gift of the Reformation, the translation of the Bible, the New Testament of which was completed and published just four centuries ago on September 21st, 1922.

For three centuries the Wartburg was almost forgotten and was rapidly falling into ruins, when the world began to get a proper perspective and realize the place which this old castle is destined to hold in the story of Evangelical Freedom and in the preservation and spread of the Scriptures. Hence it was that in 1850 Carl Alexander Weimar restored the old castle to its original form. Since that time it has been given special care and is today the objective of an ever-increasing stream of interested tourists.

As a boy Luther had often looked at the pinnacles of the Wartburg as he wandered through the forests which surrounded the venerable castle. He, like all the peasants, was filled with admiration for the old place and its traditions.

As a man, having fought the great battle of his own soul and found peace in the Word of God, in the conflict which his courage for the Freedom of the Faith had started, he suddenly finds himself in this old castle as his safe refuge and strong tower.

Luther had been captured by Hans von Berlepsch, the keeper of the castle, together with a knight and some horsemen. In doing this, Hans von Berlepsch invited upon himself the curse of the Pope and the threat of the Emperor, for he was acting to preserve and protect Luther from the wrath of the enemies he had defied and thwarted at Worms. But these dangers did not disturb Luther's friendly guard, who took the greatest pains to keep Luther's place of abode a complete secret. These were times when man's faith was being tested and that of both Luther and his protectors was demonstrated to be as strong as steel.

At first Luther was compelled to be idle. This proved a very great tortue to him. Writing of this period to Melanchthon, he said, "I had rather burn upon coals, that half living and not dead to rot in this loneliness." His solitude and enforced idleness was full of temptations for him. The historian tells us that "the devil tormented him with many temptations."

Tradition tells us of this period that the Devil came so visibly and so forcefully tempting him, that Luther, striving to thwart the Temp-

ter as Christ did on His "Mount of Temptation," threw his inkstand at him. The poet tells this story in his own expressive way. He says:

"At Wartburg still the ink they show;
Which Luther at the Devil threw.
In these last days we've learned to know
He fought more wisely than he knew.
For this far more than flaming tongue
Filled popes and devils with affright;
The inkstand by the printer flung
Has put the price of hell to flight.
Now silent lies great Luther's tongue,
And palsied is the heroes hand;
But that black thunderbolt it flung
Still rolls and smites from land to land."

It is this fact which is the basis of the legend which the people of Thuringia believe to be veritable history, and as proof point significantly to the inkstand spot in the "Luther room at the Wartburg."

The reality of his temptations and trials and restlessness is amply attested and his desire to be active and further the cause of the Reformation was such as to compel activity. Indeed, it is surprising what Luther accomplished during his residence as a prisoner in the Wartburg.

For exercise he often went on hunting trips and even came in contact with others; but being disguised as Knight George he was not recognized. These trips were planned largely on account of Luther's health which had become very poor. Through these hunting excursions his physical strength was rapidly restored. In commenting on these hunting trips, Luther writes to Spalatin,—"I spent two days hunting, a worthy occupation for idle people. Here amid the nets and dogs I have entertained my theological thoughts, and though I felt some pleasure in seeing these things, yet the similitude and parable which are hidden beneath it gave me sorrow and pain. For what does the picture represent but that the devil, through his ungodly masters and dogs, the bishops and theologicans, doth secretly chase and catch the innocent little things. The picture of the simple and believing souls did so vividly appear to my soul. To this was added that a 'wee rabbit,' which I had exerted myself to keep alive and had secreted in the sleeve of my coat, was scented by the dogs during my short absence, and they, through the coat, bit and crushed its right foot and choked it to death. Thus Pope and Satan rage to ruin even the saved souls, without paying any attention to my exertions. I am sick of this chase; I consider that chase more enjoyable in which, with spears and arrows, bears, wolves, wild boars, foxes and the like, which represent ungodly teachers, are taken. This is to be my literary jest to you so that you game-eaters at court may know that you also will be game in Paradise, which Christ, the best Hunter, can scarcely catch and preserve."

It was from his "Patmos," the "Wartburg," that Luther published a number of his polemical and devotional writings. His "Church-Postil," the first book of evangelical sermons in the German language, appeared in 1521. These were sermons which ap-

pealed to and awakened the people and which had the effect of giving the sermon the first and chief place in divine service. Here also he translated Melanchthon's "Apology" into German and added a commentary to it. A well-known English historian says,—"He displayed, indeed, extraordinary activity, and, from his mountain height, inundated Germany with his writings."

Thus did his zeal, courage and indomitable energy make itself felt, even when, although in the hands of his friends, he was a prisoner in Wartburg Castle. He willingly submitted to the imprisonment, saying that he felt that the Lord would overrule it for good. History shows the truth of Luther's conviction for it gave to the Monk of Wittenburg as "Knight George of the Wartburg," the opportunity he needed to lead his people back to the very fountain itself of liberty and spiritual growth,—The Bible.

The greatest of all Luther's literary achievements in his translation of the Bible. When we today read our Bible in our native tongue we must think of the Wartburg and the work which Knight George there undertook and accomplished. Through that work he guaranteed to the world the pentecostal blessings of the nations having the word of God each in their own tongue.

Through his incomparable translation of the Scriptures Luther forged the sharp sword which alone could conquer the spiritual dragon which had so long been strangling truth and enchanting souls. This work of Luther at the same time proved the true foundation of the Reformation and gave it stability and strength. The people could examine the Bible themselves and try the doctrines and determine that which was of God.

When undertaking this great work, Luther wrote to a friend,—"I have shouldered a burden that exceeds my powers. Now I see what a translation really means, and why no one till now has risked his name upon the work. "Nevertheless, Luther undertook the task and in the incredibly short space of three months had in spite of the handicap of a lack of books and library, completed the entire New Testament. It was published in September, 1522, and although the price was rather high as compared with present costs, (being about $6.25 in American dollars) the entire edition was soon sold and a second edition published before the end of the year. By 1525 the book had sold by the hundreds of thousands and was eagerly read all over Germany.

When Luther issued his New Testament, the Pope promptly issued an edict forbidding the people to read it. But even an opponent of Luther had to confess, "In a truly wonderful manner the printers multiplied Luther's New Testament, so that even shoemakers and women and every layman at all acquainted with German letters, read it with intense eagerness as the very fountain of truth and through frequent readings fixed it in their memory."

As we re-read the story of the achievements of Knight George in the Wartburg, the facts should encourage us to give greater diligence to the study of the Scriptures and to manifest more willingness to give

and to do that the precious Gospel which Luther restored to the world may be taught in its truth and simplicity to all men, and that whole world may be made truly evangelical as the Truth is made known.

TWO PREACHERS MAKE CONFESSION

A very pleasing incident at the morning session of the conference was when Bishop Denny introduced Dr. W. R. Burwell, pastor of the First Baptist church, to the conference. The Bishop said there were some good things in the Baptist church, that he went into a good Baptist home and took out more than he took in. Dr. Burwell retorted by saying that there used to be some good people in the Methodist church, that he went into a Methodist home and came out much richer that when he went in.—From report of Methodist Conference.

DESTROYING FAITH.

By R. R. Clark.

I had somewhat to say in the last issue of THE UPLIFT about our shortcomings concerning the preaching and practice of prohibition, especially with reference to the enforcement of the prohibition laws. When people of standing and influence, those whose example is likely to influence others (and few there be who do not have some influence) engage in acts of doubtful propriety, in shady transactions, do that which they cannot defend with a clear conscience, they take on a fearful responsibility. The greatest offence one can commit against his fellow is to destroy his faith. How often it is that people who seem to walk uprightly, who occupy the chief seats in the synagogues and sometimes thank God that they are not as others, are found engaged in questionable practices. The faith of those who honestly believe in them is destroyed as to them not only, but the danger is that the loss of faith extends to others; and in case of professing Christians, leaders in the church, faith in their religion is not only lost but sometimes faith in religion itself. The latter is not excusable, but I am talking about the fearful responsibility of those whose conduct tends to destroy faith. The following illustrates what I have in mind:

In a town in this state recently a woman of ill-repute fell in with two men who, after their association with her, cruelly mistreated her, or were parties to the inhumane treatment of the woman, as the story comes to me. She threatened them with the law. After great difficulty she escaped from the men and reported the case to the officers. Of course one who engages in evil practices may expect to suffer and usually there is little consideration for scarlet women. But all fair-minded people will admit that the scarlet woman's companions in sin are no better than

she is; that she is entitled to as much consideration as they are. When the woman mentioned had complained to the officers warrants were issued for the men. It was found that a lawyer was necessary to develop the case from the woman's standpoint; and when some good people interested themselves in the matter, not to protect the woman but to bring out the facts and punish the guilty men, they found that all available lawyers had been retained by the men, in their efforts to avoid exposure. It was necessary to send elsewhere to employ an attorney to develop the woman's side of the case. When it was developed the men were convicted.

Every person accused of crime is entitled to the benefit of counsel. but when all the lawyers in a community are employed on one side simply to prevent the other side having the benefit of counsel, the impropriety, not to say the injustice, of the proceeding is so apparent that no argument is required to bring it out. When a witness is spirited away, is hired to absent himself to help that side which his testimony would hurt, harsh things are said, and justly. It is a serious offence. The layman is unable to draw the distinction between that offence and that of the attorney who allows himself to be retained not because his services are needed in the conduct of the case, but simply to prevent the other side from obtaining the benefit of his services. And it is a pecular view of legal ethics that would permit one to accept a retainer in such case after he realized the purpose of his employment, even if he had accepted the service without a full knowledge of the facts.

The lawyers under consideration are all men of standing in their profession and in their community, so far as I know. Some of them are doubtless leaders in the Church. They may feel that they did nothing wrong. But I am constrained to believe that if they could fully realize the jolt an act of that kind gives to confidence in the legal profession, in the administration of the law and in the religion they profess, if they are Churchmen, they would be more careful next time. The faith of the people in the administration of the law is very much weakened by knowledge that money and influence frequently defeat the ends of justice. And knowledge of that fact is based on common observation. Instances could be multiplied.

But acts that shake faith in one's fellows are not confined to the legal profession or the administration of the law. They are much more common in business. Here is a typical case in one class of business: A business is organized, incorporated, and stock sold. People of small means are often induced to subscribe for stock to establish a factory or some business that will help build up the community. They respond and give their money and their confidence to the managers of the enterprise. Sometimes they get nothing back, and the failure isn't always due to dishonest mismanagement or to unavoidable misfortune. One can accept loss without complaint if convinced that it is due to unavoidable disaster. But often, after a few years, small dividends are paid. The concern begins

to make money, but the stockholders who have given their money on faith are not kept advised as to the real facts and the full value of their stock. Those on the inside know that it will be a good thing, and presently the stock is quietly bought up. After it has been cornered by a few who are wise to the situation, the real earnings are disbursed among the favored. Some who have thus been robbed (that's the word) by their trusted agents sometimes never realize that they have been robbed. It is best for them if they never know. Sometimes the men who practice this form of robbery occupy the amen corners in the churches and look so sanctimonious, so snug in their hypocrisy, that they can continue to put it over if their victims are not put wise. Those who find out are likely to become cynics, to believe that everybody is crooked, and to become bolshevisits as well. The case of the legal fraterniry mentioned at the outset is righteousness itself compared with the one just mentioned.

What about the folks who destroy faith? The following is copied from an old book that is yet accepted as a standard, even if its precepts are commonly ignored:

"Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! For ye lade men with burdens grevious to be borne, "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.

"But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and ye have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess."

—Jesus of Nazareth.

The bootlegger and the blockader are fighting cause. The United States has never been whipped in any war yet and it will not be whipped in the battle which has been joined by these enemies of American homes, of American traditions, of American institutions and of American destiny. The only war, I pray God, that this republic will ever be forced to engage in hereafter is the war to drive liquor eternally out of existence in our land.—Judge Yates Webb.

FOUR-HOUR WORK DAY.

The American Magazine for October told very entertainingly the story of the brilliant success made by Dr. Chas. Steinmetz, who, as a steerage passenger, arrived in this Country thirty-three years ago without a penny.

Coming out from his home in Schenectady, N. Y., is the following novel interview:

Four hours' work a day! Two hundred working days a year.

Some time when the human race learns how to live, these 800 annual hours of work will be sufficient to maintain any man and his family on a high scale of living.

This prediction is made by Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, one of the world's foremost electrical engineers.

"To bring this about," said he "all that is necessary is to eliminate waste.

"You encounter waste everywhere. Two similar stories on opposite corners, each making a little profit, where just one store would make much profit! Large sales organizations, putting in long hours developing artificial needs! Factories working nights to supply things that must be sold instead of bought! Shipyards turning out battleships whose only purpose is destruction. Waste and duplication of effort all around us!

"Most of these wastes can be done away with. And then four hours a day, 200 days a year, will be all the work that any man need do."

Dr. Steinmetz came to America 33 years ago, a penniless immigrant. In that time he has risen to a place of first rank in one of the nation's biggest industries. He is 57 years old.

He insists that he work only an hour a day.

"By that," says he, "I mean that I spend only an hour a day on correspondence and other drudgery. The rest of the time I am an electrical engineer."

He doesn't even know what his pay is! He lives in a beautiful home in Schenectady's finest residential district, and has a camp about five miles from town. At the house he has a laboratory, as well as at the mammoth plant of the General Electric Company.

The company gives him what money he asks for—perhaps $100,000 a year, perhaps more, or perhaps less. Most of it he spends in his work.

By no means is Dr. Steinmetz a recluse. He takes an active hand in local politics. He speaks at churches and other local meetings. The townspeople—barring the type of citizen whose hair bristles at the mention of the word "Socialist"—not only like him, but love him.

"There's unfortunately a lot of difference between expectation and realization,"

"You bet! As a concrete example, take reading a seed catalogue in the spring and looking at your garden in the fall."

BOY

By Theodora Horton

It was not often that my father said anything to us about his patients. Sometimes in the holidays he would take me on his rounds in his car, but I had always to wait outside for him, and when he had finished his visit he would jump into the car and talk of anything on earth but his patients. So I was rather surprised when he came in late to dinner one day, and sitting down with a sigh, said to my mother:

"I wish you could manage to see a little of Mrs. Graham. She is not at all well, as far as I can make out it is all caused by fretting. She wants companionship and taking out of herself."

"What is she fretting about?" asked my mother, "Is it something that cannot be remedied?"

"She told me all about it some days ago," answered my father. "She had a very dear sister from whom on account of some family disagreement she has been separated for years. She had no idea what had happened to her or where she was until recently, when she received a letter from her, giving no address, but posted from London England, in which she said that her husband had died recently, and that she hoped soon to see her sister, as she was sailing for New York shortly. The letter gave her very little news as the writer said she would tell her everything when they met. Mrs. Graham does not even know her sister's married name as the letter was simply signed 'Agatha.' Since then more than two months have gone by and she has heard nothing more. She was devoted to her sister, and the worry and uncertainty about the whole matter is making her really ill."

"I think it is very heartless of her sister," commented my mother as father finished his story, "I will certainly go and visit her and try to cheer her up if you think she will care to see me. I should have been before, but you have kept the car so busy and it is too far to walk."

Mrs. Graham lived in a beautiful house two or three miles out of the village in which my father had his practice. I had been over there many times, and always enjoyed strolling about the beautiful garden. I think Mrs. Graham liked to have me, for I heard her say to father once, that her boy would have been about my age had he lived, and I have heard father say that Mrs. Graham would have been a happier woman if she had had children to run about her beautiful home.

It must have been some days after the conversation I have told you of that I went for a ramble in Carnstone woods. I always went every year at the time when the nuts were ripe. Jack Maitland, my particular chum, usually went with me, but he was away stopping with friends, so I went alone. I took my dinner with me, so as to have a long day in the woods and not to have to bother about being home in time. I don't think I ever found so many nuts as I did that day. I was busy picking them all the time and had

the sack I had taken with me full up to the top. It was getting quite late by the time I sat down on the roots of a big tree to tie up the sack before starting home. I'm never at all nervous about being alone; I suppose it is because I am so used to it, having no brothers and sisters, but somehow that evening I thought the woods had never seemed quite so lonely and quiet before. It was sundown, and the birds that had been making such a twittering over their going to bed were now perfectly quiet, and the wind that had been rustling about in the treetops had also fallen asleep, so that the only sound was the croaking of frogs in the swampy places which always seems to grow louder and hoarser as the night comes on. As I said I do not usually feel nervous however lonely a place I am in, but I must confess that I was begining to feel a little bit lonely, and to notice the intense quiet all aroud me.

Then suddenly through the quiet evening air there rose a wailing cry that seemed to be unlike anything that I had ever heard before. It made me shiver as I sat there, because it sounded so weird and uncanny after the evening stillness of the woods. I left off tying up the sack and sat there listening, half hoping, half fearing to hear the sound again. Some minutes passed, then it sounded again, further off this time, but catching the echoes of the woods it sounded more weird and eerie than before. I felt I must try to find out the cause of this strange cry, so shouldering my sack I set off in the direction from which it had seemed to have come. I had not gone very far, before I stopped to listen, and heard the sound of someone in front of me tramping over the dead leaves and twigs. Then came another cry, but this time it sounded nearer and more human and was followed by the sound of sobbing. I lost any fear I might have had at that sound for I felt sure it was some human being in distress. Just then the path I was following gave a sharp turn. And in front of me as I hurried forward I saw the figure of a little girl lying full length on the ground sobbing bitterly. I ran towards her and gently raised her to a sitting position.

"What is the matter?" I said, "have you hurt yourself?"

But the poor little thing could hardly speak for sobbing, she could only gasp out piteously, "Mummie, Mummie."

Then I thought I understood, "Have you lost your Mummie?" I asked. "Never mind, don't cry, I know my way about these woods and we'll soon have you home."

I sat down by the side of the path and took her on my knee. Gradually her sobs ceased, and rubbing her eyes with her chubbie little hands she looked up in my face. I have always been ever so fond of little baby girls, and many a time I have longed for a little sister of my own, and somehow I think she must have known this, for she did not seem at all afraid of me.

"Kind boy," she said, and stroked my face with her little scratched dirty hand.

"What is your name?" I asked, hoping to find out where she lived.

"Chrissie," she answered.

"Chrissie what?" I asked, but this seemed quite too much for her, she shook her head and answered nothing.

"Where do you live?" I next asked.

"With Mummie," was the reply.

"Yes, but where does Mummie live?" I asked.

But again she shook her head and seemed unable to answer.

I thought it could not be very far away for little Chrissie did not seem more than three years old and could not have walked so very far by herself. Anyhow, there seemed nothing I could do but to take her home with me, so shouldering my bag again we started off hand in hand. But it was terrible slow work, for Chrissie was evidently very tired and her stumbling little feet could hardly keep pace with me, however slowly I went. At last she looked up at me piteously and said, "Boy, please carry Chrissie."

It was quite certain that I could not carry both the nuts and Chrissie, but I was quite sure the little girl could not manage to walk, for we had still more distance to go, so telling her to sit down a minute and wait,I took my sack of nuts a distance from the path and hid them in the undergrowth, carefully noting the trees round so that I might know the place again. Then I lifted Chrissie in my arms and began to walk home. But I found after going a little distance that it would be quite impossible for me to carry Chrissie home in this fashion; it was all I could do to stagger along a few yards with her, so after a few minutes I put her down and kneeling down asked her if she could climb on my back. This pleased her very much, and soon we were trotting gaily along, Chrissie pretending that I was her horse and telling me to "Gee up, Dobbin." I found that this was a much easier way of carrying her, but all the same I was not sorry when we came in sight of home. Chrissie had been quite happy until we reached the house, then she began to cry again and she wanted Mummie. I was quite glad when Mother saw us from the window and came down the steps to meet us.

"Why, Ralph," she exclaimed, lifting Chrissie down from my shoulder, "Where did this little maiden come from?"

While I was explaining it all to mother she had taken Chrissie indoors and was seating her at the tea table. The little girl was evidently hungry, and for a while was happy again over her tea, though she was very quiet and kept looking across the table at me as if to make sure I was there.

"Oh well," said mother cheerfully, when she had heard all I had to tell. "We shall soon find Chrissie's mother, and till then Chrissie will stay with me won't you, Chrissie?"

Chrissie looked up from the cup in which she had buried her little tip-tilted nose and I noticed that her blue eyes were brimming with tears.

My mother repeated her question. "You will stay with me, won't you, Chrissie, till we find Mother?"

But Chrissie did not answer, she put down the cup slowly wriggled off the chair on which she had been sitting. Then she ran round the table to me, and laying her curly head on

my sleeve she said: "Chrissie stay with boy."

I lifted her up on my knee and there she sat contentedly until I had finished my tea. I felt as if at last I had a real little sister of my own. Presently, when I looked down at her I saw she was asleep, tired out, poor little thing, with her wanderings in the wood. I should like to have sat all evening holding the dear little maid in my arms, but Mother said she would be more comfortable in bed, so I begged that she might sleep in my bed, and I would sleep on the couch beside her, for fear she would wake and want me in the night. Mother seemed to think she would be better with her, but though only half awake she clung so to me that at last mother agreed to my plan. Father did not come in till long after we had finished tea, it was a meal he often missed when he was busy. He looked very worried and tired, and at once asked for Mother. When she came he said: "Can you do with some visitors for a few days?"

"Visitors?" asked Mother, suprised.

"It is a very sad story," said my Father, sipping the cup of tea I had brought him. "I think I told you that the lady who had taken Mrs. Marshall's rooms were very ill. Mrs. Marshall sent for me as soon as she arrived yesterday, as she was quite frightened about her. I thought her very ill, but she had had a long journey, and I hoped that a complete rest might go a long way towards restoring her to health. I said I would go round again today, but when I arrived there she was unconscious. I stayed with her all afternoon, but I could do nothing for her, and she died a hour ago without speaking."

"How sad!" exclaimed Mother, "Who is she and where are her friends?"

"Mrs. Marshall knows nothing of her," replied father, "only that her name is Grandson, but she has a boy of about Ralph's age who will probably be able to tell us all we want to know. I want you to put him and his little sister up for the night when they come back."

"Poor boy, where is he?" asked Mother.

"That is the strangest thing about it," said father, "He went out this morning with his little sister for a walk so as to leave his mother perfectly quiet. Mrs Marshall gave them a few sandwiches and told him that the little girl would like to go into the woods to pick flowers. She expected them back early in the afternoon and she has seen nothing of them since. I have told her when they do come back to make some excuse for sending the boy up here, and I will break the sad news to him."

Mother and I looked at each other, and simultaneously exclaimed, Chrissie!" Then we told father of the little waif I had found in the woods.

"I should think there is no doubt about it," said Father, "she must have strayed away from her brother, and he is probably hunting the woods through for her."

I jumped up at once, "I will go and see if I can find him," I said, but the words were hardly out of my mouth when a knock sounded at the door. I ran to open it and found myself face to face with a boy of

about my age.

"Does Dr. Maunders live here?" he asked.

"Come in," I cried, "are you looking for your little sister?"

"Yes," answered the boy, "I've lost my dear little Chrissie, and Mrs. Marshall told me to come up here and not to tell Mother about it yet."

"Chrissie is quite safe, she is here asleep," I answered, but I felt a great lump rise in my throat as I thought of the terrible news my father had to tell the poor boy. By this time Father had come and drew the boy gently into the dining room and closed the door. Mother went in presently, and after a time I heard the boy going upstairs. Mother said he was going to sleep in my room with Chrissie.

"What is his name?" I asked, "and how long is he going to stay?"

"His name is Guy," answered Mother, "and they will stay until we find out something about their relations. We did not worry the poor lad by asking him any questions tonight, for it would be too late to send any letters and he seems quite stunned by his terrible loss."

And now I come to the most surprising part of my story. When we heard all that Guy had to tell us about his mother we found out that she was Mrs. Graham's long-lost sister. She had written giving Mrs. Graham an address in New York, but the letter must have miscarried, and as she heard nothing from her she had determined to come down to the village and see if she could find out if she still lived there. She had however no time to make inquiries before she was taken ill, and so poor Guy and Chrissie were left orphans in a strange place.

It was terrible hard to part with Chrissie, I had so hoped that she would stay with us for some time, but she is very happy in her new home, and Mrs. Graham is devoted to both her and Guy.

Guy is a very nice fellow and we are graet friends, but deep down in my heart there is a still warmer place for the dear little girl who still calls me by the no name but "Boy."

"You can never be patient without courage, and without courage you can never be pure."

ARE YOU EDUCATED OR GRADUATED?

By Nathan H. Gist

Are you educated? Perhaps you are graduated. You know that two and two make four, but do you know WHY this is so? Possibly you are both educated and graduated. Some people are graduated, but not educated, while some are educated, but have never been graduated.

A university training alone never educated one, nor did the lack of such training ever keep a person from becoming educated, if he had the right stuff in him. A sheep-skin is on equally good terms with a rich mind and a teaspoonful of brains. In other words, a college

diploma is not an infallible barometer of what its owner will do or be.

Emerson said that you send your boy to school, but the boys he meets on the street educate him. One's school days are precious. They are not to be sneered at. That atmosphere is invigorating. Schooling tends to shape one's thinking, to help take a firmer grip on life.

It should train mind, heart and hand. The demand today is for educated men and women, and the demand exceeds the supply. Many graduated people are answering the call: but they misunderstand the call. The demand is for educated people. If graduated, fine—if educated, superfine, and the folks who are doing big things in the World today are all educated.

Some have had a university training—many of them have not. But they are educated. The digging of the Panama Canal ; opposing German Militarism; fighting sin; exterminating yellow fever, and conquering tuberculosis, and the ten thousand other things that make life worth while on this old planet are all done by those who know.

What do they know? Often little Latin, less Greek, and no Hebrew, but they know, and they know they know, and others know that they know. They know people, their minds, their needs, their whims, virtues and faults. They know industrial problems. Their experiences have brought them up against real things; they have bumped their heads against many a crisis. When knocked down they have gumption enough to get up, brush off the dust, roll up their sleeves, and go to it.

Education is not information. The walking encyclopedia may be a joke. Education is inspiration, it is self-reliance. It is self-support. It is self-adjustment. It is patriotic—universal—citizenship. It is integrity and character. Knowledge is power. In possession of a criminal it is a menace to Society. In possession of a person of character it becomes a blessing to all. It may develop good citizenship, or it may sharpen one's fangs and make that one even more of a beast than he is.

The ignoramus is a dangerous citizen often, but never as dangerous as the educated rascal. But it is doubtful if the rascal is really educated. He may have spent years in school, but his schooling seriously interfered with his education.

Graduate, if possible, by all means, even if the price you pay is blood and sweat and tears and agony and midnight kerosene. But whether graduated or not, strive to be educated.

Certification of teachers, predicated on graduatlon alone from any college, is based on a theory and presumption fundamentally vicious.

It is not merely capital and plants; is is not merely the strictrly material things which make up a business; but the character of the men behind these things; their personalities and their abilities. The men of this generation are entering into a heritage which makes their fathers' lives look poverty-stricken by contrast.—John D. Rockefeller.

TAX IN NORTH CAROLINA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

Hon. J. W. LeGrand,
Bennettsville, S. C.

Dear John:—I have your letter of July the 5th and wish to say that the Everett farms in which I am interested are located, as you know, partly in North Carolina and partly in South Carolina; the actual value in money being approximately the same. As you know, we levy no ad valorem taxes in the State for state purposes but all of this class of tax goes to the counties. Our South Carolina tax for the year 1921 was $1,014.57; the North Carolina tax for the same year was $392.80.

It cost the state to run its executive department, its colleges, and its institutions, including the Board of Health, about seven and a half million dollars per year, which includes $1,400,000 for the public schools. You understand also, of course, the interest on the bonds we are selling for the development of our roads and maintenance of our State Road system is paid out of automobile and gasoline tax. The Department of Agriculture is self-sustaining under ordinary circumstances; the penitentiary makes its own way and sometimes shows a profit.

I am attaching hereto an estimate which, as chairman of the appropriation committee, I made up for the years 1921 & 1922. You will note that there was an estimate of a deficit of something over seven hundred thousand dollars, and in the event the hospital at Raleigh should be completed in time to take patients during any part of these two years the deficit would be increased by approximately $240,000 more; indicating that the deficit at the end of the biennial period would be approximately one million dollars. I am glad to say, however, that due to increase in insurance, inheritance and income taxes we will have no deficit at the end of the period but, on the other hand, will be able to show a small surplus.

I failed to tell you in the estimate of the total expenses of the State, the interest on all bonds outstanding or being held for institutional purposes (not road bonds) is being cared for in the budget.

I am writing Colonel Watts today to mail you a copy of all laws touching on taxation.

While you cannot adapt the whole system to your state, I think a close examination will give you some suggestions which will help you to place a part of the tax at least on those interests in the state which are now showing a profit, thereby relieving the farm property of a part of what seems to me to be a very unjust and inequitable burden.

I would like to suggest that if Mr. Freeman could find the time to do so that he might go to Raleigh and talk over the taxation matters with A. J. Maxwell, a member of the Corporation Commission. In my opinion Mr. Maxwell is the greatest authority on taxation we have in the State, and is placed very high amongst the students of taxation in the country, and he is responsible in a large measure for the present statute of our taxation system. I can imagine no research which would be more valuable to a man who wanted to

make a record in your Legislature than to make an appointment with Maxwell and get the benefit of his study.

With assurances of all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

W. N. Everett.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES.

By Swift B. Davis

Rev. Mr. Jamison, of Kannapolis Methodist Church, held religious services in the Auditorium of the Jackson Training School, Sunday, Oct. 22.

† † † †

Sausage and chicken! For breakfast and dinner. The boys feel for the hogs and are sorry for them, but the sausage and chicken-meat quite overwhelms the pity.

† † † †

Two new flags, one "Old Glory" and the other "The Old North State" have been purchased and now "fly on high" to the view of all persons whether loyal to these flags or not. As they are hoisted to their places of prominence, each morning, the boys give them their due respect by saluting them.

† † † †

"Company, 'tention!" 130 boys in squads of fours at once are rigid and straight. "Squads right!" Seven steps by each boy and the four lines are transformed into two lines. "Left front end of th' line, march!" If you are not versed in militarism, you should ask an acquaintance to tell you of the wonderful sight of drill. Should you desire, you should come and see how the foregoing commands are carried out by the boys here. "You'd be surprised."

The printing office boys want to thank Mrs. M. H. Freeland, of North Wilkesboro for her gift of apples to the printers. They sure were fine. Thanks! again.

The foregoing sentences are the conbution of James Gentry, printer. He ate some of Mrs. Freeland's apples and was prompted to the above. Good work it is. We take it for granted that he aspires to be the next publicity man. Fine! Gentry expresses the feeling of all the printers.

† † † †

The reporter chanced, going on his rounds, to see a good many sacks of cement under the Auditorium. He was told, when he first came, that this space would be made into a gymnasium when funds would permit. These sacks of cement have been there quite a while, and he can see no near use for them unless it is that of building a gymnasium. He echoes the sentiments of many boys when he says fervently, "By George, I hope they are going to use that cement in making the gymnasium."

† † † †

The students of the Jackson Training School each carry with them, wherever they go, a small, paper bound, pocket edition of the Book of John. These were given to the Biblical students (and that's all

of the boys here) by Mr. Clarence E. Mason, formerly of Charlotte, but now engaged in business in Phila. Now one good reason for these being pocket edition is this: The Biblical student can, during a few minutes of leisure, read a verse or two and be thus greatly benefited.

† † † †

The name of the first bakeryman has been proclaimed; the best printer's handle has been set forth; the handiest tailor's name has been printed and now comes the problem of deciding whose name is to be set forth as the first-class shoe repairer. Walter Brockwell, Paul Groves, Herbert Apple, Ralph Freeland and William Waller are the ones deserving careful consideration. The foremost of these are Walter Brockwell and Paul Groves. And here a decision runs against a snag. No distinction can be drawn between these two lads, so in all justice, we must say that the premier shoe repairer is not one but two—Walter Brockwell and Paul Groves.

† † † †

"Choir practice to-day." This, if uttered by a boy here, must have been spoken on a Wednesday or a Saturday, for those are the official choir practice days. These are held under the auspices of Miss Vernie Goodman—pianoist and soloist. Monday, Oct. 9 was an exceedingly moist day so all forces trooped to the Auditorium and were given in charge of Miss Goodman. After practicing her songs, she allowed the lads to sing the songs they desired. Many and varied were the songs demanded. The songs over, Pedagogue Johnson had some boys come upon the stage and perform. Piver's "rabbit dance" received more than his share of applause.

† † † †

If one is taken to a point where a fine view of the cultivated land of the Jackson Training School can be obtained, he will mention the innumerable shocks of corn. When his remarks concerning these shocks or stacks of corn are over, his listener will then tell him that the boys who put them up are always proud to look at the result of their handi-work from a distance. Then the boy, if he is a member of the barn force, will fall silent while contemplating just how much his horse (yes, every barn boy has a horse to take care of) will need to grow fat, sleek and healthy. How well pleased the superintendent is to know that a boy has no selfish interest—is not forever looking after No. 1

LOCAL NATURE.

Caldwell-Goodson Marriage.

Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, in the First Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Grier officiating, Captain Kenneth Caldwell and Miss Isabelle Goodson were united in the bonds of holy wedlock. A large audience of friends and well-wishers witnessed the happy event.

Mrs. Caldwell is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Goodson, representatives of the best type of Concord's citizenship, a graduate of Virginia College, Roanoke Va., and a young woman of superior talents and highly esteemed by a large circle of admiring friends. Capt.

Kenneth Caldwell is the captain of the local military company, enjoys the reputation of having been supremely brave in his brilliant soldiership across the seas, is a promising business man, and a young man of sterling character and great honor. Capt. Caldwell is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison Caldwell, among the choicest people of the county. Mr. Caldwell, of outstanding literary attainments, is a successful lawyer of the local bar. Thus two of the leading families of the county are joined in a marriage quite brilliant and of interest throughout the state.

Returned Them All.

The several Methodist churches of Concord and vicinity are peculiarly happy over the return of the several pastors. The bishop treated Concord most kindly. THE UPLIFT, enjoying the acquaintances of two of these servants of the Lord, Rev. Jenkins of Central and Rev. J. Frank Armstrong of Forrest Hill, both able and earnest Christain workers, feels a personal joy over their return. This is Mr. Jenkin's second year, while Mr. Armstrong enters upon his third year. No man posesses a greater energy, mingles with the folks more, or is less afraid of the devil and his satellites than Rev. Armstrong—physically small, but a bundle of energy, brainy and a great asset to the whole county.

Col. James N. Brown, the oldest living person in the county, a veteran of the Mexican war and the War Between the States, and one of the explorers of the California gold mines, rounded out his 95th year on Monday. Though somewhat feeble, if his country needed him Col. Brown has spirit enough left to answer any call. He has never made the acquaintance of fear—that's not in his system.

Mr. Chalmers Plott, harmless and living a Godly life in our midst, without an enemy in the whole world, celebrated his 81st birthday on Sunday. Friends showered upon him fine wishes, mingled with some cash.

BUSINESS IN THE SOUTH

"Business in the South is again on the upgrade," says Fairfax Harison, president of the Southern Railway Company, in his annual report which has just been made public.

"The output of the mills and factories has been steadily increasing during the past few months," the report continues. "An outstanding feature has been the operation of the cotton mills, a happy contrast with the strike-ridden cotton manufacturing centers of the East.

"In July, 1922, acording to figures compiled by the United States Census Bureau, 96.97 per cent of the spindles in mills in the cotton producing states were active, while in other states the percentage of active spindles was only 78.53. During that month the average active spindle hours in the South was 250 compared with 145 in other states. In the twelve months ended July 31, 1922, the mills in the cotton producing states consumed 3,733,147 bales, which compares with a consumption

of 2,178,767 bales by mills in the other states.

"The more favorable conditions for the cotton manufacturing industry in the South are reflected not only in operating statistics but also in the record of new mill construction. During the same twelve months, acording to the Census Bureau reports, there was a net increase of 245,831 spindles in Southern mills and a net increase of only 79,627 spindles in mills in states outside of the South. A survey of new mills under construction or in prospect indicates a continuation of the tendences shown by these figures.

"There has been unusual activity in the provision of new business and residential structures, as well as in the construction of improved highways."

"The man who lives to no purpose in this world means nothing to the world."

State Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL X CONCORD N. C. NOVEMBER 4, 1922 NO. 52

THE EVERDAY MAN.

I respect every chap who awakes from his nap and arises each morn with a grin, and who stops not to yawn in disgust at the dawn or to muse on the follies of men, but who hies to his toil as a man of the soil or a clerk in the shop or the store, or who lets his light shine in the depth of the mine in extracting its bountiful ore.

Yes, I hold in esteem the good people who deem work a thing that is not to be spurned, and who know the content of a life that is spent on a wage that is honestly earned.

For it does not reflect on a man's intellect or the heart that is under his vest if he uses his brawn from the first peek of dawn till the sun disappears in the west. But we praise the brave heart that is true to its part though remaining forever obscure, and which plays not the game for the glamour of fame, but for life that is wholesome and pure—Francis Speight.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, **J. C. FISHER**, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at **Concord,** N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

The best government is not that which renders men the happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy.—Dulces.

SETTING UP EXAMPLES.

Mingling with mankind for more than fifty years, under various environments and battling with serious problems, I have yet to find a perfect specimen of man or woman,—perfect in body, mind and purposes. During all that time, on the contrary, I have never found a single individual, totally bad, or lacking in some virtue, some good trait—all have, if we accept an infallible teaching, a divine spark. We conclude then that the terms good and bad are relative terms.

The foregoing is the substance of a deliverance of a friend in the presence of THE UPLIFT. He is right. That same friend, following up his observation, commended most highly the practice of THE UPLIFT in picking out a character here and there over the state—some one who under difficulties and handicaps has "made good," having made the world better by living and acting in it—some one who has to his or her credit a great service to humanity—some one so disposed as to attempt to live the "golden rule" in dealing with the public—some one who, eschewing selfishess, lends a helping hand to the down-trodden, throws out the life-line to the perishing or just hands out a cup of cold water to the thirsty.

The real purpose in these personal sketches that appear from time to time in THE UPLIFT is not for complimenting anyone—they are for the happy purpose alone of holding up to our boys examples of right living, right conduct, right thinking; examples of industry, of unselfishness, of

achievements, of patriotism. They have a happy effect on the boys. It is a source of no small pleasure to us to see the number of boys that want to talk about certain examples held up in these columns—to know more about them. Not confined to the boys, this appreciation of THE UPLIFT'S practice in giving these personal sketches. Scores and scores of our readers have expressed themselves from time to time delighted with the good results. Men and women have been good enough to say to the editor that the story of so and so had changed entirely their estimate of the individual. Others commend the feature on the ground that if you have a bouquet to hand out, send it to the living—the dead have no earthly use for flowers.

It's a mighty sorry fellow or unimaginative individual that cannot find something good to say in the presence of the white face of the dead. Oftentimes they are untrue. You can afford to be truthful while the subject is yet in the flesh—only the coward takes advantage of the tyranny of death. A preacher, formerly a resident of Concord, called upon to conduct a funeral was hard pressed to say a complimentary thing about the subject, whose relatives fully expected it to be done. At last, he recalled the fact of just one accomplishment the fellow had before he became a corps: so, tenderly he announced that "he, whose body lies in our midst in the clutches of what we call death, was in his life a sweet whistler." How much better that compliment would have been had the preacher stepped up to the fellow before he passed and congratulated him on his outstanding capacity and ability. In its final analysis the power to whistle a tune is no mean accomplishment, an accomplishment that is not within reach of all the sons and daughters of men.

It's an abiding joy when the disposition and the subject meet to say those things that are true and helpful to men and women while yet in the flesh—we all need, at some time or other in our lives, the comfort of sympathy and the boost of a commendation. The giver himself feels better, too, after such an experience. If you don't believe it—why, try it once.

* * * * * * *

A STARTLING EXHIBIT.

There has come to THE UPLIFT the October number of the Davidson College Bulletin, which furnishes some startling statistics under the title "Are Ye Men or Beast? Said Spartacus." The exhibit is so terrible that orthodox church members may well cry, "To your tents, O Israel."

"Dr. J. H. Leuba, professor of psychology in Bryn Mawr, one of the country's outstanding colleges for women, has made a thorough scientific study of the religious attitudes of the leading professors in our American Universities.

"He sent out questionaires to representative professors, so has their own words for the facts he submits.

"Limiting the summary of his reports to the class of university professors described as "the greater," that is, those whose names are in America's Men of Science," a book purporting to list eminent authorities in their chosen fields of science, he submits the following astounding figures, in his book "Belief in God and Immortality."

"Of Teachers of Physics: Believers in God, 34.8 per cent. Agnostic or Disbelievers, 65.2 per cent

"Of Teachers of Biology: Believers in God, 16.9 per cent. Agnotistic and Doubters, 24.8 per cent. Deniers of Belief in God, 59.3 per cent.

"The Sociologists are undertaking in a "scientific" way to solve the problems of human society. Nineteen and four-tenths of these representative and eminent teachers believe in God, while nearly three-fourths of them disbelieve altogether in the personality and the sovereignty of God.

"The Phychologists are today recognized as exerting the greatest influence in the domain of education. **Everyone who is preparing to teach is expected to study thoroughly this science.** Out of thirty-eight eminent psychologists to whom he addressed his inquiries, ONLY FIVE believed in a personal God and **ONLY THREE** declared a belief in either conditional or unconditional immortality.

"Note that this is in reference to God the Father, and is not a discussion of faith in Christ, the Son, in whom we believe."

Followingthese statistics, The Davidson College Bulletin gives the position of the Davidson faculty, by President Martin which he declares, as might be expected, is thoroughly orthodox.

What dangers lie in wait for the sons of men, when due care is not taken to save them from such hideous influences as prevail at certain institutions, which are law unto themselves and ameniable to no safe and sane authority.

* * * * * * *

TINY TIM FUND.

Some weeks ago the King's Daughters, at the suggestion of Miss May Stockton, the County Health Nurse of Cabarrus, began to raise by voluntary contributions a fund to be used for the purpose of purchasing braces, crutches and other necessary aids for the cripples who had come from the Orthopaedic Hospital at Gastonia to hasten their speedy recovery. This is only for those who are not financially able to provide the aids.

This fund now stands at one hundred and sixteen dollars. The organization

has been able to meet all demands, and welcome other contributions from kind-hearted folks, who may wish to help in this worthy and humane work. This could be followed in every county, where the King's Daughters or other organization dedicated to an unselfish service are active, thus taking care of the needs of all the cripples in the several counties.

It is noted with pleasure and interest that during the past week the State Welfare and Health authorities have decided to secure a census of the cripples in the state. Cabarrus is in a position to make an immediate report because of the activity of the County Board of Health and the King's Daughters.

* * * * * * *

FUNDAMENTALLY WRONG.

All over the state the injustice and unwisdom of the so-called system of "certification" of public school teachers are being commented upon unfavorably by school authorities, by school committeemen, by patrons and by teachers themselves. It was merely a fad when conceived—it is a monumental farce today. The forthcoming General Assembly, taking counsel of the expensive make-shift and fad, could do a genuine benefit to the rural public schools by kicking the unworthy thing out of the back door once for all.

There has not been found, and never will be, a way to placate what nature has done. No mechanism yet invented and assembled, no theory yet advanced or dreamed of, no system yet evolved, can make a real teacher out of some people, no matter if they have taken every degree from all of the favored (standarized) schools combined and in turn bagged every "unit" in existence, conceived, invented or imagined.

Yet under the law, this is being attempted. By the operation of this certification fad there are teachers today, who are drawing $150.00 per month salary (twenty days to the month and five hours to the day,) who persist in saying in polite society and in the school room "between you and I," and "daddy brought sister and I," and kindred evidences of such lack of education yet they are "graduated" from the standarized schools recognized by the Certification Machine. Over against this are teachers of fine personality, of great interest in childhood, who never bobbed their hair and always wore dresses plenty long at the bottom and plenty high at the top, who never saw in one of these standarized schools or made the acquaintance of the holy and terrible "units," who have inspired hundreds of boys to get a proper vision of the meaning of life and to press forward educa-

tionally, have been debarred or disgusted by this certification fad and driven from an active participation in the educational endeavor of the state.

By the tyranny of the butchered, theorized and centralized provisions of the school law, the local authorities, when called to account for their lack of functioning in a satisfactory manner, say their "hands are tied by the Raleigh folks," and it is impossible to do otherwise. If the educational department at Raleigh combined all the educational, medical, and expert knowledge of the centuries, they cannot, by any college record or attendance upon summer schools and doing the little theoretical stunts annually prescribed and counting "units" (that's the long suit of the modern educational leader) say who will make a competent and efficient teacher in Frog-pond district, or in any other school district. If your county superintendent of schools is worth $3,000.00 per annum and entitled to a $900.00 clerk to assist him in his arduous work, then that same official has sense enough to ascertain who is qualified to teach in his several districts without referring the matter to officials at Raleigh, some of whom probably themselves could not give satisfaction in the rural school room.

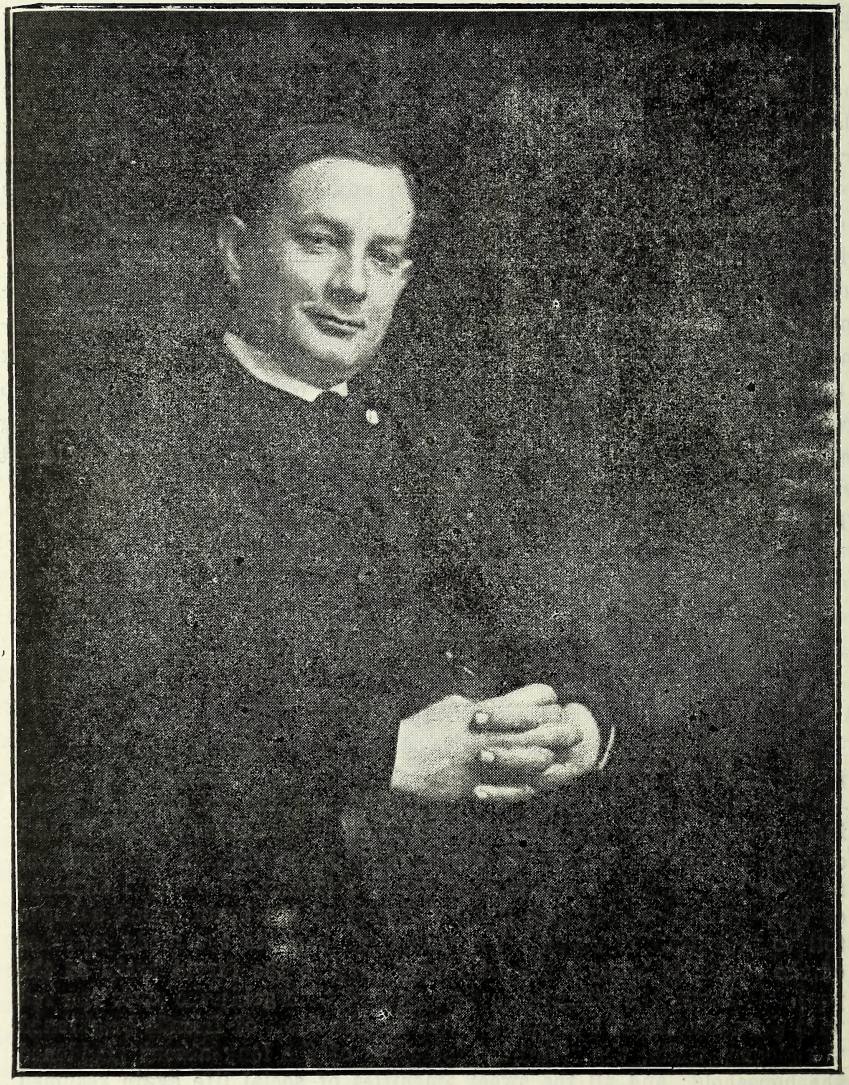
This certification business is all bosh, expensive bosh.

• • • • • • •

AUTUMN

Henry W. Longfellow

The brown Autumn came. Out of doors, it brought to the fields the prodigality of the golden harvest,—to the forests, revelations of light, —and to the sky, the sharp air, the morning mist, the red clouds at evening. Within doors, the sense of seclusion, the stillness of closed and curtained windows, musing by the fireside, books, friends, conversation, and the long, meditative evenings. To the farmer, it brought surcease of toil,—to the scholar that sweet delirium of the brain which changes toil to pleasure. It brought the wild duck back to the reedy marshes of the south; it brought the wild song back to the fervid brain of the poet. Without, the village street was paved with gold; the river ran red with the reflection of the leaves. Within, the faces of friends brightened the gloomy walls; the returning footsteps of the long absent gladdened the household; and all the sweet amenities of social life again resumed their interrupted reign.



STATE SENATOR L. R. VARSER
Robeson County, N. C.

LYCURGUS R. VARSER.

"A very bright and active man—he made an enviable record as a legislator, standing very high in the counsels of law making body of Nineteen hundred and Twenty one." "That is not at all surprising—Varser is a high-type man and functions ably anywhere and everywhere you find him."

The foregoing passage at sizing up Hon. Lycurgus R. Varser, as he passed through the corridor of the courthouse in Lumberton, N. C., took place a few weeks ago between a visitor and a high official of that empire of a county—Robeson. This is a habit with most people—exchanging estimates most freely when an outstanding character passes in view. The exceptions to this are so rare that the rule may be put down as uniform practice with all people. The half-score of others, who heard the passing remarks, heartily chimed in with their confirmation of the estimate of the ability and high purposes of the distinguished Robesonian. There is nothing strange or suprising in this, other than it is rare to find such a unanimity of sentiment when we know that everywhere envies, jealousies, prejudices and combative natures miss no opportunity to inject a discordant note.

Mr. Varser is one of the forceful men of southeastern North Carolina; and the splendid record he made in the General Assembly of 1921 attracted the attention of the reading public throughout the state. This estimate of the man by his neighbors, who know him best and for years, and the favorable introduction he has had to the state at large by his prominence in the state legislative halls, is neither an accident nor charitable. He's reaping the fruits of a well-trained intellect, a sincerity of purpose, studious habits, patriotic impulses and last, but by no means least, the glory of a fine birth.

It is a close shave that our subject escaped being born a Virginian rather than a North Carolinian. He has never said in so many words that he is extremely thankful for this fact, but I am sure that he is. The old homestead of his father and mother, W. H. and Emily (Duck) Varser, typical represenatives of the fine citizenship of that section, was hard by the state line in Gates county, N. C. We have it that young Varser enjoyed unusual educational advantages in the local and academic schools of his day, following this with a fine student record in Wake Forest College, the institution of his church, where he graduated in 1899 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. This interesting event in his life occurred just when he reached his twenty-first birthday, which shows that he did not neglect the matter of his own preparation for the responsibilities of life.

Like most of our worthwhile professional men, the doctors, the lawyers and preachers, he discovered himself and made preparations for his life work by way of teaching school. And it is rare that an instance could be found where such men did not render the finest of service educationally, for they aspired, they had a proper focus on the seriousness of living and many are the

boys and girls who sought a thorough education as the result of the influences of these serious-minded and earnest young fellows coming into their lives. Pity the state has lost in a great measure this fine agency for arousing a spirit and love, edutionally, among our young. He took his degree of Bachelor of Laws at Wake Forest, in 1901, but during that time he taught a school in Robeson county, also one in Wake county. I make bold to say that that experience in the schools and among the young makes him a better lawyer, contributes to his success in dealing with men and gives him a broadened sympathy for the problems that confront the average citizen.

Receiving his law license, Mr. Varser first located in Kinston, in Lenoir county. His fine personality and the recognition of his splendid professional ability won for him a marked success even in his early experience at the bar. Answering a call to a larger field, affording greater opportunities, he removed to Lumberton on March 1st, 1911, where, shortly after his arrival, he formed a partnership with Hon. A. W. McLean. That firm is now one of the most prominent and leading legal firms in all the state. Though extremely busy with the affairs of his profession, he is never too busy to give response to the calls for service in behalf of the common good. He is interested, and contributes of his power and influence most heartily and effectively, in all the activities of his town and county that make for the educational, moral and material advancement of the people. Selfishness plays no part in his living—he seems happier when rendering a needed service for the common good than when engaged in the prosecution of his own private matters.

Possessed of an engaging personality, [illegible] arked oratorical powers, of a fine culture and resourceful in his extensive knowledge of men and events, our subject, as a forceful speaker, is pressed into service to carry a message to the people when they come to settle problems that arise in the affairs of the community. He is one of the outstanding leaders, to-day, of his party, which, recognizing his great ability and patriotism, sent him to the State Senate and is returning him to the same position in 1923. In that body he proved himself a most capable legislator and a wise leader, enjoying the esteem and confidence of the entire body. His committee appointments were of the most important; and his position on all questions reflect a broad vision, a love of humanity, a high sense of justice and a great patrotism. These elements made him strong and outstanding. His record, aside from a distinct honor, is a matter of pride with the citizenship of the great county of Robeson.

North Carolina is bound to hear more from this broad-guaged, earnest spirit. Already prophecies have pictured him as Governor of North Carolina some of these days—indeed he has the personality and the qualities of mind and soul to make of him a great governor or any other high officer within the gift of the state where intellect, faithfulness and integrity constitute the outstanding qualifications.

TEACHING RELIGION.

(News & Observer)

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, is brainy and he is good and wise. He asked this question in a recent speech in Boston: "How can religious teaching be given in every American Schools?"

Here is the occasion of the question as he gives it:

I was sent by my father, who might have sent me anywhere to any school in the country, to the Boston public Latin school. At that time, in 1844, the school was filled chiefly with boys of what we called America descent. That is, ft was Anglo-American boys that filled the school. Now, religion was not excluded from that school at that time. On the contrary, the master in each room at the school read from the Bible at his pleasure for two or three minutes, and he then offered a prayer, his own prayer, or read a prayer, just as he preferred.

Now in 1844 and as long as I was in the school up to 1849, that was the practice in a free Boston school. It has long since disappeared. I shall never forget the impression produced on me when I was in the highest class of the school, at 15 years of age, by one reading of the headmaster of the school.

He read from the first chapter of Genesis, perhaps 20 verses. He closed the book and said: "Boys, that first sentence in Genesis is the most superb sentence in the English language—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I never forgot that remark. It is very good for me today.

But that has all disappeared from the free schools not only in Boston but elsewhere. What is the result? Most of our children go out into the world without having received in their schools any knowledge of religion.

How can a remedy be provided for this situation? The schools are maintained by religious people, atheists and all other classes. But Dr. Eliot says he feels that "an agreement may possibly be reached among all religions represented in this country as to the fundamental ethical principles, which are, of course, principles of order, love, justice, that some agreement may be reached on these principles which could be introduced into every American school. That I believe to be the most necessary change which we want now in American popular education."

The Bible is the best textbook of religion and the country would be vastly better off if in every school there prevailed the conditions that prevailed in the Boston school which Dr. Eliot attended when a boy.

Cotton has had a habit of going up one day and down another, but it has been observed that it has never slipped back quite to the point that it left, so that there has been a constant rise, in spite of the daily declines. The prospect grows stronger that the 25-cent notch will be reached before October goes out.—Charlotte Observer

CHARLIE ICEMAN IS THE HENRY FORD OF THIS SECTION

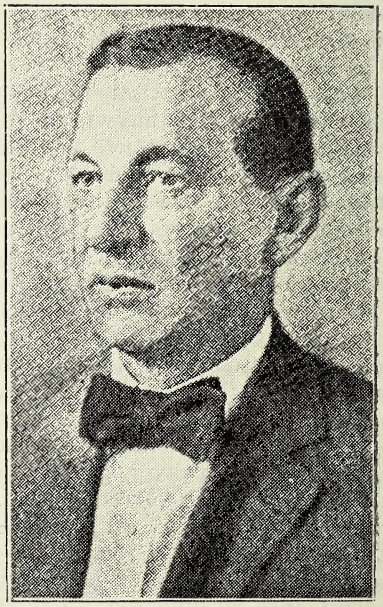
By R. F. Beasley

Charles Iceman, the wizard cotton mill man of North and South Carolina, living at Monroe, is going to run a creamery. He is already running three or four cotton and knitting mills, and is the Henry Ford of that section. When a cotton mill goes lame they send for Iceman to come and put it on its feet.

Will he succeed with a creamery? You bet he will. He succeeds with anything. Henry Ford does not know more about making Fords than Chas. Iceman knows about cotton mills. And if Henry could pick up a decrepit railroad and make it pay we'll gamble that Iceman can make a creamery pay after everybody else has failed.

Running a creamery in a cotton county is no child's play and no business man accustomed to act in a large way would bother with it except a man like Iceman. Iceman is a business man with an imagination. He came up in the mill business from the spindles and there is not a detail of machinery, of spinning and knitting, of selling the products or buying the raw material, that he does not know to a gnat's heel. But he has more than knowledge and business experience; he has the salt of life, imagination. It keeps business from getting monotonous and success stale. He loves to dash in and do something that is hard, that requires variety, that drives away dullness that brings out latent talent.

He is going to run a creamery, mark that. The other day at Monroe the stockholders of the creamery which has been limping along for many years, met in the chamber of



commerce and sent for Iceman—they just love to send for Iceman down there—and told him that something had to be done about the creamery. It couldn't stop, for the boll weevil was there; and it couldn't go on because it was in debt and was about to be shut down by creditors. Ten thousand dollars was necessary to meet bills and then some operating money was necessary. The stockholders had been nursing it along for many years as a kind of public enterprise and had come to the end of

their row. Somebody had to do something about the creamery.

"All right, boys," said Iceman in that quick, snappy way of his, after the matter had been laid before him, "If I am to pay the debts and guarantee to run the creamery right on, what are you going to let me have your stock for?"

"Twenty-five per cent of face value," they said, and when Iceman agreed to take it and pay the money one can fancy that there was a quick divestment of all the stock held by those present.

So Iceman has the creamery and is going to run it and make it pay. He is going to do what the stockholders were never able to do—get a man who knows the business, pay him a real salary if he earns it and ship him if he doesn't, and put enough capital in to operate on.

And that is the way one large business man is going to do his bit with the boll weevil situation, for Iceman doesn't care a hang about the money he is going to make with the creamery, he just loves to turn a trick like that. It will be just like him to let the old stockholders have that creamery back at the same twenty-five cents on the dollar after he has changed it from a white elephant into a dividend paying concern.

We've often thought what a pity it is that a man can't dispose of his experience for as much as it cost him.—Elkridge Independent.

THE "ADVANTAGES" OF CITY AND COUNTRY COMPARED

By Clarence Poe.

Every now and then somebody comes along with some remark about the "loneliness" and "isolation" of country life. For my part, I take mighty little stock in such talk. It comes, I think, mostly from people who have never lived in the country—or have never lived there long enough to get caught in the full current of its mainfold and constantly changing interests and activities. When I compare the monotonousness of most of the work done by the masses of town workers—the same sort of work over and over again, with little variation, progress, or chance for self-expression—farming seems by comparison a tremendously fascinating, inspiring, and soul-satisfying occupation.

Nor do I believe that there are half as many people heart-sick with lonesomeness on American farms as in American cities—"the crowded loneliness of our cities" as Rev. J. F. Newton calls it, referring to the hurrying throngs in New York City, for example, who have small time for friendship, comradeship, or even for really living; people who even bury their dead at night in order that the mad day struggle for the dollar may not be interfered with! How much finer and sweeter indeed is life—

"**In the highlands, the country places,**

Where the old plain men have rosy faces
And the young fair maidens quiet eyes."

But what about "the advantages"of the city? someone asks. What are these advantages? Good schools? We are now getting them in the country. Quick communication with the rest of the world? The automobile now gives the farmer this. Daily papers? The R. F. D carries them to him. Music? The victrolas, grafonolas, and radio now carry the best in the world to any home. Lecturers? We can hear them by radio. Books? Those that the farmer can't buy, he can get though his traveling library.

God has given us tongues that we may say something pleasant to our fellowmen.—Heinrich Heine.

THE BIG IDEA.

(Editor Harris in Charlotte Observer)

The past week witnessed the launching by Governor Morrison of the biggest idea that has so far marked his admisntration—the biggest commercial idea that was ever advanced by any Governor of North Carolina—when he stated his determination to organize a shipping company that will put the ports of North Carolina into touch with the great ports of the East and, thereby, effect by water competition a decrease in freight rates that will affect every man, women and child in this Commonwealth. When the first announcement of this gigantic idea was made by The Observer, the news department, realizing that its Raleigh correspondent had scented the biggest industrial, or commercial, story in a decade, played it up. Then followed formal announcements by the Govenor, outlining his plan to emancipate North Carolina from the bondage of oppressive and "gouging" freight rates. In the editoral sanctum these announcements have been read with ever-increasing interest and have been briefly commented upon several times during the past few days.

The more we learn of the Governor's great commercial undertaking, the more favorable we are impressed with it. Following the first announcement in The Observer, and after the great news agencies of this country had put the story on its wires and it had appeared in print from Maine to the Gulf and from Carolina to California, The Observer carried a special story from Boston, in which it was stated that the Hub City had received news of Governor Morrison's idea with a enthusiasm that was marked; that the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, commenting favorably on the plan, stated that this very thing, applied to his State, was the main plank in his platform. It would seem from his statement that New England is writhing under oppressive freight rates and that business in that section is suffering from this prohibitive sort of thing.

The natural business depression that has followed in the wake of the "Harding victory" is bad enough, but this has been greatly augmented by the fact that the great steel arteries of trade in this country, the railroad, have been allowed to run rampant in their quest of greed until they have well-nigh stifled legitimate trade in many sections.

Govenor Morrison, it is gathered from news dispatches, has been thinking out a plan he has just announced for a year or better. He had mentioned the matter to some of his confidants and was gratified to learn that not one of them considered it an idea that could not be carried out. The Counsil of State, which acts in on advisory capacity to the Governor, was enthusiastic when the Executive, at a meeting Wednesday, presented his plan to that able and dignified body. Judge James S. Manning, the State's Attorney General, than whom there is not a more brilliant lawyer in North Carolina, not only gave the project his unqualified endorsement but stated that there was not a single legal barrier in the way of its execution. Secretary of State J. Bryan Grimes whose home is in eastern part of the State and who was very enthusiastic over the prospects of emancipation for North Carolina, together with George Ross Pou, will go to Washington to get options on ships that will, when the Governor's plan has been put into operation, ply between North Carolina and Eastern ports. These are dozen of boats available and at suprisingly low figures, boats that were left over after the war period.

The Governor is firm in the expression that the cost of establishing a line of steamers will be surprisingly low. As a matter of fact, the cost of establishment will be negligible, compared with the money that will be saved yearly to North Carolina shippers.

It is to be hoped that all the business interests of North Carolina will have the good sense and foresight to give the measure their full support, and we believe they will. The whole State, so far, according to expressions that have reached The Observer, is enthusiastic over the Governor's idea. Nor is this enthusiasm confined to the east. All over the State business interests and their representatives have expressed the belief that this scheme, when put into operation—and it is going to be a reality; it is no idle dream—will give business in this State such an impetus that the result will be startling.

Not only will the steamship lines build up the Carolina cities into which they run but they will benefit inland places as well. We look for a readjustment of freight rates that will help the entire State. Too, we look for growth, as if by magic, of half dozen North Carolina coast towns into thriving cities.
portant center in North Carolina and running from the mountains to the sea and half dozen steamship lines carrying our freight to the markets of the East and bringing wares into our ports, North Carolina will be economically independent—gloriously so! The tables will be turned. Instead of the policy of "the public be damned," the public will have a say-so in the matter. Why not? Trucks on land, running over hard-surfaced roads at almost railway speed; State controlled steamship lines plying between North Caro-

lina and the biggest ports of the Fast. Can you beat it?

Now, of course, reactionaries will talk about "ships-diy." But that is all tommy-rot. Why? Because the State is going to own the controlling stock and there will be just enough privately-owned stock to enable the formation of a corporation. And with the state standing back of the project, to see that unjust and discriminating rates do not occur, there is not a chance for any rate profiteering. The business interests of this State may rest perfectly assured of that.

Who has been suffering from the unjust freight rates under which North Carolina has been laboring? The merchants, of course. But the biggest sufferers have been the consumers. When merchants are taxed to death with extortionate rates, the public naturally suffers, for the more a merchant has to pay in the way of transportation, the more he has to charge for his goods, if he makes a just profit. We have confidence in the merchants of this State to believe that when they are freed from oppressive rates they will give the public the benefit of it.

Governor Morrison has done some big, broad thing. He will likely do more of them. But this project, the establishing of State-controlled steamships, will be the crowning event of his Administration. His whole heart is wrapped up in the progress of North Carolina. Carrying out his ideals, he has been bold, fearless and unafraid. He has shown his ability for leadership in such a marked way that his critic, finding they were fighting against real progress when they fought him, have slunk away into hiding. There have been a few who have spitefully hounded him and have sought to discount his methods and motives, but they are lost in the shuffle, are negligible, and to be pitied rather than rebuked. The Governor stands stronger today with the people of the State than at any other time during his administration. And he is going to win in this venture. He is going before the Legislature and there is not a doubt but that he will be backed up to the limit. The incoming Legislature will be a progressive Legislature, without a doubt. The roster of mominees shows that.

For years North Carolina has been the victim of unjust freight rates. The fight has been long and hard. Every now and then there has been a victory that seemed favorable, but the desired end has not been accomplished. As much as we love Virginia, the Mother State—the Sister State—her cities have been fattening and feasting at the expense of North Carolina, due to unjust and discriminating freight rates. Virginia has not kept pace with North Carolina industrially and yet her cities have, by virture of unfair freight rates, counteracted our efforts to build up trade. Millions of dollars have been poured into the commercial coffers of Richmond, Norfolk and other Virginia points. We have been hurt, too, in other directions.

As the Stars and Stripes are seen on the high seas, floating over boats plying internationally, so the flag of North Carolina, an emblem of industrial emancipation, is going to be seen hoisted above boats plying between our ports and those of the North and east. Patience has ceased to be a virture. Governor Mor-

rison means business, and he is going to be backed up by the business interests of the entire state. Already he has been assured of support from every quarter of North Carolina and from New England; and, later on, when a real canvass is made of the State's industrial interest, we predict that the result will be a unanimous verdict that the project is not only reasonable but necessary.

In this one big idea alone, Governor Morrison will have merited his election at the hands of his fellow North Corolinians and will go down in history as a Governor with a vision unsurpassed by that of any predecessor.

To get courage and vision for a larger duty, try working on the little neglected duties lying all around you.—East and West.

"NEED TO BE TAUGHT."

Way back yonder about the beginning of the present century, in Merriweather county, I heard the late Mr. Candler, then a candidate for Governor of Georgia, make a political speech. He was going at a fine clip in the presentation of his positions on the various subjects which at that time were chiefly concerning the Georgia people. One of these was the subject of education, as it is to-day and must forever be as long as children come into our population.

Some of these days the subject will be settled right, to have forever established that the public school system is being maintained for the lone benefit of the child, and not for the support of men and women, or for their peculiar pleasure in experimenting with a vital thing. At that time the Georgia people were very much wrought up over the great strides the colored people were making educationally, and the emphasis school officials were placing on the education of colored children. Near the rear of the great crowd that was following Mr. Chandler in his speech was a sour-looking man that apparently was not in sympathy with the candidacy of the speaker, and, seeking possibly to embarrass him before the thousands of assembled voters, he cried out: "Mr. Candler, what is your position on this here nigger education?" Mr. Candler, smilingly replied: "My good, interested friend in the rear asks me a very important question, and I thank him for calling my attention to a matter that under the stress of this fine occasion I might have overlooked. My friend, you ask a question that is entirely proper, and one on which the public has a perfect right to know my views. You ask me, as I understand it, what I think of 'nigger education?' I gladly answer. I have always felt that when you teach a nigger to say hic, haec, hock, he invariably forgets how to say gee, haw, buck." The questioner seemed satisfied and the crowd roared its satisfaction.

This is recalled by a little dialogue

taking place between Editor Ascraft, of the Monroe Enquirer, who engaged a colored boy in conversation over his studies at school. This is it:

"Boy let me see what books you are studying," I asked a leggy Monroe colored youth who was wending his way to school one day recently. There was a geography, history, arithmetic and so forth. But what made my eyes bulg out was a Latin grammar.

"Boy, you ain't studyin' Latin, are you?" I asked.

"Yes, sir—sho' is boss," the boy grinningly replied.

Fine our colored youth is now getting culture and higher learning in great big hunks.

It is to be hoped, however, that the boys and girls, irrespective of color, are better prepared than were some of the seventh grade students who stood examination a year or so ago here in Union county.

A well known and popular teacher told me she was amazed to find such ignorance as existed among the white children of the county who were being examined in order to pass the 7th grade.

"Who is the Governor of North Carolina?" one boy was asked.

"Mr. Clifford Fowler," he replied.

"Bound Union county," was required of another boy.

"On the north by Goose Creek, on the east by the Atlantic ocean, on the south by Pageland and on the west by Charlotte," was the answer.

Lots of kids these days need to be taught and thoroughly grounded in the three R's—readin', ritin' and rithmetic—as well as some pratical, every day knowledge.

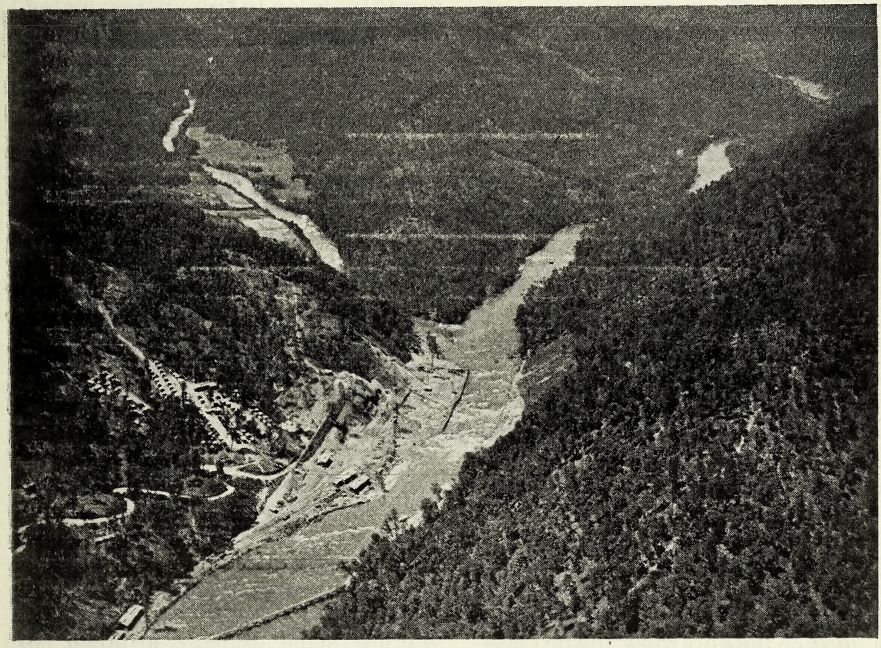
No office gives a man distinction and remembrance after death. It is the new ideas he presents, the larger doors he opens that alone confer immorality. Equality was Gov. Reid's creed. He did not define it as eloquently as did the late Govenor Aycock, but the two men each in his decade stood for the same thing. In his last written words, Governor Aycock, in announcing his candidacy for the United States Senate said: Equal! That is the word! On that word I plant myself and my party—the equal right of every child born on earth to have the opportunity "to burgeon out all that there is within him."—Josephus Daniels.

DEVELOPING WATER POWER AT TUGALO

One of the most important water-power developments in the territory served by the Southern Railway System is that of the Georgia Railway and Power Company in northeast Georgia, where electrical energy equivalent to 262,500 horse-power is to be made available for commercial use by utilizing the swift waters of the Tallulah and Tugalo Rivers.

The plans for this devlopment provide for six large dams and power

nouses over the Tallulh River (which becomes the Tugalo River after its confluence with the Chattooga). The same water thats turns the wheels of the first power plant,



which is located at Burton near the famous Rabun Gap, flows on and will be converted into power again and again at each of the other five plants, thus making use of all the power afforded by the stream in its precipitous course from mountain to lowland.

Several of these power-plants have been completed and are in service, with tremendous reservoirs of water backed up behind the dams to be used in times of drought. Power-plants already completed and in use include those in the territory served by the Tallulah Falls Railway located at Burton, Lakemont and Tallulah Falls, while work is now well under way on another of the largest units of the system. This unit is the Tugalo Development, which is located approximately four and one-half miles down-stream from the Tallulah Falls power-house and just beyond the p int where the Talluah and Chattooga Rivers come together and from the Tugalo River. Here the Georgia Railway and Power company has at work a force of over 600 men. A dam is being erected which will be 142 feet high, 1000 feet across the top, 130 feet thick at the base, and will contain 225,000 cubic yards of rock and concrete,

The drainage area above the Tugalo dam will cover an area of 481 square miles, while the reservoir itself will be 557 acres in area with a water capacity of 725,000,000 cubic feet. The water will have a fall of 152 feet into the power house below, where 80,000 horse-power will be generated.

The Tugalo development is fourteen miles from Tugalo, Ga., on the Washington-Atlanta line of the Southern Railway System, this being the nearest railway station. The Georgia Railway & Power Company operates its own dummy railway from Tuglo to the site of the developments in order to transports materials and supplies, all of which are handled over the Southern to Tugalo.

"Mother, George Washington must have had an awful good memory didn't he?"

"Why?"

"Because everywhere I go I see monuments to his memory."—The Christain Advocate.

STUDY AT NIGHT

(Biblical Recorder)

Some time ago we were informed that the superintendent of schools in a certain city in this State had declared that he did not want the pupils in his school to study at night. He said the teachers ought to do such faithful work in the classrooms as to make study at home unnecessary.

This strikes us as the most nonsensical advice ever given by a man who pretends to be an expert in the teaching profession. Any one who attended a private school of which the old fashioned school master was head will bear testimony that the best and most profitable work he did was done by the light of a lamp or sometimes by a lightwood knot fire on the long winter evenings. It was there that he wrestled with the translation of Latin. Where two or there belonging to the same class lived, or boarded, in the same home, they worked together digging out the meaning of Latin words, and translating them into English, or in solving some difficult problem in mathematics. It was here that the pupils initiative had an opportunity to manifest itself. He was expected and encouraged by the teacher to work the problems and translate the Latin sentence for himself. And it was only when he balked and could not go further that the teacher offered him assistance. The teaching in that time was co-operative. Teacher and the pupils worked together, but the teacher did all he could to cultivate a spirit of self-help on the part of the students.

Depression is an enemy of power, cheerfulness is its tested ally.

THE ISLAND OF GUAM

By Mrs. E. H. Mason

Among the Caroline Islands lying far out in the waters of the Pacific Ocean, there is only one which belongs to the United States. This is Guam, the largest, most populous and most southerly of the Ladrone group of islands. Dotted all over this wide stretch of waters north of the equator, are many islands covering a vast area of over 14,000 miles, a chain of about 625 islands, either single, or in groups.

In 1521 Magellan, on his historic voyage around the world, came across the isolated islands on this part of the globe, and in 1556, a Spaniard took posssession of the island of Guam in the name of Spain. The advent of the white man with his civilization, has not always been the most fortunate for the western peoples, and their treatment by the white race has not been such as to inspire confidence, their lot often being a hard one. Their condition has been much improved on this little island since Uncle Sam has taken possession of it, however. Except for the native clearings, most of the island is a pathless jungle, but now excellent roads are being made, peonage has been abolished and many of the native diseases have been weeded out.

Guam is about 30 miles in length, and 6 miles in width with a population which numbered in 1915 about 13,689. The eastern and southern parts of the island are high and mountainous, the highest peak being 1,320 feet, the northern end being a low plateau.

The whole island is surrounded by a coral reef with here and there a break permitting entrance to the harbors. The climate is healthful, mild, and though there is a rainy season, pleasant. Though earthquakes have been frequent, there have been no serious eruptions since that of 1902.

The natives who are for the most part chocolate-colored, are said to be the descendents of the Chamoro Indians, with a mixture of Malay and Tangales, and some Anglo-Saxon blood, the latter being copper-colored with light hair. The men are short in statue, but well-formed and strong. Some of the native families of today trace their descent from ancestors long before Magellan's time. These are "nobles," a distinct class holding themselves above those who can claim no such ancestry.

The cocanut furnishes roofs for the houses of the natives, the cocanut fronds being split down the middle, and the two halves being put together and braided. The sides of the houses are enclosed by coarse venetian blinds made of the cocoanut leaf and these can be raised or lowered. In fact, the cocoanut tree is invaluable, and is a large source of income. It is said that the finest cocoanuts in all the tropics grow there. There is scarcely a family who does not possess a plantation of cocoanut trees, and some have groves of from six to eight thousand trees. These begin to bear at the age of ten years and continue prolific till they are 80 years old.

The natives, strange to say, do not care for the meat of the cocoanut,

preferring to use it all as copra—cocoanut cut into strips and dried—a valuable export product, and often used in exchange for other commodities.

Strange to say, there are no native quadrupeds in Guam, those there now having been imported, and still stranger, there are no snakes. There are many buffaloes now and these with cows, are used as beasts of burden. The water buffalo is more powerful than the ox, but is very dependent on water and has to be "wet down" often to keep him from going crazy, as they are very dangerous at that time. Cows are often used as horses, and it is no unusual sight to see a dainty smooth-skinned cow saddled and bridled, trotting along with her calf beside her, carrying her rider almost as swiftly as a horse. They are curried and rubbed down just as we do our horses.

Guam is the home of the ivory palm. It is one of the handsomest palms of the tropics, and is quite an important source of revenue. The palms look very much like a handsome feather duster of enormous proportions. The nut from which the ivory is made is extremely hard and nearly black on the outside. On the inside the ivory is a clear white and pure grained, and is used for making high-grade buttons. The nuts grow in clusters and when ripe, fall to the ground. Formerly, most of these nuts were exported by Germany, but now the United States is sending out a large proportion of the output.

Valuable hardwoods which are used for shipbuilding and for cabinet work are to be found there, and the custard apple a most delicious fruit, and the ylang ylang noted for its perfume.

Corn, rice and other vegetables have been introduced, and coffee, tobacco and cotton as well. A peculiar kind of cotton grows—a tall tree which grows to a height of 60 or 70 feet.

While there are no snakes, there are many small lizards, which are harmless. There is one specimen however, which dosen't look so at least, and this is four feet long and is covered with lemon-colored spots. It is called a bird-eating lizard as it feeds on the kingfisher, a blue, tawny colored bird of that species, which in turn is called the lizard-eating bird from its fondness for the flesh of that unattractive looking reptile.

Like the people of all these eastern countries, the natives are betel-nut chewers. The betel makes the saliva, lips and teeth appear as if covered with blood, and injures the teeth, often destroying them altogether. Children begin to chew at an early age, and old men and women are often seen with teeth worn to mere snags from the constant use of it.

A grove of betel-nut palm trees is a beautiful sight. The tall straight stems of the trees, often 100 feet high, are topped with feathery branches, or fronds. The fruit is orange-colored, about the size of an egg, and is of the consistency of the nutmeg, with quite an aromatic flavor. The nut is mixed with lime and rolled in the leaves of a species of pepper plant, which gives it a biting, pungent taste.

The women dress in quite a showy costume, consisting of an ample skirt of print or gingham with a kind of

chemisette of thin white material, low in the neck and with flowing sleeves. The toilet is spoiled however, by the absence of stockings, which are rarely worn except on fete or gala days. They often sport handkerchiefs of very fine texture, some with elaborate colored borders.

The Spanish held possession of Guam for over 300 years when, during the Spanish-American war, the United States Cruiser, the Charleston, proceeded to the little island and demanded the surrendes of the garrison. This was on June 21st, 1898, and as the Commander of the American ship was pointing his guns at the fort, there was nothing to do but to surrender. As there was no cable at the time connecting the island with the mainland, this was the first news the inhabitants had that there was a war in progress between the two countries. Guam is now on the line of submarine cable which connects San Francisco with Hawaii, the Midway Islands, Borneo, the Celebes, New Zealand and Australia. It is now serving as a naval port and cable station on the route to the Philippines.

Agana, the seat of government, is a neat little town, having a population of about 7,000. The best port is Apra on a deep bay, and there are two other good harbors on the east side of the island, Pago and Tarofofo. Agat, Sumway and Merizo are small towns. The official currency since 1909 is that of the United States.

Guam is described as "a fairy island of great beauty, hardly larger than a big farm, its people possessing unique social customs, and unspoiled by western civilization."

Going automobiling riding and staying out late at night, going with high school boys and failure to adapt themselves to the social life of the community, is the reason for the failure of the women in the teaching profession in North Carolina, it was declared here today to a meeting of 10 teachers by Miss Vivian McFadyen, teacher at the North Carolina teacher's college, of Greenville.....She has spent the year following the careers of 84 teachers who finished at Greenville. She declared that not a single instance had she found where the cause of failure was lack of knowledge of teaching.—Miss FcFadyen as Goldsboro.

MINISTRY NOT FOR THE RICH

Charlotte Observer.

This is tl e season for conferences and for deliverance by the bishops that should hold the attention of the country. The Illinois conference was told by Bishop Nicholson that "rich churches and wealthy families do not produce ministers." He is quoted as having said that the Chicago church where members of his family attended was rich and had always had the ablest pastors in the Methodist denomination. "The church has had in its membership those whose gifts (donations) have girdled the world, and yet the church has not produced any can-

didate for the ministry," he said.

Bishop Nicholson thinks that our ministers, like our men in big business and world eminence, in politics, have come from the country and have risen from poverty after periods of struggle. A father who has $2,000,000 and two sons said to the bishop that it was his business to keep the millions and the boys as far apart as he could.

So strange is the composition of human nature, we should say, we are much more likely to see rich homes produce philosophers, engineers, lawyers, physicians, artists and business men than ministers of the Gospel. The Augusta Chronicle agrees that on the whole the more prosperous that people are the less inclined are they to piety, though not necessarily to assential virtues. When surrounded by every luxury that money can buy and living in the presence of every pleasant influence that money can buy, the average man, we dare say —so long as sorrow and illness spare him—is less prone to seek Divine guidance and inspiration than his brother who feels every day the needs for the unseen hand that gives strength and steadiness. He is more comfortable, less concerned about his future, in short, he feels more independent of forces seen and unseen. That is the nature of the beast.

The conclusion of The Chronicle is that the poor man finds it necessary to be serious with himself more frequently than the prosperous man. He must concern himself with vital things or he suffers immediately. He has more time to be serious and less time for pleasure-seeking. And so he comes finally to the forks of the road, one fork leading to the church and its service. The other leading to the world and its pleasures and "opportunities."

HOME ENTERAINMENT.

A. C. Crews, in Telescope

"My father used to play checkers with me when I was a boy," said a man who was talking with a friend concerning the problem of keeping the lads from bad company. "It did two things for me," said he; "it kept me in the home in the evenings, and developed a feeling of comradship which brought us very close to one another."

How much better is a plan of this kind than the negative dicipline of the father who constantly is warning his children about the perils of evil companionship and objectionable amusements! Home should be a place of innocent pleasure, where young folks have a better time than anywhere else. It is a pity when boys and girls are so burdend with school work in the evenings that they have no time for an hour of real enjoyment before retiring for the night. The habit of going out somewhere every evening for a "good time" should be discouraged, not so much by warning and restrictions as by developing counter-attractions inside the home circle. Parents should put their minds upon giving their children a good time as well as providing clothes, shoes, and hats

In some families the "daddy" settles down to his evening paper after supper for an hour, and then drops off into a nap, not knowing or caring how his children are spending the evening. In others, he belongs to several fraternal societies and clubs, and usually goes out "to see a man." He may meet his friende who vote him a good fellow, but his wife and youngsters see little of him, and it is a great loss to all concerned.

The writer happens to know a father and son who are real companions, always addressing each other as "pardner." They play crokinole and chess together; often go out for drives and walks in each others company and as a result the boy opens his heart to his father, and there is a bond of union strong and lasting as life. Toys, playthings, games, jokes, romps are a valuable part of the home progam where there are children, and the mother does well to give some attention to these. Concerning one mother, when the question was asked about her age, the reply was, "She is probably about fifty; but when with her children she acts as if she were fifteen." This cheerful, jolly habit is probably as good for her as for the kiddies, and helps to keep her young.

As the years pass and the burdens and responsibilities of life multiply, there is a tendency to become increasingly serious and solemn, and to forget that we ever were young.

There is no better cure for this than to mingle with the young folds.

It is an excellent thing for boys and girls to have some hobby, like stamp collecting, scrap-book making, rearing pigeons, cultivating flowers, etc.

One of the best pieces of furniture is a carpenter's bench, provided with a good set of tools. A lad, who had thus been provided, one day expressed to his father a desire to make a boat. The man encouraged him in the idea, and bought the materials necessary. While busy at work on the boat the boy's chum came over and looked on, becoming quiet interested. That night he proposed a similar plan to his father, but only to be laughed out of it. "Nonsense" said the thoughtless parent; "you never could make a boat." Later on the first boy was earning money to pay his way through college, while the second spent his time in poolrooms, and in cigarette smoking.

As to games, there is, of course, danger of allowing them to take too much time; but when indulged in within reasonable limits they brighten the home circle and do much to offset the desire to "go out." Occasionally, let there be a social time when neighboring young folks are invited in to have a good time in a real old-fashioned sociable way. Christian young people should try to illustrate the fact that religion does not detract from their happiness, but rather adds to it. The home social is in many ways superior to the church social, as it is likely to be less formal, and affords a much better opportunity for getting acquainted.

Some people are afraid to try anything of this kind, because they have the mistaken notion that it is impossible to entertain a company of young folks without card-playing and dancing. What nonsense this is! Those who think this must be

rather poverty-stricken in ideas, for there are scores of real forms of entertainment that are quiet free from objectionable features.

There should be a good deal of wit and humor in the home. One woman said: "I should have broken down long ago if my husband had not been so witty. He always sees the funny side of everything, and softens so many hard things in that way." If you hear a good story downtown, take it home and tell it at the supper table. There is no better tonic than hearty laughter.

THE WORTH OF AN EDUCATION.

By J. E. Paddock

The worth of an education cannot always be determined by what it costs of time, and money. The real worth of an education can only be determined by the use to which it is put. True, some will put it to a nobler use than others. All do not value alike the worth of time, money and opportunity, hence you cannot expect all to appreciate the true worth of an education until you have demonstrated to them its worth.

Many person sleep on through life never having their mental powers awakened to the things of which they are capabale. Others seem to realize the need of an education early in life and begin to pay the price to secure it. Has not the wise man said, "With all thy getting, get understanding. Wisdom is the principal thing"

There is no royal road to learning.

To be educated does not necessarily mean that one has collected the most important facts relating to certain subjects and memorized them, but that he has learned how and where to obtain these things with facility and accuracy. Education is the process of calling out the mental powers in ones possession.

With some, one of the chief ends of education is to secure a release from certain kinds of work not in keeping with their liking. A much better and worthier conception of the worth of education lies in the thought of how much more effective service one will be able to render by virture of having an education. This should be the conception; a sure road to usefulness, not luxury, ease, preferment and popular favor, but to be useful.

Educational ideals are quite diverse, among most people. Such ideals are apt to be colored very largely by the nature of the school and the character of the instructors where the education was obtained. It may not be out of order to say that an education will only be a reflection of benefits or teaching received and the ideals of the institution fostered. It is for this reason that great care should be taken under whom young people should be placed to receive their instruction.

Only those of high qualities of scholarship and character should be designed as teachers today. The best will be the cheapest and safest teachers.

Scholarship, so called, without good moral character is one of our enemies most greatly to be avoided

among present day teachers. Scholarship without character is more dangerous in time of peace than submarines and airships in time of war. Erroneous teaching is deadly. The individual or nation destroying a vessel at sea may be apprehended and punished by law,thereby furnishing reparation. Little if any can be had when young people have been unfortunate and a wrong conception of things during their years of schooling. I know of none whatever. It is no uncommon thing to hear people say "It's never to late to learn;" but the sad fact remains nevertheless, if one fails to make use of his early years, he goes through life limited in knowledge and power, for knowledge is power as certainly as it is anything at all.

I believe in an education of heart as well as of the head. An education that does not refine as well as inform is faulty and incomplete. Some men are well schooled and poorly educated while there are others who are well educated and poorly schooled. Schooling is not always education, but many a man schooled in the university of hard knocks has received what others have failed to get in the school intended to furnish one mental gymnastics and social culture and refinement.

The self made man is always admired and heralded as such among all classes of people. We have chimney corner graduates not a few who surpass in efficiency men who have graduated from institutions of higher learning with credit. The process of an education is slow and difficult. There is only one road to scholarship and learning .an that is by the way of diligent application. Let no one think his education is complete because he is leaving the school. It is a life process, and not one covering a term of two, three, or four years as may be prescribed by the institution which one claims as his alma mater.

As time passes the worth of education is being realized by every wise person in the solution of life problems.

One who is really educated will never doubt whether it paid him to spend the time, energy and money to get it.

He knows it paid him. And he as a rule would like to start in again for the joy and benefits of such an undertaking What a glorious day it was when the vision splendid dawned on you, and you decided to go to school! And each year as the season draws near to enter school and hundreds and thousand of young people enter our institutions of learning one feels the thrill anew. The best thing a course of study does for one is to enable him to think and help himself in the solution of such problems as life may hold in store for him from day to day.

The process of calling out and developing the inner, hidden forces of our being, the worth of which is seldom recognized, is the work of true education. It is not pouring into a vessel so much of mathematics, language, science, history or anything in the curriculum of study, but the process of calling out the individual, and leading him into the possession of truth in usable form. Theory alone is of little value, but when coupled with experience it becomes a power

for good.

The one thing people want to know today is, what can you do? Ability to do things people want done is one of the chief results of mental furnishings and professional equipment so much sought after everywhere. What you can do, and what you are, will largely reveal the worth of your education, regardless of where or how you obtain it. Therefore, the worth of an education can best be seen in what it enables one to do and become. The best education is that which is Christain, for it contains the greatest number of the elements of worth. It is worth all it costs. It will displace ignorance and exalt manhood to the standing according to the divine program. Sin has dragged man from his lofty estate. It is the work of religion and education to make over again the marred and broken vessels into such likeness and usefulness that man may yet do the work that was assigned him, and do it skillfully and with ease

He is the best grammarian who speaks the truth from his heart and the best scholar who knows intimately the great Teacher, and who tries in all things to do his will.

FAIRY TALES

Margaret Evans Price

Ever since some whimsical person first saw the reflection of his fancy in a creation of his own imagining, and called the creature "Fairy," such spirits have been the most convenient characters for the writers of children's stories.

A fairy has no regular hours, no unchangeable schedule. A wave of the wand overcomes the author's problems of time and space. He puts in his story what he pleases, making of his tale a mirror for the thoughts which flash before his mind, with fairies for characters and the Never-Never Land for location. All fairy stories reflect the spirit of the time in which they were produced, as well as the ages which carry them on, and add to and subtract from them as they pass from one generation to another. The fairy tales of the Middle Ages, that period which gave us nearly all our modern, much-read allegories and stories for children, reflected a warlike, cruel and superstitious time.

Such a folk tale as Blue Beard, that children's classic of murdered wives, attributed to so many contradictory origins, reflects the sordid knowledge of a life-time of experience in a bloody age. Any twentieth century fairy, in his kind little heart, would be ashamed to prefix his name to these mediaeval stories. He'd plead that perhaps his ancestors were mixed up in affairs like those, but that he himself, being the mirror of our own children's imaginations, must be very different, must be a creature of fine whimsy and windblown raindrops, and must claim no relationship with the fairies who reflected the minds of people long ago, whose first need was the power to

kill, that they might live. There are the stories of Jack the Giant Killer, of Beauty and the Beast who wished to marry her, tales of enormities and intrigue and murder, even cannibalism, for the Giants were man-eaters. There were legends of toads who must sleep in beds of princesses, of witches, of monstrosities and abnormalities.

It wouldn't be a bit surprising to many of us if some radical among these modern fairies simply flew up in his indignation and carried out a plan for the extermination of all cruel old fairy stories, a plan for some magnificently spectacular fairy bonfire, turning to ashes and sparks the old legend of unkindness, and leaving great usable holes in our book shelves to be filled with new stories of beautiful truth, the fairy stories of the rocks, the mysteries of the butterflies and insects and plants, romances of real things known to our children. There would be stories by Hans Christain Andersen left upon the shelves and the most beautiful of the Irish tales, many of them full of mysticism and charm. There would be the fables, and stories from mythology, but never a volume of the mediaeval fairy tales. There are hundreds of beautiful new volumes for the child, stories that deal with griefs like his own, with troubles that he has met, with love such as he knows, as well as with those imaginary spirits of the air that must forever typify to us the beauty of the immaterial, those small heroes and heroines upon whom we can lavish our most extravagant fancies, without regard to date or habitat, but always with grave regard for purity of whimsy and kindness of motive.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES.

By Swift B. Davis.

For convenience and location, Supt. Boger is having built a garage, near his recently completed home, on the east side of the National Highway.

J. T. S.

For the month of October 184 lbs. of butter were made and distributed to the cottages. 2000 gallons of milk also went to the cottages. A comparison of the figures of thes products published in a former issue of veals the fact that the butter has decreased in number of pounds, but the gallons of milk have multiplied. Miss Dora Barnhardt said that most of the milk with which they usually make butter went to the boys.

J. T. S.

Mr. Pittman, detailed by Sydnor Co. to install our new pump was busily engaged in this work. He did it cheerfully and willingly, for the knowledge that the water the pump brings up will satisfy many a thirst; clean dirty hands, culinary utensils, and other needful objects, remains uppermost in his mind.

J. T. S.

Orders were placed for a new vault or safe immediately after the disastrous administration building fire. When one learns that haste was used

in placing such an order, if he is thoughtful, he will know that some valuables in money and papers pertaining to the Institution, were saved. This safe has arrived and was at once put in use.

J. T. S.

One day last week the people engaged in their own businesses at the School were interrupted by a startling booming explosion. Another! It sounded like the big guns of martial times. But investigation revealed that it was only the blasting being done by Mr. T. V. Talbert who was trying to clear a ditch in which to plaee a pipe leading from the tank to the new pump.

J. T. S.

Master Everette Goodrich, from Morehead City, which is on the coast, received 50 pounds of assorted fish from his mother. Thereupon he offered them to the boys of his cottage. After working very busily for two hours, the fish were cleaned. A few were sent to Supt. Boger. A fish feast was enjoyed by the boys the following morning and all were profuse in their thanks.

J. T. S.

This issue of THE UPLIFT marks the coming of November and the nearness of Thanksgiving. True, Armistice Day is scheduled for Nov. 11, but excitement on that has somewhat abated. But for the students the Thanksgiving spirit has not decreased in the slightest. A program which will be pulled off that day, weather permitting, will be published just before Thanksgiving.

Claude Coley, Autry Wilkerson and Johnnie Wright were visited by their reltives Wednesday, Oct. 25. They showed these people around the school, pointing out the fine points of the pavilion; telling why the memorial bridge was built; who built the beautiful little chapel; who donated the Roth Building, what it houses; and describing the new dairy barn. Each took his people to the particular work he did and told them how he did it and how he liked to do it. This was a perfect day for them.

J. T. S.

"World-wide prohibition" is the topic for the lesson perused, studied and enjoyed by the students Sunday, Oct. 29. That alcohol is harmful in all its forms, was brought out in the lesson. World-wide prohibition was endorsed and urged. Students are proud that their country was among the first to declare national prohibition. They are sure that the other nations will follow this worthy example set by the United States. Then world wide prohibition will be an actuality. They feel that if this great country will not declare prohibition on the other harmful things as smoking, snuffing and drugging, they will declare a prohibition individually upon themselves. And many do.

J. T. S.

LOCAL NATURE.

Monday morning, at a local hospital, the spirit of Mr. John Richard Smith, took its flight to the great beyond. A familiar figure in Concord for years, a pleasant and courteous gentleman, Mr. Smith was

known by every one. For years he has been a commercial traveler, making his headqnarters and home when off duty with his sister, Mrs. M. L. Brown. Though not in robust health for some months, he did not become seriously ill until a few days before his demise. Mr. Smith was sixty-five years old last February.

Mr. Stonewall Jackson Bost, a native of No. 10 township, but for quite awhile a resident of Concord, after an illness with heart disease for a period, passed away Sunday night. Mr. Bost was a member, of a large and influental family likeable and well-behaved. He was a son of David Jackson Bost, a brave Confederate soldier, who lost his life in a battle around Petersburg. His remains were carried back to his old home in No. 10 township, the funeral being conducted by Revs. W. A. Jenkins, his pastor, and T. W. Smith, a life-long friend.

Women's Club.

Mrs. J. E. Riley and Mrs. Shore, of Charlotte, came over last week and assisted a goodly number of Concord's enterprising women to organize a Women's Club. Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman was elected president; Mrs. J. F. Reed, first vice-president; Miss Constance Cline, second vice-pesident; recording secretary Mrs. H. S. Williams; Corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. F. Goodman; Treasurer, Mrs. B. R. Craven.

The following constitute the committee charged with the important duty of drafting a constitution and by-laws for the club; Madames L. D. Coltrane, J. P. Cook, R. M. King and Misses Montgomery and Lord. When this committee completes its work, the Club will proceed to a complete organization and undertake the varions duties which belong to a well-organized and wide-awake women's club. This new organization will prove a valuable addition to the agencies of worthwhile service in our community.

Mr. C. A. Dry Paralyzed.

Mr. C. A. Dry, a high-class citizen and at one time a prominent merchant of Concord, Albemarle and elsewhere, suffered a stroke of paralysis Sunday night. Mr. Dry has been in poor health for quite a period, and his condition now alarms his family and friends.

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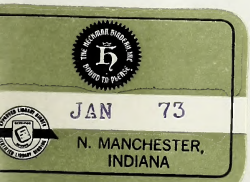
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